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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Well done, McEnroe

HEARTIEST congratulations to John McEnroe for his matchless display in the Wimbledon final of '84 where he pulverised Jimmy Connors 6-1, 6-1, 6-2 in just 84 minutes.

McEnroe was brilliant in every repect, especially his serves to which Connors had simply no reply except to stand and watch helplessly.

BIMLA RANI ROY.
Saguni.

Mr Invincible

IT was none other than 'Mr Invincible' John McEnroe who vanquished his fellow American compatriot Jimmy Connors 6-1, 6-1, 6-2 to prove that he is the undisputed World Champion and certainly one of the greatest this game has ever seen.

McEnroe created history and became the first American after Don Budge, in 1938, to retain the All England Lawn Tennis Championship. His fifth entrance in the Wimbledon Final in a row and his third crown.

ARVIND KUMAR.
Patna

Worth their salt

NOWADAYS everyone is talking about the huge sum of money that our cricketers get. The fat sum seems to be the target of the poignant criticism by other sports men/lovers and especially by old timers.

The concerned conveniently forget the most important aspect i.e. popularity of the game. I feel, cricket's popularity in India is unquestionable and because of its massive popularity, the game of cricket also pays back quite handsomely. If you ask for the evidence, it is available in abundance. All of us know pretty well, how much our BCCI earns in one Test series. In fact, our BCCI is probably the richest cricket body in the world and therefore BCCI can afford to pay more to the cricketers

Now for other sports like soccer, tennis, billiards, athletics, what is the popularity of these sports in our country? What is the attendance at these sport events? If a survey is conducted, it will show that the popularity of other sports in our nation is incredibly low and hence the respective bodies are financially poor, as a result of which they can't pay more to the sportsmen. Soccer and tennis are the most popular games in the world and so footballers and professional tennis players are paid fabulously.

S. W. FADNIS,
Bombay.

We regret that we could not carry Pearson Surita's column 'Action Replay' in this issue for unavoidable reasons.
Editor.

Just one point

I WAS thrilled to see a review of my magazine *'Cars In Action,'* in your issue dated 18-24 April 1984.

There are a few queries which Mr Pradeep Paul has made which I would like to answer. With reference to the Dolphin he asks, "where would one find a fibre-glass specialist?" In every city of India there are people who make fibre glass compo[illegible] for various needs. This s[illegible]son is adequate in repairing [illegible]actures that the car has.

With regard to the two wheeler section we are developing it, so that we may quench the thirst of two wheeler buffs in future issues.

The only aspect that Mr Paul left out which I would like you to mention is our contact address for subscriptions which is as follows:
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1 Kyd Street
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NIAZ AHMED ALI,
Calcutta.
(Editor Cars In Action)

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Readers are invited to write in if they have any specific technical problems related to sport.
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End of an innings

In the concluding edited extract from 'Ranji, **Alan Ross** describes Ranji's last days and the events leading to his death. The book is published by Collins London and priced at £10.95

THE Narendra Mandal met in the Council House of the Princes' Chamber, New Delhi, on Monday, 20 March 1933, for the first of their two meetings. The Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, presided but the turn-out of princes and ruling chiefs was poor. Forty-five attended on 20 March.

The last four items on the agenda were: the statement from the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar regarding the work of the Indian States' Delegation to the Third Round Table Conference; resolutions on matters arising out of the White Paper; a resolution of thanks to His Highness the Chancellor by His Highness the Maharajah of Alwar; and elections.

It was for Ranji, therefore, to open the proceedings on the second morning, 25 March. 'I devoted the whole of my time,' he began, 'during the summer, autumn and early winter of 1932 to a study of the problems of federation. No doubt, like the majority of Your Highnesses, I started on my work with a strong predisposition in favour of federation. The federal form of government seems at first sight well suited to India, providing as it does the means of establishing a joint administration of all-India matters, while reserving to the States and Provinces the control of their local affairs. But it soon became plain to me that the form of federation which His Majesty's Government have in mind for India will differ from all modern federations in one important particular...In the case of India, His Majesty's Government are relying upon the Indian States, with their essentially monarchic politics, to contribute the necessary elements of stability and experience. For my own part I feel that it is very unfortunate that the realisation of British India's political ambitions should have been made contingent upon the acceptance of a particular type of federation by the Indian States. I do not see that there is any logical connection between the two matters. I have nothing but the friendliest and most brotherly sentiments for British India and I wish her leaders well. I hope that she will attain her aspirations, but I hope she will do this without involving the States in her own troubles.'

Some twenty minutes later Ranji, enlarging on the sufferings endured by the States in the application of policies to themselves designed primarily for British India, remarked 'economically as well as politically the monarchial principle will suffer.'

There were several pages of Ranji's speech still to be read, but at this point the Viceroy interrupted: 'It hardly seems to me to be a report of the Third Round Table Conference. It seems to me (I have allowed His Highness the Chancellor the widest possible latitude in this matter) a personal statement, a statement of the views of His Highness the Chancellor on the proposed Constitution. I do not wish to criticise, I do not wish to stop His Highness if he wishes to continue his remarks, but they are purely personal observaiton and in no sense a report of the Third Round Table Conference.'



The good old days. Ranji (left) with C.B.Fry

Ranji, his notes still in his hand, replied: 'Your Excellency, I will obey Your Excellency's ruling. My first paragraph was an estimate, as far as I have been able to do it, of the position of affairs today. If Your Excellency does not wish me to continue the report and the conclusions...'

The Viceroy again broke into Ranji's remarks: 'I am not going to stop Your Highness if you wish to go on. I am only just stating the case as I see it from the Chair.'

Ranji continued: 'I am only stating my views on the findings of the Round Table Conference. May I take it that this be taken as read?'

H.E. The Viceroy: 'You may do what you like.'

Ranji: 'I will carry out whatever you say.'

H.E. The Viceroy: 'I have already stated that I think your remarks are going far wider than a report on the Third Round Table Conference. I would only suggest to you to take what action you feel you should.'

Ranji, however, had the final say: 'The federation, Sir, which I supported was the federation suggested in the first Round Table Conference. Our representatives went away from that, and I parted company. That, really, Sir, is what I have to say on that point.'

These were the last words of any significance Ranji was to speak in the Chamber. However, his contemporary biographer and subsequent press reports, suggested that in some way Ranji had been prevented from speaking out. Ronald Wild, in rather melodramatic fashion, even went so far as to write: 'He did not fight. He seemed to grow older in that moment... It was one of his greatest friends who had told him, for the edification of the whole of India, that his fears were of no interest. But more than that, he mourned for the humanity of friends

who had stabbed him in the back. Those whom he had helped, sometimes at the expense of his own State, had turned on him. He knew that, and his notorious belief in the goodness of humanity was torpedoed and wrecked.'

Whether or not this represented Ranji's true feelings, it is scarcely a fair account of what took place.

The impression was created that Ranji rose and left the Chamber, a broken man. The events of the next week were to reinforce the view that he had been mortally wounded and had made up his mind to die.

Before the Princes adjourned the Maharajah of Patiala was elected to succeed Ranji.

Although Ranji had undoubtedly suffered a certain blow to his self-esteem the subsequent exchanges scarcely suggest it was irreparable. Ranji had said his say—most of it anyway—and there was little more for him to do. His public role had to come to an end. Someone else would now have the responsibility of trying to mobilise the princes into concentrated action. Or else they would go down, pulling in different directions, fading anachronistic figures on the screen of the Imperial past.

He was, perhaps, too tired now and too ill—he had made more than one reference during the day to his 'impaired' health—to be able to sustain, or have much faith in, notions of progress. Ten years earlier, in Geneva, he had seen how frail had turned out to be the notions of brotherly love and collective security which he had supported so wholeheartedly. It was the law of the jungle that prevailed.

It was not in the nature of things for there to be ill-feeling between Lord Willingdon and Ranji. The Maharajahs, one by one, had said their farewells to Ranji, who appeared to be in a dream, and left for their States. They were aware, most of them, that things would not be the same again without their leader and moving spirit. The events of the day had proved that. Some would find new and exciting parts to play in a differently constituted society, others would go under.

But the Viceroy was not content to leave it there. He sent word to Ranji that afternoon that he would like to see him. Ranji accepted the invitation and together they talked, as old friends, about the India they shared. Dusk fell. Whether they came any closer in political terms was less relevant than that they parted in friendship. Ranji had no animosity. He had other matters now, more personal and more local, that claimed his attention.

He had, he realised, spent too much time of late on affairs outside his State and too little on Nawanagar. He would put that to rights. And for those months when he could get away for rest and a change of climate, there would always be Connemara, its lakes and rivers, its hedges of wild fuchsia



Ranji (sitting at left) with acquaintances. Popsey, his parrot and constant companion, is with him

and golden bracken, its mauve-green hills and soft rain.

RANJI left for Jamnagar that night. He would have been amazed if he had known the controversy that would develop over the events of that last meeting and of its consequences. Fifteen months after his death, furious letters were to be exchanged in the columns of the *Morning Post* and *The Times*, and the nature of his relationship with Lord Willingdon discussed in leading articles.

For the moment, though, he was exhausted. The dust of Delhi always worried him and a visit there was followed as often or not by an attack of asthma. The train journey to Jamnagar in those days took two days and two nights, and though Ranji had his own private saloon and travelled in considerable comfort it was a tiring business. Many times had he made the journey before on State or shooting visits to neighbouring princes—to Alwar, Jaipur and Jodhpur—and he scarcely bothered to look out of the window. Instead, he did what he always did when he wanted to take his mind off things, he played bridge. The magic cities of Rajasthan slid by on either side of the track—the great camel centre of Bikaner to the west, Alwar, Jaipur and Ajmer to the east. Mostly it was flat desert country, though nearing Gujarat mauve flaps of mountains shielded the lake palaces of Udaipur to the south-east and, closer at hand, the six thousand-feet peak of Guru Sikhar, the highest peak of Mount Abu, rose seemingly sheer from the plain.

Not only was Mount Abu the landmark most familiar to Ranji—he had stayed there often with Sir Pratap Singh—on the last stage of the journey, but it was a place of Hindu pilgrimage. The Dilwara Temples are among the most perfect specimens of Jain architecture in India and the orchid-starred jungles on its slopes house the rarest of birds. The Nakki Talao—a lake scattered with islands—must have reminded Ranji of Connemara. The Lawrence School in the city—an establishment for the children of British soldiers and named after Sir Henry Lawrence, whose wife Honoria is buried in the adjacent cemetery—was run along the same lines as the Rajkumar College of his own youth. Ranji was no stranger to the cricket ground scooped out of the Abu hills.

It was dark when the train entered Gujarat on the second evening. For once the endless rubbers of bridge had failed to do the trick. Ranji remained restless. He went over the proceedings in the Chamber of Princes again and again with his staff. It was not a question of Ranji feeling that he had been muzzled—as the press subsequently tried to make out—but of his testing the force of his own arguments.

The train reached Jamnagar shortly after dawn. It was colder than in Delhi but Ranji, though wearing only the thinnest of silk clothes, insisted, before returning to his palace, on driving out of the capital to inspect some



"There was talk, too of an unhappy love affair; and certainly as an Indian Prince Ranji could not have married an English girl."

construction work.'

Twenty-four hours later, after another sleepless night, he was unable to leave his bed. Attacks of asthma and bronchitis, confining Ranji to his quarters for a few days, were nothing new to the palace staff, but it was soon apparent that this was an attack of unusual severity.

He tossed and turned continually, coughing, and finding it harder and harder to breathe. He began to imagine his secretaries were still in the room, drafting reports. The English doctor who attended him in his last years subsequently described the scene, 'Take them away,' he said. 'You know I don't want them here when I'm ill—let them work downstairs.' 'Even now,' Dr Prosser Thomas wrote in an article published in the *Daily Mail* nearly three months later, 'the memory of those terrible days is so vivid and poignant that any description of them seems almost sacrilegious.'

Far from giving up the ghost and dying out of disillusionment and despair—as was soon to be asserted—Ranji fought tenaciously for life. His luggage was already being prepared for his planned trip to England and Ireland and he was looking forward to it eagerly. Sir Robert Horne had referred glowingly to Ranji in a speech made in the House of Commons the day after Ranji's condition had deteriorated—'one of the Empire's most loyal citizens'—and the account of it, when it was read out to Ranji, brought a smile of pleasure.

For five days Ranji struggled. 'If I could only sleep,' he said time and again. Hypnotics, Prosser Thomas reported, were useless. Sleep would have been the deciding factor in his illness and nothing could procure it for him.

The terrible coughing continued day and night, accompanied by increasing breathlessness.

His nephew Digvijaysinhji, who had met Ranji on his return from Delhi and who had made a tour of the city with him on that first day—discussing matters that might need attending to during Ranji's absence in Europe—had subsequently left for Bombay to see the young Maharajah of Jaipur off to England. He was now sent for.

On the night of 1 April Ranji's heart began to fail. He embraced in turn those members of his family that were present and at five o'clock in the morning of 2 April he died.

When Digvijaysinhji, alerted by telegram on the train from Bombay, flew in from Ahmedabad at ten o'clock he found the whole city robed in mourning white, the streets silently lined by Ranji's people.

The body, washed in holy water and arrayed in gold, was carried downstairs to lie in state. The mourners, as they passed, laid strips of rich cloth on the body, as is the custom. Shortly before mid-day the procession set out to the burning ghat in the city, Ranji's brother and nephews at its head. When, by sunset, it was all over, and nothing remained of the body, Ranji's eldest nephew Pratapsinhji, who had lit the fire, returned to the palace. Five months later, in the ageless Hindu ritual, he would strew the ashes over the river at that most holy junction of the Ganges and the Jumna.

Of all those present during Ranji's final illness only Dr Prosser Thomas, now living in retirement in Seaford, is in a position to offer first-hand evidence. His own view, expressed to me in 1982 without ambiguity, is quite simple: it is that the strain of Ranji's Chancellorship, the disunity of his

fellow princes over federation and the inimical climate of Delhi to one with Ranji's heart and bronchial weaknesses, were undoubtedly contributory factors to the acuteness of the final illness. But there was no medical evidence whatsoever to suggest that Ranji took it upon himself to lie down and die, in bitterness and defeat, in the way outlined. Ranji's date of death may have been forecast by the joshi, and the letter opened after his death confirms it, but the story of his final days at Jamnagar is the tragic one of a man struggling vainly and agonisingly for breath. It was the body not the spirit that failed him.

THIS book has dealt with an Indian prince who was an English cricketer. Ranji took virtually no part in the progress of India towards Test status, although the year before he died India played their first Test match in England. Not surprisingly, Ranji's reluctance to involve himself in the development of the game in his own country caused disappointment. In his book *Portrait of Indian Sport (1959)* Anthony de Mello, a leading figure in Indian cricket administration and founder in 1928 of the Board of Control for Cricket in India, devotec the opening chapters to a consideration of Ranji and Duleep. More in sorrow than in anger towards India's great folk-hero, he wrote:

'Ranji did absolutely nothing for Indian sport and sportsmen. To all our requests for aid, encouragement and advice Ranji gave but one answer: 'Duleep and I are English cricketers.' He could not have been more blunt. In short, Ranji was a different man in England and India. That is not to say he was disloyal: far from it—as his work in Nawanagar shows more vividly than could mere words. But when work was done, and the time came for play and relaxation, Ranji's mind did not dwell amongst us in India. It was in England. And it is my understanding of this great and strange man that his heart was in England also.'

De Mello continues: 'In most other walks of life he was the model Indian Prince. But the Ranji who settled in Jamnagar after the First World War was an altogether different man from the great cricketer who delighted English crowds in earlier years...It is understandable that when he finally left England to live in India he should leave something behind him. There was talk, too, of an unhappy love affair; and certainly as an Indian Prince Ranji could not have married an English girl. If true, it will take us a step nearer to the explanation why Ranji left his heart somewhere among the green fields of England.'



"Towards the end of his life he gave the impression he was disillusioned. Always, it seemed, he was waiting for something..."

After referring to the 'ironic bitter parrot, who seemed closer to him than any man' and reaffirming how 'he was in most things kind-hearted, generous and sympathetic', De Mello concludes: 'Towards the end of his life he gave the impression he was disillusioned. Always, it seemed, he was waiting for something, waiting with the calm patience of the true Indian, for something which, deep within himself, he knew he would never have. Not in this life, not ever'.

Duleep was another matter. In due course he served India well, diplomatically perhaps more than as a cricket administrator, but had illness not cut short his career so tragically young he might well have done what the Nawab of Pataudi, only five years his junior, subsequently did—play for both England and India. Historically, it was the just transition.

Keeping track of the field

Lokesh Sharma previews the athletics events at Los Angeles

In the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne University in 1892, Baron Pierre de Coubertin emphasising the need for the re-establishment of the Olympic Games said: "Let us export our oarsmen, our runners, our fencers. That is the free trade of the future."

This spirit of "free" and 'open' Games envisaged by the Baron took less than a century to be throttled by petty politicians. The US president Jimmy Carter could not do much to get the Soviets out of Afghanistan in 1980 so he gave vent to his frustration by campaigning for a boycott of the Moscow Games. In doing so, he succeeded in extinguishing young sporting hopes from 65 nations.

The boycotting nations cannot say that their athletes have stayed back on their own accord as the International Olympic Committee received numerous applications from individuals behind the iron curtain seeking permission to compete as individuals. The IOC for all its ideals could not do a thing.

Most of the top women will be missing from the athletic competition but there will still be people like Carl Lewis who can singlehandedly carry a championship. He is likely to get all the attention especially when he is attempting to do something as special as repeating Jesse Owens' feat of four gold medals in the Berlin Games of 1936.

Carl Lewis always had an Olympic sized drive and always complained to his father: "I'm tired of losing, I'm tired of losing." The only advice his father could offer was: "Well buddy, the only thing you have to do is start winning." His appetite for winning has become so great that now he wants to win the 100m, 200m, long jump and 4×100m relay in Los Angeles. He has won the three individual events in topflight competitions twice. In the TAC championships last yar he ran in 9.97 for 100m, in an amazing 19.85 for his first 200m and long jumped to 8.79m.

The 22-year-old radio major duplicated this feat with much greater assurance in last month's US Olympic trials. Running into a headwind of 2.2 metres per second he clocked a fantastic 10.06 secs in the 100m. Lewis, whose personal best is 9.96, has run 9.99 earlier in the season and looks good enough for the gold in a 10 sec sub-race.

In the 200m, he clocked 19.84 sec in the heats and 19.86 for the gold and now has the three fastest low altitude timings for the event.

In the long jump it has become a habit with him to produce a big first jump and then watch others fight for the lesser medals. In the US trials his first jump equalled his year best of 8.71m.

Lewis should have no problems going through the three individuals events and the 4×100m relay as all the finals fall on separate days. The 100m final is on 4 August, the long jump on 6 August, 200m on 8 August and the 4×100m relay on 11 August. There is no fear of overstrain and Lewis looks as good as standing next to Owens.

In the 400m race Antonio McKay (US) has jumped to the top of the season best list with an impressive 44.71 in the Olympic trials. An American victory in the 4×400m relay is also virtually ensured as Alonzo Babers was home in 44.86, the third fastest this season, and Ray Armstead is also running close to 45 sec. If 400m hurdle Edwin Moses decides to run the anchor, like he did in Helsinki, the American team should win the 4×400m relay without working any sweat.

The American athletes will pose a serious challenge to the British supremacy in the middle-distance races. In the Olympic trials, for the first time more than two runners came below 1:44.0 sec in the 800m. Veteran James Robinson clocked a personal best of 1:43.92 but could not find a place in the Olympic team!

The 19-year-old collegiate Earl Jones ran a marvellous race from the gun, reaching the bell in 50.1 and crossing the finish in 1:43.74 along with Johnny Gray. Joan Marshall shared the timing of 1:43.92 with Robinson but was declared third.

The chances of Briton Sebastian Coe seem doubtful in the face of such a formidable opposition. Coe's fastest this season is 1:45.2 and will find it difficult to bear the heat generated by the American trio.

Britain, however, has a better chance in the 1,500m where the world record holder Steve Ovett remains a strong favourite although he has lost two races Down Under earlier in the season.

The event is likely to see the best-ever field. World champion Steve Cram, Americans Steve Scott, Jim Spivey and former world record holder Sydney Maree are all gunning for the title and will make it an interesting fight. As it always happens when such talent assembles together the race is expected to be a slow tactical affair.

Fernando Mamede will be a force to reckon with in the long distance. The 32-year-old Portuguese finally broke Henry Rono's 10,000m world record after a couple of close attempts. Last year he fell short of Rono's 27:22.5 by just 0.45 sec. On 7 July, however, Mamade was in a devastating mood and clocked 27:13.81 to smash the record. Mamade has also run the second fastest 5,000m of the season and appears to be a medal certainty in either race.

His main opponent in the longer race will be teammate Carlos Lopes, 10,000m silver medallist of the 1972 Munich Games, who also improved on Rono's record in Stockholm and Finland's M. Vainio.

In the shorter race Moroccon Said Auoita leads the season list with 13:04.78 sec. Vainio will be a force to reckon with in this event as well.

The marathon should go to the toughest runner. Not many are expected to perform well in the heat and smog of Los Angeles. On sheer



Sebastian Coe and [illegible] Alan Wells: Both British runners will probably be hard-pressed

strength, Australian world champion Robert de Castella is the favourite. Close on his heels will be Japan's Toshihiko Seko, Britain's Charles Spedding and Tanzanian Gidemas Shahanga.

High jumper Zhu Jianhua of China is perhaps getting his last chance to prove his worth as a competitor and dispel doubts about his world records set behind the bamboo curtain. The Chinese has improved his record to 2.39m this season and is only one cm away from his ambition to sail over 2.40m. Challenging him will be 1972 Munich Games winner Dwight Stones, who registered a personal best of 2.34m recently, and West German Carlo Thranhardt and Dietmar Mogenburg.

American triple jumper Mike Conley was simply great in the Olympic trials and averaged 17.38m for his three jumps. His best of 17.50m was 31cm better than second placed Al Joyner. The only non American among the medal contenders is Romanian Bedrosian who has stretched the tape to 17.27m.

America is also likely to make a clean sweep in the hurdles where veterans Greg Foster and Edwin Moses remain as strong as ever. In the 110m hurdles Foster remains the fastest with teammates Tonie Campbell and Roger Kingdom looking capable of picking up the lesser medals.

Moses, who made his Olympic debut in 1976 at Montreal, is unbeaten for the last seven years over the 400m hurdles. Moses has won over 100 races, including heats since that loss to Harald Schmid in the 1977 Dusseldorf World Cup. In the Olympic trials, Moses ran 47.58 sec in the semis and 47.76 in the finals to take his tally of 48 sec sub-races to 27.

In the women's section there will not be much by way of star material. The only athletes worth their name are sprinter Evelyn Ashford, middle distance runners Mary Decker, Zola Budd, marathoner Ingrid Kristiansen and long jumper Anisoara Cusmira.

Ashford has not performed highly to suggest that she would have done well even if East German world champion Marlies Goehr was competing. Her best for the season is a poor 11.18 sec.

The keenest competition is in the middle distance where Decker is striving hard to impress her supremacy while newcomers Zola Budd, the South African-born teenaged sensation, and American Ruth Wysocki are keen to provide some competition.

Wysocki upset Decker in the Olympic trials in 1,500m with an unbelievable kick in the last 60m. She finished 0.22 sec ahead of Decker in 4:00.18. Rumanians Puica and Melinte are the only two to run the distance below four minutes this season and may pick up medals in 800m, 1500m and 3,000m. The same four five athletes will be contesting in the 3,000m with Budd having a better chance in this event because of her superior endurance conditioning.

So that, in a nutshell, is how things are perched just before the Olympics. Upsets have been known to happen.

10

Courtney's last ditch effort

The tape was only fifty yards away. Just for that long it was possible for Courtney to do anything.....

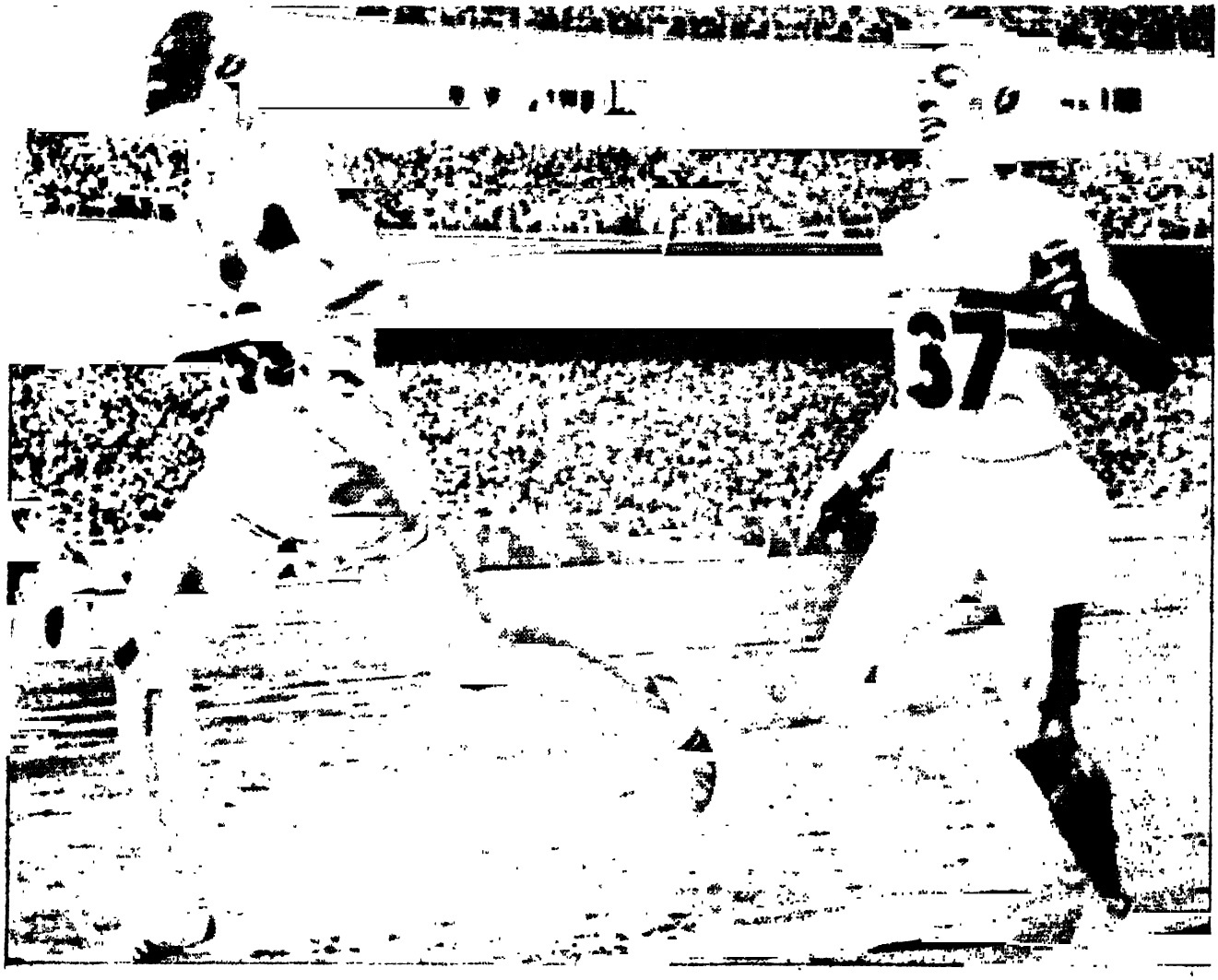
THE chance comes just once every four years, and there is only one gold medal. It is sought by so many, and for most, the chance does not come again.

This is how it was with Tom Courtney of the United States and Derek Johnson of Great Britain when they came to Melbourne in November 1956. They were to run an 800-metre race which for each of them was the race of a lifetime, a race in which the result hovered on a knife-edge, and which they were forever after to re-run in their minds.

But Courtney was a determined young man and stubborn. That was what had got him this far. His father had been a very talented sportsman, and his elder brother better still—but Tom had been regarded as a comparative failure. He got into his University athletics squad only as the reserve pole-vaulter. He had achieved this by tremendous application rather than ability, and when he finally turned the same application onto the half-mile he started to get results.

Tom Courtney was top man in America, but not by much. It had taken a lot of hard work to reverse the situation of being under-dog to Arnie Sowell, the sensational Negro half-miler from Pittsburgh—a front runner whose striding, as smooth as poetry but ruthlessly steady, was often demoralising to those who tried to follow it.

Johnson knew that if victory was possible, it would be won from Courtney, no one else. The only way would



• .The exhausted Tom Courtney gets to the tape just two feet in front of Derek Johnson of Great Britain

be with a fast overall pace, and then a sudden surge very late, in the last 50 yards; the only weapon he had against Courtney was the ability to hit a higher gear more quickly.

In the heats and semi-finals Courtney, with easier draws, was undefeated and unhurried; and three rivals were established who ran fast and looked good, Sowell, Johnson and Boysen of Norway.

When the eight finalists lined up and settled down for a racing start they were more than usually anxious. The day was windy—the breeze would be blowing straight into them in the homestraight—and the track seemed more sandy than usual.

The state of the track had irritated Johnson as he warmed up. He had been angry as well as nervous as he hammered in his half blocks. And now, as he came up on the "Set," he realised he had measured wrongly. The gun went—but someone else had broken. They went down again. This time, off-balance, nervous, he toppled forward. An instant later the gun exploded. A false start, and now he had to be very careful.

He wanted to have got away fast so as to get in right behind Sowell, who was sure to go hard to the front. But now nothing was more important than just getting away safely.

It was Courtney, in lane two, who got away fastest and finally came off the top bend, onto the pole-line, in the lead. Sowell followed him, then Boysen, then Johnson. The pace was strong and steady down the back-straight, and the wind helped it; they hit the 200 metres in a very fast 25.1. But Sowell, doubtful of it continuing, went past Courtney around the turn, into the straight and into the wind. Courtney followed, Boysen ran wide in third, Johnson was fourth. The strong pace put distance between them.

Sowell swept like a cruiser past the bell; the wind had produced a slower second 200 metres, but the time for the first lap, 52.8 was fast and tough.

As they went around the top bend Sowell's pressure had built a three-yard gap between him and Courtney. The three of them—Courtney, and Boysen who was still running wide, and Johnson who was further back on the inside—were all in effect avoiding the showers of cinders

Boysen thrust forward. as they went into the bend—and at the same



Courtney's win from another angle

moment Johnson surged as if suddenly caught in the pull of the slipstream. Courtney, anxiously, had gone up outside Sowell's shoulder. But Sowell held him off. Courtney was content to stay there, as the corner unwound and the straight opened.

Courtney was still in the grip of the anxiety which had seized him as the bend started. He did not have a lot of fuel left, he was frightened that Sowell might. He swung wide, almost diagonally, and hit out into the second lane. He was going away from Sowell, straightaway he knew he was safe.

But Johnson, waiting for an eleventh-hour strike further down the straight, saw the gap suddenly open when Courtney veered out. There was no choice. He went into it. For a second he was just moving through with Sowell at his left shoulder and Courtney further forward at his right—and then suddenly, involuntarily, the throttle was opening wide and he was bursting through, into the lead.

Courtney, for one second, had been safe—and in the next second shocked. The little man had come from nowhere, past him, and was now in front by almost a yard and running away with it. He himself had nothing left, his body was closing down, he was run-out. But the tape was only 50 yards away; just for that long it was possible to do anything, to throw in everything even if there seemed to be nothing, to throw his whole life into those last few yards so that he wouldn't be seen as a failure.

Johnson had not a dram of speed left. He was scarcely aware of the head-wind, he didn't know whether they were slowing down or fighting on...all he knew was that the man on his right was pulling away, smashing on to the tape, getting to the tape two feet clear.

Courtney collapsed on the track. Johnson didn't see him; he himself was stumbling off onto the infield. The victory ceremony was held up for an hour, until Courtney regained consciousness.

The two men did not discuss the race until they met some years afterwards. Then Johnson joked to Courtney: "You know, I've run that race a thousand times, and each time I've won." Courtney smiled back: "Well, I've run it a thousand times too, and each time I've thrashed you."

Outsider Beat World's Greatest Runners

IT was confidently predicted in Tokyo, on October 13, 1964, that the 10,000 metres the next day would be the greatest 10,000 metres race ever seen. The expectation was to be borne out, unbelievably so.

The field contained probably more champions, more worthy candidates, than any other distance event in Olympic history. It had the defending champion—Pyotr Bolotnikov of the USSR, a hard veteran, formerly holder of the world record. It had also the new world record-holder, Ron Clarke of Australia, with a fabulously smooth and steady stride and the strength to lead, if necessary, for all the 25 laps.

It had another Olympic champion the 5,000 metres winner in Rome, possibly the greatest all-round distance runner of his time, Murray Halberg of New Zealand. Halberg had seldom bothered with the longer distance; now, for Tokyo, he had prepared for it. Clarke, and many others in the field, regarded Halberg uneasily. Here was a man who ran like a champion, with aplomb, who dominated.

Yet even these three did not stand alone. There were also the marvellous boy prodigies who had proven themselves startlingly, in this tough man's event, in the four years since Rome.



Ron Clarke (right) and Billy Mills (left) fighting it out

One was Bruce Kidd of Toronto, runaway winner of the Empire Games six miles in Perth in 1962; most of that field suffered badly in the 90-degree heat but the 19-year-old won undistressed. The other was 21-years-old Gerry Lindgreen who, as an 18-year-old high school junior, had won the 1961 10,000 metres in the USA-USSR track meeting; a novice, he had pulled away from the iron-hard men, Dutov and Ivanov, to win by the length of the straight gaining the USA its first victory ever in these distance events.

A field of 38 went to the mark late the next afternoon. In the rush for the front it was Bolotnikov who got there first and who, typically, pounded out a fast first lap. It was 64 seconds, very fast for a 10,000 metres. The field strung out.

Bolotnikov then surrendered the lead to Clarke. It had been said that the Russian was troubled by injury—perhaps he had just been "showing the flag" before going down. Clarke took them through the first mile in 4:23. It would have been a world record pace for a 5000 metres race. Eight men were with him. Halberg seemed content to remain 25 yards back, while the leaders ran themselves flat.

It seemed crazy, the pace had to fall. Yet in Clarke's hands it faded only very gradually. Those who were not in the bunch of nine began to lose more ground, until there was no hope of them regaining contact. One of them was Halberg. Another, fading much faster, was Bolotnikov. Kidd and Lindgreen were completely lost. The only "name" in the front line was Clarke.

Now Clarke forced, running one lap in a cruel 66.4 and reducing the bunch to five. The 5000 metres came up in 14:4.6, practically the same time with which Zatopek won that event in Helsinki.

An American was there with Clarke, also two Africans. The American, Mills, took over the lead from Clarke and swung the pace along. This was recklessness, surely, needless bravado. Perhaps it was a final gesture, like Bolotnikov's first lap.

But Mills stayed, as the pace steadied to 70 seconds a lap. With him was an Ethiopian, a team-mate of Abebe Bikila's, Mamo Wolde; and a Tunisian, Mohammed Gammoudi. Gammoudi, who had won an international cross-country race and shown a fine kick in winning a tactical 5000 metres.

Billy Mills had no such reputation. A half-blood Sioux Indian, orphaned at 13, he chose athletics as his college sport but spent four lean and disillusioning years on the track before hanging up his spikes when he got married.

A year later, at the start of 1963, he began running again. He struck better form. In this Olympic year he actually qualified for selection in two events, by finishing second in the U.S. marathon and second in the 10,000 metres to Lindgreen; in the latter he ran 29:10.4, almost a minute slower than Clarke's world record. An American coach had said of him: "I don't think Billy knows yet how great he could be." He had rare speed for a distance man: in training at Tokyo he ran 200 metres in 23.4.....

Now Mills was feeling the pace. He had already gone through the 5000 metres in close to his best time for that distance. He was telling himself that if only he could hold on a bit longer, one of the others might drop back, then at least he'd have a medal.

Then, with three laps to run, Wolde began to drift away—the victim of a torn Achilles tendon on which he had run the whole distance. Further back, in another race, Halberg lapped Kidd, then Lindgreen, then Bolotnikov.

In front, Clarke had burnt off all except this American and the Tunisian. He wasn't able to run any harder, to force the finish from two laps out. But when the last lap unfolded he was sure he would find something in hand.

With the gathering dusk, the stadium lights had been turned on for the finish. Now the bell sounded, with Clarke still leading, Gammoudi and Mills clinging close. They were passing continually through a ragged stream of lapped runners but it needed no spotlight to pick them out. A wave of sound began to build.

Clarke felt hopeful—different from how he usually felt—and that encouraged him. Normally, he always had a strong feeling that something would go wrong, so tired that he might not

finish, someone else might get inspired, anything could happen. Not now, though.

Mills pushed alongside Clarke, as they swung onto the backstraight. He was marginally ahead. He was thinking only about hanging on for just another 300 yards, then it would be all over and he'd have a medal. Suddenly, he was shoved to one side.

Clarke found himself coming up fast behind a lapped runner. He had to swing out but Mills was hard at his side. He tapped Mills' arm gesturing to the side. No response. There was no time left, so he heaved out and shouldered Mills wide.

At the same moment exactly Gammoudi was diving between them, grappling through with both arms. Clarke was thrown slightly off stride, Mills veered out to the third or fourth lane. Gammoudi rushed on, flying for the last bend.

Clarke took off in pursuit, hitting out into full stride but having to pick his way through or around lapped runners.

Mills was four yards back. They turned into the straight, first Gammoudi and then his pursuers swung out, wide of the rabble, for the final finishing drive. Clarke drew level with Gammoudi. Gammoudi pushed ahead again by a foot. Clarke was digging in again, he was sure he could outlast Gammoudi in this long sprint....

Mills still felt all right. One more try, he told himself, just one more. And he dug deep. Clarke and Gammoudi were shadowy figures off to his left. Then he was sprinting with them and suddenly he knew he could win, he tried harder, there was more left, and he was ahead, all by himself. He was winning.

In one second Clarke had been flattened. Mills had just flown past. The gold medal vanished, so did his will. He just followed on behind Gammoudi, not thinking about the bronze or anything.

Even as Mills was hitting the tape the strange realisation came to him that this was the Olympic Games and he had won. It was, literally, like a dream.

The time was 28:24.4, within 10 seconds of the world record, and in frustrating conditions. The finest distance runners of an age had run the greatest 10,000 metres race in history; it had been won by the one man who had never won an international race or a championship title.

Tisdall spurned training—and won Olympic gold

THE 400 metres hurdles was obviously going to be one of the biggest events of the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics. The winner in 1924 at Paris and the winner in 1928 at Amsterdam were to meet again: the American Frank Taylor, and Lord David Burghley of Britain—plus Facelli of Italy, reigning silver medallist.

Taylor had won his gold medal in Paris with a staggering time, 52.6 seconds, which would have been a world record but for his knocking down a hurdle. In 1928 he was third, as Burghley achieved a great victory in Olympic record time of 53.4. Earlier in this year of 1932 Taylor had smashed the world record down to 52 secs.

Yet, now there was another American on hand who, it was claimed, was going to be greater than Taylor—young Glenn Hardin. After Taylor had won the first heat in fairly comfortable fashion, all attention turned to Hardin in the second. He qualified in only third place; first was an Irishman, RMN Tisdall—a tall, magnificently athletic figure with long wavy hair and handsome good looks, as near to the ideal of the classic Greek athlete as had ever been seen on modern tracks.

Bob Tisdall's opening performance was no surprise to certain members of the British team, those who had been at Oxford or Cambridge. At the previous year's sports, Tisdall had virtually beaten Oxford on his own. First he won the 120 yards hurdles in 15.5 secs, by 12 yards; then he tossed the shot once, 40ft 8 in, which was good enough to win; then he went straight on to the long jump pit and produced a great winning leap of 23ft; finally he won the 440 yards in 51.0, by 15 yards. He could have added his speciality, the 220 yards hurdles, but allowed a team-mate to run in his place and gain a Blue. Even when this event was lost, Cambridge had still won the contest by 8-3—and for the first time in the history of the sports, one man had won four events.

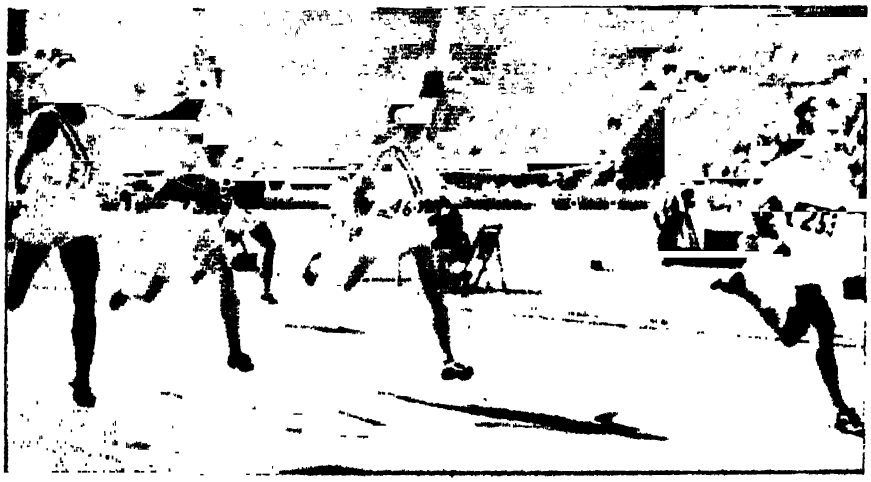
Tisdall's exceptional ability, which was fostered when a childhood visit to the circus inspired him to gymnastics, were legend at Cambridge.

He was also known as something of a cavalier, a roisterer; he made himself tremendously popular with his good spirits, Irish blarney and simple charm.

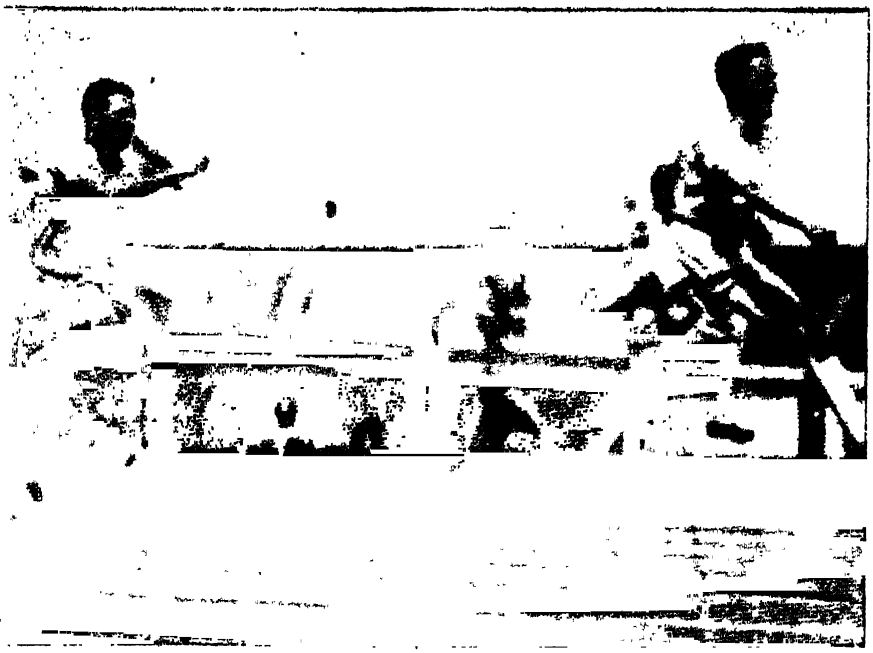
On one occasion he decided to go from the party in one room to the adjacent one by means of the ledge outside the window; he fell but landed 20 feet below, like a cat on his feet, and returned upstairs unperturbed.

He had been employed, just prior to 1932, as a secretary in the household of the Maharaja of Boroda. He made and spent £150 a month, was travelling a great deal and becoming unfit.

So he quit the job, and suddenly, fixing his sights on the Los Angeles Olympics, he went with his wife to live for a few weeks in an old railway carriage in a Sussex orchard. They lived on £1 a week and he regained his fitness by running over the Downs and chopping wood.



Tisdall (right) wins the 400m hurdles in great style



Lord Burgley winning the 400m hurdles in 1928 but he lost to Tisdall in 1932

The journey to Los Angeles was tiring. He suffered across the deserts of Colorado and Nebraska; his weight dropped by 5 pounds, he was sleeping badly. In Los Angeles he was hoping to do a lot of practise, but after four days' training his weight dropped by another 3 pounds and he lacked the strength even to finish a trial.

As he stood on the mark there came the sudden realisation that he felt different: he felt good, fit. They were sent to their marks. Silence fell. He thought he heard a clock strike three. Just like the old clock at the Fenners track.

Then they were off. He was over the first few hurdles like clockwork, conscious only of the job and even striding. Vaguely in the corner of his vision were the figures of Hardin and Burghley, staggered forward on his right, coming off each hurdle half a stride after him...Fifteen strides and over. Fifteen and over...Suddenly the loudspeaker broke through—"Tisdall leads."

The crowd roared: half of them must have been Irish. For a second his concentration was gone, his rhythm upset. He found himself a little short of the next hurdle, having to stretch for it. But he made it, recovered and turned into the home straight.....

Suddenly he felt quite alone. There was no figure at all in his side vision. Everything seemed strangely quiet, unreal. He had to resist looking around. He forced himself to concentrate.

All he had to do was get over the last fence. He had the time to take it carefully, he leapt high. But something went wrong—he hit it, hard, with his leading leg. He was sure he would fall, it always did cause a fall.

But he held together, he did not fall—though he almost stopped. Eyes fixed on the tape, he got moving again. As he got near, Hardin's figure came up fast on the right. But he got there.

There was a yard in it, maybe two yards. Taylor had been closing on his left and Burghley was not far away either. The time was 51.7 but given to the nearest fifth of a second—51.8. The rules prevented its recognition as a world record because of the hurdle being knocked down, though if the hurdle had not been hit, if he had not thus been hindered, he would have broken the record, legitimately, by more than half a second.

Even so, Bob Tisdall had no complaints. Few men would have. No one in Olympic history had or has produced such invincible form with such meagre experience of an event. If fictitious, the story would have stretched the imagination of even a boy's comic reader.

First Three Smashed World Record

"WHO shall choose between these three? Not I. Let them choose for themselves."

So said one of the despatches from Berlin on the day before the great race of the 1936 Olympic Games, the 1500 metres. Everyone knew it was going to be a great race, nothing was more sure. The Golden Era of mile running was going to decide its champion, and the choice had to lie between three men—Glenn Cunningham (USA), Luigi Becalli (Italy) and John Lovelock (New Zealand).

In fact, they were all champions or record-holders—and, they were now at the height of their careers.

Cunningham was the existing world record-holder for the mile with 4:6.8. He had the reputation of being a powerful, accurate pace-setter, and a good finisher. Big-chested, his legs scarred from a childhood accident, the man had a particularly resolute look about him. His obvious will to win and a warm-up routine which often kept other competitors waiting did not make him universally popular; he didn't seem to care.

Becalli was the reigning Olympic champion, taking the title in Los Angeles by coming from behind with a tearaway finish. Later, he had equalled the world record for 1500 metres, and then beaten it.

Lovelock, who lived and worked in England as a doctor, had held the mile record before Cunningham with a time of 4:7.6. He had run fewer fast times than the other two, but he was more selective in his racing. He ran to win and not to break records. His stride was lighter even than Becalli's, his running style and general appearance altogether more delicate and finely attuned than anything else in athletics.

The only previous meeting of the three had been in the Los Angeles Olympics. In the intervening four years the score between Cunningham and Becalli was 1:0, between Cunningham and Lovelock 0:2, between Becalli and Lovelock 1:0; in other words, none of them had been able to beat each of the other two in this time.

The presence of Cunningham seemed bound to ensure a fast pace, probably world-record pace. Becalli had shown himself capable of running hard right through a race, and he had

proven himself to be the fastest finisher. Proven himself, that is, through reliability. Of Lovelock, no one could be quite sure. At his best, properly tuned, his finishing speed might be quicker than anyone's. On the other hand, Iron-Man Cunningham might have won the race before it came to the finish.

No wonder, then, that the opening question was asked and left unanswered.

The next afternoon the great stone stadium was packed to its very limits with a crowd of almost 120,000. The huge bowl trembled with the singing of "Uber Alles" as Stoeck won the javelin for the Fatherland.

"Deutschland, Deutschland, uber alles, uber alles in der Welt." Germany Over All.

Everyone was waiting for the 1500 metres field to go to the mark. Everyone was waiting for the Fuhrer to arrive in the Royal Box. The atmosphere was electric, the very air seemed brittle, as if one sudden shout from the crowd would crack and splinter it... Then came a roar, and a hundred thousand people rose as one. "Heil... Heil...Heil." Hitler had made his entrance.

The 12 runners went forward to the line, at the top of the backstraight. And now, quite suddenly, a vast silence, more unnerving even than the huge roar, descended on them as they waited for the gun.

At the instant of the explosion, time no longer stood still. The stopwatches leapt into life, the 12 men unwound like sprinters, the crowd roared.

The first man to hit the front was Jerry Cornes of Britain, and Becalli followed; Lovelock ran beside Cunningham half-way down the field. The pace was solid, perfect for a first lap, which they completed in exactly 30 seconds. They went through the full 400 metres in 61.5.

A German surged from mid-field, and a chant gathered force around the stadium—and then fell as Cunningham ploughed through, past Becalli and Cornes, into the lead. Lovelock went with him and settled into second place; Becalli followed Lovelock. The Three were now in line. There was no chink among them, as Cunningham led, his stride deliberate and powerful.

The German Schaumberg came up on the outside, and the crowd thundered again—but after running there for half a lap, unable to gain admittance among the three, he fell back.

Then Ny of Sweden came up to take his place... and all the time Cunningham stayed rock-like in the lead, his stride still deliberate and foreboding, like the low beating of a drum; and all the time Lovelock was gliding behind him, and Becalli stepping crisply behind Lovelock, as if a chain bound the three as one.

The pace was gradually becoming faster, yet none of the three showed any hint of strain. Ny was at their side like an intruder; sometime he brushed against Lovelock. The hum from the crowd rose in the giant stone bowl, the staccato chant broke in again, and then fell, and then there was the hum again, waiting to be unleashed.



John Lovelock finishes strongly

Ny bumped Cunningham, the other were bunching up behind. Now Ny moved past Cunningham into the lead, as they came up to the bell. Lovelock slipped out, to Cunningham's shoulder, and Becalli closed up. The bell sounded, almost drowned out by the crowd.

Two-thirds around the top bend it happened. Lovelock surged forward to Ny's shoulder, Cunningham followed instantly. Lovelock paused. Cunningham moved back to the pole-line behind Ny's heels... then Lovelock "went", as if his feet were a round ball with top-spin. He was into the long backstraight before Cunningham got around Ny and started the pursuit, with Becalli chasing after. They had a gap of three yards to close.

Lovelock was moving like a leaf in the wind, but the chase was furious. Cunningham's stride was devouring the ground, Becalli was running like a quarter-miler. Every inch of that three yards was bitterly contested, as Lovelock tried to lengthen it.

They swept into the bend, Lovelock running with balance, grace and speed yet looking so frail against Cunningham's thunderous charge. Still the margin was three yards. The corner ended, the straight opened. The shrieking of the crowd shook the stadium; it was the sound of a gale in a mountain pass...

Lovelock still had a three-yard lead as he straightened for home. And now his body tightened as he sought still more speed, and found it. His hands were scissoring in front of him, driving his flying feet. Still faster he went, and further ahead. He looked back, saw he was clear, and glided the last 20 yards to the tape.

Up in the Royal Box, Hitler eased back into his seat. Lovelock, as if switching off the engine and throwing the gearbox into neutral, drifted on around the top bend to pick up his tracksuit, and the applause followed him all the way.

The timekeepers' watches showed 3:47.8, a new world record by a whole second. Cunningham, five yards back, and Becalli just behind him, were also under the old record. Never had they run as well for victory as in this defeat. Never had a victory been more worthily and more brilliantly won.

Of all the jewels in the Olympic crown, this race, this victory, glows and glitters like no other.

Amazing but true

Andy O'Brien and Pradeep Paul list some odd happenings

DESIRE and dedication were Felix Carvajal's middle names. He made a decision that he was going to compete in the marathon for Cuba in the 1904 Olympics to be held in St. Louis. A postman from Havana he managed to pay for his fare to the US by begging and holding exhibitions in Havana's public square.

Unfortunately, when Carvajal arrived in New Orleans he was fleeced by gamblers in a crap game and ended up broke, still 700 miles away from his destination. Finding no other way to get to St. Louis for he had no money, he decided to run there. Begging for food all along he actually reached St. Louis just before the marathon was about to begin.

He was going to run in his long pants and long sleeved shirt and heavy hiking shoes, but another athlete (probably discus thrower Martin Sheridan) cut off his sleeves and pant legs because of the 100 degree heat. The race was in fact held up while this was going on. At the start of the race there were 31 runners and at the end of the gruelling 26-mile course, only 14 were still on their feet and Felix Carvajal was one of them.

In spite of running 700 miles with hardly any nourishment, he still managed to come fourth. He also enjoyed himself more than the other competitors. He stopped a number of times to talk to bystanders, discuss the progress of the race and practice his English. He also quenched his thirst by grabbing some peaches from an official and plucked a few apples from an orchard.

IN the same marathon race at the 1904 Games another incredible story was unfolded. Fred Lorz of the US took an early lead, running easily. But at the halfway point, the heat and pace overcame him and he dropped out of the race. After recuperating he took a ride in one of the many cars following the runners along the marathon route.

To Lorz's bad luck, or was it good luck, the car in which he was broke down five miles from the Olympic stadium, so Lorz began to run the rest of the course. Discovering, to his surprise, that his car ride had put him back into the lead once again he entered the stadium and crossed the finish line first—at least that's how it seemed to the spectators and officials.

As a joke, Lorz did not tell the officials as to what had really happened. He was on the verge of being awarded the gold medal (in fact, he had already been photographed with Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the American President) when the hoax was revealed. The officials were not at all amused with Lorz's practical joke and banned him for life. But the ban was lifted in time for Lorz to win the Boston Marathon of 1905.

It's the taking part that counts

THE 10,000m of the 1976 Games at Montreal did not only belong to Lasse Viren alone but also to one Olmeus Charles of Haiti. His performance in the opening heat will go down in the annals of Olympic history as the ultimate expression of the Olympic ideal that what counts is not the winning but the taking part. Charles completed the course in 42:00.11, the slowest time ever recorded in the Olympics. The entire schedule of the other events had to be held up while Charles ran the last six rounds alone. Haitians have a record of coming last in races. The reason could be that their best athletes were not sent. Instead the dictator 'Baby Doc' Duvalier chose his friends and soldiers and sent them to the Olympics as a reward.



Felix Carvajal the determined marathoner

Discontinued Events

DID you know that cricket was played at the Olympics? Yes, it was, in 1900, at the Paris Games.

Only two countries took part, England and France, and they met in the final. Britain scored 262 and France were bowled out for 104. Surprisingly, not a single big name played for Britain.

Rugby was also played at the Olympic Games and so was tug-of-war. The friendly sport of tug-of-war sparked off one of the biggest controversies of the 1908 London Games. In one of the first round tugs, the Liverpool Police pulled the US team over the line in a matter of seconds.

The Americans objected that their opponents had boots on which gave them the advantage of extra grip. The objection was over ruled when the cops said that they had on ordinary police boots. The Americans withdrew from the competition.

UNLIKE today's jump events, these events were, previously, all done from a standing position.

One man who really dominated these events (standing long jump, standing high jump and the triple jump) was Ray Ewry. He sent much of his life in a wheelchair and went on to become the man who has

won the most number of gold medals at the Olympics.

Ewry was paralysed as a boy and his doctors predicted that he would never be able to walk again. But he devised a set of daily exercises for himself and worked at them until he developed tremendous strength in his legs. He went on to win eight gold medals in the 1900, 1904 and 1908 and added two more in the Intercalated games of 1906.

Tragedies

THE marathon of 1964 was one in which both the gold and bronze medallist met with tragic ends. The





Bikila in his uniform

bronze medallist was Tsuburaya Kokichi, Japan's last hope to win a gold medal in track at the Tokyo Games (1964). He was so disconsolate after coming third and after his training for the next Olympics was hampered by an accident, that he committed hara-kiri. In his suicide note he apologized for having failed his country and wrote 'cannot run anymore'.

The gold medallist in that same race was the legendary Abebe Bikila the Ethiopian Imperial bodyguard who won his second gold in the marathon. He also came up against tragedy. In 1969 he met with an accident in his car which was a present from his government. He suffered a broken neck and a spinal cord injury that left him paralysed below the waist. But he did not give up.

He subsequently took part as an archer in the Paraplegic Games.

On October 25, 1973 he died at the age of 41 following a brain Haemorrahage.

ANOTHER Olympic champion who met a tragic end was John Lovelock who won the 1500 m in 1936 (Berlin).

Four years later, he fell off his horse while on a hunt and received multiple head injuries. Though he recovered, he suffered from dizziness throughout his life. Eight days before his 40th birthday he telephoned his wife to say that he was coming home early as he was not feeling well. He was standing on the subway platform when he suddenly felt dizzy and fell forward onto the tracks. He was struck by an on coming train and died on the spot.

Gold snatching

RICK DeMONT, a 16-year-old American, had to return his gold medal after having won the 400-metre free-style race at the 1972 Munich Olympics.

An asthma patient since the age of four, Rick DeMont woke up in the middle of the night before his competition with an attack of wheezing. As was his habit, he took a tablet of Marex, unaware that it contained the banned drug ephedrine. On waking up he took another of the same.

Qualifying easily in his heat that afternoon, DeMont must have taken yet another tablet because his prescription said to take one every six hours. At 6.40 p.m. the swimmers were off and Rick DeMont swam to be closest victory possible. By one-hundredth of a second.

After the race, DeMont, along with the other medal winners were taken for a dope test. At the awards ceremony there was no problem and he got his medal. Two days later, DeMont who was the world record holder in the 1,500m, swam and qualified for the final. The next morning, he was informed that he would not be allowed to compete in the 1,500m final as he had failed the dope test after the 400m final.

There were stern reprimands all around and the most stunned was DeMont himself. He never denied that he took Marex because of the simple fact that he didn't know it was forbidden and when the team officials came to his room to confiscate the drugs, the bottle of Marex was in plain view.

Painful record

THREE days before his race (Tokyo 1964), the 400 m Individual Medley, considered the most exhausting event in the swimming programme, Dick Roth, the world record holder felt acute pain in his appendix. Japanese doctors recommended that he undergo an appendicitis operation. Roth refused to undergo an operation and also to take any drugs. The doctors then ice packed him. Ignoring the pain, Roth swam and won the final in a world record time of 4:45:4 beating his own world record by over three seconds.

Ambidextrous

KAROLY TAKACS will surely be remembered as a man with the will to win. A member of the Hungarian world champion pistol



Ace shooter Takacs

shooting team in 1938, he was a sergeant in the army by way of profession.

An accidental grenade explosion left his right hand, his pistol hand, completely shattered. Takacs taught himself to shoot with his left hand and at the London Games of 1948 proved his worth by winning the men's event in rapid-fire pistol shooting. As if to prove that this was no fluke, he repeated this at the 1952 Helsinki Games.

Made for each other

FAMILY affairs at the Olympics are rare but the Zatopeks were a great example of the saying 'made for each other'.

Shortly after Emil Zatopek won a gold medal in the 5,000m at Helsinki in 1952, his wife Dana who was going to take part in her javelin competition took his medal along in her bag saying, "I'll take it with me for luck." She won, set an Olympic record and earned her own gold medal.

That evening Emil claimed some of the credit for his wife's gold medal saying that it was he that inspired her. Naturally offended, Dana replied,

"What? All right, go and inspire some other girl and see if she throws a javelin fifty metres."

Around the same time, Emil, who had wins in the 5,000m and the 10,000m so far, was asked if he was going to try for another gold in the marathon. To this Zatopek replied, "At present, the score of the contest in the Zatopek family is 2-1. This result is too close. To restore some prestige I will try to improve on it—in the marathon race." He won.

Ever the trier, Emil Zatopek ran the 1956 Olympic marathon too and finished sixth. A very creditable performance considering that just six weeks before the Games he had had to undergo a hernia operation and was under doctor's orders not to run for at least two months. The cause of the hernia—training with his wife on his shoulders.

Flirting Around

HITLER took a fancy to an American. Impossible. But true. Helen Stephens of the USA won the 100 meters dash at the 1936 Berlin Games and was invited to see Hitler in his private glass-enclosed box.

On being taken there, she recalled later that Hitler had come in and given her a Nazi salute. She retaliated with a 'good old Missouri handshake' which he accepted and then put his arm around her, pinched her and invited her to spend the weekend with him. She refused.

Helen Stephens was involved in yet another incident worth remembering. At Berlin, in 1936, when she won the 100 metre sprint, the girl who came second to her by 0.2 of a second was Polish-born Stanislawa Walasiewicz who had settled in Cleveland, Ohio and was better known as Stella Walsh. Stella Walsh could never really accept the fact that Helen Stephens had won and set a new world record and always expressed her dislike.

This dislike went to such an extent that a Polish journalist accused Stephens of actually being a man, and the officials at the Berlin Games had to issue a statement that she had passed their sex check.

Forty-four years later, in 1980, Stella Walsh was shopping at Cleveland when, in the parking lot of a discount store, she got caught in the middle of a robbery attempt and was shot to death. The autopsy reports revealed that she, Stella Walsh, and not Helen Stephens, had male sexual organs.

All the while that Walsh had been setting 11 world records, winning 41 A.A.U. titles and two Olympic medals, she was, in fact, a man.

All-rounder

IN the early 1900s, Baron Pierre de Coubertin devised the supreme test of the all-round sportsman. The Modern Pentathlon.

Comprising five events, namely, equestrian, fencing, shooting, swimming and running the Modern Pentathlon was first seen in the Stockholm Olympics of 1912. From there till 1948 London Olympics the IOC administered after which its own governing body was founded.

The origin and sequence of the five events are based on the story of a military messenger charged with delivering important orders to the front line. He sets out on the back of an unfamiliar horse, but after clearing certain obstacles his horse is shot from under him. He beats off attackers with his sword, which in turn breaks, so he is forced to use his pistol. To evade the enemy he swims across a river, and finally delivers his message across country on foot.

The most difficult part of organising the Pentathlon is to get sufficient horses of similar standard since the competitors are not allowed to use their own horses. The competitors draw lots for horses for the riding section, which comprises 15 hurdles set over a 800-metre course.

Fencing, with the epee, is on an all-fight-all basis. Shooting, with the .22 pistol, sees competitors fire 20 shots at a target 25 metres distant. Swimming comprises a 300 metres free-style swim. Running is cross-country over a gruelling 4,000 metres.

Each of these sections are held on a different day to enable the pentathletes to give off their best in all the events.

At the 1912 (Stockholm) Olympics a twenty-six year old army lieutenant was placed fifth. His name George S. Patton Jr. who later became general. Ironically, Patton might have won the event had he not been such a poor marksman.



The varied equipment a modern pentathlete needs

Killer sport

MAN-TO-MAN combat was a prominent feature in the ancient Greek Olympics. Introduced as far back as 704 BC, wrestling had at least two styles. One similar to modern free-style wrestling and one called the 'pankration'.

The pankration was a very brutal form of combat, in which competitors fought almost to kill. Every part of the body was used, including feet, elbows and and even heads. Stangleholds were legal and so were pulling fingers and arms out of sockets. Some competitors wrenched ears and noses and even gouged out their opponent's eyes.

From this developed,

over the centuries, boxing in the West and the martial arts in the East.

A p..p..problem

CHRIS Finnegan won the 1968 middleweight title when he beat Aleksci Kisselyov in the final. But even after the final, Finnegan's problems were not over. The urine tests for drugs were still there.

In Finnigan's own words "Now if there's one thing I've never been able to do, it's have a piss while someone's watching me. I can never stand at those long urinals you get in gents' bogs, with all the other blokes having a quick squint."

Sure enough, he could not do what was wanted of him. People turned on water faucets, whistled and whispered encouragement but nothing doing. He drank several glasses of water but still nothing doing. Then he downed a few pints of beer. Still no result.

Finnegan then went for a victory meal and two Olympic officials tagged along with the required collection equipment. Finally, at past one in the morning, Finnegan asked 'who wants some piss?' The officials followed him to the men's room and collected the sample. The test, of course, proved negative.

Blood thicker than water

JEAN BOITEUX, the winner of the 400-metre free-style at the 1952 Games at Helsinki, held off a late challenge from Fred Konno of USA to win a surprise gold medal.

As Boiteux completed his winning swim, an elderly Frenchman, fully clothed and even wearing a beret, jumped into the pool and hugged the new champion. Everyone around was



Borteux's father after he had jumped into the pool following his son's victory

amazed and the reporters hounded around to find out who he was. "Coach?" "Manager?" they asked in various languages. Glowing with pride and quite evidently unable to control his emotions, the beret-clad man held his arms up and said one word: "Papa"

Became Louis

THE winner of the first marathon was a Greek—Spiridon Louis—an Olympic legend. He was a surprise winner. The name of the leader was announced from time to time. It was announced towards the end of the race that Spiridon was leading. The word spread like lightning. Shouts of 'Elleen! Elleen! (A Greek! A Greek!) were heard all around the stadium. A small dusty man appeared at the marble entrance to the stadium. Such was the ecstasy that Prince George and Crown Prince Constantine came down from the Royal Box and ran with Louis to the finish line. At the finish Louis bowed to the delighted King George. Ecstasy spread from the stadium throughout the city.

The German Olympic Organising Committee brought Louis to the 1936 Games. At Berlin he presented Adolf Hitler with a laurel wreath from the sacred grove at Olympia. His name has entered the Greek language in the expression 'engine Louis': 'Became Louis,' or ran quickly. 'More than any single event the victory of Spiridon Louis served as an inspiration to keep the Olympics going through the hard times that the movement faced over the next twelve years'.



Spiridon Louis

LA 52 years ago

THE organisers of this summer's Olympics headed by the dynamic Peter Ueberroth should consider themselves lucky for the only major problem they have to face is the Soviet led boycott. Those who organised the 1932 Los Angeles Games had far more varied problems.

Everything was against the 1932 promoters. On the economics side, the world was staggering from the effects of the Depression, so much so, many countries found it beyond their means to send athletes to a far away place as California.

Cuba, having no ready cash, ended up sending its team on a boat loaded with sugar and tobacco. At each port of call the cargo was auctioned off to help pay the team's expenses.

The domestic front too was not bright. People wanted 'groceries not games'. President Herbert Hoover facing a severe crisis decided to stay back in Washington

Inspite of such heavy odds the organisers made the Games of the X Olympiad profitable and one of history's best and most fondly remembered. 1932 saw the introduction of automatic timing and the photo finish camera.

IT will be remembered for Babe Didrikson, Buster Crabbe and the exciting 5,000m and of course for the first Games Village. Born out of necessity the village proved such a success that the Organising Committee was recommended for a Noble Peace Prize. Let's see what Ueberroth and party can do this summer.

Montage of mastery

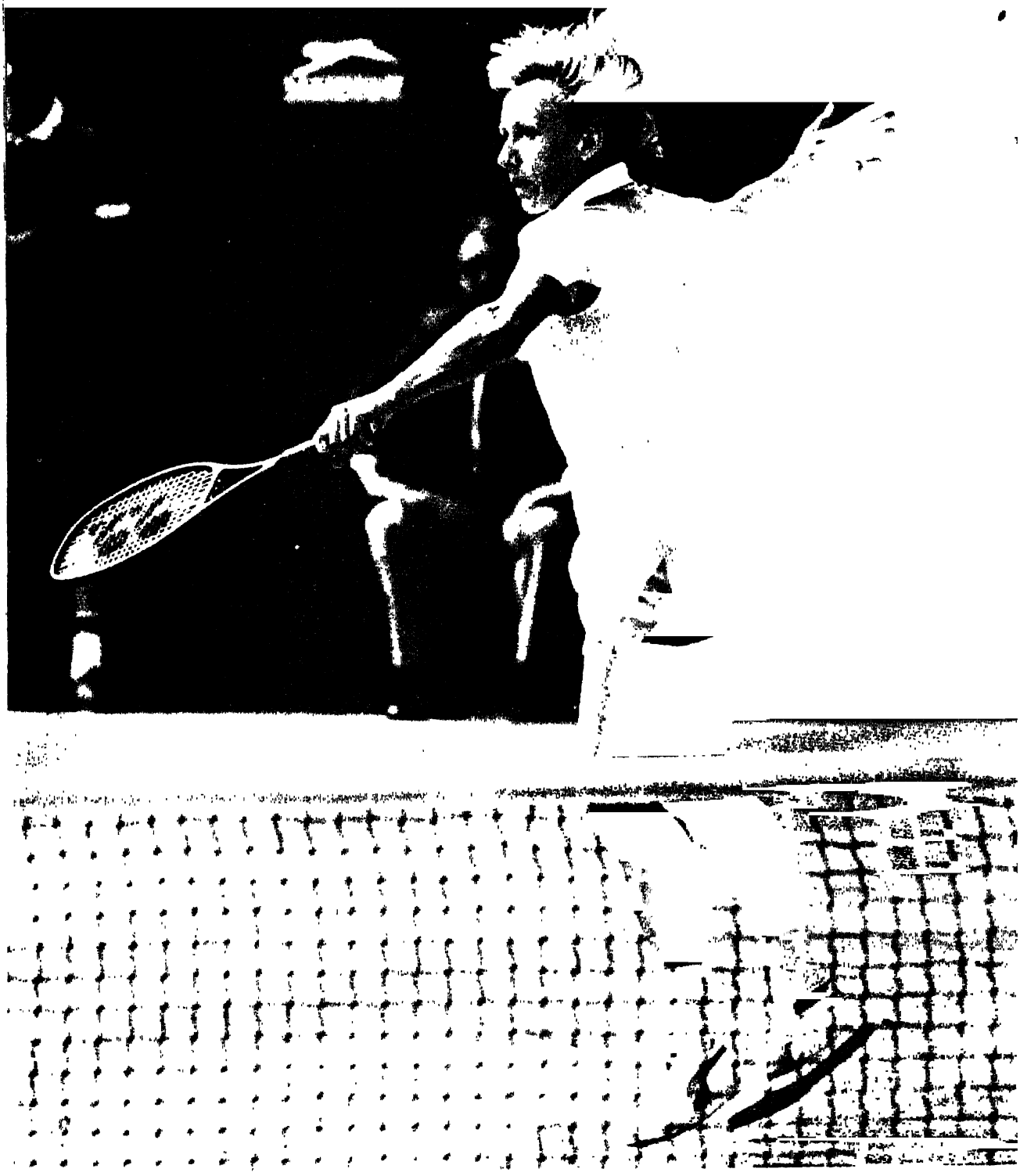
Exclusive photographs of this year's Wimbledon Championships by **Colorsport**



John McEnroe. Awesome, aggressive, he played the match of his life in the final to produce one of the finest displays of all-court tennis ever seen at Wimbledon. Now on the threshold of establishing himself as an all-time great whose record will be hard to beat.



Jimmy Connors. Thirty-one years old. One of the greatest fighters the game has ever seen. Insists he is far from finished. Insists—typically—that he is still not in the shadow of John McEnroe.



Martina Navratilova. Five appearances in the final of the Wimbledon ladies' singles. Five victories. No one has what it takes to stop her. Her tennis talent is matched only by her sense of humour.



Chris Evert-Lloyd. Sentimental favourite of the Wimbledon crowds. The only person to give Navratilova a run for her money. Probably the best baseliner in women's tennis. And, hopefully, a long way from retirement.

McEnroe and Navratilova will rule the world

The standards they have set are unlikely to be matched by mere mortals. **David McMahon** argues the case

Q.E.D.

END OF ARGUMENT

If anyone wants to contest the case, they'll have to gather an impressive pile of evidence. Because John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova have proved that they are going to dominate the game. Proved it in no uncertain terms.

There is now a wide gulf between the two of them and the rest of their respective competitors. If proof of that fact is required, look no further than the events of Saturday, 7 July and Sunday, 8 July this year On the Saturday, Navratilova vanquished old friend Chris Evert-Lloyd and the next day, in scorching heat, McEnroe put old foe Jimmy Connors through the mincer.

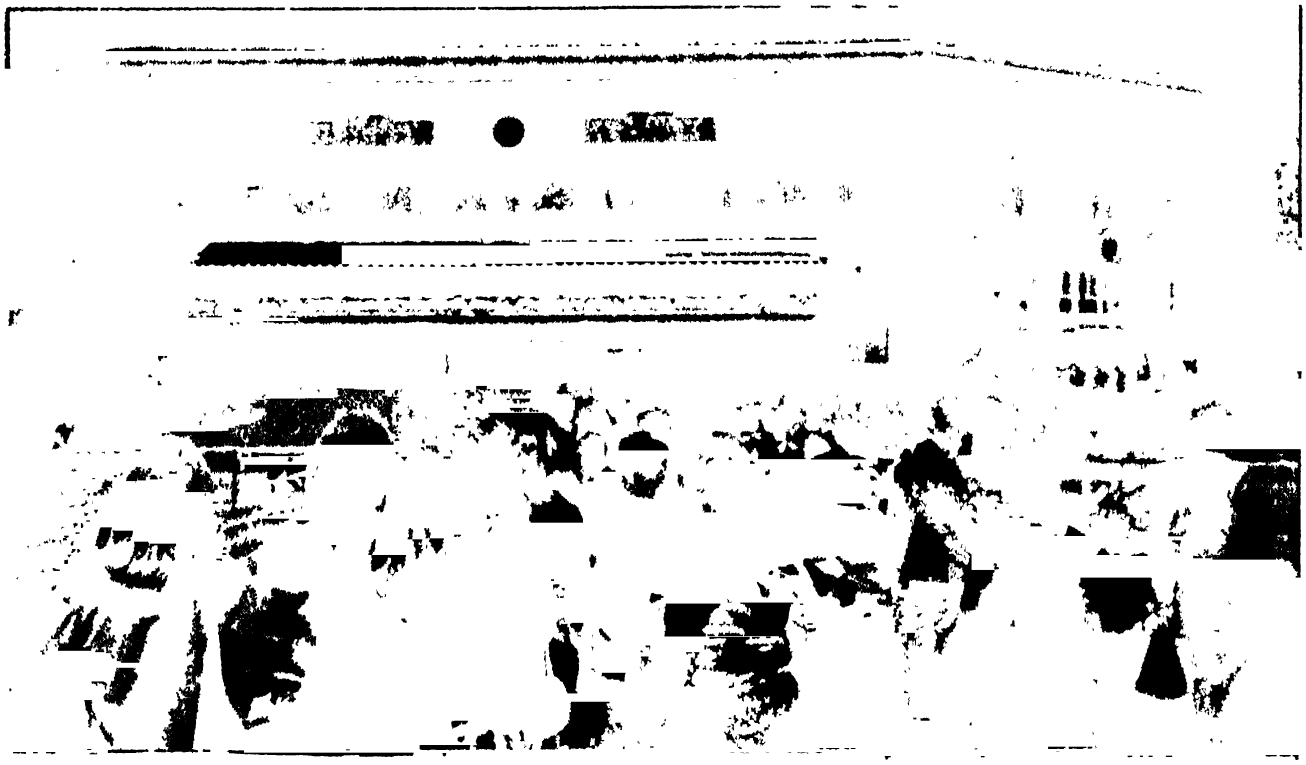
Are we on the verge of witnessing a significant breakthrough by these two players? It certainly looks as if we are. They both seem to be on the threshold of alltime stardom, and neither of them is being threatened by other players. The way they have performed over the last two years has driven home the fact that they are in the sort of form that most people only dream about.

The mantle of the world's top ranked player has passed—rather tempestuously—from Borg to McEnroe. That could be rather ironic. Or fitting. Depending on your point of view. Borg ruled Wimbledon, and most other tournaments as well, from 1976 through to 1980, but was finally dethroned in 1981 by McEnroe himself in a four set final that denied the Swede the sixth Wimbledon singles title that he sought.

Now, just three years later, the upstart who pulled the mat from under the king has carved a niche for himself as one of the most talented players the game has ever seen. He has been a finalist every year at Wimbledon since that pulsating 1980 battle against Borg.

Five appearances in the Wimbledon singles final. Three titles. Borg's average was better, with five wins from six appearances, but McEnroe still has a long way to go before he hangs up his racket. He has the talent and the brain to better Borg's record. And the attitude.

No one would question his attitude. The burning will to win was the first



An outside view of Wimbledon's Centre Court: territory of champions

thing that you noticed...and sometimes he made it all too obvious. In his early days he answered to the nickname of Mac the Mouth and the Irish temper erupted a little too frequently for anyone's liking.

But things have changed since those early days. This year, at Wimbledon, he vowed even before the tournament began that he would let his racket do the talking. And so it was. There was not a peep out of the defending champion. Not even a couple of dubious line calls would provoke an outburst.

McEnroe was on his best behaviour this year. But the British press seemed to overlook the fact. Conveniently, perhaps. McEnroe in a rage means a hike in circulation. A silent McEnroe does not boost newspaper sales, not even during The Fortnight.

And so, the tabloid press chose to ignore McEnroe's impeccable behaviour. Instead, the hot news was Martina's relationship with the woman who stayed with her during Wimbledon in a rented cottage. Or John Lloyd's loneliness, staying in solitary pain in the house that he and his wife once owned. That made the headlines almost every day.

Some of the situations faced by the players were amazing. Post-match interview sessions turned out to be unusually stormy at Wimbledon. It was certainly not the fault of the players. Faced with trivial, out-of-place and sometimes downright embarrassing questions, they must have found it difficult trying to stay civil.

Chris Lloyd was asked why she was still wearing her wedding ring, even though she and husband John have separated. Martina Navratilova was asked about her living arrangements. McEnroe was asked about ex-girlfriend Stella Hall. The tournament committee ultimately had to step in, announcing that players would only answer questions on tennis and nothing else.

So McEnroe, irked by his opening round with the press, continued to appear for the press conferences although he steadfastly refused to grant BBC television any interviews. The only opponent that caused McEnroe a real problem during the tournament was the press.

None of the players he faced in the draw gave McEnroe the harassment that was thrown at him by the journalists covering the tournament. When he faced the press, he continuously scratched his arm, his head, or his ear. He just couldn't keep still. But when he was on court, there was nothing nervous or tentative about his tennis. It was awesome.

Early in the tournament, he ran into problems with his service. On the other hand, Connors got better and better as he moved up through the draw. It looked an even match in the final, especially the way Connors had put Lendl out in the semis.

But the final was such a devastating rout that it simply proved the point that McEnroe is going to be one of the greatest players ever to lift a racket. Look at it this way. Connors was playing like a champion. He had to be, to get past Lendl. And yet McEnroe simply blew Connors off the court. All he needed was 84 minutes. All he gave Connors was four games.

Not many people have beaten Connors 6-1, 6-1, 6-2. That scoreline is proof of McEnroe's all-round brilliance. On a blazing July afternoon, he proved to the world that he aims to be the best ever. Nothing less.

He's certainly halfway there already. He won at Wimbledon in



En route to the blitzkreig: Betsy Sayers retires during her match against Navratilova



Two views of the crowds that thronged the 'mecca' of tennis during the 1984 championships

1981, against Borg. He lost in 1982, a thrilling five setter, to Connors. He beat Chris Lewis in 1983. This year's demolition of the gritty Connors gave him his third Wimbledon singles title and he's still looking good for some more.

Five in a row? It's certainly not impossible. But even if he doesn't win five consecutively, he'll probably get a couple more without too many problems. He is head and shoulders above the rest of the field and is a far more versatile player than Borg ever was.

Maybe that is an unfair comparison. The two men were—and always will be—a contrast in styles. But McEnroe is the man most of the experts would rather watch. His powers of innovation are even matched by his fleetness of foot. His anticipation enables him to throw opponents off balance, his groundstrokes drive home the advantage, his serving is enough to tame even Connors and his volleying is pure magic. It all goes together to form a rather impressive symphony of brilliance.

Can anyone stop him? Certainly. No man can remain unbeaten. But it's the timespan between defeats that is the hallmark of a champion. McEnroe has so far lost only one singles match this year—the final of the French Open, when Lendl beat him in five. If his tournament appearances are not cut down because of injury or Davis Cup commitments, there is no reason why McEnroe cannot improve on Connors' impressive string of singles performances in his golden year, way back in 1974.

So McEnroe will be beaten. But when, by whom and how often? That is anybody's guess. But by the time McEnroe is on the verge of retirement, he will have left behind him a career record that anyone will be hard pressed to beat.

Let's not lose sight of the fact that he is not merely a singles player. His track record in doubles is no less impressive. Critics said that doubles play would only burn him out faster, but McEnroe countered by claiming that it was invaluable because it sharpened his reflexes as a net player.

McEnroe's right again, as usual. He certainly hasn't slowed up because of his doubles commitments. And he is definitely one of the most dangerous men at the net, as several humiliated opponents will testify. Anyone can be good at the baseline, but brilliance at the net, where success is measured in milliseconds, is restricted to only the greatest players.

This year, someone asked Peter Fleming—McEnroe's friend and perennial doubles partner—to name the best men's doubles combination in the world. Fleming fielded the question without a moment's hesitation. "Mac and anyone else in the world" was his reply.

McEnroe's display in the final against Connors was an emphatic declaration that he is already without a peer on the circuit. And he intends to end up with a better record than anyone else before him. Knowing him, he probably will.

Meanwhile, the invincible war machine called Martina Navratilova rumbles on relentlessly. Despite an early service break against Chris Lloyd in the final, she recovered, refusing to be flustered by some amazing line calls, to win yet another Wimbledon singles title.

Which means she has never lost a Wimbledon singles final. She is certainly on the road to becoming perhaps the best player the world has ever seen, which also means we are in a rare era, with both the men's and women's champions threatening to dominate the sport in a manner rarely seen.

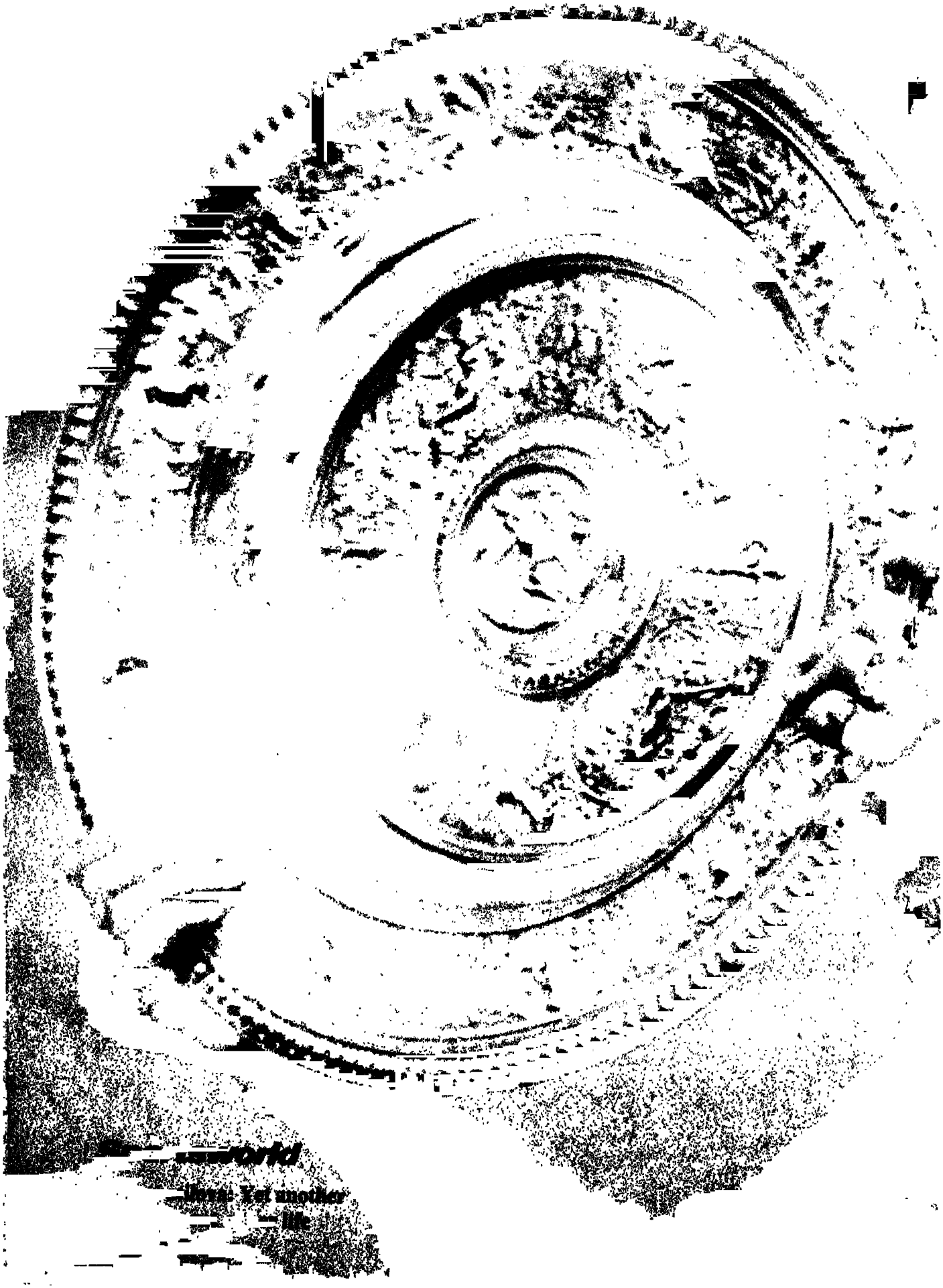
Martina, unlike McEnroe, has the off-court personality to match her superstar status. Her press conferences at Wimbledon were freewheeling, easygoing, and marked by plenty of humour—provided she was not being baited by the local reporters.

She says she wants to be the best. And she probably won't have to wait very much longer to prove it conclusively.

Does the dominance of McEnroe and Navratilova mean that tennis now becomes a boring affair, where these two sweep the boards clean, virtually unchallenged by the rest of the field? No. On the other hand, it is sometimes an enthralling experience to watch a demolition.

Because of the sheer, unrivalled brilliance that goes into the execution.





Medical tests for tennis?

Premen Addy

'I CAME, I saw, I conquered'. These were once Julius Caesar's triumphant words. Some 2000 years later, in the Wimbledon summer of 1984, they could have been uttered with the same finality by John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova.

This was the centenary year of women's tennis at Wimbledon. There was the inevitable parade of stars, past and present.

Teddy Tinling has watched and known champions over the last six decades, from the legendary Suzanne Lenglen, six-times winner at Wimbledon, to Martina Navratilova, who had emulated her four times in six years. His top six are Miss Lenglen, Mrs Wills-Moody, Miss Connolly, Mrs Court, Mrs King and Miss Navratilova. Nearest this group were Louise Brough, Maria Bueno and Chris Lloyd.

Pressed for his supreme choice, Tinling was prepared to put Navratilova on a pedestal above the rest. Martina's recent development, in his view, stemmed from her increasing muscular strength and speed—which has improved her volleying and 'given her a tremendous capacity to fulfil her imagination and interpret her own skill'.

Tabloids being what they are, ran the expected stories about the lives and loves of some of today's stars and the preferences of one or two for their own gender. Indeed, so incensed was Miss Navratilova at the exposure she received that she has vowed to cut down her future appearances in Britain.

Be that as it may, the thing that strikes the eye is her physique. She has a travelling troupe of advisers, from an expert dietician to tennis analyst to psychologist. As she earns a reputed six million dollars yearly she can obviously afford to pay them handsomely for their services.

Whatever her nutritional intake, Miss Navratilova, to quote David Miller of the times, 'has shrunk the normal difference between genders until she has an almost unanswerable advantage over most other ladies'. Mr Miller asks: 'in the interest of its own competitors, should not tennis introduce now, for both genders, the medical tests which the game will encounter when gaining entrance to the 1988 Olympic Games?'

Hana Mandlikova, the Czech semi-finalist, in a somewhat unlady-like outburst said: 'I don't respect Martina for her achievements. When you see how she looks now, I think people should be asking the doctors how she got that way...if I comment about her size and the size of her muscles I am only saying what everyone else can see.'

But Martina's game is based on more than just 'two vast and trunkless legs of stone' (the line is Shelley's). Her range of strokes is truly astonishing and the first set of her final with Chris Lloyd must surely rank among the most dazzling contests ever played on Wimbledon's sacred centre court.

On the other side of the gender divide, John McEnroe reached his peak in the final against Jimmy Connors. It was a tame and hopelessly one-sided affair. The champion later claimed to have played some of the best tennis of his life which means that it was kissed by genius.



Martina Navratilova: closing the gender gap

As for McEnroe's place in the Hall of Fame , the benevlent respected voice of Dan Maskell said not once, but thrice, that he was the greatest all court player he had ever seen. Which is some praise, for it comes from one not easily given to superlatives, one who has seen every champion since the early Twenties.

Gooch versus Sun

CRICKET has just witnessed an interesting off the field drama. It involved Graham Gooch and the *Sun* newspaper, a daily monument to vulgarity, bad taste and unscrupulousness. Truth and fiction for it and its owner Rupert Murdoch are interchangeable terms. A court of law, however, told the paper that whatever the practice is in its seamy offices, in the civilised world outside, the two are mutually exclusive concepts. Therefore it was asked to pay the libelled Graham Gooch 25,000 pounds as legal costs.

What had the *Sun* done? It had carried what purported to be an interview with the English Test star, banned for three years from international cricket for taking part in a rebel tour of South Africa, in which he was alleged to have stated that he couldn't care a damn about how badly England fared in Tests against other countries.

Gooch, a sentitive man cared very much, so much so that he brought a libel action against the paper. It transpired that he hadn't given any such interview, which was a concoction from beginning to end.

Gooch was foolish to have gone to South Africa. He was wise and courageous to have hit the *Sun* for six. More power to his elbow.

It's not the winning

It's the participation that counts. Our Delhi Correspondent relates the story of the selection of the Indian contingent and their prospects

BY world standards the Indians may not count for much in any of the Olympic disciplines except in hockey And so, all our preparations are centred on the hockey gold The hockey team was the first to be selected and cleared—with no fuss at that. They had a good long spell of training on the Astro-turf at the National Stadium.

After the debacle at the Rome Olympics, India seldom went to an Olympic competition with any degree of confidence That, of course, excludes the Moscow Games where the field was left to us by the withdrawal of the leading European teams and also Australia and Pakistan. But this time the boys really worked hard and had some remarkable wins in the international tournaments during the year before the Olympics

At Los Angeles, the hockey matches will be played on Super turf which is said to be "faster" than Astro-turf "The boys are well prepared to cope with anything they might encounter," said a confident Balkrishen Singh, the chief coach, before the team left. "With a forward line like we have, we should really do well," he added.

During the last year, the hockey team had played all the leading contenders for the Olympic gold medal at some tournament or the other. And did well too! Their record against Pakistan after the Asian Games final had been particularly good.

After hockey the only faint ray of hope is in wrestling and that too, because of the boycott of the East Bloc nations. Despite starting their preparations rather late the wrestlers could still cajole and coerce the Indian Olympic Association and the Government to clear eight wrestlers. Nobody could have visualised such a bonanza for them when they were seen during the first trials in May.

They were in a poor state then. They had gradually improved to be at their peak by the time of the final selection of the squad. Their selection was the last to be made. After all the bickering and litigation, they did well to raise such a big squad. During the trials, some of the places could be finalised only after more than one day's bouts. In a couple of instances, they had to order "play-off" bouts



P. T. Usha — best prospect

going back on their earlier decision so that in case of a stalemate the issue would be decided on viewing the video recording of the bout.

The most heartening result of the trials was the emergence of the 19-year-old Sunil Dutt in the 48 kg division He looked out of the running after defeats earlier in the summer but he fought his way back in a splendid manner. And with it he also clinched a job for himself with the Railways at a good grade.

Another feature of the wrestling trials was the keen interest shown by the fans. Practically on all the days of the trials there was a big attendance. At times the spectator involvement was such that it even tried to sway the



The Indian hockey squad with Balkrishen Singh



Nambiar consoling V[illegible] just before their departure for LA, while a depressed Kutty looks on. But Kutty was finally cleared. Shiny Abraham watches the scene

result of the bout. But in the end merit had the last word.

Shooting is another sport to benefit immensely. In fact, as many as eight shooters gained berths. It is indeed surprising if one looks at the athletics squad which also has only eight. During the New Delhi Asian Games, the shooters could only claim a silver and a bronze whereas the athletes had 21, including four golds and nine silvers. The shooters' argument was that in the absence of the Soviet Bloc of countries the shooters stood a better chance. It was the shooting ad hoc committee which was set up after sidetracking the National Rifles Association of India, which came up with that great idea of not taking the scores of the Eastern Bloc nations both from Moscow and Montreal results.

Despite the protests of the helpless NRAI, the shooting committee had its way. The man behind the training of the squad under the aegis of IOA, Mr. Daya Singh Sandhu, who is also the manager of the squad, had some brave words to say about the chances of our shooters. If the original stipulation that only gold medallists of the last Asian Games or the sixth place of Montreal Games should be selected, then only Randhir Singh would have qualified and none else. Well, Mr Sandhu's clout with Raja Bhalendra Singh paid off and the shooters got a nice trip. Soma Dutta and Mansher Singh could be exceptions for the two are young and can make use of the trip to get valuable experience.

A pity, the athletes did not have a spokesman like Mr. Sandhu to plead their case. The Amateur Athletics Federation of India, perhaps, thought that the athletes' interests were safe in the hands of Mr Buta Singh, who is also the long-standing president, off the AAFI. Unfortunately, the priority was the list of officials who would be more useful at a later stage and not the poor athletes. Not that any of the athletes left out were any great shakes. But then those who got the clearance had nothing extraordinary



Coach Selvan flanked by (left) Manikyalu, K. K. Santra, G. Devan and K. Mahendran



The wrestling squad with coach Sudesh Kumar

about them.

The best Indian prospect is P.T. Usha that versatile athlete who switched to hurdles only recently from sprints. And even she is well behind the world beaters. M.D. Valsamma made it by virtue of being the gold medallist at the New Delhi Asiad and she cannot touch even Usha at the moment.

Shiny Abraham should make use of the trip to build up a better future. She is the best bet for us in the years to come. If she can do the 800 metres in two minutes or about it should be considered a really good performance.

Gita Zutshi found herself in the squad on the length of her reputation. All the same, she had been training hard in California and her coach, Bob Messina, feels that she is capable of running the 3,000 metres in nine minutes 20 seconds. This will be an event where athletes like Mary Decker and Zola Budd would be fighting for the gold and they are running sub-nine minute races.

The only other girl athlete in the team is Vandana Rao, who will be running the relay along with Usha, Valsamma and Shiny.

Among the men, both Charles Borromeo and Chand Ram have qualified for the Olympics by virtue of being the Asian Games gold medallists, while Gurtej Singh made it by beating the record of the Asiad gold medallist in javelin.

Gurtej should be at his physical best at the time of the event and with a little luck should improve upon his best and it will be an achievement. Anything around 80 metres should be really good. The American world record holder Tom Petranoff has been throwing into the nineties, his best being 99.72.

Chand Ram will have to be very careful about the heel-toe rule. Any slight deviation might invite disqualification. If he can finish among the top twenty he would have justified his selection. While "walking" his way to Los Angeles he has stepped on quite a few official toes.

There is very little news from Borromeo from the U.S.A where he had been training for the past three months. He should be out to prove his trip to the United States for preparation was well worth it and his performance in the heats should show the extent of improvement in his running the 800 metres.

If Suresh Yadav (1500 metres Asian record holder), shot-putter Balwinder, Ajmer Singh (discus), Suman Rawat (3,000 metres) and Nelluswami Annavi (high jump) feel let down in case their last-minute efforts fail they have every right to do so. They might turn back and say that they are the best in the land and they have a right to go. Participation is more important than winning

The boxers were also aggrieved. The IOA had chopped the list provided by the federation by including the fourth-rated Kaur Singh and dropping the first man M. Xavier. The other boxer included was Jas Lal Pradhan. Boxing circles feel that Xavier, 24, and G. D. Kamle, 21, should have gone if only for their great promise. The lightweight and flyweight boxers would have done well for Asians are considered good in these weights.

Another recommendation of the Boxing Federation was Nityanand (featherweight) but he, too, failed to get through the IOA-Government barrier. Heavyweight Kaur Singh is past his best punch and hook, while light welterweight Pradhan had done well in the region. Much, however, depends on the draw in boxing and a good draw may take the two boxers some distance.

Weightlifters entertain some hope once again because of the boycott of the Eastern Bloc nations. Their coach S. L. Salwan should know when he said before the departure that the four weightlifters would finish among the top ten in their respective weights that is saying something.

The other sport which finds an Indian entry is yachting. The two yachtsmen selected, Sub. Lt. F. Tar - apore and Lt. D. Bhandari for the 470 team even had had gone abroad well in advance for practice.

LA tickets were up for grabs

ANYONE could have mistaken the Indian Olympic Association office at the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium for the headquarters of a political party during the hectic days of the selection and clearance of the Indian contingent for the Los Angeles Olympic Games. The atmosphere and the scenes at the main Asian Games stadium were more akin to those normally witnessed at the time of the distribution of the party tickets before a general election. The sportsmen, the officials, the politicians and their hangers-on were all there in the corridors of the IOA office. All those who had been cleared were there to make sure that the Government did not change its mind, while those left out were trying to lobby their way into the contingent. It was more like the candidates filing their nominations before getting the party ticket.

Never, perhaps, had the IOA such a humiliating experience with the Government. Though, at the end of it all, the Indian sportsmen and women gained more than what they deserved. But all this at what cost? The IOA had to compromise at every level. The Government control was such that the IOA had to run to it for everything—from the clearance of the name of the chef-de-mission to that of the masseur, things came to such a pass that the president of the IOA, Raja Bhalendra Singh, refused to meet any official of the Sports Ministry except the Sports Minister.

But, Mr Buta Singh had his plate full what with the developments in Punjab and was shuttling between Amritsar and Delhi. It turned out to be a wild goose chase for the Raja and his secretary-general Chaman Lal Mehta to catch him and get the contingent cleared. Thrice the scheduled meetings had to be cancelled because the Minister could not spare time.

Eventually, on July 9, Mr Buta Singh took time off from his political pre-occupation to talk to the IOA officials and sanction a 73-member squad, including 48 competitors. Even the names of Mr K.P. Singh Deo as chef-de-mission and Brig. Darshan Singh as his deputy were announced. The IOA had every reason to be happy at the outcome.

The only unhappy lot were the athletes and boxers. The Amateur Athletics Federation of India thought the deletion of seven names from the list of fifteen was unfair while the Boxing Federation was cut up because the clearance of the two boxers was inadequate and the names were not in conformation with the list submitted by it.

The Government approval was a well manoeuvred one. After days of discussions over the norms of qualification, it was decided to take the eighth position standard of the Montreal Olympics after deleting all competitors from the Eastern Bloc countries which have boycotted the Los Angeles Games. For the women it was the tenth at Montreal. A strange logic which was essentially evolved to suit the shooters and wrestlers.

Things, however, started happening within two days of the announcement of the squad. First there were objections to Brig. Darshan Singh going as the deputy chef-de-mission because he is neither an official of the IOA nor of the Services Sports Control Board. It is learnt that his nomination was done by the Minister himself and the Raja was reported to have said that he had no hand in it. Even Mr Singh Deo, the Minister of State for Defence, apparently did not know about the brigadier's selection. The SSCB was furious and protested to the IOA. However, as a disciplined wing of the Services, it had agreed to foot the board and lodging bill of the brigadier provided the Ministry cleared him since he was a retired soldier.



V. K. Malhotra—questioned every IOA move

Then came the biggest setback. The Prime Minister refused to clear Mr Singh Deo and the IOA plumped for Admiral Dawson for the post. He, too, could not be spared for reasons of state. So, the first batch of the contingent comprising the hockey team, the athletes, boxers, shooters and weightlifters left without either the chef-de-mission or the deputy chef-de-mission. The contingent could not go in full on July 15 as the final composition was not clear and also the IOA had not enough money to deposit with the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee for the entire squad. With the money it had the IOA could only send 41 members.

The hockey team left without the doctor who spent more than two months with the team while in training in the capital. Maj. Chandran, who had been cleared, was told to find his board and lodging expenses just two days before the team was to leave. Since he was no longer with the Services and not holding any job at the moment he was not in a position to approach anyone except the Government for the money. Both the Minister and the officials of the Ministry had all along been giving verbal promises to the doctor. Originally, two doctors—one for hockey and one for athletics—were cleared but on second thoughts the Government said only one doctor could go.

The whole exercise had become so disgusting that the secretary-general of the IOA left the baby in the lap of the Raja and left for Kuwait en route to Los Angeles. The IOA chief had to change his travel plans to stay back and wait for the Sports Minister to help sort out the matters. While the IOA stood helpless in the face of increasing Government interference in its affairs, one of the bitter critics of the IOA, Mr Vijay Kumar Malhotra, who is also the president of the Archery Federation, questioned every move of the IOA and accused it of violating the Olympic spirit and charter.

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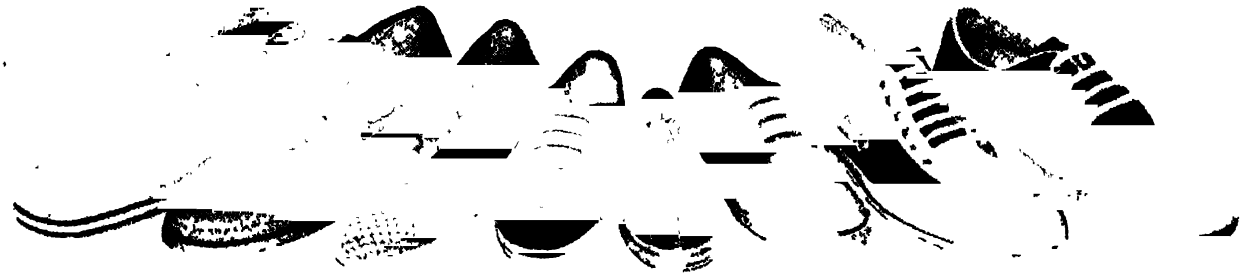
Very simple The Olympic Ring features the photographs of 5 Olympic Gold Medalists Identify them Then, complete a sentence in not more than 10 words on why you think the Olympic Games is the greatest sporting event in the world That s all—so come on start Olym-pixing

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*Sports Kit will include 1 Track Suit 1 Pair of Shorts, Socks and 1 Sports Shirt

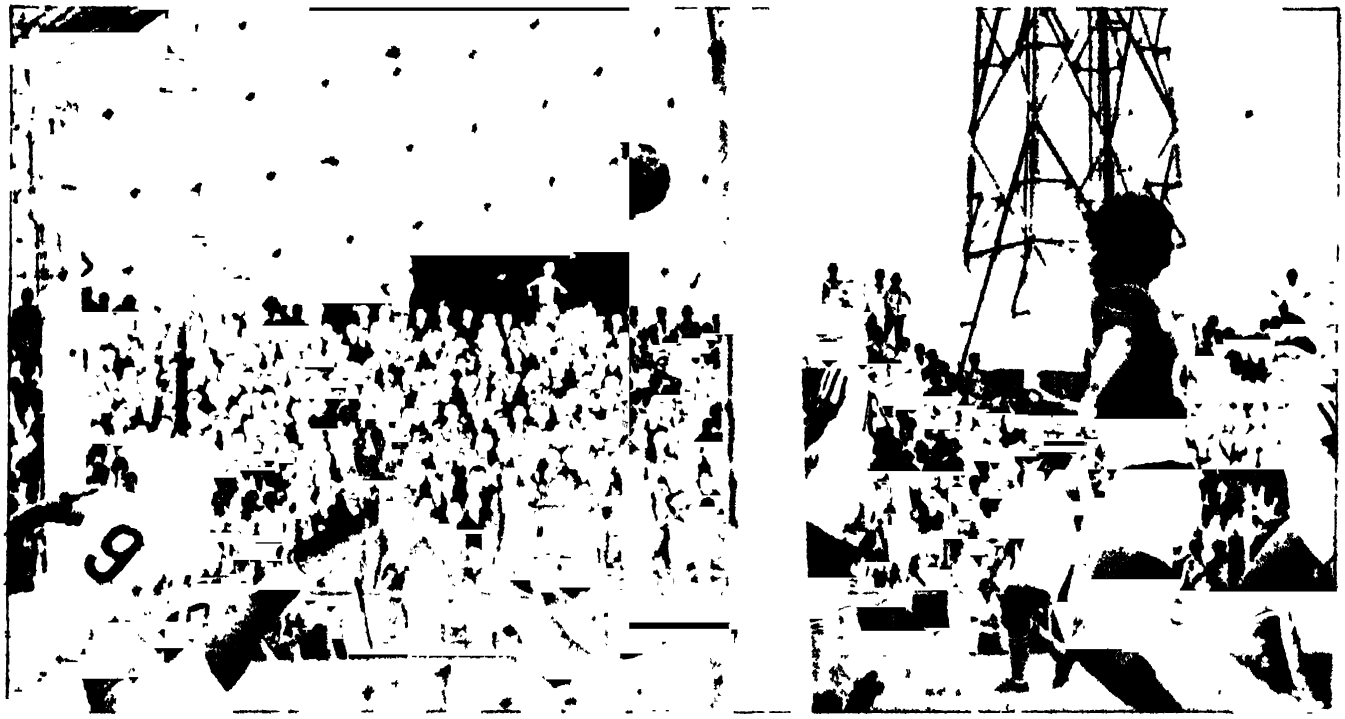


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Action time on the maidan



Excitement at the Aikya Sammilani goalmouth as Mohun Bagan attack



Mohun Bagan's Satyajit Ghosh fights for the ball with the Aikya Sammilani goalkeeper



A Tollygunge Agragami player mounts an attack on the East Bengal defence



East Bengal's Debashish Roy (left) versus Tollygunge Agragami

MCC All-India Hockey Tournament

The homecoming

OLD soldiers never die, they just fade away, goes the saying. But this certainly does not apply to V.J. Philips, at least not as yet. Now in his late thirties, the former India captain may be losing the battle of the bulge but has lost little of his skill, that in the Seventies marked him out as one of the leading forwards in the world. That he still retains a lot of his old sparkle was clearly proved in the Scissors Action MCC all-India Hockey Tournament, held at Chepauk. And not surprisingly, Philips' consistent showing saw Southern Railway, Madras, bag the handsome trophy. The Railwaymen brought the prize back to the city after many years and in the face of stiff competition from a sizeable number of outstation challengers.

The MCC hockey tournament is one of the oldest in the country, perhaps next only to the Aga Khan competition. It was revived after five years last year with the assistance of ITC who came forward to sponsor it.

If this year's fare did not compare very well with what was seen last year, there were two reasons. One, the teams did not compare favourably with those seen in action the year before. Even the teams who participated both last year and this year—like Sports Hostel, Lucknow, and HAL, Bangalore did not have the players who made it possible for these two teams to finish runners-up and winners respectively. This year both of them came to grief at the penultimate stage.

The second reason was the weather. It rained almost every night of the tournament and this meant the ground would not be in an ideal condition for the teams to produce good hockey. Players did try their best, nevertheless, but the soggy underfoot conditions made it difficult for them to move fast or to control the ball.

Still, the tournament was not without its fine individual performances and some keenly contested games. Most of the good hockey was predictably seen in the final rounds and both the semi-finals were well contested before ending in wins for Southern Railway and Dodgers Club, Bhopal by identical margins (2-1).

Interestingly enough, even the final was won by the same margin. The fortnight long competition also saw the talent of a few youngsters coming to the surface. Dodgers Club possessed a couple of fine forwards in centre-forward Hakeem and inside-right Tirkey, who was probably the most dangerous striker. Centre half B.S. Toppo was another to catch the eye with his clean interceptions, first time clearances and fine passing.

Southern Railway had a speedy right-winger in C.R. Kumar and a resourceful left-winger in Sugadu. The latter celebrated in storybook fashion on the final day. He was married only that morning and in the evening got a splendid goal in his team's 2-1 triumph.

Sports Hostel had perhaps the most popular outstation player on view, in inside-left Rafi. The lanky youngster displayed speed, stamina and stickwork and played the dual role of playmaker and goal-getter to perfection.

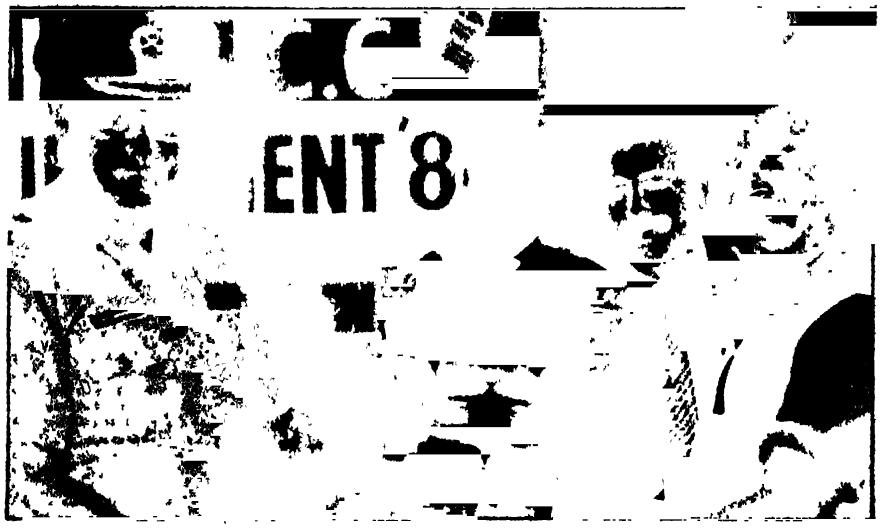
Twenty-two teams including ten outstation sides participated in the tournament. But most of the outstation sides disappointed, some of them losing in their first match itself.

Two factors marred what was otherwise a well organised tournament. One was the tournament committee's inconsistent pattern regarding the conduct of some matches. In the ICF-HR Johnson tie for example, a tie-breaker was ordered after the teams had drawn 3-3. But a couple of other drawn matches—Southern Railway vs. BEML and Southern Railway vs. Reserve Bank—were ordered to be replayed.

Instead of following such haphazard trends, one felt that the rules should be more stringent on this. Taking shelter by saying that "all decisions are at the discretion of the tournament committee" as one official put it, is not correct. The tournament committee certainly has powers but these cannot be unlimited.

The other jarring factor was the umpiring which came in for much criticism. It is always a thankless job, not made much easier by pressure from the players or the spectators. But there certainly did not seem to be uniformity in the approach of the umpires.

After the Southern Railway - Sports Hostel semi-final, in fact, a section of the crowd collected before the table officials and were heard saying that there was no point in inviting outstation teams with umpires like the ones this state has, implying that the umpiring seemed to be biased and almost always in favour of local sides. On the other hand, one of the umpires told *Sportsworld*, "Whatever we do we are always criticised and accused of supporting the local teams. This is just not fair."



V.J. Philips receives the trophy from Maj. Gen. H.C. Sachdev

PARTAB RAMCHAND



We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs should be accompanied by their negatives which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for

CALCUTTA

Inter Club Sports Carnival

ONLY the clowns and the merry-go-rounds were missing, otherwise the carnival atmosphere was complete. The Inter-Club Sports Carnival, held at the Saturday Club, is injoyed by one and all In fact, the spectators seem to enjoy themselves more than at the actual competitors

The total number of clubs participating this year was impressive with Saturday Club as the inevitable hosts The other clubs participating were Dalhousie Institute, Tollygunge Club, Calcutta Swimming Club, Ordnance Club, South Club, Calcutta Club, Punjab Club, Bengal Rowing Club, Rangers Club and Dakhin Kalkata Sangsad.

These clubs battled it out in seven different sports Namely, swimming, which is by far the glamour event, tennis, badminton, table tennis, snooker, squash and bridge. There were events for men and women with an event for the under-21s in swimming, tennis, badminton and table tennis.

The atmosphere was very friendly and social and the entire carnival was planned to be held in a sporting and 'fun' way But competition being what it is, the ties saw players full of grit and spectators shouting themselves hoarse. In fact, the participants had a tough time concentrating with all the noise and revelry. Many were the times when the officials had to call for quiet before a game could be resumed.

A factor which shows the club level that the organisers try to keep the carnival is the rule that forbids anyone who has participated in the national level from taking part for five years in that particular sport.

The carnival was not entirely devoted to sports There were many added attractions like a beer drinking contest and horse racing with the help of dice And, whenever weather permitted, the Saturday Club lawn was crowded with people enjoying a snack and the almost inevitable glass of beer.

After 10 exciting days, the hosts emerged overall winners with 17 points They were winners in badminton and snooker. Runners-up in swimming and losing semi-finalists in everything else.

Dalhousie Institute, which is better known as the DI, came second with an overall tally of 12. They, as usual, monopolised the swimming as they have been doing in the past five years or so

So, on to next year when people start dusting racquets and trying to squeeze into last year's swimming trunks

PRADEEP PAUL



The [illegible] for the Disabled was held in Nassau Country, New York. The Indian contingent of five consisted of Joginder Singh Bedi, Bhimrao Kesarkar, Abdul Jabbar, Bhagwan Patil and Digambar Mehendale

JAIPUR

Adivasi Girls Supreme

BIHAR may one day be among the top women hockey outfits. The adivasi girls of Chottanagpur region have proved their mettle in the senior and junior stage and by clinching the national sub-junior women title for the Shirley Consul Trophy

Bihar has shown that it has depth also The Bihar girls were a cut above the others and this Rajinder Sandhu coached team was not only superior in stamina but was unmatched in skill also. They made their intentions dear in the pool matches by winning their encounters with the greatest ease and that too with big margins. In right-in Savitri Tirkey, left-out Helen Soy, right-out Piyari Heranj, right-in Debaki Sangha and centre-forward Sundari Pingua, Bihar had the most effective forward line which received immense support from the halves.

Maharashtra were just no match for them in the final where they won 9-0. Earlier, in their first outing, in pool B, Bihar had routed Maharashtra 9-1. Thus, when Maharashtra reached the final the result was obvious. In the semi-final, Bihar routed Assam, the pool A runners-up 4-0 and Maharashtra reached the final by beating Rajasthan, the hosts, by 3-2 in a hard fought match.

The final was hopelessly one-sided and the Bihar girls ruled the roost and bombered the Maharashtra goal with ease. They jumped into the lead with a penalty stroke converted by Nilmani. Thereafter there was no stopping them and eight more goals followed. Left-in Sabitri Tirkey (three), right-half Sylvia Kujur (two), right-out Piyari, right-in Debaki and centre-forward Sundari.

PRAKASH BHANDARI

SPORTS CHALLENGE



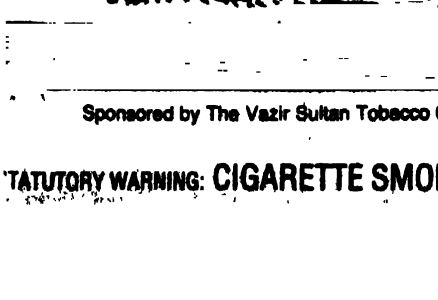
LAWRENCE 'YOGI' BERRA

OF NEW YORK YANKEES HOLD THE RECORD FOR THE NUMBER OF WORLD SERIES IN WHICH HE PLAYED (14) COLLECTING 71 BASE HITS—ALSO A RECORD



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NADIA COMANECI

OF RUMANIA MADE HISTORY WHEN SHE BECAME THE FIRST GYMNAST IN AN OLYMPICS TO SCORE A PERFECT "10" IN 1976. SHE SCORED AN UNPRECEDENTED SEVEN "10'S" IN TOTAL. SHE WAS ONLY 14 AT THE TIME

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11 July Even the 1984 Wimbledon victory cannot give John McEnroe top spot in the ATP computer rankings He is second to Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia as per a complicated formula of judging players' performances over the past 52 weeks

Prakash Padukone seeded third, beats Ismanto of Indonesia to enter the second round of the Malaysian Open Badminton Championship at Ipoh

The $117 000 International Hall of Fame Tennis Championship at Newport Rhode Islands sees Vijay Amritraj stroke his way to an upset victory over eight seeded Danie Visser of South Africa

12 July England's Allan Lamb scores an unbeaten century to help his team notch up 237 for the loss of six wickets At tea England are a dismal 180 for five

India's Prakash Padukone moves into the third round of the Malaysian Open Badminton Championship at Ipoh with a easy win over Indonesia's Hendri

Vijay Amritraj rallies to beat Christo Van Rensburg of South Africa 3-6 6-3 6 4 and enter the third round of the International Hall of Fame Tennis Championships at Newport Top seed Tim Mayotte gets past Eddie Edwards

13 July Prakash Padukone makes short work of Luis Pongoh of Indonesia 15 9 15 1 and cruises into the semi final of the Malaysian Open Badminton.

The Davis Cup world group quarter-finals sees Australia's Pat Cash and John Fitzgerald give the Aussies a 2 0 lead over Italy Meanwhile, at Hradec Henri Leconte upsets Ivan Lendl to give France a 1 0 lead over Czechoslovakia



Max Schemiling, former world boxing champion, poses with the head-dress of an Indian chief

The West Indies are reduced to 239 for seven at the end of the second day of the third Test at Leeds thanks mainly to a fine spell from Paul Allott who takes five for 42

14 July Yongyong and Yingyin, a pair of Chinese giant pandas, leave for Los Angeles where they will be on exhibition

The third day of the third Test finds England reeling at 135 for six in their second innings. In the first, West Indies take a 32-run lead with Larry Gomes striking form with 104 n.o.

Indian tennis is done proud as Vijay Amritraj out strokes Matt Mitchel of the USA 2 7 5 and makes the semi final of the Hall of Fame tennis

Cuba announces that they will host the Summer Varna 84 sports competition at Varna as a parallel sports meet for the Olympics boycotting socialist countries

15 July Vijay Amritraj enters the final of the Hall of Fame Tennis Championship with an easy 6 2, 6-3 victory over Leif Shiras He will meet Tim Mayotte who just about beats John Sadri 7 6, 7-6

Indonesia's Icuk Sugiarto wins the Malaysian Open Badminton Championship beating Morten Frost of Denmark 15-9, 15-4.

The first competitor to enter the Olympic village at Los Angeles is Zhou Zhenxian the veteran triple jumper from China He was invited to do so as a symbol of China's return to the Olympic Games

16 July Even an injured left hand encased in plaster cannot keep the explosive Malcolm Marshall from ripping through England with seven for 53, his best Test performance and crushing them to a eight wicket win

Vijay Amritraj makes a fine comeback to win the Hall of Fame Tennis Championship beating the top seed Tim Mayotte 3 6 6 4, 6 4

A triangular athletic meet at Birmingham consisting of England, Poland and Hungary sees the World European and Commonwealth 1,500m champ Steve Cram return to winning form

17 July Joel Garner, the towering West Indian pace bowler currently touring England along with the team, is given compassionate leave to return home to Barbados on the receipt of the sad news of his uncle's death following a fight

18 July Asia beat Europe 7-2 in a badminton match between the two continents played at Singapore

Bjorn Borg, making a comeback attempt, is thrashed by Henri Leconte 6-3, 6-1 in the opening round of the Stuttgart Grand Prix tennis tournament

Vijay Amritraj who recently won the Hall of Fame tennis tournament fails to keep up the winning form and loses to Pablo Arraya of Peru 4-6, 6-4, 2-6.

Winner from the rear

Fitness won the race

FEW people outside New Zealand had heard of PETER SNELL when the 1960 Olympic Games started in Rome.

His name was entered for the 800 metres event, but no one expected him to qualify for the final. His times weren't good enough.

He was also inexperienced—at 21 this six-foot, 176-lb. quantity surveyor had never raced outside New Zealand and Australia. The year before, a fractured bone kept him out of action for two months.

Snell won his semi-final in 1 minute, 47.2 seconds—a fast time which exhausted him. Everyone picked him to finish last in the final.

The favourites were the Belgian world record holder, Roger Moens, and the West Indian George Kerr, whose 1 minute 46.4 seconds was the fastest 800 metres of the year. At the off, Snell was on the outside lane. He had to run hard to keep up. The pace was fast—25.4 seconds at the 200 metres mark and 51.9 at 400 metres. At this stage Snell was fourth.

Hardly any of the fans packed into the Olympic stadium had taken much notice of this man in the black vest and black shorts.

Blocked

At 600 metres his path to the front was blocked by a tight bunch of four runners, Moens and Kerr among them.

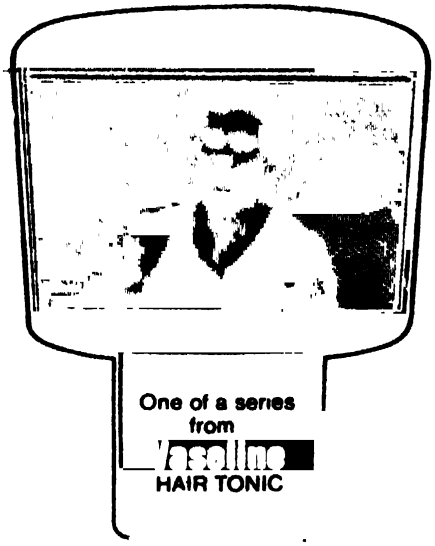
Snell had two alternatives: stay where he was and wait for an opening, or run extra yards going round the outside. He decided to stay put.

In the home stretch, Moens went into the lead with Kerr at his elbow and Paul Schmidt third. Snell came up to Schmidt and passed him. Fifty metres to go now. Still two men in front.

Snell pounded harder. He drew past Kerr. Only Moens in front now—an unsuspecting Moens. It was so close as the two men crossed the line that at first Snell didn't believe he had won.

'I was so delighted with my performance that I didn't care whether I was first or second, he said. But the photos confirmed that Snell had won, and a new star of track and field had come into view.

PETER SNELL



All-rounder

Peter George Snell was an all-round sportsman as a boy in his native New Zealand. He was a good enough tennis player to reach the quarter-finals of the national Under-17s competition.

After breaking a school record in middle distance events, he was selected for a regional meeting and met Arthur Lydiard, the famous coach. Lydiard's training schedule was so fierce that when he first did it, Snell burst into tears.

In the season 1958-9 he earned a national reputation, beating Halberg in a 2000 metres race and winning the 800 and 1500 metres in the national championships.

The world should have known more about him because in March 1960 he beat Elliott in a race in Melbourne. Rome showed the value of Lydiard's training methods—Snell was the fittest athlete at his distance. 'I just hadn't realised my capabilities before,' he said.

Eight days after Rome he beat Elliot and Ron Delaney in a 800 metre race in Dublin. In 1961 he lost four races, but came back to win the World Games 800 metres in Helsinki and retain his world No. 1 ranking.

In November 1962 he demonstrated his physical prowess when he ran the marathon in the morning and played cricket in the afternoon.

That evening at a party—yes, he was still on his feet!—he met his future wife.

Mile winner

Eighteen months after Rome, Snell lined up for a mile race on a grass track at Wanganui, in the North Island of New Zealand.

Elliott's record was not in his mind, not on a grass track. All he hoped to do was better Halberg's national record of 3 minutes, 57.5 seconds.

The only other competitor in the field who could test him was the Englishman Bruce Tulloh, who overtook him in the last lap. This gave Snell the spur to turn on his full power.

As he hit the tape, the crowd rushed on to the track to congratulate him. They sensed he had broken a record.

When the time was announced, he had, but not just the national one everyone expected. He'd clipped Elliott's world record by a tenth of a second.

He suffered from influenza before the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo, but was still able to set up a new Olympic record for the 800 metres in his semi-final.

He duly won the final, to add another gold medal to his Rome one. Four days later he lined up in the final of the 1500 metres and won that too. This made him the only middle distance runner to win three Olympic golds.

Steve Douglas



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Hair Raising

Pilodynamics

VIDAL SASSOON INC have been appointed hair-care consultants for the Olympic Games Their publicity hand-outs celebrating this fact informs us that Sassoon operatives performed 'fabulous make overs on athletes at various pre-Olympic meets'. They have also interviewed more than 100 competitors, from archers to wrestlers and noted the natural sport movement of hair in action

'In fact,' we are informed 'the results of this study were so extensive, fascinating and factfilled that the Vidal Sassoon experts have developed an area of hair-styling called "Pilodynamics' (pilo meaning hair and dynamics the cause of motion)

No wonder the Soviets and their allies pulled out

Worth The Sacrifice

Coincidence?

FOUR years ago when the Conservative Government of Britain were casting about for sports for the boycott of the Moscow Games called by President Carter because of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, hockey led the charge on behalf of Mrs Thatcher In return they were given private assurances that the favour would not be forgotten.

Now, ironically British hockey is to be one of the main beneficiaries of the Soviet boycott of the Los Angeles Games. The British men's team were the first reserves and so they take the place of USSR in the tournament. Britain now joins Pakistan, Holland, Canada, Keyna in Group B. One good turn deserves another

Too Young

To be pros

TENNIS is going to be an Olympic sport again. It will be a demonstration sport in Los Angeles this summer and the game will be played for medals in Seoul (1988).



None of the players participating is permitted to receive any money even indirectly from the Olympic tournament this summer, though this is not the easiest thing in the world to police

Players for the tournament include Pat Cash of Australia a semi-finalist at this year's Wimbledon, Jimmy Arias of the United States and Mats Wilander



Pat Cash: Eligible for the Olympics?

of Sweden. Wilander has withdrawn due to injury. But the point is that none of these is a true amateur. The International Olympic Committee has ruled that you don't really count as a professional if you were born after January 1, 1964. Quite funny.

Wilander's winnings this year add up to 122,716 dollars. But then its no the winning that counts but the taking part

No Half Larks

Clamping down

THE drug tests to be given to athletes at Los Angeles this summer are even more rigorous than the strict procedures followed at last year's Pan American Games held at Venezuela.

Under the IOC's new testing system, a representative of the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee will contact all three medial winners, as well as a fourth competitor selected at random, immediately after each event is completed.

The escort will take the athletes to a doping control station, where two samples of urine will be taken from each person. One will be stored under strict security and the other will be analysed in a 1.5 million dollar laboratory.

If a test turns out to be positive indicating drug use (athletes are forbidden to use more, than 300 drugs) the laboratory will inform the 'ioc's medical commission which will tell the athlete and his team officials.

A second analysis will then be done on the stored urine in the presence of observers from the IOC and the athlete's team. If this is also positive then the athlete will be stripped off his medal. Let's hope no such incident happens.

Experts say that strict have to be taken because of the profuse use of drugs by athletes at all levels.

Robert Goldman, a twenty nine year old former wrestler and weightlifter and now a Reserarch Fellow in sport's medicine did a survey where he asked this hypothetical question of 198 world class athletes: Would they take a pill than would guarentee them a gold medal even if they knew that it would kill them in five years?

Hundred and three of them said they would.

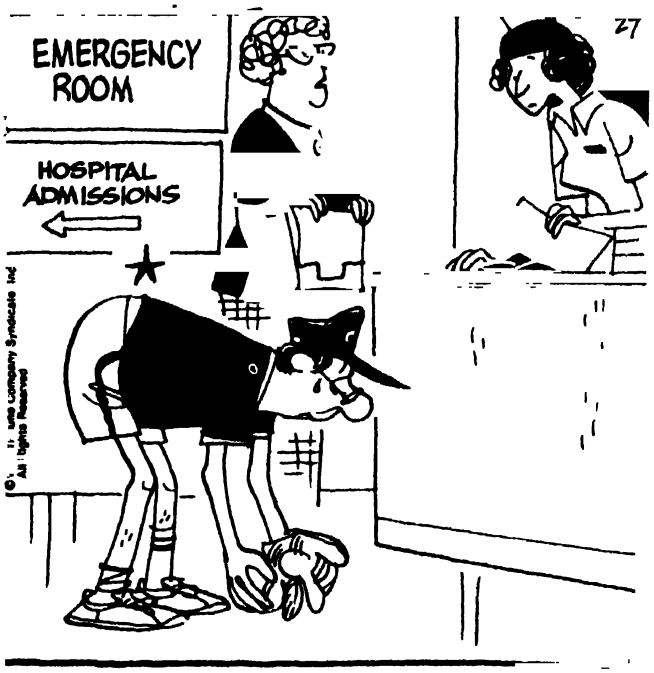
Without A Racket

THE recent Air-India advertisement shows 'Superbrat' John McEnroe relaxing on a airplane seat with his thumb in his mouth. The headline says—Wimbledon without a racket.

Whose String

THE *Times* recently published a romantic picture of a string of tired horses and their tired riders returning from their gallops in New Market. The Jockey Club inquired as to whose strings it showed, because the bad lads on top had illegally undone the chinstraps of their protective headgear *Times* have replied saying that they couldn't help Their photographer has no idea which horses they were. They just made a nice pattern, so he went click.

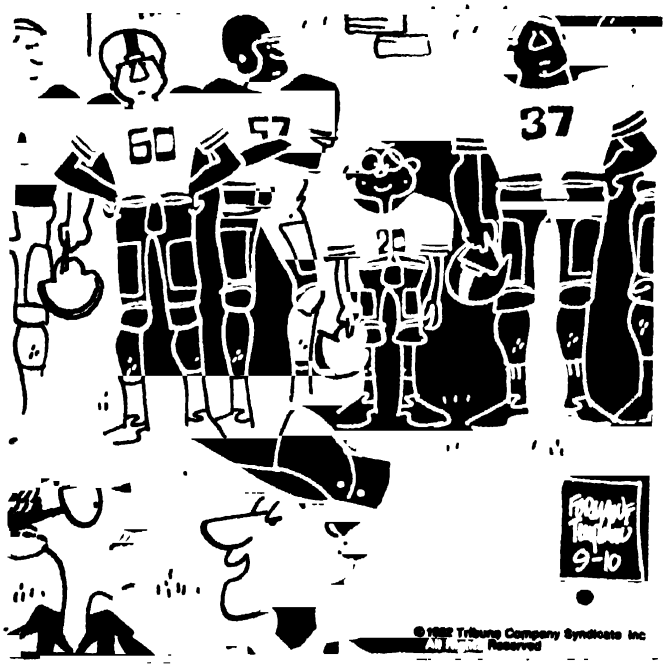
Andy O'Brien



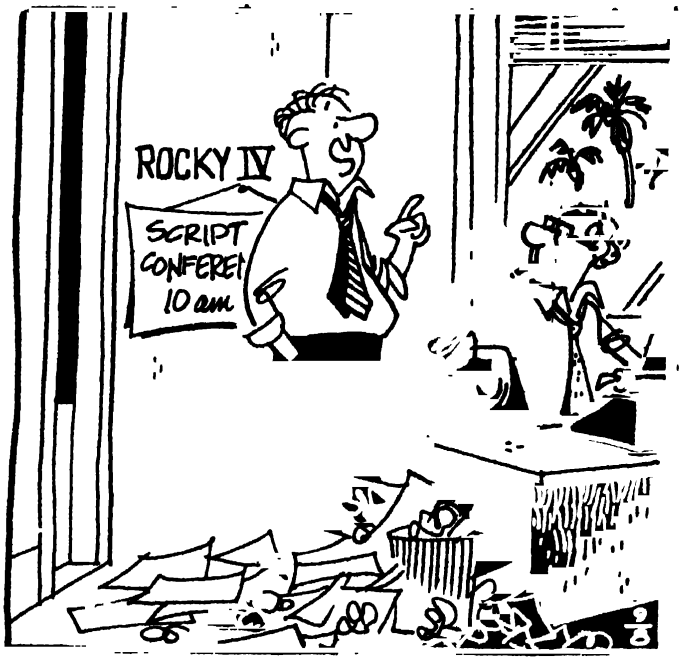
HIS BACK WENT OUT DURING HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD...



♪ ALL DAY I GO A-WANDERING, ♪ ♪ MY KNAPSACK ON MY BACK... ♪

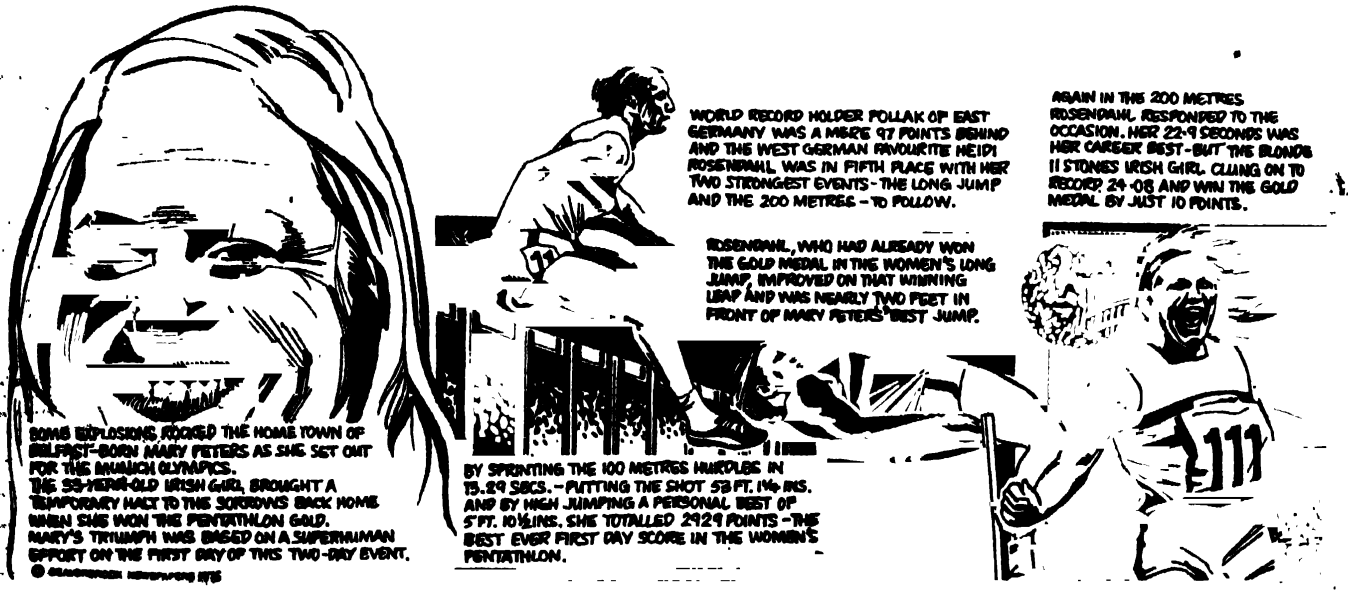


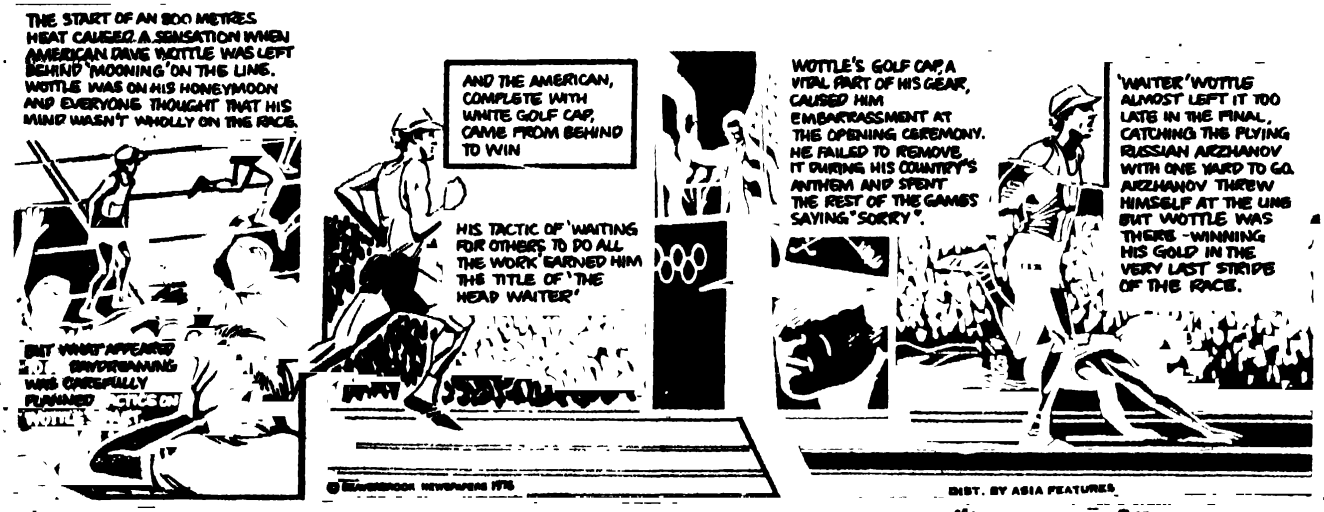
BET I CAN PICK OUT THE SON OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOOSTERS CLUB...

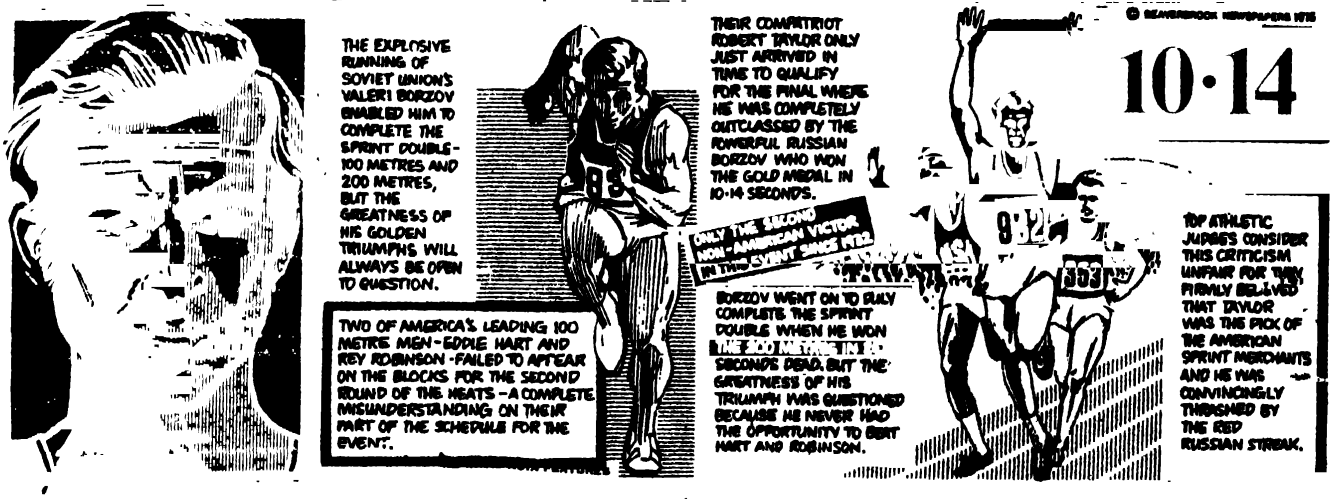


I GOT IT! ROCKY BALBOA FIGHTS THE CHAMPION OF ANOTHER GALAXY!!

Dave Wottle comes from behind to win the 800m... Valeri Borzov's sprint double...



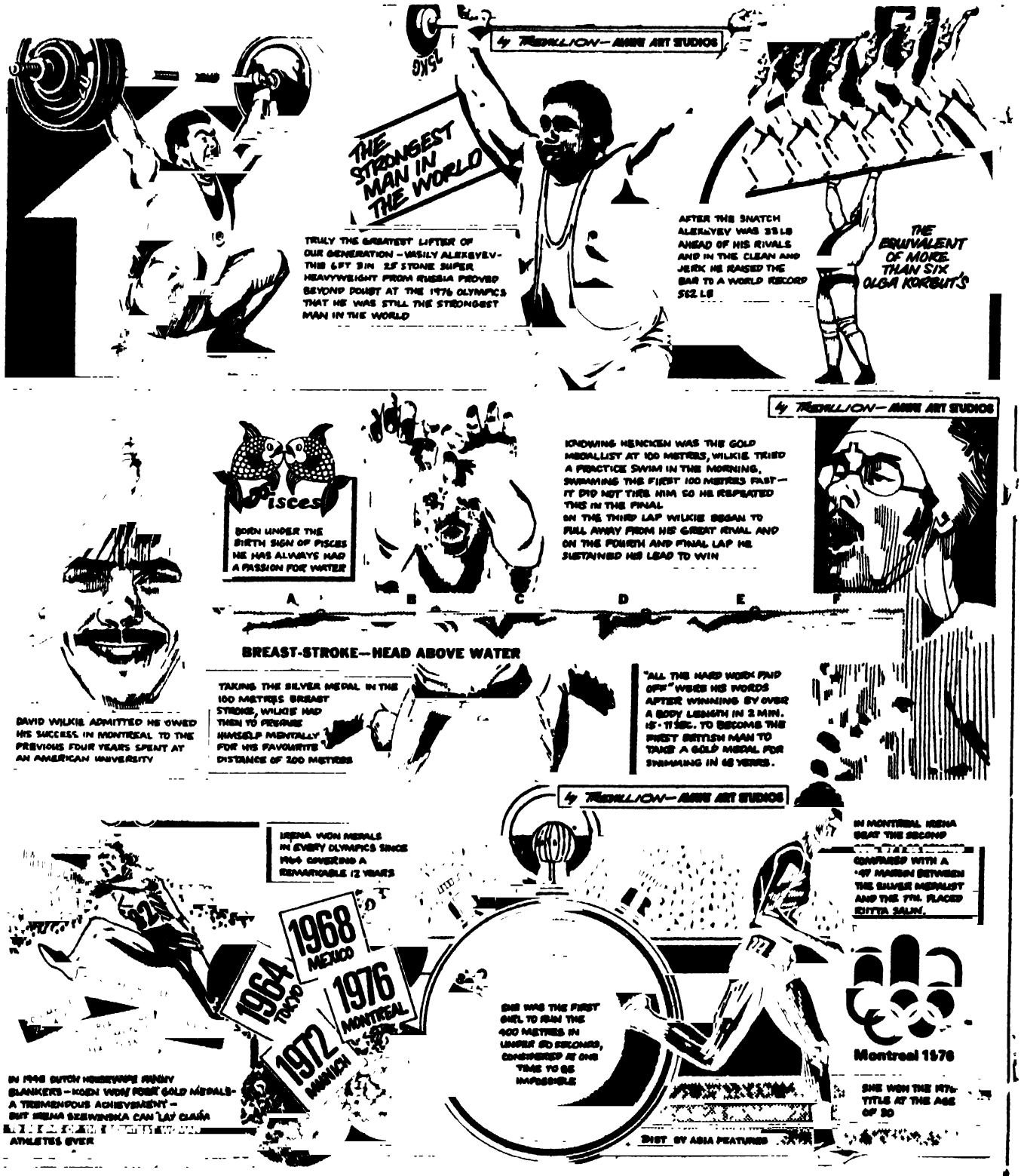




The incredible Lasse Viren wins the 5,000m and 10,000m in 1972 and successfully defends his titles in 1976... Nadia Comaneci scores a perfect 10...



Strongman Vasily Alexeyev sets a world record... Britain's first men's swimming gold in 68 years... Irena Szewińska who wins medals in every Olympics from 1964 to 1976



Moscow 1980... The American boycott... Maurizio Da Milano wins the 20km walk which saw seven disqualifications... Alan Wells is robbed of his 'double'



IASC Rally d'Endurance

THE Indian Automotative Sports Club's (IASC) Rally d'Endurance 1984 will be remembered for a long time to come, not because of the thrills spills and excitement it provided, but because of the surprising, bold and what turned out to be absolutely justified decision to disqualify three competitors who had finished first, second and sixth The reason? All the three had used modified engine heads coming under category A', but had taken part in category 'N' (normal)

So the provisional list which had given C K Jinan and Pratap Jayaram the top spot Uday Eswaran and team the second spot and Anirudh Deshpande and team the sixth place was changed and the winners declared were Atul Kirloskar and Dilip Deshpande of Pune with the second place going to Kiran Mody and D K Rao of Hyderabad who were in a modified dolphin Uday Nachappa and his team from Mysore got the third spot

Those disqualified have not taken the decision in the right spirit They have appealed to the Federation of Motor Sports Clubs in India, paying a heavy appeal fee of 10 000 rupees But what is surprising is that they have also gone to court which might put them in a pretty bad spot for before the rally every competitor has to sign an indemnity bond which says that they will accept the steward's decision

Of course, they can appeal to the FMSCI but their going to court was a strange decision—obviously someone has misled and instigated the youngsters – and they even face a long suspension for the FMSCI may not take all this lying down In fact the organisers who one must say have been most reasonable have advised the youngsters to withdraw the court case and one hopes saner judgment prevails

These rallyists have also said that the organisers had no business to scrutinise their cars when there was no protest from the other rallyists But Ravi Gupta the president of IASC and one time chief of the FMSCI as well had a very valid point when asked about this

Said Ravi None of the rallyists protested because I feel they were good sportsmen But the organisers felt that they owed a responsibility to the other rallyists and to the sport Hence the scrutiny'

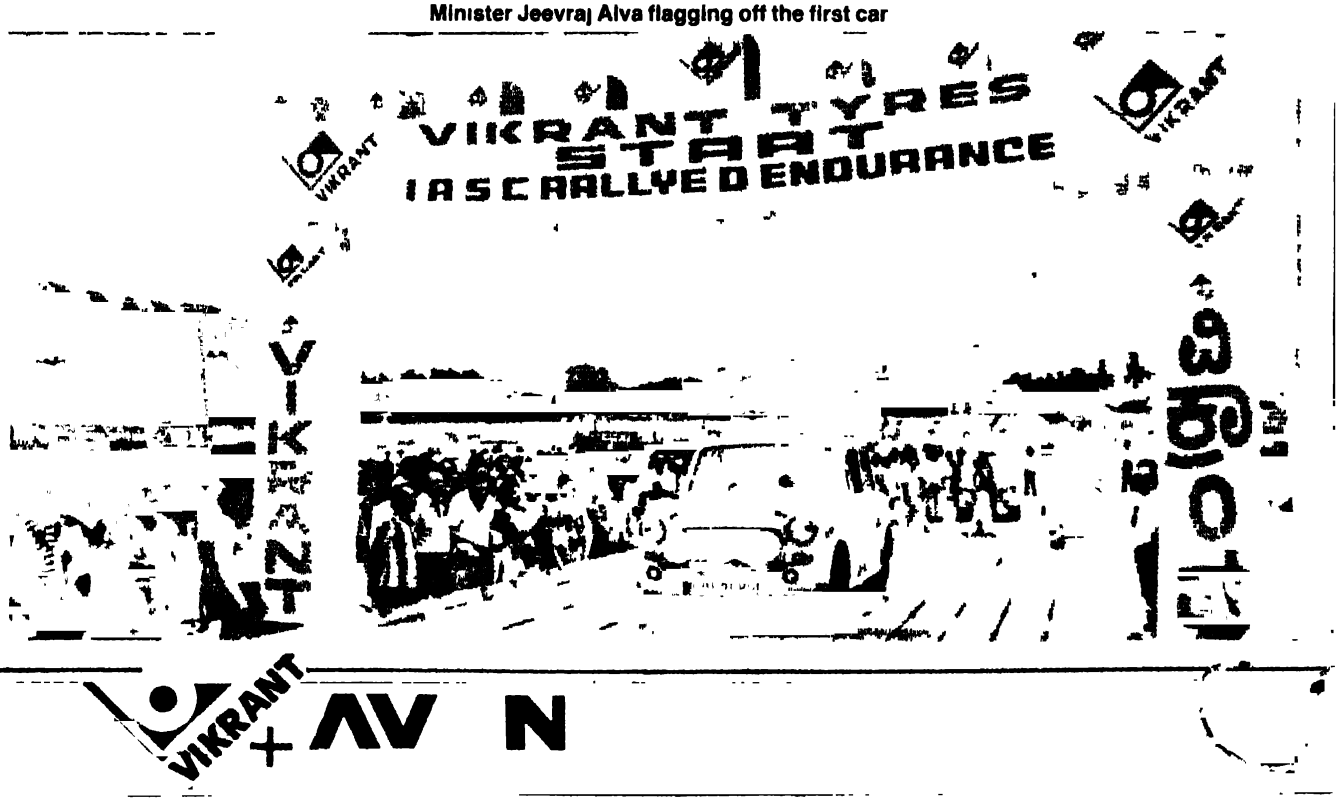
The chief scrutiniser was Mr Afroze Pasha, an ace himself in the motoring field Then a second opinion was taken from Mr Srikantiah who was one of the competitors and had pulled out and then there was the experienced K Krishnamurthy, who is also a scrutiniser for The Himalayan Rally All three confirmed that the engine heads were tampered with and the heads were polished and well smoothened They came under category A and not category N in which they were entered

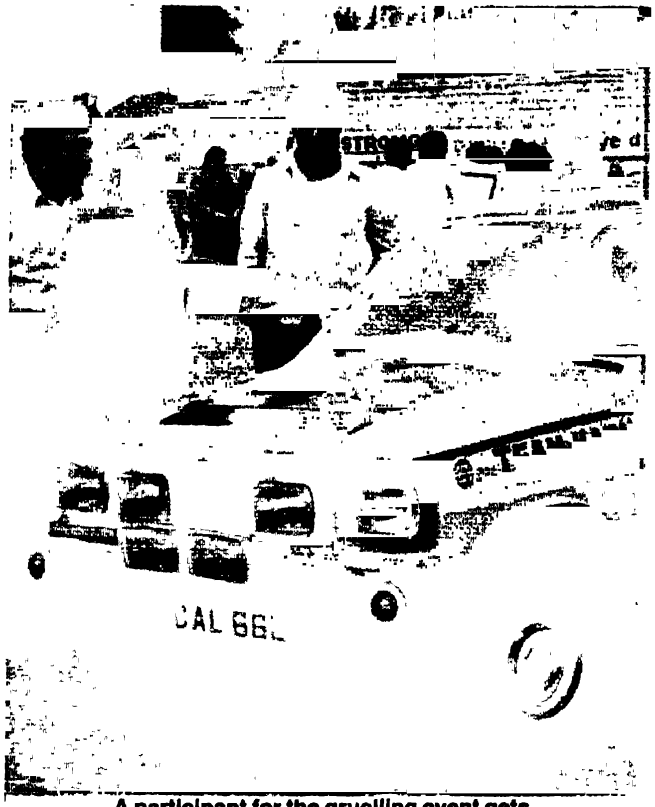
There was also an argument that this sort of scrutiny was not done in other rallys But then as Ravi Gupta put it A start has to be made somewhere and in all future rallys there will be strict scrutiny

Everyone is now awaiting the result of the appeal to FMSCI and that's the reason the winners were given only trophies and not cash prizes If the FMSCI uphold the appeal which is most unlikely their decision will stand

Ravi was emphatic while stating that the three competitors had a big

Minister Jeevraj Alva flagging off the first car





A participant for the gruelling event gets refreshed with a soft drink



Dr Saboo receiving the team trophy from Jeevraj Alva

edge over stock cars and it would have been unfair to let them go scotfree and have a good laugh at the expense of the organisers

The rally was a fine success and there was high excitement on every stretch of the 1,450 km route with the lead changing hands pulsatingly. The second sector from Ooty to Bangalore was keenly fought out.

The flag off by the Sports Minister Jeevaraj Alva, was at the Sree Kanteerava Stadium at precisely 1.00 PM. After about 200 kms there was a surprise leader in KT Joseph. But once the tricky stretch through snaky roads and the ghat regions began well-known names started to take over. Kiran Mody, Uday Eswaran, Vicky Chandok, Dr Ravi Prakash, Uday Nachappa and other big names were going neck to neck. Last year's winner Y Yethiraj and team had also come up well. This first sector ended at Mettupalyam. Then at Ooty there was a rest of eight hours. The Mettupalyam-Ooty stretch was a slushy affair and here many cars got into trouble and later pulled out of the fray.

At the Bandipur control, there ware 20 of the 32 which were flagged off. The casualties included Vicky Chandok, Niaz Ali and Pradeep Nair.

C.K. Jinnan, who hails from Coimbatore, was with Pratap Jayaram of Bangalore. They were fourth with eight penalty points at the end of the first sector but pulled up magnificently and at the halfway stage of the second sector were at the helm with 81 points, followed by Eswaran (90), Kamlesh Patel (93), Anirudh Deshpande and Nachappa, Hiriyanna Gowda, Kiran Mody, Atul Kirloskar, Dr Ravi Prakash and Shaukat Khan.

More or less the same order prevailed, but Mody and the Dolphin pelted home first in the early hours of Sunday morning—2.56 AM to be precise. Then came the others. In all 16 completed the course.

Came the first provisional list and on Monday came the bombshell. There was also a rather strange complaint from one of the competitors. He said that a top rallyist from Coimbatore who was in a heavy service car was constantly pushing him off the road after he had objected to his breaking the 'queue' in the slushy stretch when the cars were struggling to get out. He also complained of foul language being used by the Coimbatore rallyist. The complaint has gone to FMSCI and it remains to be seen what action they will take.

The whole show was brilliantly organised and that is no surprise, for Ravi Gupta has always been a top organiser looking to every detail. 'Nearly 200 people helped me and the hams did a wonderful job', said Ravi Gupta. He thanked all the sponsors for their great help.

Vikrant Tyres was the major promotor of IASC Rally d' Endurance.

In addition to Vikrant Tyres who donated the trophy for the overall winners, other major manufacturers of automobile accessories also contributed trophies for the IASC Rally d' Endurance. HMT were the official time keepers for the rally.

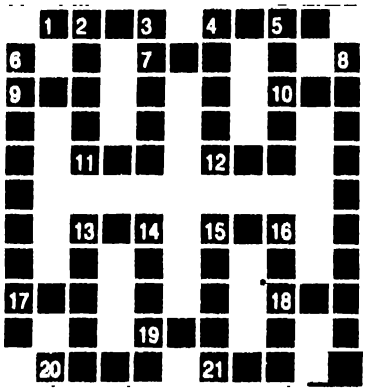
Aravindam

WORKING TOGETHER FOR THE FUTURE

CROSSWORD

Mudar

247



ACROSS

1 'Flower for a Somerset and England batsman (4)
4 Hockey player who represented India and Pakistan at the Olympics at different times in his career (4)
7 Indian table tennis player has a 'loop' in the middle (3)
9 Olympic record holder in the 1500m athletics is 'circular' in the middle (3)
10 A nightmare of a pitch for almost every batsman (3)
11 Gymnastics' perfect score (3)
12 Ace Indian swimmer who swam across the English Channel (3)
13 Paternal beginning for a golfing term (3)
15 Association of Tennis Professionals (1, 1, 1)
17 Tennis term (3)
18 Indian squash player Manchanda's first name (3)
19 Form of wrestling (3)
20 Woman tennis player with the first name of Elizabeth won more titles at Wimbledon before Billie Jean King (4)
21 Flibert of Tanzania, an athlete, who missed the 1980 Olympics because of a boycott (4)

DOWN

2 Animal doctor forms part of a British middle distance runner (5)
3 Moses, not the prophet but an Olympian, has a symbolic end to his first name (5)
4 Tennis trophy, competed for internationally (5)
5 South African cricketer after the War has an exclamation in between (5)
6 Australian 'great', who retired just last season (1, 8)
8 'George' to his colleagues, this post-War English bowler has an edible pig extract towards the end of his surname (7, 1, 1)
13 Post War tennis stylist, winner of Wimbledon in 1950 was better known in place of his first name as 'Budge (5)
14 Gymnastic rings are also known as? (5)
15 Two centuries against the West Indies this summer must surely be some sort of an achievement for him (1, 4)
16 This Britisher thrice won Wimbledon—successively—in the Thirties (5)

OLYMPIQUIZ

Ra t Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 Who was the first Olympic champion (modern Games)?
2 Who is the only boxer so far to have won three Olympic gold medals in the same division?
3 A victim of childhood polio won eight gold medals in three consecutive Olympics Guess who?
4 Another Olympian who won three gold medals in a single Olympiad was, as a child a victim of polio double pneumonia and scarlet fever Name the champion
5 Who is the only track and field athlete to take part in six Olympics?

ANSWERS

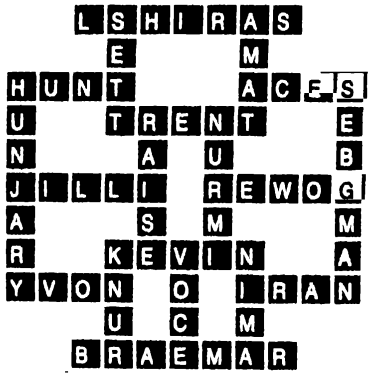
1 James Brendan Connolly who won the triple jump gold in 1896
2 Teofilo Stevenson (1972 1976 1980—Heavyweight)
3 Ray Ewry
4 Wilma Rudolph
5 Lia Manoliu of Romania

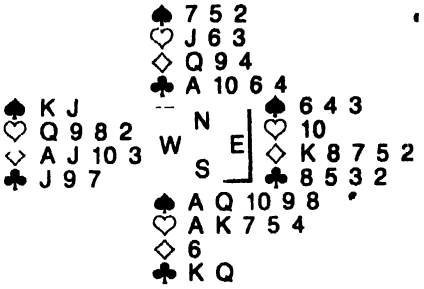
BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

The declarer missed a pretty line of play on this deal from rubber bridge You may not see it at first even at double dummy

SOLUTIONS 246

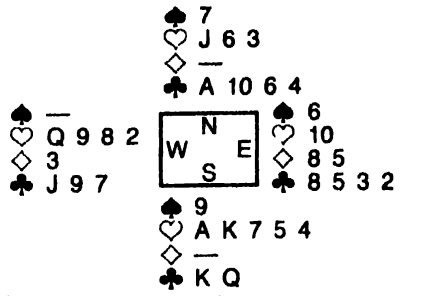




North-South were vulnerable and this was the bidding

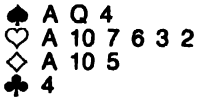
South	West	North	East
1♠	dble	1NT	2◇
3♡	pass	3♠	pass
4♠	pass	pass	pass

West led the ace of diamonds and followed with the jack The queen was covered by the king and South ruffed As West was sure to hold the remaining high cards South led the ace of spades and followed with the 10 West played another diamond and South ruffed This left



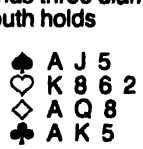
Since West has doubled on a minimum, the odds are that he holds four hearts and three clubs rather than the other way round The winning continuation is King of clubs overtake the queen and discard a heart on the third round What can West do now? A heart costs a trick, so does a diamond, and North s 10 of clubs is good remember

Last week's quiz: South opens one heart and North responds two clubs South holds



The hearts are weak for a jump to three, and two hearts (unless played as forcing to 2NT) is feeble Two diamonds is best for the moment Most players treat such a bid as forcing after a response at the two level

This week's quiz: South opens 2NT and North responds three diamonds (natural) South holds



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in men's suitings.
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the material timeless legends are
made of.



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event 84 SDM 139

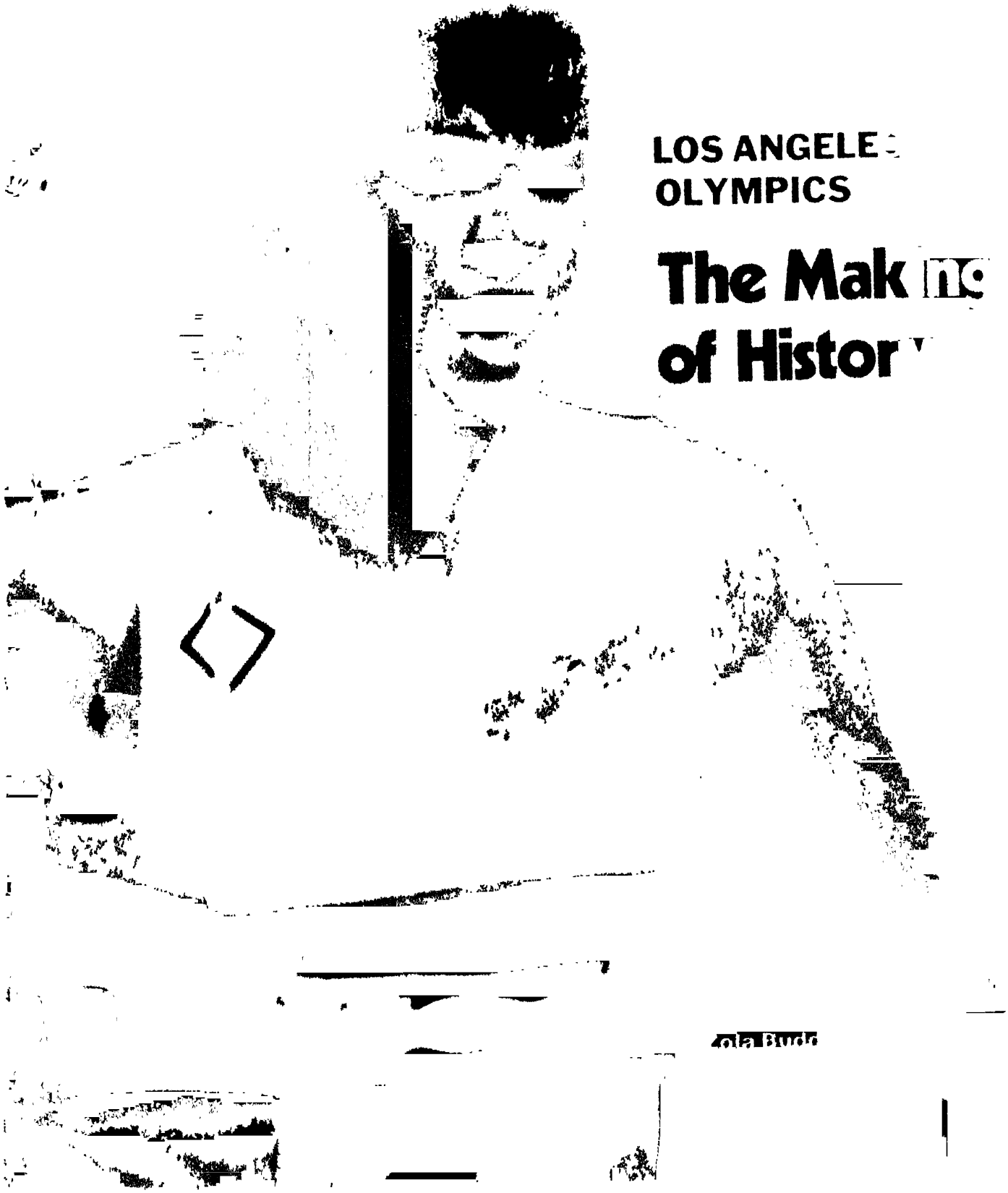
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Code No SD2

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Q When was field hockey included in the Olympic Games? And which country won the Gold Medal?

A _____

Write a slogan for GIC in not more than 15 words

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8—14 August 1984

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Olympic City

George K George files his report from Los Angeles He found a very confusing situation in the city with Olympic tickets Though scalpers were charging a premium, the prices of tickets were coming down

8
LA's Circus

Ajay Kumar and Lokesh Sharma report back on the opening ceremony of the 23rd Olympiad

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Cover transparency of Zola Budd by Colorsport

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Totally outplayed

DAVID GOWER is a highly individualistic kind of player. It is very difficult to understand what went on in his mind after winning the toss against the West Indies at Leeds.

England, though through no fault of Gower's decision, were well and truly outplayed by a team that is far superior to them. In fact, the West Indies team is, at present, quite superior to any team in the world.

RUPEN CHATTERJEE,
Hind Motor.

Congratulations

CONGRATULATIONS to Clive Lloyd and his men, especially, Gomes, Richards, Greenidge, Garner and Marshall for clinching the one-day series and also taking a winning 3-0 lead in the five Test series against England.

Hope they win the series 5-0 and really prove their superiority in the game of cricket.

Clive Lloyd has been a great cricketer and an even better captain. And, in my opinion, this would be the best time for him to retire, as this is when he will be remembered the best.

PRABAL GUHA,
Calcutta.

Cricket, lovely cricket

THE third straight win in the series sealed the issue in favour of West Indies at Leeds. Many, many years ago the *Sporting Times* published a mock obituary for English cricket which died at the Oval, 29th August, 1882, deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances.—R.I.P.

N.B. The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia.

A similar obituary for English cricket is due after three straight defeats at the hands of West Indies. In 1921 England suffered a humiliating 0-3 defeat at the hands of Australia. The Leeds defeat can be termed as: 'In affectionate rememberance of English cricket which died at Leeds, England on 16th July, 1984 deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. R.I.P.

N.B. The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to London, the head quarters of the TCCB.

C.K. SUBRAMANIAM,
Madras.

Disappointing

THE announcement of Bob Willis' retirement from international cricket is very disappointing. His record in Test cricket is very impressive and he surely has many years of cricket ahead of him.

This retirement may have an adverse effect on the already disheartened English team. Reeling from three Test defeats at the hands of the West Indies, the English team will sorely miss him.

CHABIN CHATTERJEE,
Bhadrakali.

Brilliant display

JOHN McENROE has proved that he is one of the greatest tennis players of all time. The brilliant tennis that he displayed during this year's Wimbledon tennis final again against Jimmy Connors left one dazed and wordless. Truly, with his racquet and his natural gifts, he has raised his tennis to the realm of art. Bravo!

ATREYEE DAS,
Calcutta.

Weekend Companion

AFTER a lapse of a couple of months, my hawker delivered the July 18-24 issue of *Sportsworld.*

A day without a daily paper can easily be managed but a week without *Sportsworld* is very hard to imagine. The reason being that your magazine is my favourite weekened companion.

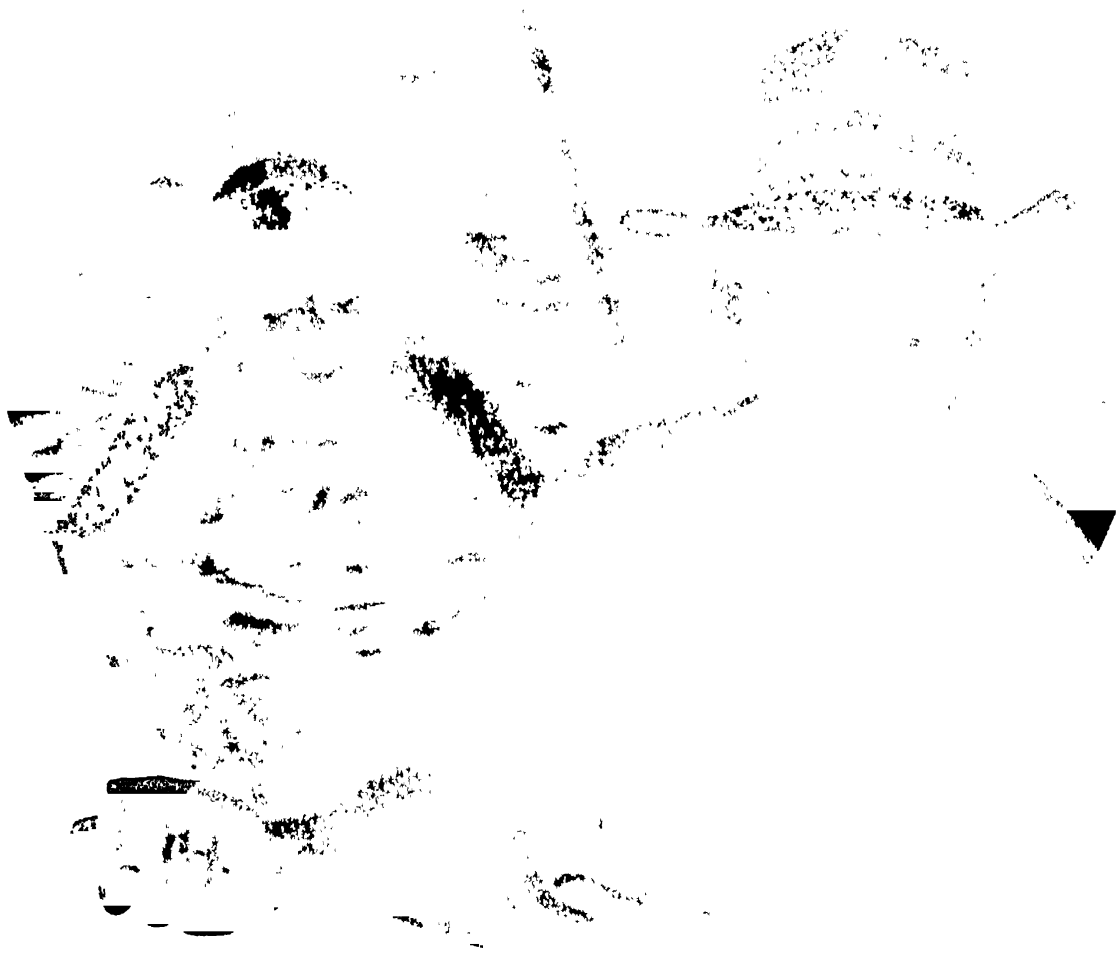
S. HUSSAIN,
Dibrugarh.

Welcome back

WHAT a relief to see *Sportsworld* back on the stands once again. For so long, we have been stuck with other sports magazines which, undoubtedly have brilliant pictures but the rest is all just form and no matter.

But now, it's a pleasure to read the matter-filled pages of *Sportsworld.* Welcome back once again!

GHETU SINGH RASHTRAWAR,
Calcutta.

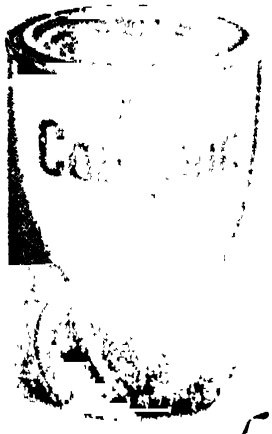


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THE B.C.C.I. is the only cricketing body in the world in which cricketers are at a premium. While this does not deprive it of administrative ability, practical experience of the game is certainly lacking, and presumably this is why an independent committee consisting mainly of former cricketers and umpires was formed.

The exercise is to study the structure of the game and recommend steps to improve the general standard. The idea being that the Gavaskars and the Kapil Devs should appear more frequently, and that Indian cricket should attain and remain at a higher level of consistency.

So far as no doubt you have noticed, the pattern has been to reach dizzy heights for a glorious moment or two, only to crash into despondency the next minute.

This committee to date has deliberated for many long hours, and since the Chairman and the convenor both found it fit to brief the press before presenting the findings to the B.C.C.I. (much to the latter's annoyance) there seems to be no clash of ethics if as a member of this probably short-lived committee I also put some thoughts in print.

The committee discussed every aspect of the game, from players' behaviour, the standard of coaching, unqualified Board members being accommodated as officials on foreign trips, the Ranji and Duleep Trophy rules, the utter pointlessness of playing serious cricket before the beginning of November (groundsmen in many parts of the country must have enough relief from the monsoon to prepare decent wickets), the lack of standardised ground facilities at Test centres, the importance of reliable umpiring, the haphazard and last-minute organisation of major tournaments etcetera.

While each member quite naturally placed more emphasis on his pet subject it would be fair to say that keeping in mind the basic purpose all agreed on the major points.

First, that it is a fallacy to believe that because there are millions of enthusiasts in India it follows that there should be a regular appearance of top-class players.



Out of the countless enthusiasts there are only about 200 who play first-class cricket. Of these only a dozen can in fact be termed first-class players, that is those who in the near future may represent their country even if it is only for a brief while. And since the structure of Indian cricket is built around the Ranji Trophy there is obviously something wrong with the basic system. In other words, the quality of cricket played by the majority of the Ranji Trophy teams is neither good nor competitive enough to produce first-class players.

Therefore, this trophy, no matter even if it involves increased expenditure, must be played on a two-tier system whereby the stronger teams meet each other more often. Further registration rules must be relaxed for those players who fail to find a place in these teams, so that if they wish they can play elsewhere.

Secondly, there is a total lack of cohesion or exchange of views between those who coach or watch and select the junior teams, and those who are involved in the selection for the major matches. Many youngsters between the ages of 16 and 19 seem to get lost, unless they are fortunate enough to gain admittance in one of the major Universities and remain in sight of the press. Yet they continue to play and hope for recognition. There must be a centralised system which regularly receives and records their performances. This is where the secretaries of many associations fail to appreciate their prime duty (busy as they are with the more immediate concern of retaining their hard-fought positions) and, of course, where the executive secretary of the B.C.C.I. has to earn his salary.

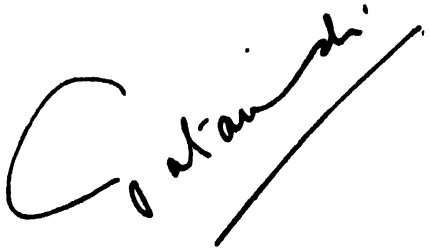
Thirdly, it is incomprehensible why the A.G.M. is held at the beginning of the season, when activity is at its most hectic and not in the middle of the off season by which time any organised association has had the time to finalise the accounts. There is also more than enough time to prepare the season's programme without undue haste.

The delay only leads to speculation mostly about the choice of selectors and the captain. Some of this speculation can be purely malicious, but it does make good copy; all of it can be avoided.

There is another point on which the B.C.C.I. is weak. Press relations hardly exist, because the press as a whole (individuals may be privileged) is considered well worth avoiding. Generally speaking, the press will be as fair with you as you are with it; by far the best policy is to lay your cards on the table, give sensible reasons why your hand is aceless, and what you intend to do about it. If the press is convinced of your sincerity it will tend to support more than criticise.

Which is presumably why the Chairman thought it fit to brief the press, because the committee has found a few faults, where they lie and it is apprehended that since this may not be exactly appreciated the report will be shelved. All the recommendations will come to nought, the committee disbanded and the public left unaware that a genuine effort was made.

Perhaps, this is being too cynical, and if it is I will assuredly let you know in due time.



The travelling circus will leave its mark

Ajay Kumar and Lokesh Sharma report from Los Angeles



FINALLY, the torch arrived There was a roar of approval that filled the stadium as the torchbearer appeared at the peristyle entrance The very footsteps of the runner seemed frozen in time But it was a mere optical illusion There was nothing slow or plodding about the opening ceremony of the Twenty third Olympiad

The opening has been captured forever for all time, for future generations It has been captured on black and white film On colour film On video cassettes. In sound and light, in all its splendour It has been captured by professionals By amateurs On cameras with the latest telephoto lenses And on no frills, uncomplicated instamatics

No one who watched it, or was a part of it, will ever forget it Some moments, some images, will tarnish with time, as memory dulls But the essence of it all will remain pristine, for it was as grand a spectacle as any

For those lucky enough to be in the Coliseum, it will be a lifelong talking point It was stirring stuff, that ceremony The setting, the atmosphere, the spectacle—and of course, the history as well There had been an earlier opening ceremony here, all of 52 years ago, so the grandeur was nothing new to the city of Los Angeles, but it was still enough to send a shiver or two up your spine

There had been the traditional hiccups along the way When it was revealed that a Hell's Angel was part of the torch relay, for instance There was some debate over the pros and cons of allowing anybody to bring the flame home, but it all came to naught. The Hell's Angel, like everyone else, had paid his three thousand dollars for the honour of hefting the flame That settled the bickering

There were other problems as well. The Greeks had intensified a campaign to have the Games shifted permanently to—naturally—Greece. But, for the moment, the Olympics were the property of the city of Los Angeles and for two glorious weeks,



After Los Angeles, will the Games go permanently to Greece? A decision has not been taken but IOC president Samaranch (left) held meetings with the chief of the Greek Olympic Committee (right) early last month.

the eyes of the world were trained on the city that was hosting its second Olympic Games.

It was the only city to officially submit a bid for the 1984 Summer Games and even then, there had been bitter controversy There had been bloodshed at the 1972 Games in Munich. The hosting of the 1976 Games had left the city of Montreal with diverse financial worries. Finally, Moscow's 1980 Games had showed the power of international politics. Judging by the lessons of Olympic history, therefore, Los Angeles was asking for trouble.

Not that it mattered. Peter Ueberroth's vision was to stage an Olympic Games that did not require any public funds. Recognising the excellent marketing value of such a sporting event, he asked private industry to step in with sponsorship of the 1984 Games

In order to become a sponsor, each company had to provide at least four million dollars to the Los Angeles Organising Committee In addition, the company also had to prove that it was conducting programmes that would be of value to young sportsmen and women.

This, then, was the backdrop to the events that were set in motion by the opening ceremony of the Twenty-third Olympiad. But the problems for Ueberroth and his staff were far from over. For the 16,000-strong special police force, the Los Angeles Games were a gigantic headache

A headache that lasted only a fortnight, but that had called for planning weeks, months, even years in advance. The planning and deployment had taken several thousand manhours, for security was by far the most vexing problem The Olympic security force comprises members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Secret Service and the California National Guard, but the task, nonetheless, was awesome.

Almost everyone at Los Angeles had an awesome task to perform, except those who were there for pleasure. For the organisers, the Games posed all sorts of problems. So too, for the competitors But for those who had come to watch, it was one large picnic.

It was difficult to describe the atmosphere. Everywhere you went, there were crowds. There was noise. There was colour. It was like the



For Peter Ueberroth, a resounding success

Mardi Gras, or Woodstock. It was a party that had no definible beginning and no definible end.

It looked as if people didn't need to sleep during the Games, for the city was never quiet, never deserted. There was always something happening, someone celebrating.

All eyes were on the Olympic Villages, but security was so tight that outsiders seldom got within stone-throwing distance of the athletes' home. Los Angeles was the city that had patented the idea of an Olympic Village, way back in 1932. The reasons were financial; because of funding limitations, it had been necessary to house all the participants in one area.

It was an idea that made history and the concept of the Olympic Village was enough to earn the 1932 organising committee a nomination for the Nobel Peace Prize. And, strangely, the idea of three separate villages for the 1984 Games is born of the same cost-cutting logic.

These, then, are the cost-cutting Games, where even use of official limousines has been severely curbed. Ueberroth and his crew have given the world a lesson in how the Games can be run on a tight budget—and still emerge successful.

No one would contest that Not even the most cynical citizen—permanent or temporary—of the city that has twice been host to the most spectacular show on earth

Like a travelling circus, the Olympic Games has pitched its tent here in Los Angeles It will move on soon, but it will leave wonderful memories behind

LA's other Olympics

THE original charter of the modern Olympics called for an arts festival "of an equal standard" to the sports events. The organisers of the Los Angeles Games have not left any stone unturned to prove that they are abiding by the Olympic charter. Thus the 1984 Olympics will not only consist of sport but also of what is referred to as "LA's other Olympics"—The Los Angeles Olympic Arts Festival

A ten week, eleven million dollar extravaganza that will continue alongside the Games themselves, it presents some champions of music, film, dance and theatre—on stage, screen and in swimming pools

Thirty theatrical companies representing 13 countries show off their wares at the festival. Here the emphasis is on the visual and the spectacular—two important words of the Olympics.

Perhaps the best performance is England's Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "Much Ado About Nothing" which has Derek Jacobi, one of the leading Shakespearean actors today, in the lead role

But the most popular show was the one produced by the local group called Groundlines. Their play, entitled "Olympic Trials", is a mystery set in the Village of the 1932 LA Olympics, and revolves around a murder.

The most interesting part is that the details change with each night's audience and members of the audience are expected to furnish not only the name of the victim but the clues as well.

The entire festival represents an important sign for our times, a practical, living demonstration that men are beginning to understand one another. If the Olympic Art Festival accomplishes nothing more than underscoring these words, then it will have done its job.

Olympic City: Lights, camera, action

But the audience, finds George K. George, is not reacting enthusiastically enough



IS Los Angeles ready? It was hard to say, even four days before the opening of the Twenty-third Olympiad. In a way, it will not be answered even as the Olympic flame enters the Memorial Coliseum which staged the Tenth Olympiad in 1932.

The American public is not yet attuned to the event. Even in the host city, life goes on as usual. The Olympic colours (draped all over the city) and the media keep them aware of the fact that the world's eyes are on Los Angeles. Even when ABC (American Broadcasting Company) explodes with 118 hours of telecasts, for which it will pay at least 200 million dollars to the organisers, America is likely to tune in to other channels which carry baseball games and situation comedies.

The Olympics is not everyone's cup of tea for American sports lovers. Los Angeles and Southern California have better diversions. Still, the multi-million dollar corporations and other sponsors will make this Olympic Games a success. The organisers have seen to that already.

To a great extent, Los Angeles is ready. The international airport has been expanded to receive thousands of foreign competitors and visitors. More customs officers have been pressed into service and the new facilities at the airport are excellent.

The city is expecting a total of 625,000 visitors from different parts of the United States and the rest of the world. Altogether 141 nations are parading 7800 athletes. However, the number of foreign visitors is comparitively low due to the Soviet boycott and the high exchange rate of the dollar.

In the past two weeks, many countries have been sending back thousands of unsold tickets. Over one million tickets, especially the ones for less popular events, remain unsold. Thousands of prime event tickets are available with scalpers and ticket distribution companies for twice or more the original price. In fact, the black market prices are declining as the events get closer.

Thousands who paid for their tickets months ago, have not yet received them by mail. The organisers say they have made arrangements for personal delivery, but many people do not want to leave home without the tickets in hand. People on waiting lists are still in the dark about their chances of getting in to see the Games.

Last-minute construction continued at the three Olympic Villages and some of the sites. At Rose Bowl,



October 25, 1979. Nagoya, Japan. The American Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) is awarded a multi million dollar TV contract for the 1984 Games. Signatories are (from left) John Martin, President ABC Sports; Peter Ueberroth; Lord Killanin and Madame Monique Berlioux, then IOC Secretary General

workers were busy fixing a new 280,000 square foot turf for the soccer matches

The Olympic Organising Committee's choice of the Games' colours has really paid off Instead of the traditional red, blue and white of the United States, the intention of creating a dynamic and youthful colour scheme resulted in the choice of green, magenta, chrome yellow, aqua and lavender. Flags, banners and pennants in these shades have created a festive mood Over a thousand young people are working hard to give a more lasting Olympic touch to the city through murals and graffiti

The Coliseum has undergone the most spectacular colour change It wears patches of green, lavender and touches of gold The arena will have to be repainted in its original tan, as required by the Raiders Football team, whose home it is Still, it has been a worthwhile effort

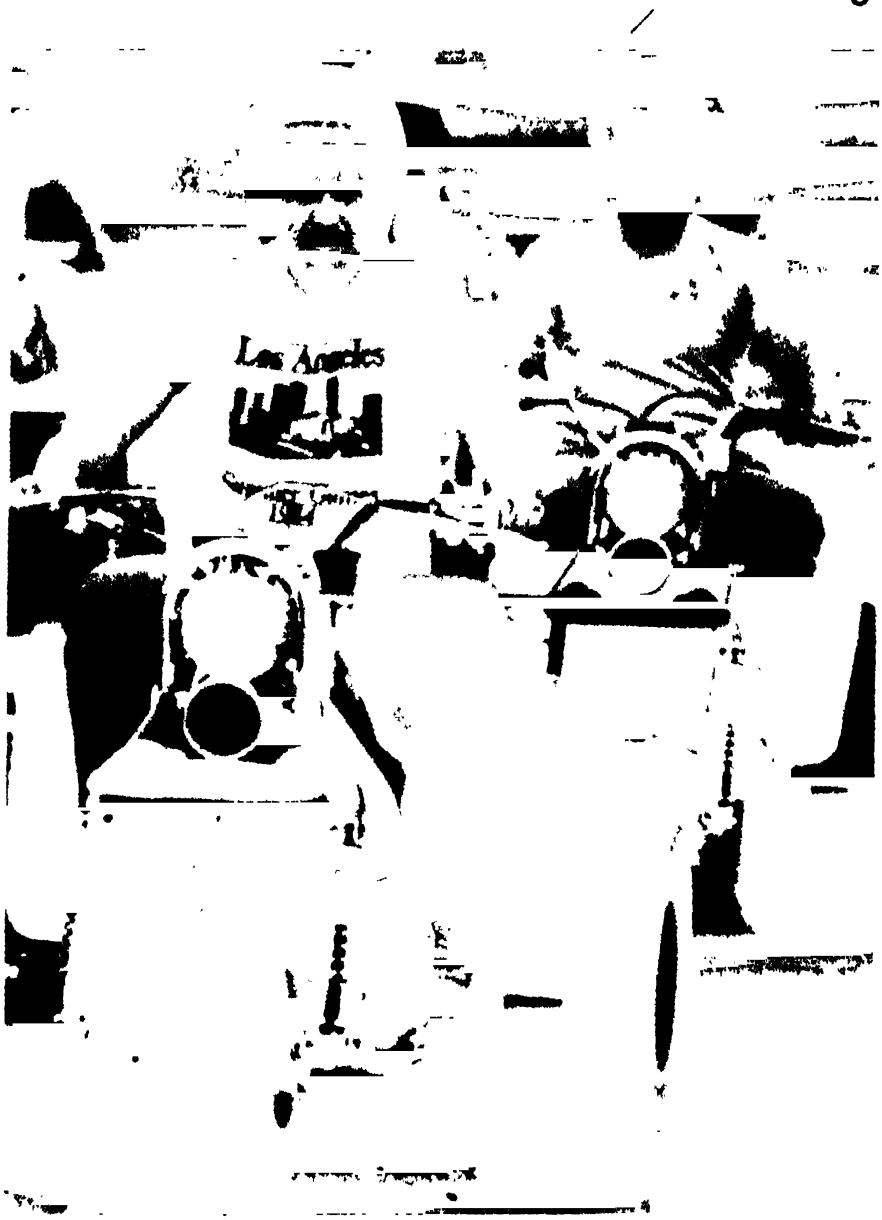
Two of the major considerations of the organisers are security and traffic The tragedy of Munich in 1976 is still fresh in everybody's memory There are 17,000 armed police officers and 8,000 unarmed guards on duty Besides, 700 FBI agents will also be keeping an eye on the crowds It is being described as the biggest peacetime security force in history

The worst traffic conditions are anticipated on Friday, August 3, when hundreds of thousands will gather near the Coliseum for the track and field events and the boxing competition at the sports arena adjacent to the Coliseum At this point, the organisers can only pray for a miracle No one knows what is really going to happen. Nothing of this dimension has taken place here before

Highway security has been increased In addition to the existing force, 1,000 National Guards have been called on duty to assist the traffic patrols Parking could be even more difficult than the negotiating of traffic itself

A day's charges could come up to 100 dollars, some experts predict In fact, parking spaces are being advertised through major newspaper columns But even after paying anywhere between 25 to 50 dollars the car owners may have to walk quite a bit to reach the arenas

The weather has not been favourable either The heat wave that hit Los Angeles in the beginning of July has been one of the worst in the city's history The mercury has dropped a bit since July 24 and athletes and visitors alike hope and pray that the milder conditions will continue



LA Police Department officers get used to their new Kawasaki all-terrain motorcycles which have been loaned to them for patrol duties during the Games

If you believe in omens, here is a bad one Bomber, the bald eagle which was supposed to fly over the Coliseum during the opening ceremonies, died on July 15 during a training session Ten days later, a golden eagle, Fluff, was named as his replacement But within 24 hours, the organisers changed that decision and decided not to fly an eagle. The reason for the reversal was quoted to be negative publicity generated by Bomber's death, which has been attributed to erratic training methods

Bomber was expected to represent Sam the Eagle, the mascot of the Los Angeles Games If the death of the 22-year-old veteran bald eagle is an omen, it is not an auspicious one at all.

However, there is no need for pessimism The organisers have done a remarkable job in terms of the material preparations The spirit is yet to be kindled, but the Olympic torch could not do it, even after the eleven week journey from New York It anyone can do it, ABC television and Carl Lewis will be the ones to do it, through their spectacular performances. •

Revise the Olympic programme

Gaston Meyer points out that some events need to be added and others subtracted to increase the relevance of the modern Games



AN institution does not last practically a full century without evolving and undergoing changes. Originally, the Olympic programme limited itself to a number of sports, athletics primarily, but also gymnastics, fencing, Graeco-Roman wrestling, shooting, aquatic sports, (which included rowing, swimming and yachting), cycling, riding (which was not organized due to lack of funding), tennis... and cricket.

Today the (Summer) Olympic Games gather twenty-two sports, of which six are team sports.

The risk of gigantism, as it is called, has been relatively restricted thanks to the "organization of preliminary heats or, in timed sports, the establishment of minimum time limits."

Personally, I would like to see the Olympic programme revised approximately every twenty years. Besides, some sports do not deserve to appear on it, water polo, for example, which is relatively little played, and the brutality of which is all the more underhand because, underwater, it very often escapes the referee's attention.

In a general way, I would like the team sports not to be imposed but suggested by the organization committee of the city chosen by the IOC. Football (soccer) for example, and even basketball, with their super-professional elite should not be imposed any more than table-tennis, which is a virtually universal sport, as is straight tennis also.

To ensure a favourable vote from the IOC, the host city candidates feel obliged to suggest all of the sports appearing on the programme of the previous Games. Would the IOC not be well-advised to re-establish rule 30 of the 1956 "Olympic Charter"? This rule differentiated two categories of sports: the compulsory sports and the optional sports. As a matter of fact, one could imagine having, within the context of the Games, but unofficially, team-sports tournaments which would be extended to the whole of the country of the host-city.

From a totally different point of view, the IOC could solemnly confirm that it forbids any ranking by nation in individual sports, with the exception of course of athletics, of swimming relay results, or those of rowing, canoeing, kayak or yachting crews.

Within each sport there would be scope for IOC intervention, for example: Athletics: at present there is no true sprint event (50 m), nor a real intermediate race between the 5000 m and the marathon (42,195 m) except for the 10,000 m which duplicates the 5000 m. A 20 km event (which would double for a one-hour race) would be the very thing. The walking event should be kept to a 100 km road-race—which would take place between sunrise and sunset.

Swimming: the removal of the different strokes except for backstroke; the creation of a 50 m event (with individual timing from starting block to finish) and possibly of an aquatic marathon in the still waters of a lake (10 km for example), two tests which have remained unrecognized up until now

No doubt the IOC did not possess sufficient technical ammunition to confront the International Federations directly. But ever since the presidency of Lord Killanin—the saviour of the Moscow Games—and that of his successor Juan Antonio Samaranch—the tireless traveller— the IOC has known how to turn the Olympic Games' increased prestige to the best account. Furthermore, since 1960, thanks to television rights, the IOC has won its independence. Thus a sound Executive Committee has been established in Lausanne, under the direction of Madame Monique Berlioux. Through Olympic Solidarity, it makes an important contribution to increasing assistance to developing countries.



Soviet goalie Evgeny Sharonov foils a Yugoslav attempt in the 1980 Olympic final, when the Soviet Union won gold. Waterpolo, says the author, is a brutal sport where most fouls go unnoticed

Courtesy Olympic review 84

Of blackmarket ~~:ers~~ and smog

Pradeep Paul goes behind the scenes of the 1984 Olympics



THE OLYMPICS: To some, a reality. To millions of others, just a dream. No. I'm not talking about the people taking part, but about the spectators.

Going to the Olympics just as a spectator also has its problems. Apart from all the foreign travel requirements of a passport, visa and foreign exchange, there is still the supremely vital question of a ticket to the Games.

This is an aspect that had to be arranged well in advance. Especially, if you were very choosy about what you wanted to see. Around the end of May, the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee printed and distributed about fifteen million copies of a thirty-five page booklet. This booklet contained information about the Olympics and all the organisation that went into the 1984 Games. Also inside was an order form for the tickets that had to be filled in and sent to the ticket issuing center.

This booklet was free and was freely available in almost every American town with a population of five thousand or more.

To an average Indian however, the price of tickets was quite steep. Costing, on an average, eighteen dollars apiece, the price range rocketed up to a maximum of ninety-five dollars, with a rock-bottom tag of three dollars. Ninety-five dollars was the going rate for popular events such as the finals of boxing and swimming. Three dollars was all it cost for the soccer preliminaries and field hockey. Even the high prices were not enough to keep the demand at a controlled level. To combat this, the LAOOC decided that a person could not simply order as many tickets as he wanted. In fact, on priority events, each person was restricted to a maximum of two tickets only.

But even this distribution method did not stop the black market activities. Many blackmarketeers just ordered tickets in different names and eventually gathered enough tickets to sell at premium rates.

A plus point of the ticketing system was the absence of package deals which sometimes forces spectators to buy tickets for events which they are not really interested in. With this system, spectators could pick and choose their programme. As seen from previous experience, 70 per cent of the tickets don't actually sell out. The real rush for tickets is for the finals of any sport. Even the tickets for the first six to seven days of athletics did not sell out. Furthermore, as per the LAOOC reports, apart from some tickets for the media and for corporate sponsors, there was no celebrity list for the distribution of tickets. Everyone had an equal chance.

Arriving at Los Angeles, the unlucky ones who did not have somewhere to stay, made a beeline for the hotels. There were long queues at travel agencies. As per calculations, there was a shortage of rooms although Los Angeles has twice as many rooms as any other Olympic host city. But even these were not enough to house the 6,00,000 people who poured into the city. There were a lot of rooms available in private homes but these were quite distant, some almost as far as Santa Barbara, San Diego and even Palm Springs.

The entire Olympic programme of events was so widely scattered that the transport problem was another major cog in the wheel. There was a lot of planning to relieve freeway congestion and some of the plans involved offices working on staggered attendance hours, and extended, for motorists, to park and ride arrangements, which were all aimed at avoiding the snarls of freeway traffic. In addition, the LAOOC carried thousands of spectators by shuttle buses, equipped with bars and music.

Another facelift for the city of Los Angeles was a 700 million dollar renovation and expansion programme for the Los Angeles International Airport. Along with these renovations, the organisers also added a new overseas terminal which is large enough to handle seven thousand people per hour.

Los Angeles is notorious for its smog. But with people getting increasingly pollution-conscious there have been concrete efforts to reduce this. In recent years, the smog condition has been improving and the city is at its best in summer. Still, there are people who claim that the smog is enough to affect the highly-tuned athletes and this may be what influenced the organisers to have the marathon in the evening, when the smog is reported to be at its lowest level.

Essay Contest

What do you feel about the Olympic boycott?

In the light of the 1980 Moscow boycott by the United States, are the Soviets doing the right thing by bypassing Los Angeles?

What effect is this going to have on future Games?

Should there be action taken against countries boycotting the Games in future?

Let's have your views in essay form. Please type in double-spacing and ensure that no contribution exceeds 1,500 words. The best essay will be published in *Sportsworld*, the prize being Rs 300. Names and addresses should be clearly marked.

Test your Olympic knowledge

Andy O'Brien provides the yardstick

People know a great deal about the Olympics, so perhaps it is better to have an off-beat quiz. Some of the questions below might be tough, but hopefully you'll find them interesting.

1. Why are the five rings on the Olympic flag those particular colours (i.e; red, blue, black, green and yellow)?

2. The 1916 Olympic Games were cancelled because of the First World War. But where were they scheduled to be held?

3. What did Fred Lorz do in the 1904 Games that will perhaps go down in history as the biggest Olympic hoax?

4. Which are the two demonstration sports at this summer's Games?

5. Who is the only royal personage to have won a gold medal at the Olympics?

6. Which country has won a waterpolo medal at every Olympic Games since 1928?

7. Two American cities have staged the Olympic Games. One is Los Angeles. Which is the other?

8. Which Olympic boxing champion became the first professional Communist fighter?

9. Who was the only athlete exempted from the sex test at the Montreal Games?

10. The lives of two Olympic champions were portrayed in the film 'Chariots of Fire'. Which two champions?

11. What is traditionally the first event of the decathlon?

12. Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean won their gold at this year's winter Olympics held at Sarajevo, by performing to a classical piece of music thought to be unsuitable for the event. What was the piece?

13. This was a very controversial moment in Olympic history. What was the controversy and who were the two athletes involved?

14. Nine of India's 13 goals in hockey at the Helsinki Games were scored by one man. By whom?

15. At which Games was the marathon first run at night? And to start and end outside the stadium?



16. At which Games was the Olympic village first introduced?

17. The 1956 summer Games were held in Australia. But one event was held in another country. Which event and why?

18. The famous song writer Irving Berlin wrote a song about a legendary Olympian. Unfortunately, Berlin misinterpreted the doings of this athlete and called him a 'bigga de flop'. Name the athlete?

19. Why is this summer's Los Angeles Games called the XXIII Olympiad when there have been only 20 celebrations, of the Summer Games?

20. What is common to Floyd Patterson, Joe Frazier, George Foreman, Leon Spinks and Muhammad Ali?

21. Which war hero might have won an Olympic medal in the modern penthatlon, but for the fact that his shooting was poor?

22. The man in charge of this year's Games, Peter Ueberroth, was a sportsman in his own right. He just failed to make the US Olympic team a few Olympias ago. Name his sport?

23. Who is the only athlete in Olympic history to have won gold medals in both the Winter and the Summer Games?

24. Which famous Olympic personality made a living by racing against horses, dogs and motorcycles even after attaining Olympic glory?

25. Who is the only athlete to have won the same Olympic track and field event four straight times?

26. Which athlete at the LA Games is nicknamed 'Triple Trouble'?

1 At least one of these colours appears on the flag of every nation.

2 Ironically, the Games were scheduled to be held in Berlin.

3 In the marathon event. he travelled by car and truck instead of running. He was on the verge of being awarded the gold medal when his hoax was discovered. He was banned for life when he admitted to his practical joke.

4 Baseball and tennis.

5 Crown Prince (later King) Constantine of Greece won a gold for yachting at the 1960 Games.

6 Hungary performed this remarkable feat.

7 St. Louis in 1904.

8 The Hungarian Laszlo Papp, who won a record three gold medals at the 1948, '52 and '56 Games. However, his government refused to let him challenge for the world championship.

9 Princess Anne, who took part in the equestrian events.

10 Harold Abrahams, who won the 100m dash at the 1924 Games and Eric Liddell who won the 400m in the same year.

11 100m sprint.

12 Ravel's 'Bolero'.

13 Tommie Smith and John Carlos, the gold and bronze medallists in the 200m sprint at Mexico, performing their famous Black Power salute at the prize distribution The two athletes were banned for life

14 Balbir Singh

15 1960, Rome. As it turned out, it was also the first marathon to be won by a black African—the great Abebe Bikila.

16 Los Angeles, 1932. Incidentally, this year at LA will see this tradition broken as the athletes will be scattered in three different places.

17 The equestrian events, which were held in Stockholm (Sweden) because of Australian restrictions on horses being brog ht into the country.

18 The Italian marathoner Dorando Pietri who, though he crossed the line first, was disqualified. The story is too well known to be repeated here.

19 The Olympics are held in the first year of an Olympiad, which is a periodd of four years beginning in a year divisible by four. This is an IOC rule. But remember that three celebrations of the Games did not take place because of war (1916, 1940, 1944).

20 They were all Olympic gold medallists in boxing and later went on to be world heavy-weight Champions.

21 Believe it or not, General George Patton.

22 Waterpolo.

23 The American Eddie Eagen. He won his summer gold in the boxing light-heavyweight division at the 1920 Games and his winter gold came in the 1932 Games in the bob sleigh event.

24 The legendary Jesse Owens.

25 Al Oeter (USA) won four golds in the discus throw at the 1956,'60,'64 and '68 Games.

26 Carl Lewis, because he is in with a chance of winning three individual golds.

27 The 100 metres hurdles.

28 That is Laszlo Papp.

29 Glenn Morris, winner of the decathlon in 1936

30 He is Jack Kelly who won three rowing golds in 1920 and 1924. His son John won a bronze in the 1956 sculls at Melbourne. His daughter was Grace Kelly.

ANSWERS

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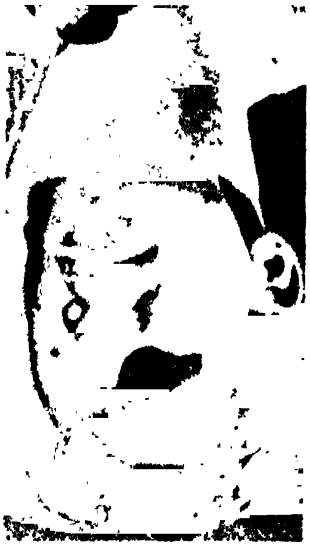
27 He is not a hockey player. What was his pet event.



28 Identify this Olympic great.



29 Name this Olympic decathlon champion who later went on to portray Tarzan on the screen.



30 This Olympic champion's son and daughter also became known throughout the world. Name him.



Ever since Zola left her family to try and win an Olympic gold, her biggest threat seemed more political than athletic



'Don't blame Zola for taking her chance'



I can settle down now and concentrate on running. I will run my heart out for Britain



What kind of sense does it make to spend £250,000 on trying to buy Britain a gold medal



ZOLA BUDD

Win or lose, says **Andy O'Brien,** she'll still be a star

ZOLA BUDD, 'starlet of a morality play, amateur princess, professional pawn' is out to prove this week that she is the world's fastest middle distance runner. 'Winsome, wonderful and white', Zola hit the international scene when she clipped seven seconds off Mary Decker's 5000m world record in January this year at Cape Town. But South African athletes are not allowed to take part outside their country, nor are their records recognised. Zola had to get out of this sporting isolation and the citizenship of another country seemed to be the only solution for her. Ever since Zola left her family farm outside Bloemfontein in March to try and win an Olympic gold, her biggest threat seemed more political than athletic.

The options were many. Offers from American Universities and a variety of currencies. But blood said 'Britain' since her grandfather was English-born. So, politely refusing a well-intentioned 67-year-old Englishman's offer of marriage (which would have also brought her the required citizenship) Zola's father took up the offer of the *Daily Mail* who splashed £ 250,000 in order to keep the Budd story to themselves.

The newspaper personnel did an incredible job to see Budd make a secret debut on the English track. She was brought to Central Park in a car and kept in a little fenced-off area and then taken by police escort to the starting line. She got her citizenship in a fortnight, despite a normal waiting period of five years. She had to renounce her South African

citizenship in the process.

Then came the worst part of the story. The criticism. Critics charged that the switch in citizenship illegally circumvented the Olympic ban on South African athletes. *The Daily Mail* also bore the brunt of the flak, especially by those whose Olympic aims were dashed with the arrival of Budd. Said one of the deprived, 'What kind of sense does it make to spend £ 250,000 on trying to buy Britain a gold medal when the same amount of money spread evenly on ten athletes might produce five medals?'

When Budd ran at Crystal Palace in April she was jeered and she ran in tears to a 1500m victory. Things were not going right for the barefoot wonder girl. Perhaps if she had stayed back in her native land and broken world records she would have got greater sympathy.

Things had to change for it couldn't get any worse. The first olive branch that Zola received was from former British Olympic medallist Derek Johnson, a silver medallist in the 800m run at Melbourne. He appealed to his compatriots 'to extend the hand of friendship and dignity of non-discrimination to Zola'. Johnson also secured the backing of the famous Olympians David Hemery and David Bedford who have great influence on British athletics policy.

Soon the British officials came out in favour of Budd. There were rumours that if Budd's rough ride continued and her eligibility questioned then the head of the International Olympic Committee's Eligibility Commission, Willie Daume, would have asked Miss Budd to change her nationality.

But the British officials were now not going to let a gold medal slip away from their grasp. They confirmed after consultations with IOC officials that 'Zola is a British citizen by right and does not require the nationalisation process'.

All that now remained between Zola and Los Angeles was the British Olympic trials. The first three were to be chosen for the British squad. Yet some people were not happy. The Greater London Council demanded that Miss Budd issue a statement condemning apartheid. The British Sports Council answered saying that Zola was 'a British citizen with a valid passport and as such is entitled to run at Crystal Palace'. The shy and soft



Zola after she won the 3000m British trial thereby qualifying for the Olympics

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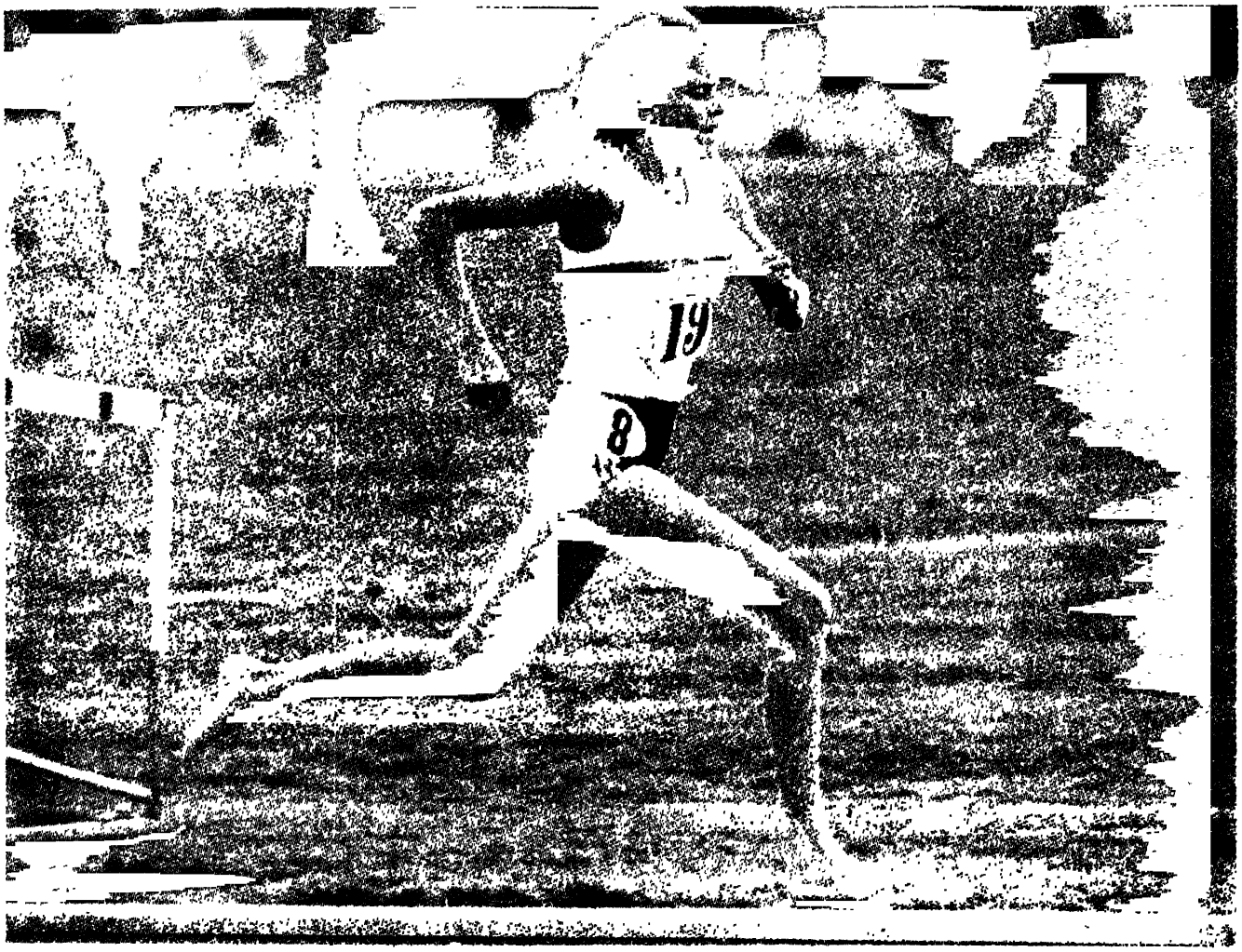
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The bare footed wondergirl at Crystal Palace in April

spoken Budd herself felt that it was unfair that she was being asked to make personal declarations before a race when others were not. But she did answer in a very uncomplicated manner saying, 'Apartheid and the other things were born before I was born and will probably only be resolved long after I die.'

When Zola did get to the starting line at Crystal Palace for the trial run, things had settled down. The whirlwind had suddenly calmed. She had been cleared by the IOC, this in spite of the IOC ruling which requires athletes who switch nationality to do so at least three years before the start of the Games. (The formal clearance was given only five days before the start of the Games). Furthermore, no black African nations had and still have followed through on earlier hints that they might boycott the Games if Budd was allowed to compete. This time she (in the 3000m) was not jeered.

Jane Furness, now England's second best middle distance runner, who had earlier commented on distant relations and flags of convenience embraced Budd after the race. "It was very touching," said Budd and, "it made me feel so welcome." Welcome she was. Publishers, producers and the like were soon hovering around her. But Budd was least perturbed by this. All she said was "I can settle down now and concentrate on running".

For all this, Zola is not looked upon as a defector or a profiteer back in South Africa. In fact, she is a heroine of sorts. Johannesburg's *Citizen* newspaper asked the people not to 'blame Zola for taking her chance.'

Zola herself is not concerned about politics. She merely wants to run and 'she will,' as she says 'run her heart out for Britain.' But here too there is controversy, for as the *Citizen* puts it 'legally, Zola will be running for Britain but in her heart and soul she will be running for South Africa, since a rubber stamp, a new passport, a new citizenship cannot change her.'

Whatever be the case one can't but agree with Mary Decker, Zola's arch rival. Decker said 'I'm happy for Zola' 'I will enjoy the extra competition.' So will everyone else, Miss Decker.

Zola epitomizes the modern athlete who must deal with political and other strifes but still concentrate on top notch performance. Her qualification for the Olympics shows that political hurdles are surmountable. It also proves that, some day, the Olympics can be free of politics and can be held for the competition's own sake.

Off the beaten track

Backwards quicker, further, higher

THE whole world knows that, in 1976 the Olympic Games were held in Montreal, Canada But most of the world does not know that about 8,000 kilo metres away from the real Olympic Games, in a small village called Monreal, a separate Games were held

The 891 inhabitants of Monreal will long remember their Olympic Games For in Monreal, a small village in the Eifel, a kind of anti-Olympiad took place at the same time as the Montreal Olympics Enjoying the motto "Olympic Games without norms", about fifty German sportsmen, who had failed to pass the Olympic standard upheld by the German Light Athletics Association were participants as well as organisers

With their 'anti Olympiad" they aired their displeasure against sports bureaucrats the compulsion of always having to win and the system of norms

'Together and not against one another was their starting off motto with which they intended to show up the complete nonsense of we must succeed as one of them put it

The audience was enthusiastic almost 60% of the inhabitants came to the Games of Monreal—a participation not achieved in any sense by Montreal

No wonder for the athletes competed in completely new disciplines e g long distance pole jump ping pong ball long distance throwing sprinting with a turning point Each competition resulted automatically in a world record The victors had to clamber into a muddy hole in disrespect for the normal token of honour The vanquished stood looking down at them'

The longest Games

PRESENT day Olympic Games take just two weeks for the competitions proper And an additional two days for the opening and closing ceremony

But in 1900, at Paris, the second Olympiad opened on July 14 as a side-show to the Great Paris Exposition There was hardly any organisation and the Games carried on in utter confusion and dragged on for almost two months There were fifteen sports and which of them can be termed "Olympic" in the true sense of the word is debatable

No gold

WINNING an event at the Olympics gets you a gold medal Everyone knows that But it wasn t like that always in the 1896 Games at Athens and the 1900 Games at Paris, the only people who were awarded medals were the winner and the runner up The winner got a silver medal, the runner up got a bronze medal and the third did not figure for a prize So, the traditional gold medal, which is almost synonymous with the Olympics, was introduced only in 1908 at London

The correct diet

LASSE VIREN proved himself to be an even better athlete than the great Paavo Nurmi or Emil Zatopek when he successfully defended his 5,000 and 10,000 metre titles at the 1976 Montreal Olympics

But, after his victory in the 10,000 metres at Montreal, Viren was accused, by a section of the press, of having resorted to the practice of blood boosting. Blood boosting is an unnatural, but not illegal, procedure of extraction of a quart or more of blood from an athlete some time before a major competition, freezing this blood while the body builds up enough blood to replenish what was extracted, and then, just before the race, thawing out the extracted blood and reinjecting it into the athlete's body This complicated process increases the body's haemoglobin level and oxygen-carrying capability and increases the athlete's endurance capacity It is very popular with modern day athletes

Viren denied the reports and claimed that his habit of performing so well, especially in major competitions, was because all his training was aimed at making him peak at the right time Also, he claimed that his special diet helped him to perform so well. His special diet reindeer milk



Under and over: In the 'perverse hurdle race' the athletes had to spring and crawl under the hurdles.

A matter of principle

'SIR, you are the greatest athlete in the world ' These were the words that King Gustav V of Sweden said as he handed a bronze bust of himself to Jim Thorpe To this, Thorpe acknowledged his gratitude but it was something that he had well and truly earned.



The legendary Jim Thorpe who lost all his gold medals in a controversy.

Jim Thorpe, winner of the pentathlon and the decathlon at the 1912 Stockholm Games finished fourth in the high jump and seventh in the long jump, all at the same Games. Truly, King Gustav was not mistaken. Thorpe had won gold medals, a jewel encrusted chalice and the bust and was revelling in the

glory that is due to any Olympic winner when disaster struck. In January 1913, it was learnt that Jim Thorpe had received payments of $25 a week while playing minor league baseball in North Carolina. This was enough to categorise him as a professional and therefore, ineligible to compete in the Games.

Although Thorpe wrote to the Amateur Athletic Union apologising for this, they were very strict and publicly vilified him and struck his name from the record books. The IOC, in turn, asked for the return of the medals and trophies.

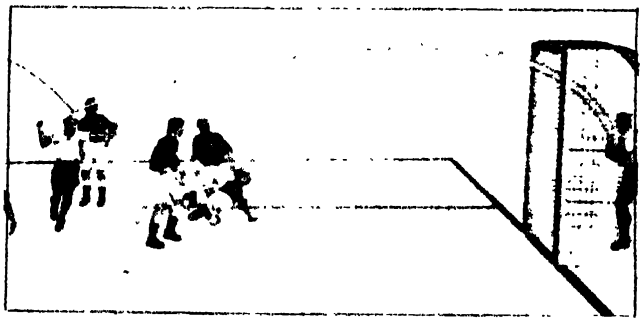
A heartbroken Thorpe then drifted around and finally, in 1953 at the age 65, died of a heart attack. Eventually, in 1982, the IOC lifted the ban on the long dead Thorpe and in 1983, his gold medals were presented to his children.

A unique point in this whole incident was that although the AAU and the IOC were so severe and punished him by taking away his well-deserved gold medals, both the men who came second to him in the pentathlon and the decathlon, Ferdinand Bie and Hugo Wieslander respectively, refused to accept the gold medals which the IOC later presented them with.

That must have been Jim Thorpe's greatest victory.

All bull

GYMNASTS have always been the cynosure of all eyes as far as the body perfection is concerned. But, it would be interesting to see if these modern musclemen could emulate their vaulting counterparts of ancient Crete. 3,000 years ago, the Minoan people living on Crete also practised vaulting. The only difference from then and now is that the ancient Minoans vaulted over live bulls! Any takers?



Quick thinking by Gunnar Nordahl brought Sweden a goal in the 1948 soccer semi-final against Denmark. Realising he could be off-side, he stepped into the net—and out of play—and his team-mate Carlsson's goal stood. Sweden went on to win the gold that year.

The walkover

ACCORDING to Olympic record books the 400m winner at the London Olympics (1908) is listed as, 'W. Halswelle- G.B. (Walkover) . This bland entry fails to reveal the terrible controversy behind it. It is the only instance in Olympic history when an athlete won on a walkover. In an atmosphere of intense British anti-Americanism the race got under way. The leading contenders were T.C. Carpenter, W.C. Robbins, John Taylor all from the US and Scottish member of His Majesty's Guards, Lt. Wyndham Halswelle representing Britain.

At the final stretch Robbins was ahead with Carpenter just behind and Halswelle third. When the Briton moved to the outside to try to get the lead, Carpenter edged over from the inside to block him from passing.

In the shuffle one of the American runners elbowed Halswelle and this infuriated the British spectators and officials.

Coming in first Carpenter tried to break the tape but found there was none. A British official had pulled it away. Robbins coming in second also made a tapeless finish. But Halswelle finishing third found the tape ready to be broken. British judges were shouting foul and no race and British and American officials argued with each other. At last a compromise was reached. The entire 400m would be rerun two days later with strings laid out to divide the lanes. But Carpenter was disqualified and he was not to take part in the rerun.

The Americans refused to run it again and so Lt. Halswelle ran it by himself and was given the gold medal. But the controversy persisted for decades.



Carpenter crosses the finishing line in the 400m finals while British officials break the tape and signal a 'no race'.

Holy Scot

SABBATH. A very holy day especially for the very devout. On the day of the Sabbath, a good Christian is supposed to rest and only do what is absolutely necessary. Eric Liddell of Great Britain was a good Christian and even running in the Olympics was not so much of a necessity that it deemed breaking the Sabbath.

Liddell, originally a 100 and 200 metre sprinter, opted out of the 100 metres at the Paris Olympic Games of 1924 just because the heats for the 100 metres were scheduled for a Sunday. Instead he ran and qualified for the 200 and 400 metres. The 400 metres never really being his event.

Surprisingly, Liddell finished third in the 200 metres, and in the 400, where he was little fancied, he sprang a surprise by winning in a time that was a new Olympic record.

On the Sunday of the 100 metre heats Liddell spent the evening giving a sermon in a Scottish church in Paris.

Knowing the way

THE 1900 marathon was a very controversial one. At the half way mark Arthur Newton took the lead and he thought he had held it since then. He ran into the stadium assuming he was the winner but to his astonishment he learned he had

come fifth There were four other marathoners already at the finish line In first place was Michel Teato a French baker The runner-up Emile Champion was also a Frenchman

Since the race was run through the long and winding streets of Paris Newton protested that the two Frenchmen had used their knowledge of the streets of Paris to their advantage by using short cuts Newton also claimed that no one had passed him after he had taken up the running

Unofficial reports drifted in that Teato and others had taken a horse and carriage for most of the way or had detoured from the regular route This was the reason given for Teato s time which was nearly an hour faster than the others

However, this argument fails to deal with the fact that the third place finisher was Ernst Fast a Swede

Closest record

THE closest record win in swimming in the Olympics was in the 1972 400m individual medley final between Sweden's Gunnar Larrson and Tim McKee of the US Gunnar got the verdict over McKee by two hundreths of a second in 4 min 31 981 secs to 4 31 983- a margin of 3mm or the length a finger nail grows in three weeks This led to a change in international rules with timings and places decided only to hundreths

In the same race the bronze medallist was Hungary s Andras Hargitary He only learned to swim because he nearly drowned when he was eight after he fell into the icy Danube river

I had to be dragged back to life, and after that, my mother ordered me to learn to swim and this is what comes of it

Hargitary also came fifth in the 200m individual medley and sixth in the two hundred metres butterfly all in the same year

Montreal tit-bits

Looking up one's scrap book of the 1976 Montreal Olympics one found some interesting tit bits

The Organising Committee gave Press accreditation to two priests to cover the Games for Radio Vatican Rev Barry Jones and Rev Andre Lamoureux were more interested in covering the human and spiritual side of the Games rather than the political wrangling

The political wrangling was the boycott of the Games at the last minute by African and Arab countries So effective was the boycott that reporters covering the Games outnumbered the competing athletes There was a total of 7886 reporters accredited to cover the Games while withdrawals in the first three days reduced the number of athletes to 6934

Fence problem

Olympic fencing officials at Montreal had to take special steps to prevent a repeat of a cheating scandal which led to the expulsion of a Russian athlete

The whereabouts of the culprit in the scandal, 38-year old Boris Onishchenko, were not known but in all probability he was sent home by the Soviet officials He was expelled from the Games after officials discovered that his fencing epee was wired to score a hit without touching his opponent

Onischcenko was a candidate for the gold in the modern pentathlon, the supreme test of all-round sports ability

Following the hoax the officials decided to smear invisible ink, impossible to erase, on the weapons of all Olympic fencers after they were checked for hidden devices that could trigger the electronic scoring machine

Cop hero

One of Montreal's basketball sites was named after a local policeman who was fired because he took part in the 1904 Olympics without being granted leave. But when Entinne Desmartea returned with Canada's first gold medal he was reinstated and became a legend.

No loo

American high jumper, Dwight Stones, left the Olympic Village to return home to California until his



The statue of Paavo Nurmi outside the stadium in Helsinki which was the scene of the 1952 Games.

event the following week. This was due to one reason, as he put it, "I was the 12th man in line for the lone bathroom in our Village room"

Smash hit

WORLD records are set at almost every sporting meet But none of them are as spectacular as the one set by the Japanese swimming team in the men's 4×200 metre free-style relay at the 1932 Games of Los Angeles

Normally when we hear of a new world record the margin by which the old record is beaten is so small that it has to be expressed in tenths and even hundredths of seconds But the Japanese men really put this belief to rest when they won the race in a new world record time of 8 58 4

But the really astounding part was that the Japanese 4×200 metres free style relay team of Yasuji Miyazaki, Masanori Yusa, Takashi Yokoyama and Hisakichi Toyda smashed the old record of 9 36 2, set by the American team at the 1928 Games, by a mind boggling 37 8 seconds So if the average is taken each of them swam the 200m in less than 9 seconds than did each American

An accountable medal

THE 1960 Rome Olympics 100m free-style for men was another event which ended in controversy Dos Santos led the final at the turn but John Devitt and Lance Larson passed him at 70m and after that it was neck and neck between them

They splashed it out in the last 25m Ten metres from the finish, Devitt was inches ahead Then with a last burst of energy Larson pulled even and touched



Matti Jarvinen of Finland pretends to throw the javelin following his victory in 1932. He competed with his sweat pants on and only took them off when he had to pose for photographers

what seemed to many as one stroke ahead

Everyone hailed Larson and Devitt went across the lanes and congratulated him and left disappointed The three judges for the first position met to give their decision Two voted for Devitt and one for Larson Of the three second place judges two gave Devitt second and one Larson So out of the six judges three put Devitt first and three put Larson The automatic timers had Larson's time as 55 1 secs and Devitt as 55 2 secs Even the unofficial paper tapes at the end of the pool showed that Larson had won by four inches

Yet the chief judge who according to the rules has no say in the matter, ordered that Larson's time be changed to 55 2 secs and gave the decision in favour of Devitt

Four years of protest failed to change things and Devitt remained the 'unaccountable gold medallist

Rare breed

ATHLETES who over come medical problems and physical handicaps are a rare breed But when these athletes win races and even set world records then it surely must go down in the annals of the history of sport

An example of determination is Wilma Rudolph This five foot 11 inch black American from Tennessee won three gold medals in the 1960 Olympic Games held in Rome This sprint queen won the 100 and 200 metres events and was part of the winning 4×100 metres relay team And yet, Wilma, as a child suffered through polio, double pneumonia and scarlet fever

Wilma Rudolph's 100 metres record of 11 seconds flat, set in Rome, still stands with only Wyomia Tyus equalling it in 1968

No easy pickings

ONE of the biggest disappointments ever in the Games' history befell Japan The Japanese had introduced judo as an Olympic sport in the 1964 Olympics held at Tokyo Since the sport originated from these country everyone strongly believed that the Japanese would dominate this discipline But a shock was in store for them. In the open class, a Dutchman, Antonius Geesink beat Akio Kaminaga of Japan This six foot six inch Dutchman was a clear threat to the title as he was a two time world champion But, with the home support and the psychological advantage of competing at home, the Japanese were expecting to make a clean sweep of the judo

A cruel blow to Japan, this

Three second chance

NO list of oddities is complete without something on the Munich Olympics men's basketball final between the USA and USSR It is, in fact, one of the biggest controversies of international sport The US had won seven Olympic titles and 64 consecutive games in 36 years

The final saw a hectic finish and as the horn sounded the Americans had won 50 49 Celebration had already begun when it was ruled that the clock was wrong and there were still three seconds left to play These three seconds were enough for the Russians to score and win 51-50 as the horn sounded a second and last time The US filed a protest but it was overruled by a jury of Appeal The US refused to accept its second place silver medal

Compiled by AndyO'Brien and Pradeep Paul

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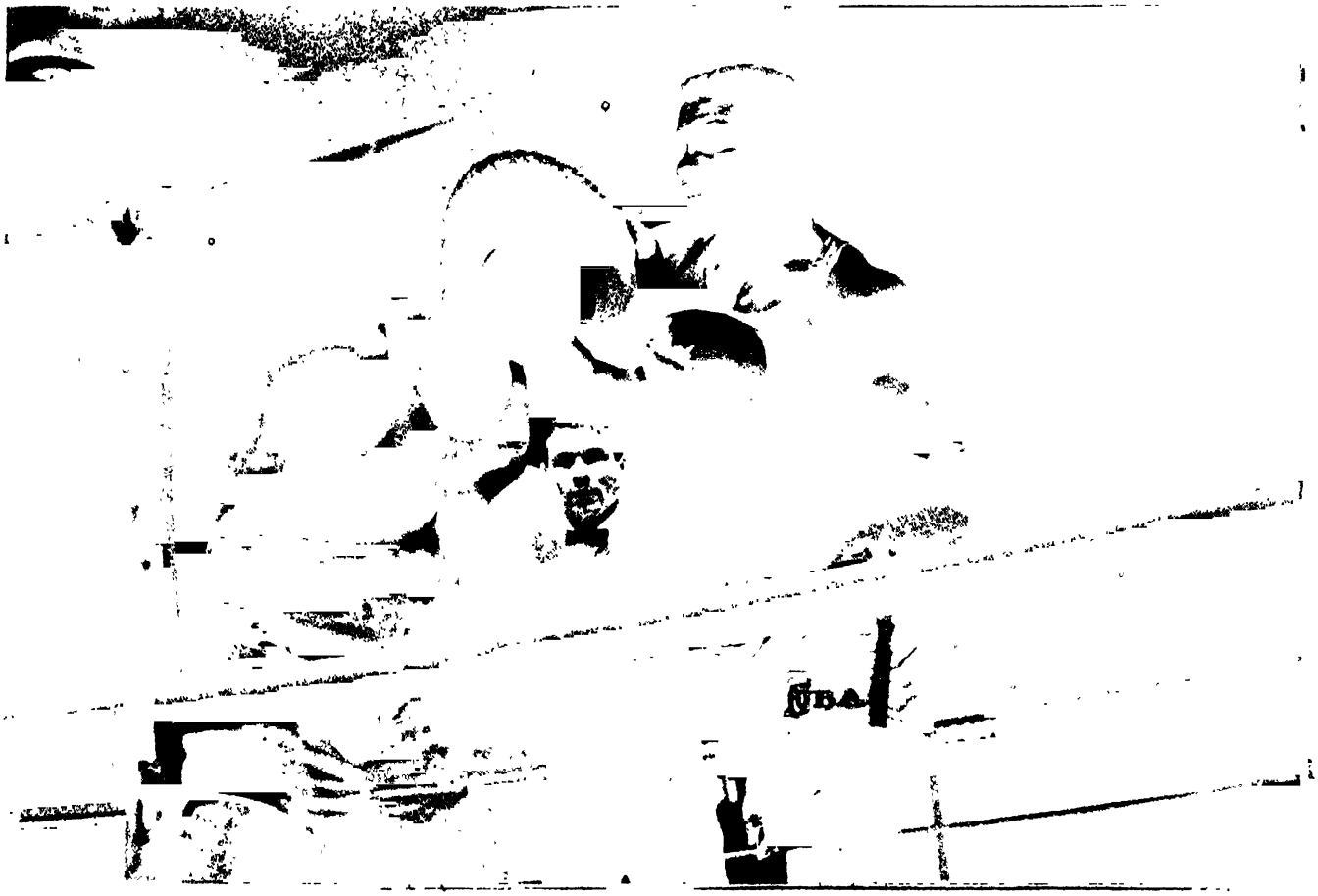
)fficial Supplier to the Indian Olympic team at the XXIII Olympic Games, Los Angeles

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With Olympic golds in 1972, 1976 and 1980...

Teofilo Stevenson is a victim of the Cuban boycott

Jose Aguilar looks back on the amazing career of the man who looked set to create Olympic boxing history by winning a fourth gold medal at Los Angeles



Against Millan of Cuba. He missed an excellent sparring partner : 'A victory is won in nine minutes of fighting, but it's forged in long hours of training, dedication, and effort in the gym'

AS I left Teofilo Stevenson resting in his refrigerated room, I thought of the huge effort the great Cuban boxer had made to realise his dream of winning a fourth Olympic gold medal at the Los Angeles 1984 Games. But that was not to be. The most cherished dream of his life has now become a mirage. The boycott has cost him his dearest ambition.

The heavyweight champion denied emphatically that the time had come for him to retire. "I feel good and might have been able to win my fourth medal in Los Angeles," he says.

For Stevenson these Olympics presented a very special challenge. His detractors were of the opinion that at 33, with over 250 fights behind him, he had good reason to 'hang up his gloves' with honour.

"I was trying to become the first fighter to win four Olympic medals in amateur boxing," he declares.

This record would have overthrown that of the Hungarian Laszlo Papp, the Cuban giant gaining the added distinction of having won them all in the same category. Stevenson's followers, and there are a great many

of them both in and outside his country, were worried by his recent performances in the ring.

They thought he would have to work hard to rekindle their former faith in his powers.

Problems in training

While speaking of his training he recalls problems in sparring matches, especially since the retirement of his compatriot Angel Milian—the second Cuban superheavyweight—and difficulties in facing rivals, both foreign and Cuban, for more than two rounds, or "very young kids you can't hit hard"

Stevenson sees that these training problems, as well as his own tactical errors, were reflected in his defeats by the Italian Francesco Damiani and the Soviet Alexander Krupin.

"In the fight with Damiani I didn't feel at all well I was in good physical condition and technically well prepared, but that day I don't know what happened I felt bad, tense So I'd say that in that fight it wasn't Damiani who beat me, but me who began to do things wrong," he explained

"I know it's hard to explain and even harder to understand, but that's how it was"

Some people think there was a bit too much subjectivity towards his rival and altogether a certain amount of tourism in that European tour.

He admits that in the fight with Krupin during the last Cordova Cardin tournament in Santiago de Cuba in 1983, he felt better, though his preparation was not up to the standards he had achieved for the world championships in Munich, West Germany where he won his first Olympic heavyweight title in 1972.

Early on, in the fight against Krupin, Stevenson received a left swing to his right eye. "In fact, he stuck his left thumb in my eye. It was a chance blow, which lost me the control of the match. I couldn't keep sight of him any more, as he could keep his distance, constantly darting in and out"

On his fight with Craig Payne of the United States in Houston, he said, "What happened was what happens to any boxer when the judges make mistakes."

"Those judges were biased. Though the first round was roughly a draw, in the second he didn't touch me There were a lot of blows but it seems most of them were mine. When I went back to my corner my second, Alcides Sagarra, said that if I put in a few more blows the fight would be mine That's what I did"

"If you hit hard, act well tactically and technically, and have a good second round, you hope for the right decision from the judges," he comments

In fact, Stevenson was eliminated by Payne in a 2/3 decision It was only a few months since the US pugilist had lost [illegible] against another Cuban, Jorge Luis Gonzalez, during the eighth US-Cuban encounter in Havana

Not only the great champion but also seven other Cuban participants came out badly from the North and Central American and Caribbean (NORCECA) elimination tournament in Houston for the third team World Cup in Rome.

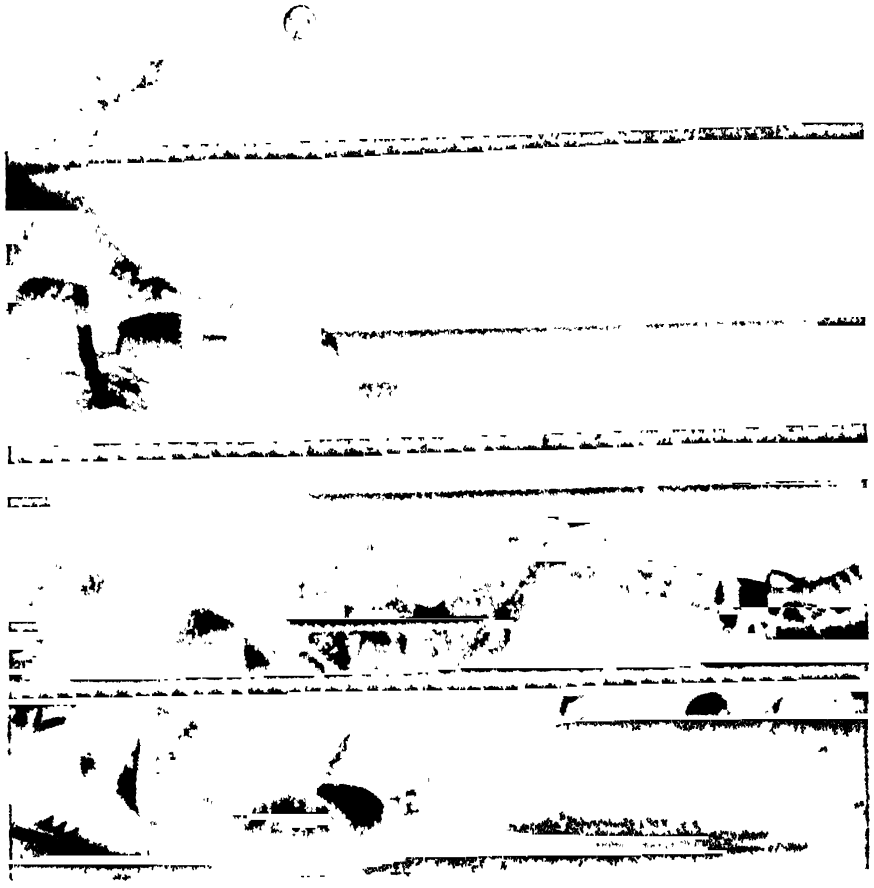
A few weeks later in the Italian capital, the NORCECA boxers won the team title with golds for four Cubans, survivors of the arbitration disaster in Houston.

These champions were the flyweight Pedro Orlando Reyes, the featherweight Jesus Sollet, the lightweight Ramon Goire and the welterweight Candelario Duvergel.

The six boxers from the US—among them Payne, who lost 1-4 against the superheavyweight Damiani—and two from Canada, didn't win a single title in this World Cup.

Stevenson makes a joking comparison in answer to suggestions that his rivals are catching up with him.

"How many fights have I won?", he asks. "One or two, and counting up victories against losses there's a big difference But who cares . in boxing if you lose a couple of times they say you're finished Sometimes a baseball player fails to bat twenty times or more, missing all the time, good players, and they don't say they're finished, but that they're in a slump If that happens to a boxer they tell him to retire



Stevenson in Munich '72. He pulverised Duane Bobick, the White Hope

I've always thought that all bad patches are hard to overcome and not everyone's going to be like me. Those are just the bad moments in a boxer's career, he added.

Stevenson doesn't feel that he has been pressurised or bored by his long years in boxing.

Life in most sports is exhausting only to the extent of training what enables you to win. It's the essential foundation. A victory is won in nine minutes of fighting, but it's forged in long hours of training, dedication and effort in the gym.

Idol

The triple Olympic champion says that he's never bothered to think about what it may feel like once he's ceased in the natural course of things to be the idol of the masses.

Maybe he hasn't yet understood that he'll always be the idol youth will try to imitate.

Again and since March 72 Stevenson has described Duane Bobick as the best boxer he's faced in the ring. The Bobick I fought against was an intelligent boxer, very tactical, skilful and strong.

When questioned about his greatest adversary over the last five years, the giant from Delicias in the former Cuban province of Oriente remains silent for a few minutes. But his answer is still the same: Bobick.



Third Gold in Moscow '80 Against Piotr Zaev, USSR

We remember that his score against the White Hope of US boxing in the 70s was one loss and one win, in that order. Against the Soviet Igor Visotski on the other hand, he's had two defeats without a single victory.

It was really incredible what happened with Visotski in both our fights.

Stevenson remembers that in the first in the Cordovi Cardin tournament in Santiago de Cuba in 1973 he felt ill and climbed into the ring under pressure from his friends. He had flu and fever.

Stevenson described the Los Angeles games as the most important event in the Olympic period now coming to an end, but stressed that he would not be retiring either before or after.

There have been criticisms of my recent performances. I think most are based on the views of a few people about particular points in my boxing career. They are respectable opinions, though I don't share them," he said.

Stevenson complains about the treatment he received at the hands of certain pressmen, whose ideas later appeared to be those of the fans.

Here we are talking to each other. You inquire about different questions and get my opinions and answers to your doubts. You've got material for an analysis. But unfortunately, it's not always like that. Some of them never even reach the gym.

Stevenson believes his punch still carries weight and that he's retained the qualities which took him to stardom. He didn't think that a triumph at Los Angeles would have silenced the critics, but he was more worried about what his hundreds of admirers might have thought.

He addressed these final words to them.

I had got plenty of motivation to try for my fourth gold medal at the Los Angeles 1984 Olympics. Every boxer prepares himself to win all his fights. This medal would have given a new dimension to my life. It was a very important goal.

This medal would certainly have brought him satisfaction, as a sportsman, as a man, as well as being yet another of his contributions to Cuba's sport and people, to his countless supporters and thousands of boxing fans the world over.

I believe he deserves at least, a vote of confidence, a breathing space.







Lively Emprey shocks them cold

THERE have been Derby days at Bangalore since the summer of 1962. A long kaleidoscope of Derbys, magic moments in the panorama of the Turf. Derbys to forget, Derbys to cherish, wet Derbys and dry Derbys. But the 1984 Bangalore Derby will long be remembered as the fairy-tale Derby, a sort of dream come true for the connections of a bonny colt named Lively Emprey.

The 26th running of the Bangalore Derby is only fifteen minutes away. Eight colts and four fillies are in the paddock and the jockeys have just mounted up. Soon they are traversing the short hack down to the starting gates. Many a horse has destroyed its chances on the way but surprisingly enough all the runners are cool and collected.

The usual throngs press against the rails at the start, and soon the horses are being stalled. For the second year running a filly is the favourite, and Eminence as she is called is enjoying the bulk of the support in the betting. Solitaire is next in demand along with Artaius, while the other fancied runners are at tens and twelves. Nobody appears to be paying any interest to Lively Emprey who is 50 to 1 and over. That too with his trainer openly tipping his horse as a good thing for this Classic. Meanwhile, the last horse is stalled and suddenly the big moment is at hand.

Under starter's orders and they're off. The tiny whine of the course commentator embraces a vague undercurrent of something that seems suspiciously like excitement a thin wedge of emotion in the hard slab of phlegmatic cheese.

There is a special magic about the opening seconds of any race. At that moment nobody's fate has been decided and everyone can hope. The rankest outsiders are in with a chance—25 to 1 Professor Stribeck. Fifty to 1 Lively Emprey, and even if one is prepared to stretch ones anagination far enough 100 to 1 Party Hit.

As the field settles down to a scorching pace on a track that is a bit on the soft side, Party Hit is close to last. The bookmakers assessment of his chances appear to be correct. Into the lead goes Prima Facie, just behind her is Solitaire. A few lengths off Solitaire is Lively Emprey. The favourite Eminence is far back at this stage, but then there is a long way to go.

The field straightens up after the first right handed turn and Prima Facie is playing her role of pacemaker right down to the tee. Solitaire appears to be going well enough in second place, but few people appear to be paying Lively Emprey any attention at all in third spot. They are more interested in looking for Eminence, Artaius, and Renowned, all of whom are nowhere near the helm of affairs at that juncture.

Past the mile and its downhill now and some of the colts are already beginning to resent the fall in the ground. Lively Emprey appears unruffled and is beautifully placed in third spot, just behind Prima Facie and Solitaire. But will he be able to keep up the almost suicidal gallop that the race is being run at?

Shroff on the favourite Eminence and Shinde on Artaius obviously do not think so and they are not in the least perturbed at being about twelve lengths off the leaders.

Rounding the turn and into the homestraight and Prima Facie finds the pressure beginning to tell. She begins to falter and a roar goes up from the crowd as the second favourite Solitaire comes up to challenge. But Solitaire has precious little left to offer and he flatters only to deceive. It's then that jockey Alan Mercer unleashes the power machine known as Lively Emprey.

The colt erupts into a pulsating burst of speed that looked close to impossible considering the pace at which they have been galloping for the last mile and a quarter. He makes the others look like casual dawdlers and devours the ground with each telling stride. Shroff brings Eminence up to challenge but it's all to no avail. Lively Emprey has still got something in reserve and he kicks clear to win by two lengths from Eminence who is wobbling in the closing stages. Artaius is third a short head the good of ar inspired Prima Facie who has run on to finish fourth.

The race has been like a dream come true for trainer Eddie Cracknel. Better known as a rider, Eddie had openly tipped his horse to win almost a fortnight before the Derby. For him this was his finest hour. The owner of the colt Mrs M B Medhora was unfortunately not in Bangalore to see this magnificent triumph, ill-health and old age keeping her away from a moment that will always be cherished in her mind.

The cheers are tumultuous. The masses as a whole may not have backed Lively Emprey, but they can recognize a champion when they see one. Jockey Alan Mercer sits back in the saddle, occasionally patting Emprey's neck. Trainer Eddie Cracknel has tears in his eyes as he comes forward to accept the Derby trophy.

He sums up the race admirably, "We were always going well and I felt that I had it won before the turn." For him, a man who has won close to every important race in India as a rider except the Bangalore Derby, this must surely have been his finest hour.

Of course, the minute a rank outsider comes out and wins a Classic, the world attributes the achievement to a variety of reasons. Sure enough, the first excuse that they came up with was that Eminence was badly ridden. The second one was that the going suited the winner a lot better than it did anyone else.

Well both these theories do hold water, yes, but the most important factor of all has been overlooked. The manner in which Lively Emprey won leaves little to no doubt at all as to his class. For a horse to have sat just off the pace in an exceptionally fast run race and then quickened in the last part means only one thing in my book and that is that Lively Emprey was every inch a deserving winner of the 1984 Bangalore Derby, because only a top class horse could have emulated him.

As I said at the time

Beginning this week, we carry edited extracts from **E.W.Swanton's** 'As I said at the time.' The book, published by Collins Willow and priced at £14.95, is a collection of his essays, profiles and letters.

Lloyd in his element

When Clive Lloyd has played his last innings and his place in cricket history comes to be assessed there is one verdict which no one surely will dispute: as a one-day cricketer he has been pre-eminent. When one thinks of the great finals at Lord's - of Gillette and of the Prudential World Cup-the picture that comes to mind is of Lloyd with lithe and sinister tread advancing to the crease; of one innings after another of lazy power; of his prowling menace in the covers, the swift pounce and the deadly throw; of his holding the Cup proudly aloft on the dais with the Duke of Edinburgh or another president of MCC beside him, smilingly applauding. Lloyd has led the West Indies to victory in the only two 'World Cups' played at the moment of writing, and by the time this is being read he could have made it a hat-trick. He has been on four Gillette-winning sides for Lancashire. The extract from my report of the final of 1972 against Warwickshire pictures one of his most commanding innings.

September 1972. If any man won a match for his side, Clive Lloyd did so for Lancashire. Coming in when they had lost both openers for 26 after 10 overs, he was forced by some very good Warwickshire out-cricket to begin with uncharacteristic restraint.

After eight more overs he had made only six, and though Pilling was finding the gaps more successfully, the target of 235 (never previously attained in a Gillette final) looked a mighty way off.

At this point Lloyd drove Brown with a rare crack past mid-on and pulled the next ball for six to square-leg. These strokes set him off, and from then onwards it seemed to matter little to him who bowled what.

With strokes of elemental power this large, lithe man-with contact lenses now replacing the spectacles which one often used to fear would be shaken off his nose by the violence of impact-hit the ball at a speed which on this fast outfield time and again made cutting off impossible.

There were the unusual number for Cup cricket of fourteen 4s in his 126, besides three 6s, and the whole sparkling performance lasted only 2½ hours or 42 overs. Whereas Lancashire needed to make almost exactly four an over, Lloyd scored three an over off his own bat.



E.W. Swanton. Colin Cowdrey said: "As a cricket-writer there can never be quite his like again."

The only qualifications one would ever presume to make as to his captaincy is that there have been not a few occasions when he might have been, and some when he certainly should have been, more assertive. When the ball had been flying round the ears of the England batsmen in a terrible way in the Old Trafford Test of 1976 it was pathetic to read the comment attributed to the captain to the effect that 'the boys' had got over excited. They might have had a charge of manslaughter on their hands. In New Zealand in 1980, after many unsavoury incidents, the West Indians, including a pathetically weak manager, packed their bags during the Second Test preparatory to flying home. They were dissuaded not by Lloyd but by some extremely forthright talk by telephone from the West Indies Board of Control.

In other words Lloyd has seen his province as leader as confined strictly to playing strategy and tactics. He leaves the umpire to apply the Laws without help from him. If this is contrary to the traditional concept whereby the captain considered himself responsible for the sportsmanship and behaviour of his side in all respects it must be added that others among his contemporaries act along similar lines; likewise no one would deny that many modern top-class cricketers are far more difficult to handle than in the past.

Finally, I would say not a word against Lloyd's personal attitude either on the field or off. He has never, in my experience, queried a decision, while in mufti he is the most genial and modest of men, with an easy philosophy of life

A few home truths

November 1973: I am far from being one of those who find no virtue in present-day cricket and cricketers whose pleasure in the game is wholly centred in times past. There was a glamour about the cricket between the wars, and of the decade following it, that is not clearly reflected in what

we see today. To the older generation there is no denying that, and I accept that the players of the 1970s may sometimes recoil automatically from being waffled at by old men about the good old days. To that extent I suppose I take a chance in appealing to them to listen to a few home truths. But let me accept the risk, and we will begin in the field.

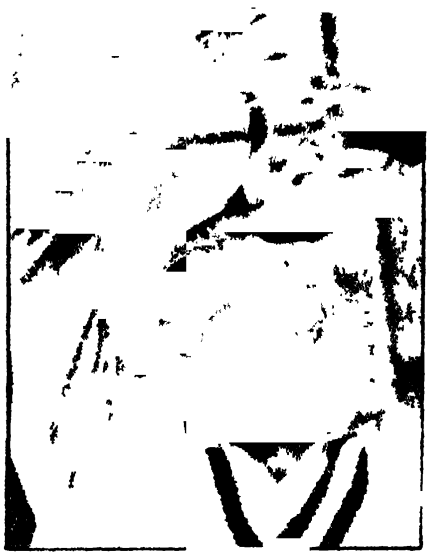
There's no doubt that the general level of fielding has improved during my time, and I don't mean only in county cricket Tighter competition has much to do with this, and, still more, the fact that at the higher levels at least the players are in their athletic prime When cricketers matured more quickly and went on playing far longer the spread of age in a county side might be from 18 to 50 now it's more likely to be between 24 and 36 The throwing today is marvellously good, and fielders are prepared to hurl themselves about to save four runs in a way that scarcely happened

Where I would dispute the superiority of today over yesterday is in the field-placing on which the moderns are apt to compliment themselves 'Look at the old pictures,' they say, 'and you'll find Tate bowling to two slips with Bradman 200. And there's Percy Chapman still at silly mid-off What could be more ridiculous?'

One might make in this case the special plea that in 1930 Bradman's phenomenal skill-and appetite for runs-had only just burst on a complacent world (That 254 at Lord's was the first of his *eight* double hundreds against England') But what was Tate's direction? What was he trying for? He was certainly bowling to hit, or just to miss, the off stump For the break back or occasional inswinger-which Maurice always claimed was an accident-long leg had to be sufficient There was no splitting of the field five four. Tate's wickets derived chiefly from his exceptional lift off the pitch and late out-swing. his victims were mostly bowled or caught behind or in the slips or gully

There are fewer slow bowlers today, more's the pity, and of those there are not many use the air But Bishen Bedi is a glorious exception If anyone now playing is inclined to be thinking that Rhodes would not be much of a problem today-and such blasphemous thoughts are not beyond some of them-let me just write down once more Bedi's figures in the five Test matches in India last winter overs 372.5, maidens 134, runs 632, wickets 25, average 25.28. In style and technique Bedi is a direct descendant of the archetypal, classical left-armer, Wilfred Rhodes. He and that other great spinner of contrasting technique, Chandrasekhar, beat England almost single-handed.

Instant cricket, of course, has not helped the cause of the slow bowler, but neither have the foolish drawing-in of boundary ropes or the prevalence of circular equidistant field-placing, the 'science' in which is beyond me. But there are perhaps signs, faint as yet, of the arts of the spinner being recognized once more Essex had a highly reputable season, and more than half their bowling was done by



"In style and technique Bedi is a direct descendant of the archetypal, classical left-armer, Wilfred Rhodes."

the spinners, East, Acfield, and Hobbs Only four sides had more than their 72 bonus points for bowling One of the most satisfying exchanges of the summer for me was the Gillette semi-final at Lord's wherein in mid-innings Titmus and Edmonds, the old fox and the young hopeful, bowled 24 overs against Sussex for a return of 3 for 38. 'So much,' wrote that hopeless reactionary, the cricket correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, 'for the piffle that you cannot "afford" slow bowling in one-day cricket "

I have devoted most of this article to the out-cricket because batting is apt to be fettered by the field-tactics employed, and only the very best players and, alas, those mostly from abroad can now regularly dominate with the bat. But in part at least our county batsmen have contributed to their own relative eclipse, and I blame their coaches for what can only be insufficient emphasis on first principles The bowler sees all too little of the blade of the bat because of the prevalent habit of 'working' the ball to the on side There is so much playing across the line of the ball instead of hitting through it, with the sweep stroke the great besetting sin. It's fair enough to hit to long-leg with horizontal bat the ball that pitches outside the leg stump. Indeed unless it is pitched right up there may be nowhere else to hit it. But much is swept which pitches on the stumps, or even outside the off stump, that could be much more safely driven or even played with a vertical bat off the back foot.

As I say, the art of batsmanship in English cricket especially is apt to be frustrated today by the concentration on keeping the batting side quiet and waiting for them to make the mistakes. The game today has many points of merit I would only suggest that if captains and coaches turned their sophisticated minds into more aggressive channels it would be an even greater pleasure both to play and to watch

The Cricketer

G. H. Hirst (1871-1954)

STORIES cluster round a man held in wide affection The one of his comment to Wilfred Rhodes as the latter joined him for the last wicket in the famous Jessop Test against Australia at the Oval in 1902. 'We'll get 'em in singles' is plainly apocryphal. A Yorkshireman, if he made any such remark, would have said that they'd get 'em in 'ones.' But the idea of grafting for victory without heroics is, of course, completely in character. No better or more generous cricket writing has seen the light of day for a long time than which was occasioned by the death of George Hirst. The excellence of the subject brought the best out of his biographers. Among the letters called forth by the obituary that appeared on this page was one of, I think, special interest I pondered on, what, if anything, was actually said when Rhodes joined Hirst for the last wicket against Australia at the Oval in 1902, England then needing 15 runs to win; and I doubted the authenticity of the oft-quoted phrase from Hirst. 'We'll get 'em in singles.'

From Battle, Sussex, in handwriting firm and steady, comes this fascinating evidence: 'George Hirst came towards the Pavilion to meet him and encourage him, and I was at the gate. What he said was "one at a time Wilfred, we'll get 'em." They did! And I can hear his broad Yorkshire words still!

W. Rhodes (1877—1973)

IF, as has been said, Mailey bowled like a millionaire and Grimmett like a miser, Rhodes was the hard-headed financier, ready to buy his wickets but never at an extravagant price. And how often, in those far-off days of handsome driving, was the price a four or two from inviting half-volleys and then 'caught Denton bowled Rhodes' at straight long-off? 'Where is his field?' he was wont to ask a slow bowler when in the later years of his blindness he would sit 'listening-in' at some great match; and when he heard that there was no man out, he would murmur 'He's bowling bad.'



"...in the later years of his blindness he would sit 'listening-in' at some great match; and when he heard that there was no man out, he would murmur 'He's bowling bad.'

On his retirement in 1929, Rhodes went as coach to Harrow School but whereas Hirst was such a success at Eton, Rhodes found it more difficult to convey his talents to schoolboys. He left Harrow in 1936, and after the War his eyesight deteriorated.

Sir Neville Cardus, CBE (1889-1975)

LET ME attempt to take readers in spirit to the memorial service to Sir Neville Cardus. The occasion, at St Paul's, Covent Garden—a church long associated with the arts—reflected in its complete originality both the genius of the man and a philosophical stance which had advanced significantly from the atheism of his youth.

John Hester, priest-in-charge of St Paul's and rector of St Anne's, Soho, in his brief introduction to the service, quoted Cardus as subscribing to the adjuration of Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, to the young Margot Asquith: 'You must believe in God, my dear, despite what the clergy tell you.' After this there was little but the Cross and candles, and the white light over the aumbry to remind us that we were in church. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by James Laughran of the Halle, gave us Elgar's 'Serenade for Strings', and movements from two concertos by Mozart, these interspersed by Alan Gibson's address and readings by Dame Flora Robson, Wendy Hiller, and David Gray, of *The Guardian*.

Poor Mr Gibson got off to an unlucky start, for when it seemed the conductor had declared his first innings and the speaker accordingly mounted the pulpit the music suddenly burst out again, and he had to return to the dressing-room. However, it takes more than this to put Mr Gibson off his stride, and he was soon pencilling in with subtle strokes an affectionate portrait of the essential Cardus. He spoke as one of many brought to an appreciation of the game by his subject, in his case by *Good Days* with its immortal passage on Emmott Robinson, for Neville the incarnation of Yorkshire:

> Robinson seemed to be made out of the stuff of Yorkshire county; I imagine that the Lord one day gathered together a heap of Yorkshire clay and breathed into it and said, 'Emmott Robinson, go on and bowl at the pavilion end for Yorkshire.' He looked the old soldier, with his lined face and fine grey hairs. He shambled about the field with his trousers loose. You were getting ready to see them fall down altogether when he would remember them in time.



Sir Neville Cardus. "...He's probably busy just now, arguing with Bernard Shaw."

Alan Gibson wearing his Oxford hood ought to be on permanent call for occasions such as this. He suggested that William Blake's lines might express Cardus's philosophy as personified in his writing: 'Man was made for Joy and Woe; And when this we rightly know, Thro' the world we safely go, Joy and Woe are woven fine, A clothing for the soul divine.' He wasn't sure that Cardus would agree with Blake, 'but anyway he's probably busy just now, arguing with Bernard Shaw'.

The Cricketer

K.S. Duleepsinhji (1905—59)

K.S. DULEEPSINHJI, who, after a life sadly marred by illness, died in India of a heart attack at the age of 54, was a great cricketer, one of the most gifted, as well as most graceful, who ever played for England. Considering that his health allowed him only seven full seasons, his achievements are memorable enough. But news of his death aroused a pang as well as a distant echo, both among those who played with him and those who watched him play. When the old heroes are talked about and his name is mentioned people say 'Ah, Duleep!'—and the pause tells of affection as well as respect, for he was a most modest, gentle person. As with his legendary uncle 'Ranji' one almost recalls the charm of his character before his merits as a cricketer.

The 173 against Australia in the classic Lord's Test of 1930 was the peak of his achievement. Holding the innings together, he yet scored his runs in four hours and three-quarters. An element of tactical indecision may have helped his end. When he was caught at long-off off Grimmett at quarter past six, and his uncle, the Jam Saheb, was remarking 'the boy was always careless', A.C. MacLaren, an oracle of awesome resonance, was deploring Percy Chapman's criminal folly in not having declared already. The truth was no one then knew quite how to wage a four-day Test. Bradman was soon to show them.

In this innings against Grimmett at his best, and in many others, 'Duleep' showed himself the complete artist.

He had all the strokes, but as with an earlier aristocrat of the crease, William Beldham, his special glory was the cut. He was lissom and keen of eye but he did not presume upon his gifts to flaunt the book. He, if anyone, put a bloom on the orthodox. And what a bloom! One day he was cutting McDonald to smithereens at Old Trafford, the next, silk shirt a-flutter, he was dancing out to Freeman at Hastings and reducing that tormentor of the slow-footed to utter impotence.

Freeman! I only heard once of 'Duleep' getting angry, and Tich Freeman was the sufferer. In dry weather Sussex got caught on a most suspiciously wet wicket at Maidstone and were promptly spun to destruction.' 'Duleep' said ominously: 'Wait till they come to Hastings.' Kent came and he murdered them to the tune of 115 in the first innings and 246 in the second. In these innings he scored at more than 70 an hour off his own bat, and gave in all two hard chances. Once, against Northampton, on the first day of the season at Hove he made 333, and was out by six o'clock. No wonder he swiftly became, and still is, a legend in Sussex.

In mid-August 1932 Sussex and Yorkshire were fighting out the Championship toe to toe. At Taunton against Somerset, 'Duleep's' 90 won the match. It was his last innings. His illness had returned, Sussex lost their leader, and MCC had to find a replacement to send with D.R. Jardine's team to Australia.

But that rancorous tour, in retrospect anyway, 'Duleep' would have been thankful to miss. Cricket to him was not that sort of game.

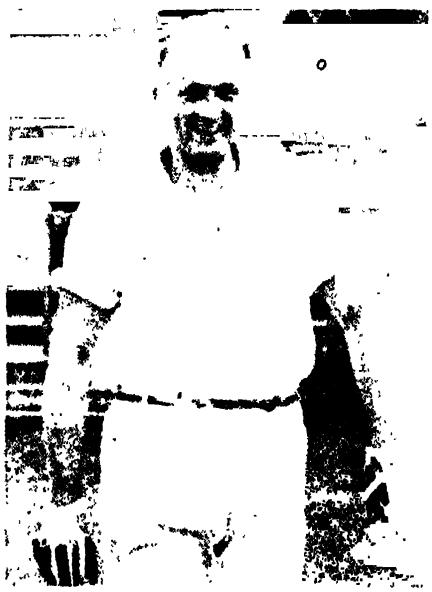
R. C. Robertson Glasgow (1901-65)

THE TRAGIC key to Crusoe's life was the acute mental depression that plagued him in black, inevitable cycles, alternating with the moods of exaltation and mental brilliance when all his best work was done, and when he was the most scintillating company in the world. This half of him was all that most were permitted to see, and it is by this that he will be remembered. Crusoe batting, arms crossed, with a surf-board on the sands at Jersey, Crusoe going in No. II to save the match for Somerset at Fenner's, entering the field from the press-box at square-leg where he had been shaping his light report for the *Morning Post*, and being stumped by a mile: above all perhaps, Crusoe on many a summer's evening among the tankards at Vincent's holding forth with a spontaneity wonderfully diverse on any subject under the sun. 'Here's Crusoe,' everyone would say wherever cricketers gathered, 'now for some fun!' He never disappointed, but few knew at what cost. He, like Harry Altham in a rather different way, was very much the victim of his friends.
The Cricketer

F. E. Woolley (1887-1978)

Frank Edward Woolley, who died in Halifax, Nova Scotia, aged 91, was one of the great cricketers of history and in particular the pride of Kent. He was as graceful a batsman as ever donned pads. The beauty of his play was despite a quite apparent stiffness of limb and gait. As with Denis Compton, one tended not to notice a certain awkwardness of movement in the joyous contemplation of the stroke. Familiarity and affection bred a blindness to such detail. If Woolley, coldly analysed, was hardly a graceful figure, he was a supremely rhythmic, stylish, debonair striker of a cricket ball.

The late R. C. Robertson-Glasgow began his *Print of Frank Woolley*, in that delightful series of his, by saying that 'he was easy to watch, difficult to bowl to, and impossible to write about.'



R.C. Robertson Glasgow. "...very much the victim of his friends."

Bradman on one leg

December 1946. My colleague, Leonard Crawley, once asked Don Bradman to what he attributed the fact that when other great batsmen made a hundred he almost invariably scored two hundred.

The 18-year-old Don replied humorously: 'To my superb footwork, sir.' Whether he meant it to be taken seriously or not, it happens to be true. I wrote of his great innings here at Sydney, when a strained muscle kept him immobile in the early stages, that Bradman looked more formidable on one leg than anyone else on two.

Peterborough

"One day he (Duleep) was cutting McDonald to smithereens at Old Trafford, the next, silk shirt a-flutter, he was dancing out to Freeman at Hastings"



Viewers' views

July 1955. The end of an exciting day during the Test match, had delayed my getting baby to bed. She was expressing her disapproval of being bathed, as I listened to E. W. Swanton giving his summary of the day's play. Imagine my surprise when he stopped and, looking straight at the baby, said: 'Will you be quiet there at the front?' I think she was as surprised as I was, she looked at the screen and suddenly stopped crying.

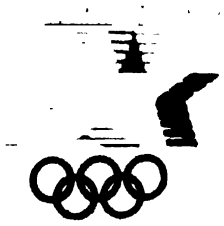
(Mrs) E. Byron, Silverdale, Lancs.

An uncanny dream of W.G.

I was anxious in 1967 to obtain some first-hand reminiscence from men who had played with W.G., and wrote, among others, to Henry Grierson, the illustrious founder of the Forty Club. This was his reply:

I fear I never played with W.G. When I was in the front line in Flanders in October 1915 I had a dream about him. The only one I had in that hellish place. We came out of the line for rest four days later and, on getting a paper, I found that he had died on the night I dreamed about him! This may assist you, I hope.

GET READY TO FILL-IN THE BLANKS



1980 Olympics	1984 Olympics
Track and Field Events (Men)	
100 Meters	
●: A. Wells (G. B.) 10.25 secs	
▶: S. Leonard (Cuba) 10.25 secs	
■: P. Petrov (Bulgaria) 10.39 secs	
200 Meters	
●: P. Mennea (Italy) 20.19 secs	
▶: A. Wells (G. B.) 20.21 secs	
■: D. Quarrie (Jamaica) 20.29 secs	
400 Meters	
●: V. Markins (USSR) 44.84 secs	
▶: R. Mitchell (Australia) 44.84 secs	
■: F. Schaffer (GDR) 44.87 secs	
800 Meters	
●: S. Ovett (G. B.) 1:45.4	
▶: S. Coe (G.B.) 1:45.9	
■: N. Kirov (USSR) 1:46.0	
1500 Meters	
●: S. Coe (G. B.) 3:38.4	
▶: J. Straub (GDR) 3:38.8	
■: S. Ovett (G. B.) 3:39.0	
Marathon	
●: W. Cierpinski (GDR) 2h 11:03	
▶: G. Nijboer (Holland) 2h 11:20	
■: S. Dzhumanazarov (USSR) 2h 11:35	
110 Meters Hurdles	
●: T. Munkelt (GDR) 13.39	
▶: A. Casanas (Cuba) 13.40	
■: A. Puchkov (USSR) 13.44	
High Jump	
●: G. Wessig (GDR) (2.36m)*	
▶: J. Wazola (Poland) (2.31m)	
■: J. Freimuth (GDR) (2.31m)	
Pole Vault	
●: W. Kozakiewicz (Poland) (5.78m)*	
▶: K. Volkov (USSR) (5.65m)	
■: T. Slusarski (Poland) (5.65m)	
Long Jump or Broad Jump	
●: L. Dombrowski (GDR) (8.54m)	
▶: F. Paschek (GDR) (8.21m)	
■: V. Podluzhnyi (USSR) (8.18m)	
Triple Jump-Hop, Step and Jump	
●: J. Vudmae (USSR) (17.35m)	
▶: V. Saneyev (USSR) (17.24m)	
■: J. de Oliveira (Brazil) (17.22m)	
Discus Throw	
●: V. Rasshchupkin (USSR) (66.64m)	
▶: I. Bugar (TCH) (66.38m)	
■: L. Delis (Cuba) (66.32m)	
Shot Put	
●: V. Kiselyov (USSR) (21.35m)*	
▶: A. Baryshnikov (USSR) (21.08m)	
■: U. Beyer (GDR) (21.06m)	
Hammer Throw	
●: Y. Sedykh (USSR) (81.80m)	
▶: S. Litvinov (USSR) (80.64m)	
■: Y. Tamm (USSR) (78.96m)	
Javelin Throw	
●: D. Kula (USSR) (91.20m)	
▶: A. Makarov (USSR) (89.64m)	
■: W. Hanisch (GDR) (86.72m)	
Decathlon	
●: D. Thompson (G. B.) 8495 Points	
▶: Y. Kutsenko (USSR) 8331 Points	
■: S. Zhelanov (USSR) 8135 Points.	

1980 Olympics	1984 Olympics
Track and Field Events (Women)	
100 Meters	
●: L. Kondrateva (USSR) 11.06	
▶: M. Gohr (GDR) 11.07	
■: I. Auerswald (GDR) 11.14	
200 Meters	
●: B. Wockel (GDR) 22.03 *	
▶: N. Bochina (USSR) 22.19	
■: M. Ottey (Jamaica) 22.20	
400 Meters	
●: M. Koch (GDR) 48.88 *	
▶: J. Kratochvilova (TCH.) 49.46	
■: C. Lathan (GDR) 49.66	
800 Meters	
●: N. Olizarenko (USSR) 1:53.5*	
▶: O. Mineyeva (USSR) 1.54.9	
■: T. Providokhina (USSR) 1:55.5	
1500 Meters	
●: T. Kazankina (USSR) 3:56 6 *	
▶: C. Wartenberg (GDR) 3:57.8	
■: N. Olizarenko (USSR) 3:59.6	
100 Meters Hurdles	
●: V. Komisova (USSR) 12.56*	
▶: J. Klier (GDR) 12.63	
■: L. Lenger (Poland) 12.65	
High Jump	
●: S. Simeoni (Italy) (1.97m)*	
▶: U. Kielan (Poland) (1.94m)	
■: J. Kirst (GDR) (1.94m)	
Long Jump	
●: T. Kolpakova (USSR) (7.06m)*	
▶: B. Wujak (GDR) (7 04m)	
■: T. Skachko (USSR) (7.01m)	
Shot Put	
●: I. Slupianek (GDR) (22.41m)*	
▶: S. Krachevskaya (USSR) (21.42m)	
■: M. Pufe (GDR) (21.20m)	
Discus Throw	
●: E. Jahl (GDR) (69.96m)*	
▶: M. Petkova (Bulgaria) (67.90m)	
■: T. Lesovaya (USSR) (67.40m)	
Javelin Throw	
●: M. Colon (Cuba) (68.40m)*	
▶: S. Gunba (USSR) (67.76m)	
■: U. Hommola (GDR) (66.56m)	
Pentathlon	
●: N. Tkachenko (USSR) 5083 points*	
▶: O. Rukavishnikova (USSR) 4937 points	
■: O. Kuragina (USSR) 4875 points	
Boxing	
Light Flyweight	
●: S. Sabyrov (USSR)	
▶: Hipolito (Cuba)	
■: B. Uk Li (P.R.K.)	
■: I. Moustafov (Bulgaria)	
Middle Weight	
●: J. Gomez (Cuba)	
▶: V. Savchenko (USSR)	
■: J. Rybicki (Poland)	
■: V. Silaghi (Rumania)	
Heavy Weight	
●: T. Stevenson (Cuba)	
▶: P. Zaev (USSR)	
■: I. Leval (Hungary)	
■: J. Fanghanel (GDR)	

● Gold ▶ Silver ■ Bronze
* Olympic record

TCH: Czechoslovakia
PRK: Peoples Republic of Korea

Data, Courtesy: SPORTS DIGEST (Hyderabad)

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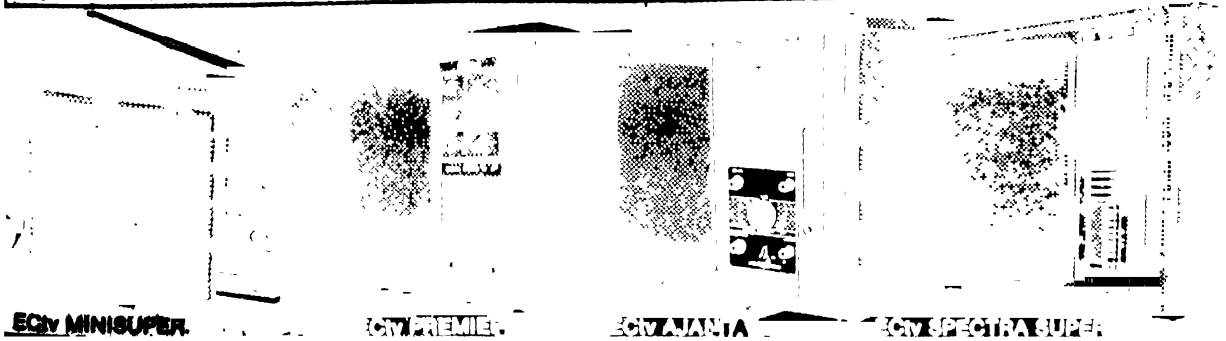
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1980 Olympics	1984 Olympics
Wrestling (Free Style-Light Fly Weight)	
●: C. Pollio (Italy)	
▶: S. H. Jang (P.R.K.)	
■: S. Kornilaev (USSR)	
Free Style-Middle Weight	
●: I. Abilov (Bulgaria)	
▶: M. Aratsilov (USSR)	
■: O. Koracs (Hungary)	
Free Style-Heavy Weight	
●: I. Mate (USSR)	
▶: S. Tchervenkov (Bulgaria)	
■: J. Strnisko (TCH)	
Hockey (Men)	
●: India	
▶: Spain	
■: USSR	
Basketball (Men)	
●: Yugoslavia	
▶: Italy	
■: USSR	
Volleyball (Men)	
●: USSR	
▶: Bulgaria	
■: Rumania	
Archery (Men's Double F.I.T.A. Round)	
●: T. Poikolainen (Finland) 2455 points	
▶: B. Isachenko (USSR) 2452 points	
■: G. Ferrari (Italy) 2449 points	
Archery (Women's Double F.I.T.A Round)	
●: K. Losaberidze (USSR) 2491 points	
▶: N. Butozora (USSR) 2477 points	
■: P. Meriluoto (Finland) 2449 points	
Cycling (4000 mts Team Pursuit)	
●: USSR	
▶: East Germany	
■: Czechoslovakia	
Shooting (Rapid Fire Pistol)	
●: C. Ion (Rumania) 596 points	
▶: J. Wiefel (GDR) 596 points	
■: G. Petritsch (GDR) 596 points	
Small Bore Rifle (Three positions: Prone, Kneeling, Standing)	
●: V. Vlasov (USSR) 1,173 points	
▶: B. Hortstein (GDR) 1,166 points	
■: S. Johansson (Sweden) 1,165 points	
Trap Shooting	
●: L. Giovannetti (Italy) 196 points	
▶: R. Yambulatov (USSR) 196 points	
■: J. Damme (GDR) 196 points	
Weight Lifting (Heavy Weight)	
●: L. Taranenko (USSR) 422.5 Kgs	
▶: V. Khristov (Bulgaria) 405 Kgs	
■: G. Szlai (Hungary) 380 Kgs	
Swimming (Men) (100 Mts Free Style)	
●: J. Woithe (GDR)	
▶: P. Holmertz (Sweden)	
■: P. Johansson (Sweden)	
100 Mts Back Stroke	
●: B. Baron (Sweden)	

1980 Olympics	1984 Olympics
▶: V. Kuznetsov (USSR)	
■: V. Dolgov (USSR)	
100 Mts Breast Stroke	
●: D. Goodhew (G. B.)	
▶: A. Miskarov (USSR)	
■: P. Evans (Australia)	
100 Mts Butterfly	
●: Arridsson (Sweden)	
▶: R. Pyttel (GDR)	
■: D. Lopez (Spain)	
Swimming (Women) (100 Mts Free Style)	
●: B. Krause (GDR)	
▶: C. Metschuck (GDR)	
■: I. Diers (GDR)	
100 Mts Back Stroke	
●: R. Reinisch (GDR)	
▶: I. Kleber (GDR)	
■: P. Reidel (GDR)	
100 Mts Breast Stroke	
●: U. Geweniger (GDR)	
▶: E. Vasilkova (USSR)	
■: S. Nellason (Denmark)	
100 Mts Butterfly	
●: C. Metschuck (GDR)	
▶: A. Pollack (GDR)	
■: C. Knacke (GDR)	
Gymnastics Individual (Men) (Floor Competition)	
●: R. Bruckner (GDR)	
▶: N. Andrianov (USSR)	
■: A. Ditiatin (USSR)	
Rings	
●: A. Ditiatin (USSR)	
▶: A. Tkachyov (USSR)	
■: J. Tabak (TCH)	
[illegible]	
●: A. Tkachyov (USSR)	
▶: A. Ditiatin (USSR)	
■: R. Bruckner (GDR)	
Individual (Women) (Asymmetrical Bars)	
●: M. Gnauck (GDR)	
▶: E. Eberle (Rumania)	
■: S. Kraker (Hungary)	
M. Ruhn (Rumania)	
M. Filatova (USSR)	
Balance Beam	
●: N. Comaneci (Rumania)	
▶: Y. Davydova (USSR)	
■: N. Shaposhnikova (USSR)	
Floor Exercise	
●: N. Kim (USSR)	
●: N. Comaneci (Rumania)	
■: N. Shaposhnikova (USSR)	
■: M. Gnauck (GDR)	
Team Competition (Men)	
●: USSR 589.60 points	
▶: GDR 581.15 points	
■: Hungary 575.00 points	
Team Competition (Women)	
●: USSR 394.90 points	
▶: Rumania 393.50 points	
■: GDR 392.55 points	



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Mohun Bagan retrieve honour

Suprakash Ghoshal

IT was time for them to retaliate. The humiliation at the Nagjee Trophy, or even worse the insult of their coach at Tiruchirapalli when they were ousted from the prestigious Federation Cup, had been tormenting them for a long time. For they came as a shock that shattered their confidence just when they were feeling right on top of the world, having profited richly from the transfer market when the curtain went up on the 1984 soccer season.

Immediately, they were labelled as the best team with rivals Mohammedan Sporting and East Bengal occupying the second and third spots, respectively.

But that honour was short-lived and the story thereafter has been a sad one for every Mohun Bagan supporter; they waited for one last opportunity to salvage what they had lost in the past few months. That occasion came on July 21, when the Eden Gardens became a vast cauldron of simmering adrenalin.

Despite those debacles down south, the run of events, however, were considerably favourable for Mohun Bagan in the Calcutta league before this crucial prestige fight. They were way ahead of their two chief rivals on the league table, both of them conceding several points to their unfancied opponents. Mohun Bagan had maintained a clean slate and that, perhaps, was their only source of confidence. And, of course, there was that fierce determination to avenge the humiliation.

Therefore, the mood in the Mohun Bagan camp was aggressive, an index to which was the fact that Subrata Bhattacharya, still the keyman in the Mohun Bagan defence, took the field, despite a serious head injury.

There is hardly any follower of the game who does not know that it is in the air that Subrata excels any other defender in the country at the moment. And that means a lot of head work. But Subrata showed great courage to shoulder the responsibility of the chief sentry in the Mohun Bagan defence. And he performed his duties in his own characteristic style.

In the initial stages, however, East Bengal seemed poised to call the tune. They stormed their opponents' defence in rapid succession, as is the style in such crucial encounters. But Mohun Bagan neutralised the threat soon, by gaining control over the pace of the game. They slowed down and gradually the action shifted to the East



Strange! The East Bengal defender Monoranjan Bhattacharya (centre) seems to be ducking to allow Krishanu Dey of Mohun Bagan (right) to send a header to a colleague (not in pic)

Bengal territory.

That was the beginning of a harrowing time for the East Bengal defence, comprising men like Monoranjan Bhattacharya, Tarun Dey, Alok Mukherjee and later on Sudip Chatterjee.

That was a star-studded line-up. Isn't it? But they hardly rose to the level they were expected to. In fact, the entire East Bengal defence was somewhat disorganised and the Mohun Bagan frontliners had only themselves to blame for failing to bring about East Bengal's downfall much before they actually did late in the second half.

Equally disappointing was the performance of the East Bengal frontliners, their chief man Biswajit Bhattacharya proving to be a shadow of himself, for reasons difficult to figure out. When his job was to cut quick inroads into the Mohun Bagan deep defence, his activities were confined mainly to the midfield region.

On the other hand, the Mohun Bagan attackers worked in perfect synchronization, with Bikash Panji being the livewire linking the halfline and the forward. Young and dynamic Bikash played what may be one of the most memorable performances of his career. He made as much contribution in his team's attacks as in the defence. A modern footballer in the truest sense of the term.

The man who was to steal the show in that department, however, was Prasanta Banerjee. This was a very crucial match for him as he was suffering from poor form since virtually the beginning of the season.

People did not mind it. But a Mohun Bagan-East Bengal encounter is a different matter altogether. It brookes no failure. And Prasanta Banerjee must have been a very worried man when he entered the Eden Gardens to the deafening roar of his fans.

But fortune did not desert him. Certainly, he could not produce his usual game, but there can be no two opinions that he played a positive role in Mohun Bagan's efforts to retrieve their lost honour.

About the man who got Mohun Bagan the coveted match-winner, Babu Mani is fast developing into a fine ballplayer. He has a streak of opportunism in him also, coupled with a gift for fast dribbling and these were the qualities that helped him become the darling of the crowds at the Eden—an unforgettable experience for any footballer.



JAYANTA SETT

PK, the Mohun Bagan coach,consoling the defeated East Bengal players

Off the field, the match sparked off a rather disquieting controversy in the camp of the vanquished. A controversy that threatened to rake up a scandal. Some important men of East Bengal attributed their defeat to sabotage done by a group of players whose intention they said had been to embarrass the present authority of the club who have come into power only recently. They alleged that some of these players were acting at the behest of the former general secretary Mr. Nishith Ghosh and were deliberately wrecking the team spirit by various means prior to this battle royal.

And worst of all, they singled out a key East Bengal defender and alleged that he had been deliberately allowing the Mohun Bagan attackers to make easy inroads into their territory.

The charges were by and large unsubstantiated. But by now Calcutta football has become notorious enough to make one credulous to such charges of corruption.

Moreover it is extremely rarely that such charges of sabotage has been levelled against the players of a big club. A thorough investigation is called for without delay.

The World Cup comes to Asia

India's Cup of joy

Ashis Ray reports the developments

IN roughly three-and-a-quarter years from now, India and Pakistan will stage their first World Cup cricket competition, and indeed the only one as yet proposed outside England with the former as the principal hosts. It is a responsibility which should not be taken lightly, for the Test and County Cricket Board in England have on the past three occasions set a pretty high standard in terms of efficiency and organisational ability, which ought not to be ignored.

It is a pity that what is best finished within a day (not that the English weather always permits this) will, perforce, become a two to one-and-a-half day encounter as far as deciding the limited-overs matches, especially in Eastern India because of the inadequate daylight hours. But this anomaly apart, there is compulsion and scope to make every other aspect of the tournament in 1987 a resounding success.

However, until the eve of last month's International Cricket Conference meeting there appeared little cause to ruminate in these happy circumstances. The TCCB, it seemed, had sewn up the retention of the honour of staging the next tourney as well, what with Texaco, the current sponsors of one-day internationals in England, agreeing to underwrite the shortfall, and the new Board officials in Pakistan being unsure about endorsing an initiative basically taken by the ousted president, Air Marshal Nur Khan.

Indeed, Binatone, the Indian-owned electronics firm in Britain, who last year were the first to come forward with an offer to sponsor the Indian bid, had withdrawn because Pakistan, where they have no business interests and where publicity would, in their eyes, be a wasteful expenditure, figured in India's scheme of things.

But if not anybody else, the president of the Indian Cricket Board, N.K.P. Salve, arrived in London with the unwavering determination to take the hospitality insofar as the '87 World Cup back to the subcontinent. He met Pakistani officials on 16 July '84 to apply the final touches to the joint proposal, but otherwise maintained a low profile before attending the ICC meeting at Lord's on 17 and 18 July.

Thus, when India and Pakistan submitted their offer, the full and associate members present at the ICC deliberations were somewhat taken by surprise, some pleasantly, others not exactly so. But quite unmistakably, the Indo-Pak bid improved on England's proposal in every respect as far as finances were concerned. Indeed, as the secretary of the ICC, Jack Bailey put it on the 18th morning (the official announcement had been strangely delayed by some 18 hours): "It was an offer we could not refuse."

All the same, the two proposals were put to vote, and from it emerged a 17-13 verdict in South Asia's favour with two abstentions. According to the ICC constitution, full members have two votes apiece and associate members one each. It is reliably understood that the West Indies and Sri Lanka sided with India and Pakistan, while Australia, particularly hostile towards the Indo-Pak endeavour, and New Zealand threw in their lot with England. Regrettably, in fact, the issue invoked a great schism on colour lines, perhaps, the only instance of any significance in the history of the ICC.

Indeed, the wrangling is said to have reached such levels that Mr. Salve was, reportedly, asked to provide a bank guarantee to back up the rather attractive fiscal terms he offered. To this, it is gathered, the Indian Board president angrily responded: "If the TCCB has never been asked to provide a bank guarantee, why are we being asked to do so now?" With that the argument ceased, but any country desirous of staging a World Cup in future would be expected to produce a banker's undertaking supporting its proposals.

Thus, the World Cup moves now to India and Pakistan in the spirit of the sentiments generally expressed at the ICC meeting, that this is not England's Cup but the World Cup. Of the 24 matches at stake, 16 will be held in India and the rest in Pakistan. One semi-final each will go to the two countries, with the final in India. The

A Comparitive statement

Guarantee money to full members:
England's offer: Rs 53,900 plus inflation
Indo-Pak offer: Rs 75,000

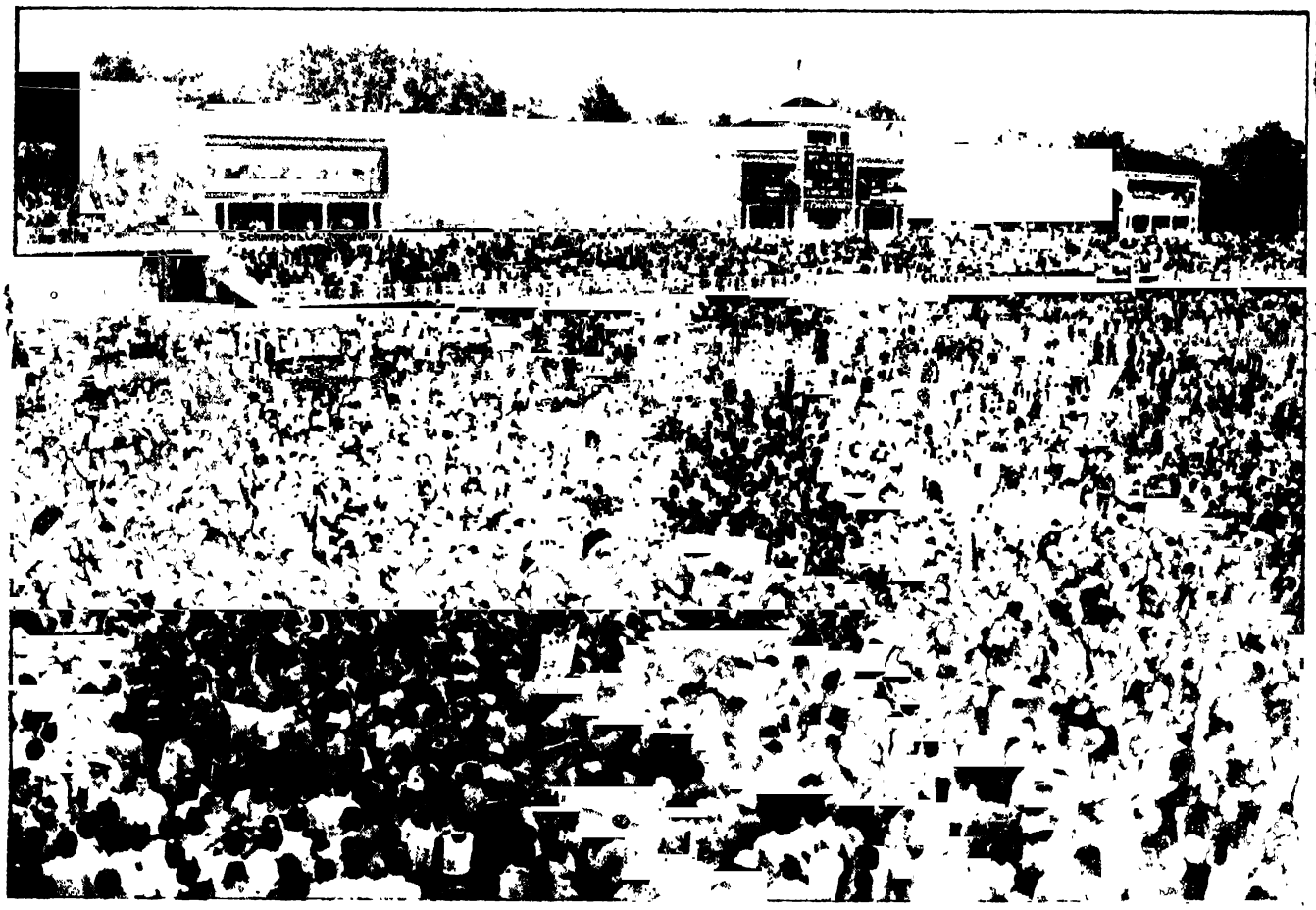
Guarantee money for the qualifying member:
England's offer: Rs 30,200 plus inflation
Indo-Pak offer: Rs 50,000

Total guarantee money to associate members:
England's offer: Rs 2,10,000 plus inflation
Indo-Pak offer: Rs 3,60,000 or Rs 20,000 each

Fees for holding the tournament:
England's demand: Rs 3,00,000 plus inflation
Indo-Pak: No demand.

Prize money:
England's offer: Winner Rs 20,000, losing finalist Rs 8,000, losing semi-finalist Rs 4,000, winner of each group Rs 1,000
Indo-Pak offer:
Winner Rs 30,000, losing finalist Rs 12,000, losing semi-finalist Rs 6,000, winner of each group Rs 1,500.

Nature of management committee:
England: Managed by the TCCB
Indo-Pak management committee to be appointed by the ICC, which will include members of the International Cricket Conference.



Patrick Eagar

"A World Cup in India will arguably be different from the same event in England. Back home the Prime Minister and all her men will, undoubtedly, take a lot more interest in the organisation..." Lord's (above) after the 1983 final. Next time where will the final be played? Delhi? Calcutta? Or Bombay?

ICC Trophy matches—which will throw up one qualifier for the World Cup proper—will, however, still be staged in England in 1986.

A World Cup in India will arguably be different from the same event in England. Back home the Prime Minister and all her men will, undoubtedly, take a lot more interest in the organisation and conduct of the Cup than politicians in the United Kingdom. In the home of the flannelled sport the TCCB are the sole authority. It would be surprising if the Indian Board is extended such exclusivity by New Delhi.

Moreover, holding the championship in two countries who are not known to be the best of chums presents another problem. But hoping that bilateral ties between India and Pakistan show a warmer trend in the years ahead, the hurdles of immigration and customs can be eased to a minimum, and they must if the hosts wish to avoid criticism from the antagonist media.

My friend, John Woodcock, of *The Times*, who is also the Editor of the *Wisden Almanac*, has voiced serious reservations about the suitability of having the World Cup in the subcontinent especially in relation to facilities,

...."the Indian Board president angrily responded: "If the TCCB has never been asked to provide a bank guarantee, why are we being asked to do so now?"

the weather and the commuting between the two countries. These views, I am sorry to say, stink of bias not expected of a distinguished cricket writer.

It is beyond question that the arrangements at the main cricketing centres in India and in Lahore and Karachi are as good as anything anywhere else in the world. The climate in October is warm, but hardly oppressive. In any case, not infrequently visitors to Australia are exposed to three-figure temperatures in Test matches—why not complain about this? And finally, Woodcock seems to have forgotten that a tour of the West Indies involves at least a half a dozen trips between one country and another and not among the best of friends as between, say, Barbados and Guyana.

So, it all depends on one's attitude. It needs to be borne in mind that some influential blocs are aggrieved at the Indo-Pak *coup d' etat*, and are therefore likely to pick on the minutest flaw to run down the subcontinent's effort. The South Asians thus will have to do better than their best to ward off the scepticism resulting in a media onslaught.

Eventful cricket

Premen Addy

ONE kept hoping at Leeds, just as one had at Lord's, that England would make a fight of this series. In the end West Indies simply carried too much fire power for David Gower and his men. Bad wicket or not—the one at Headingley was substandard with the ball keeping alarmingly low at times—the visitors had the right man for each occasion or crisis, for fair weather or foul, and in the ultimate reckoning their all-round strength prevailed.

Having snuffed England out in the first three Tests, a feat performed only once before by Warwick Armstrong's great Australian team of 1921, Clive Lloyd is sure to aim at the more elusive goal of winning the remaining two games and so achieving a unique record for his Caribbean combination. No country has ever beaten England five times on English soil. The MCC under Johnny Douglas fell by that margin in Australia in 1920-21. But unless the elements intervene with rain, sleet and snow, a sign that there was as much weeping in heaven as there is on English earth, Clive Lloyd's side have an excellent chance of climbing this uncharted peak.

And so from the celestial heights of Test cricket to the terrestrial levels of the County game. A fortnight ago Leicestershire under David Gower's leadership were on top of the championship table, now they are third with 175 points from 14 matches. Replacing them are Essex, last year's champions, who scored an impressive win by 8 wickets over Gloucestershire.

One of cricket's revered adages is: 'Bowlers win matches', and nowhere was this better proved than in John Lever's 8 for 37 which knocked Gloucester cold for 90 all out. Zaheer, who is having a nightmarish season, was scalped by Lever for a duck. Left with 121 as a victory target, Essex cruised home for the loss of two wickets, with Fletcher (36) and McEwan (36) together at the close. Essex have 200 points from 15 games. In second place are Nottinghamshire with 194 points from 14. Notts were without a fixture when Essex climbed over them.

Middlesex fairly hammered Yorkshire by 9 wickets. The visitors reached a meagre 121 in their first innings of which Geoff Boycott made 40. Norman Cowans, who is being spoken of as a replacement for Bob Willis in the Tests, took 4 for 25, while another West Indian-born paceman, Neil Williams, returned figures of 4 for 58. The home side replied with 303 for 8 declared, with skipper Mike Gatting making 131 not out and Roland Butcher 62. The leeway proved too much to cross with comfort and Yorkshire's second innings total of 203 left Middlesex with only 22 to win which they got at the cost of Miller's wicket.

Another notable triumph was Hampshire's 8-wicket thrashing of Lancashire, still without a win this season and languishing at the foot of the table. Lancashire scored 298 for 7 in their first innings to which Hampshire replied with 300 for 8, of which Trevor Jesty (one of the handsomest strikers of the ball never to play for England) hit 131.

In their second innings Lancashire declared at 272 for 2. Left to make 279 against the clock, Hampshire raced to their target for the loss of only two wickets. Martin Nicholas scored a dazzling unbeaten 158 with 6 sixes and Turner a more workmanlike 76 not out. Perhaps, the English selectors might take courage and blood young Nicholas. Jesty, alas, at 34, is no longer young and is certain to be ignored. The stars have clearly never shone for him.

Unless the elements intervene with rain, sleet and snow, a sign that there was as much weeping in heaven as there is on English earth, Clive Lloyd's side have an excellent chance of climbing this uncharted peak.

At The Oval, Surrey beat Derbyshire by 6 wickets, scoring 266 runs in a victory chase. None of the Surrey batsmen failed in the second innings, but Monty Lynch, who could so easily have played for West Indies, hit a particularly crowd-pleasing 55, which included 3 sixes, one of which almost cleared the stands.

Finally, Somerset were beaten by Glamorgan in a close encounter. The margin was a narrow 2 wickets, as Glamorgan reached their target of 272 for the loss of 8 of their batsmen. Rodney held them together with a fine undefeated 72.

In the first innings he compiled 97 not out as his side made 211 to Somerset's 187. In Somerset's second innings, Martin Crowe, the 21-year-old New Zealander who is Viv Richards' replacement this season, made 74 and Brian Rose 123, thus helping their team to 295. It wasn't quite enough in the end.

Somerset got the better of Sussex by an identical 68 runs. Crowe, who is having the time of his life, hit 114, as his side reached 288. The opener Peter Roebuck made 98. Sussex were never truly in the hunt and were dismissed for 228, with Mendis top scoring with 55.

The thriller was the contest between Middlesex and Nottinghamshire, which the former won by 5 runs. Middlesex scored 228 of which Downton and 'Gatting made 62 and 67 respectively. Then the two Middlesex spinners Phil Edmonds and John Emburey tied up the home side and when the Notts captain Clive Rice applied the charge, it was too late. Rice himself topscored with 57.

Northamptonshire scored a comfortable 247 for 5, with Allan Lamb on 65 and Williams (another England probable) 94. Worcestershire, with Kapil Dev in their ranks, were crushed by the pace of Mallender and could total only a miserly 117. Patel was their top-scorer with 28. Kapil was bowled by Mallender for 2.

The surprise of the round was Essex's defeat at the hands of Surrey. Dismissed for 121, with Gooch making 64, their opponents passed this total for the loss of 5 wickets. Alan Butcher was 35 not out.

It has, all told, been quite an eventful week. There was certainly enough in the cricket to suit most tastes. As there should be and possibly will be for the rest of the season.

Seven wickets with one hand in plaster!

...and yet no Man of the Match award for Malcolm Marshall. **Tony Lewis** reports the third Test at Headingley between West Indies and England

WEST Indies inflicted another savage defeat on England at Headingley. They have won the five-match series They might well achieve a whitewash.

England supporters are blaming the ban on those cricketers who have played in South Africa. Just imagine, they say, a team which could include Gooch, Larkins, Boycott, Emburey, Underwood and others. It is partly true Cricket in this country is paying a heavy price for the moral stand I agree with the ban, but sadly I do not believe it will be a deterrent to others. There will always be 'rebels' and England cricket might be weakened for, however, long it takes for apartheid to be eroded from life in South Africa.

England won the toss and batted first, the pitch, showing cracks on the surface at first, deteriorated as the match progressed By the final innings on the fourth day, some balls shot low, others climbed high, although batting was not impossible as the West Indies demonstrated. They scored 131 for two to win by eight wickets.

However, the advantage of winning the toss was eliminated Why? Basically, because England lost the initiative at a crucial stage of the game

In the first innings, England scored 270 and looked likely to take a lead. However, one player, Larry Gomes, held the West Indies batting together with a superb individual effort. He was joined by Michael Holding who whacked a brilliant 59 Then when Holding was out, and all of the England fielders and the umpires began to walk off the field, believing the injured Malcolm Marshall would not bat, there were signs from the dressing room that the man with the the double fracture of the thumb, whose left hand was in a plastercast, would after all come out.

Gomes was 96 not out Marshall batted with his right hand only. In fact, Gomes got to a century without a single ball aimed at his heroic partner. He struck a ball from Willis back over the bowler's head for four.

Without Gomes, the West Indies would not have built the platform for victory He turned what looked like being a 30 run deficit to a 32 run first innings lead.

You will be familiar with Larry Gomes in India He is not a demonstrative player He plays within his limitations, there is no flourish. If you meet him off the field, he is quiet and difficult to understand when he talks. His articulacy is with the bat

He plays straight. Watching him on this Headingley pitch of uneven bounce I could hear the strictures of the old professional. "Play in the vee, midon, midoff " He does exactly that. To be fair to England and Allan Lamb, his first innings century would have served a similar purpose if England had taken a lead and not the tourists. He has scored consecutive hundreds in the series and you will all know how difficult that is

The match was won eventually by the other individual performance, that of Marshall. After his short, heroic, one-handed innings he bowled. The plastercast on his left hand did not upset his balance or rhythm. The England batsmen did complain that the whiteness of the plaster was a distraction Marshall had it taped with flesh-coloured bandage. The pitch got more and more unpredictable and only Fowler and Gower made any progress with the bat

I had the tricky task at the end to make the award to the Cornhill Insurance player of the match. The Marshall fans yelled and shouted his name from the heart of the large crowd beneath the pavilion balcony. It was hard to deny them I did. I named Gomes They went silent. It will be hard for Marshall to explain to his grand children that with one hand in plaster he batted once and took seven wickets in the second innings to beat England in a Test match and yet did not win the Player of the Match award. But that is how beautifully Larry Gomes shaped his innings



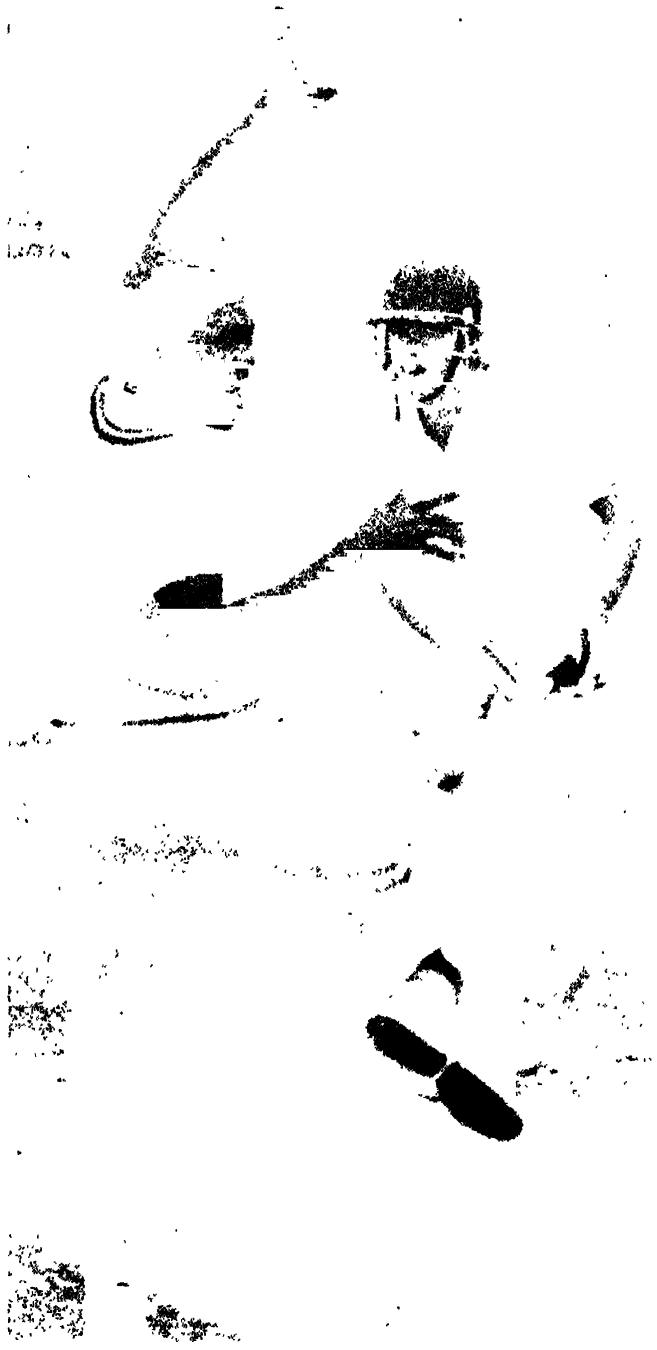
Patrick Eagar

Dujon (behind) catches Downton off Marshall.

More photographs on pages 44 and 45

When West Indies scorched the earth

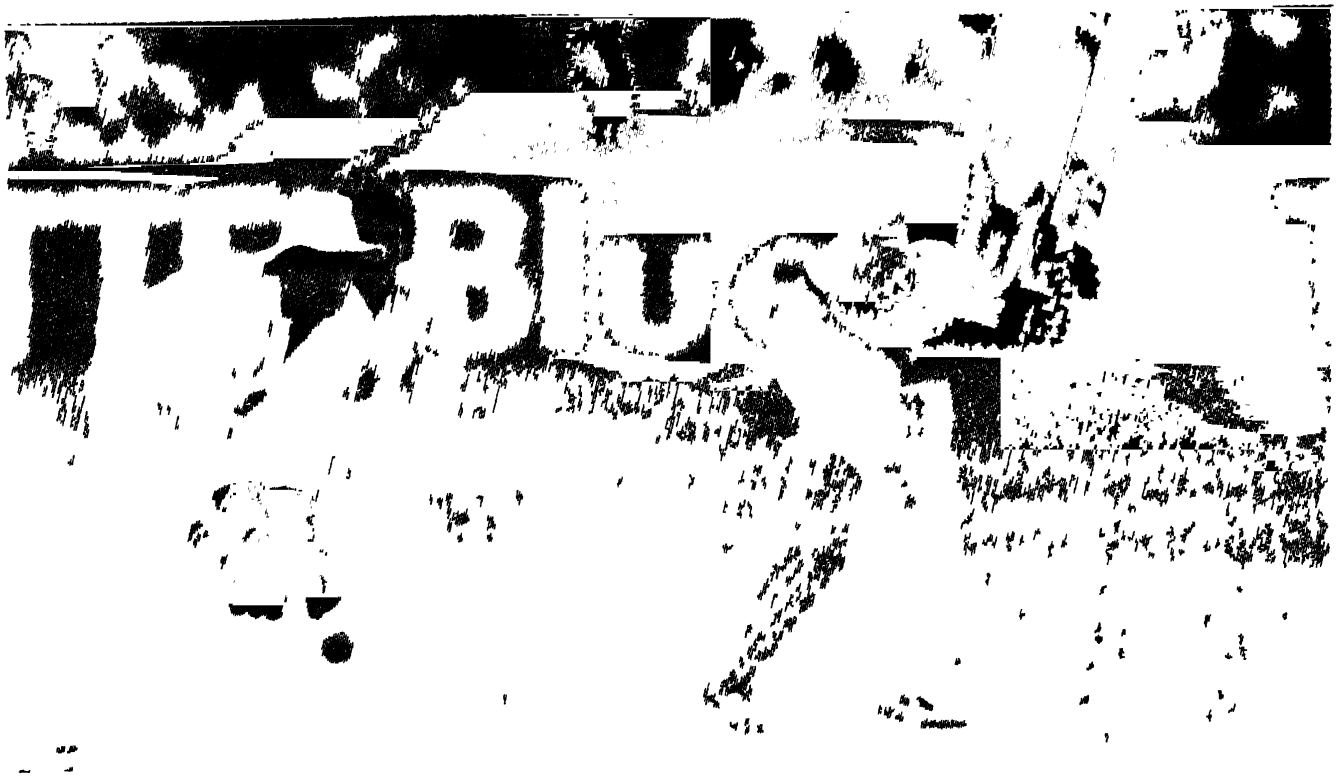
Patrick Eagar's evidence in black and white



'Terry-fying maan.' Paul Terry is leg before to Garner in the second innings



Baptism by fire! Allan Lamb hooks Eldine Baptiste on his way to a century



Man-of-the-Match Larry Gomes on-drives with studious care during his unbeaten 104 in the first innings. HAG's (the nickname derives from his initials) sequence of scores in the series till the third Test was 143, 10, 92 not out, 104 not out and 2 not out.



Marshall takes on England skipper Gower. The batsman helped Larry Gomes reach his century.

Indian Spinal Injuries Centre

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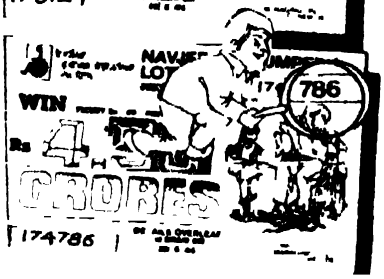
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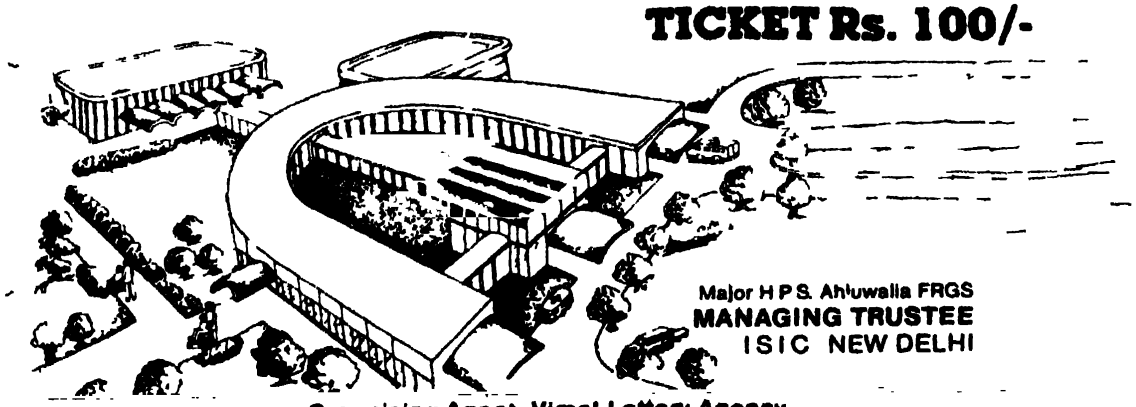
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19 July Jimmy Arias, the top seed, takes just 52 minutes to get past unseeded Terry Moor 6-2, 6-3 in the second round of the $200,000 US Pro Tennis Championship at Brooklyn, Massachusetts.

The opening round of the Indonesian Open Badminton Championship being played at Jakarta sees the Indian national champion Syed Modi shuttle past Sakrapee Thongsari of Thailand.

Henri Leconte of France sails into the quarter-finals of the Stuttgart Grand Prix Tennis tournament with an easy 6-1, 6-2 win over Givaldo Barbosa of Brazil.

20 July Tennis star Chris Evert Lloyd and her husband John Lloyd come together again after the two had separated on a 'trial basis' since last January.

A top US cyclist, Alexi Greval of Colorado, is suspended from competition for 30 days when tests taken after a race show a banned substance in his urine.

21 July The Los Angeles Olympics Organising Committee rejects the application from the South African newspaper group *Argus* to report on the Olympics. The LAOOC had earlier this week, refused to sell transmission rights to South African television.

Darius Pandole of India squashes Danis Yip of Singapore 9-1, 9-1, 9-4 to enter the semi-finals of the Malaysian Junior Open Squash Championships at Kuala Lumpur.

India and Pakistan, jointly, successfully bid to host the 1987 World Cup Cricket. Sixteen of the 24 matches will be held in India at Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore and Ahmedabad. The matches in Pakistan will be held at Karachi, Lahore and Faisalabad.

Mohun Bagan pip East Bengal to the post with a solitary second half goal by Babu Mani.

22 July Severiano Ballesteros of Spain wins the British Open at the St Andrew's course by two strokes from Tom Watson.

Former world motor racing champion Niki Lauda of Austria drives to a controversial win in the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch. The veteran driver thunders past the chequered flag to move into second position in the overall world championship points tally behind Alain Prost.

23 July Czechoslovakia beat Australia and retain the Federation Cup tennis championship. This tournament, for ladies, was played at Sao Paulo.

Osam Ahmed Momtaz, an Egyptian student, swims the English Channel and sets a new men's record for a two-way swim. He swims the distance in 21 hours 37 minutes which, incidentally, is three hours and 22 minutes slower than the women's record.

Australia beat Canada 5-0 in an pre-Olympic exhibition hockey match at Vancouver. Rick Charlesworth, Terry Walsh, Craig Davies, Nigel Patmore and Grant Mitten score once apiece to absolutely dominate the game.

24 July Aaron Krickstein outlasts Jose Luis Clerc 7-6, 3-6, 6-4 to become the youngest player to win the US Pro tennis championship at Brooklyn. In the doubles, Robert Seguso and Ken Flach beat Gary Donnelly and Ernie Fernandez 6-4, 6-4.

A 21-year-old Swedish girl, Pia Cramlin, the current number one woman chess player in the world, pulls off an upset victory over the self-exiled Soviet Grandmaster Victor Korchnoi in the opening round of the International Chess Meet at Bienne, Switzerland.

Ragab el Alwendy, a blind 42-year-old Egyptian, and Hesham Hamdy Adelnoor, a polio affected Egyptian, set out to swim the English Channel in darkness.

25 July The Indian cricketers spending their off-season playing County Cricket in England seem to be in fine form. Ravi Shastri and Chetan Sharma team up to give their club, Morecombe, a fine win over the champions Blackpool. Sharma takes five wickets to Shastri's four.

India is held to a goalless draw in a practice match against Kenya. The Indian hockey team is slowly getting used to the superturf which they find fast but bumpy.



Chris Evert Lloyd's "trial separation" from husband John Lloyd of Great Britain led to a great deal of speculation in the international media. However, they announced that the period of separation is now behind them and they are together once again as one of the most glamorous couples on the professional tennis circuit

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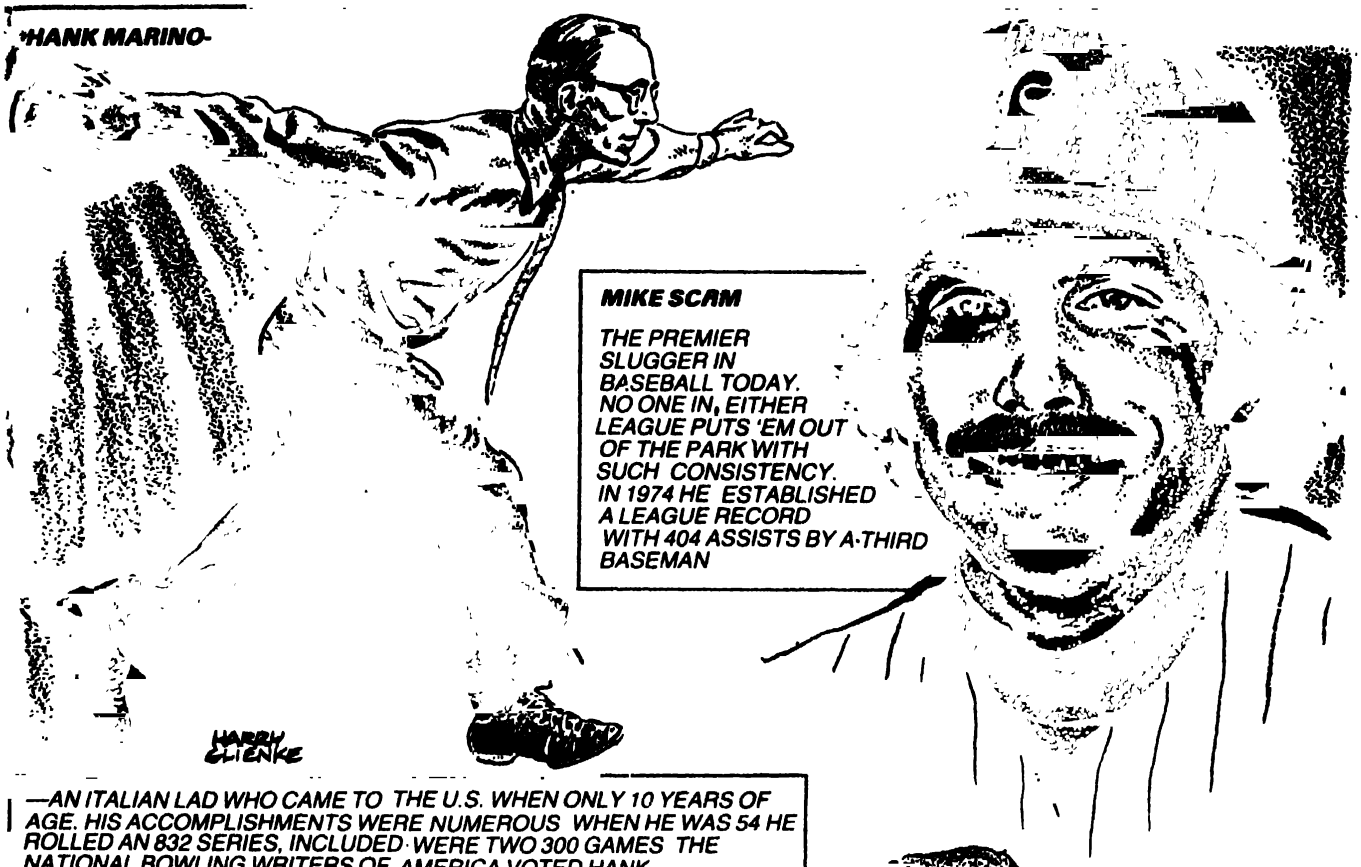
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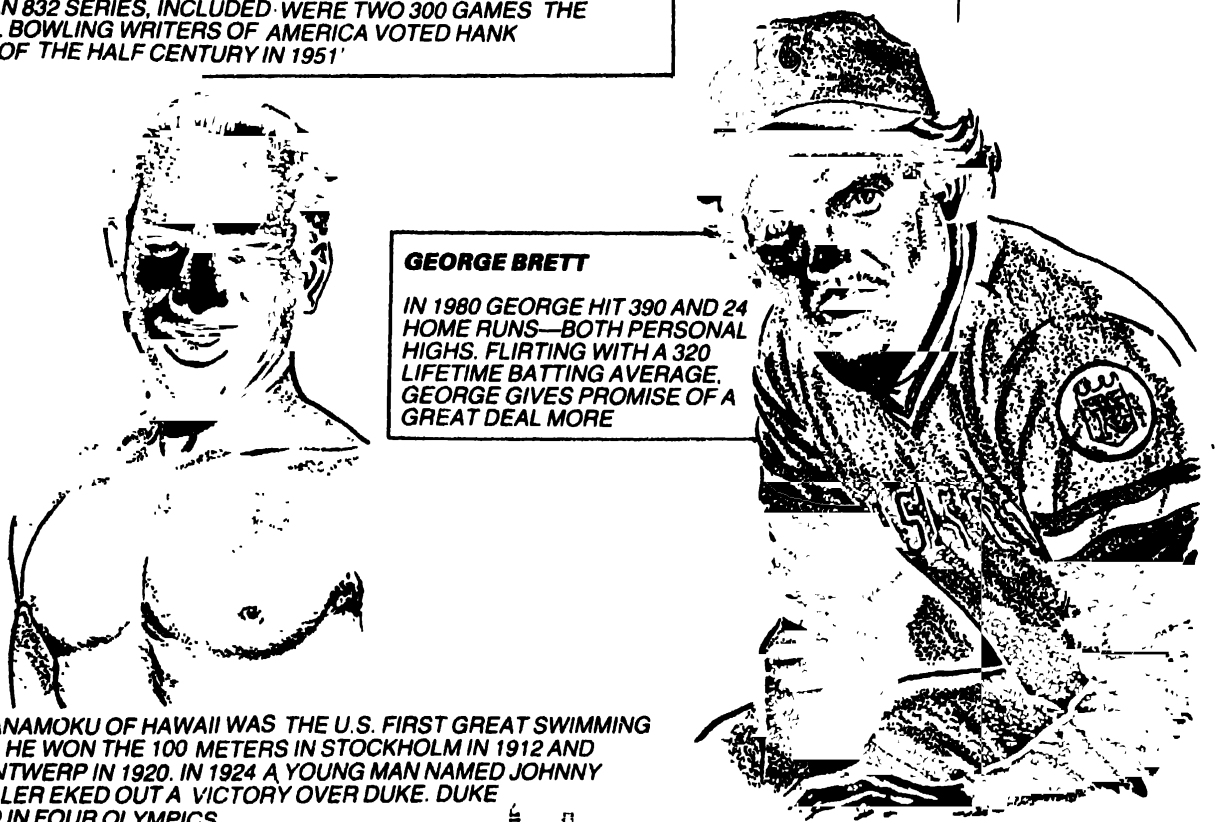
SPORTS CHALLENGE



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GEORGE BRETT

IN 1980 GEORGE HIT 390 AND 24 HOME RUNS—BOTH PERSONAL HIGHS. FLIRTING WITH A 320 LIFETIME BATTING AVERAGE. GEORGE GIVES PROMISE OF A GREAT DEAL MORE

DUKE KAHANAMOKU OF HAWAII WAS THE U.S. FIRST GREAT SWIMMING CHAMPION. HE WON THE 100 METERS IN STOCKHOLM IN 1912 AND AGAIN IN ANTWERP IN 1920. IN 1924 A YOUNG MAN NAMED JOHNNY WEISS-MULLER EKED OUT A VICTORY OVER DUKE. DUKE COMPETED IN FOUR OLYMPICS

CHARMINAR CHALLENGE

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Deadline

And work undone

Work undone and the deadline approaching What the feeling is like in such a situation only a journalist can tell

But recently that unnerving feeling gripped one of Britain's brightest athletics stars, when he was running out of time in his quest to recover from an achilles tendon injury with only two weeks to go for the Olym pics It was Steve Cram who suffered the injury during one of his recent workouts

Before his final preparations for the Games, Cram needed at least half a dozen races to reach the form that would make him an Olympic favourite. But that did not bother him then All that he was concerned about during those nervous pre-Olympic days was his injury which threatened to cost him the Los Angeles Olympics The slightest improvement became a thing of great encouragement as Cram and his leg muscles continued to race against the clock

Tough Trial

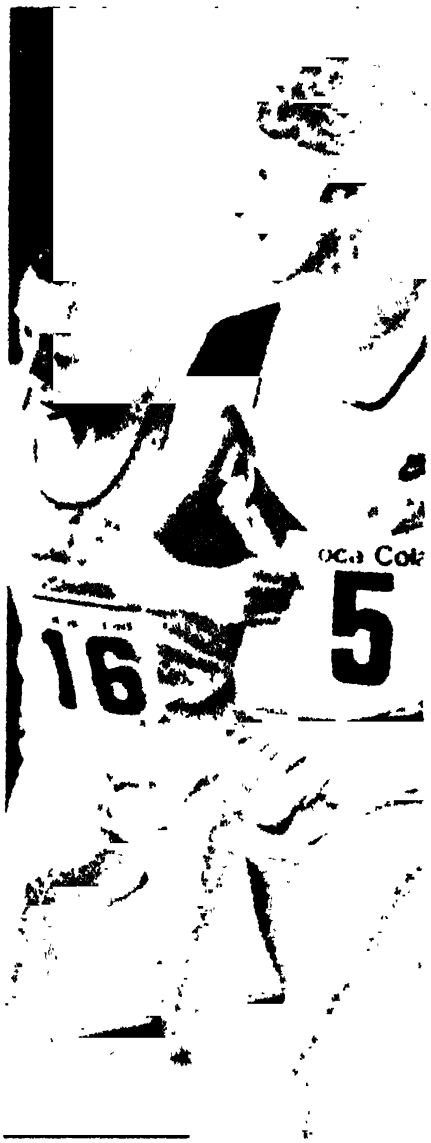
Portuguese protest

OUR ace athlete Chand Ram made news headlines when he criticised the IOA s selection procedures and even threatened to quit the Indian Olympic contingent, if some of his colleagues were not given clearance for the Los Angeles Games He stirred up a hornet's nest, prompting stern and intimidating comments from the highest quarters of our Olympic association

A similar situation arose in Portugal recently when the nation s leading Olympic athletes quit training in protest against a decision of their Olympic body not to send three of their col leagues to Los Angeles But unlike the IOA the Portuguese Olympic Committee appealed to the athletes to show a spirit of conciliation and understanding, instead of threatening their sportsmen with punitive action in Raja Bhalinder Singh style

The three athletes are Jose Sena, Luis Horta and Rafael Marques All of them had made themselves eligible to be in the LA team by achieving the Olympic qualifying times for the 10,000m and 5000m But, rather strangely, the hurdle put by the Portuguese Olympic Committee for their athletes to overcome to make it to LA was steeper than that

Unfortunately, none of the three could reach those minimum times set by their own national body And hence **the exclusion and the protest.**



Steve Cram (right) with Ovett

Off The Show

Unfortunate

YET another star performer is out of the Games, though not because of the Moscow-sponsored Olympic boycott San Francisco, one of the three horses ridden by the celebrated Lancastrian showjumper David Bowen will be missed by many at Los Angeles

Nine years of age, the German-bred horse, who was one of the surest gold prospects in the Olympics, injured his off fore on his way back from the Royal show in Warwickshire

That was something disastrous for rider Bowen, for this was the horse he had pinned his hopes on the most for the gold. And hence, the best veterin ary surgeons were pressed into ser vice to get the horse back in action

But that was not to be In the end, the bad news was broken to Bowen by the head of the team of surgeons the horse would not be fit in time for the LA Games

Bowen still has two top horses, but with three riders having only one horse each, a team can ill afford to lose horses at this stage

BBC Bonanza

Why grudge it?

THE British Broadcasting Corporation is all set to make big money during the Olympics With their chief rival, the Independent Television, suddenly deciding to withdraw from the Games coverage, the BBC will have a cakewalk in terms of media competition at Los Angeles They wil have a virtual monopoly with all the money the Ad agencies have earmarked for the Games flowing into their coffers

But good luck never comes ungrudged And BBC's chances were threatened to be jeopardized by some people who had hardly any business to interfere in the ITV's decision to withdraw.

The Council of Physical Recreation contended that 'the ITV should pro vide a competitive alternative in terms of screening sports events The council has even gone to the extent of calling on the British Home Secretary to intervene and make ITV change their mind. But why? It was none of their headache, anyway

Five gold medals

—two within an hour and a quarter

ON July 10, 1924, 55,000 people were in the Colombes Stadium, Paris. They were there to see the Olympic Games, or rather one man .. .PAAVO JOHANNES NURMI.

Nurmi, aged 27, was about to lay claim to the title of the greatest middle distance runner the world had seen up to that time. His feats in Europe had earned him the reputation of 'The Flying Finn' He was the King in Europe but the rest of the world hadn't taken much notice. His competitors in the Games had never raced with him.

Nurmi was a Greta Garbo figure. Short, and weighing only ten stones, he shunned publicity He was moody, often scowling. He trained alone with a stopwatch in his hand He didn't want any of his rivals to copy his revolutionary training methods.

Nurmi lined up with the other finalists in the 1,500 metres final at 3 45 p.m.—four Finns, three Americans, three Englishmen, a Swiss and a lone Frenchman These were the early days of communications and one of the Americans, Hyla Stallard, didn't know that Nurmi was the holder of the world record for the distance.

Nurmi was a slow finisher so he usually set a fast pace early on. In fact he completed the first lap in a time which was faster than either Herb Elliott or Jim Ryun recorded in their world record runs in 1960 and 1967.

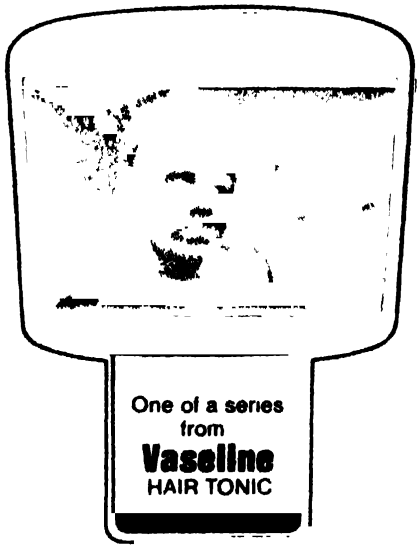
When the signal went for the final 500 metres, Nurmi was well in front. Stallard made a gallant effort to catch him, but Nurmi won by 25 yards in 3 minutes 53.6 seconds, one second outside his own record.

Nurmi didn't say a word. He trotted back to the dressing-room and lay on a mattress while his limbs were massaged.

For exactly an hour after the start of the 1,500 metres, he was due to line up in the final of the 5,000 metres! This kind of sandwiching of events would never be allowed today.

Nurmi's two main rivals in the 5,000 metres, the Finn Ritola and the Swedish runner Wide, played him at his own game Knowing that Nurmi was likely to be mentally and physically tired, they set a killing pace in the first two laps in an effort to finish him.

PAAVO NURMI



The move failed. Nurmi led for eight laps and Wide dropped further and further back. Ritola, the timber worker who disliked Nurmi and was disliked back, was the only man capable of stopping the 'Flying Finn' picking up two gold medals inside an hour and a quarter. Nurmi succeeded in keeping his two-yard lead through the final run in and won in 14 minutes, 31 2 seconds.

Nurmi was poker-faced He picked up his watch, which he had tossed aside near the end of his run, and walked calmly out of the arena.

Next day he ran again in the 3,000 metres team race. And on the following Saturday, July 12, he competed in his sixth race in five days, the 10,000 metres cross-country.

The temperature was in the eighties and all but Nurmi wore a head protection. The conditions were so gruelling that rumours sped round the crowd that two competitors had died. They collapsed and had been taken to hospital with heat exhaustion.

Nurmi won but some of the other runners looked so ill as they tottered in many minutes behind him that the event was scrubbed out of future Olympics.

Nurmi took part in his seventh run in six days on the final day of the Paris Games—the 3,000 metres team race—and won his fourth individual gold medal.

He also received a team medal for the cross country as well as an individual one, making five in all.

He went off to America on a punishing tour In 1928, he took part in the Amsterdam Olympics but at 31 was no longer such a giant. He won the 10,000 metres but lost in the 5,000 and steeplechase.

He trained for the 1932 Games, hoping to enter the marathon, but was suspended for an alleged irregularity on expenses. The race was won in a slower time than he had done earlier.

He finally retired in 1935 with seven Olympic victories, three silver medals and 20 official world records to his credit.

Finnish runners were at their peak between 1912 and 1928 but when the Olympics came to Helsinki in 1952 there was no Nurmi, no national hero.

So the organisers asked Nurmi to come out of retirement and at the age of 55, he carried the Olympic torch into the stadium to the roar of 80,000 Finns. Most of them had never seen him but the whole world had heard of him

Paavo Nurmi was born on June 13, 1897, the son of an ebony worker in Turku, Southern Finland. His father suffered from heart trouble. Paavo started running early and joined a local club at nine. At 13, his father died and he had to get a job to help support his mother and four younger brothers and sisters. He was a delivery boy, pushing a heavily laden truck up the steep slope to the railway station.

It was this, he said later, which helped give him his strength in his back and legs.

Steve Douglas

Dee[illegible] care. For great looking hair.



A matter of qualification

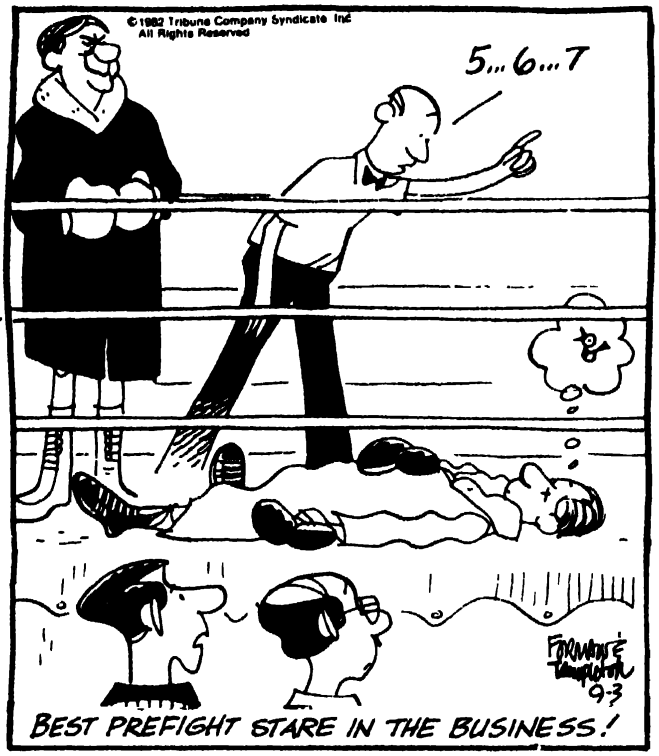
AND then there was this man who said: I'm in favour of a good education but it does have its drawbacks. When I was in primary school, I was told if I wanted to get a good job, I had to finish high school. So, I went to high school. When I was in high school, I was told that to get a good job I had to go to college. So I went to college. When I was just about to graduate, I was told everybody has a Bachelor's degree; to get a really good job I had to get a Master's degree So I got my master's and went out for a job. I was told they were looking for younger men.

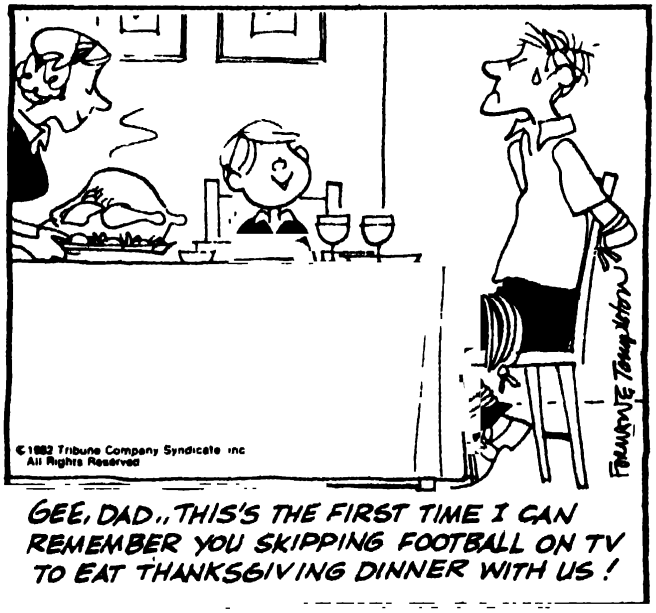
Quite a handicap

RECENTLY, while Farokh Engineer, the former Indian wicket-keeper, was in town for the CAB coaching scheme for young, promising wicket-keepers, it was quite common to see him around town. Once, at the Tollygunge Club, some golfers coming in from their round were amused to see this cricketer walking out to play golf. Out of curiosity, one of them asked him what his handicap was. Engineer smiled and replied, "My wife!"

Pradeep Paul





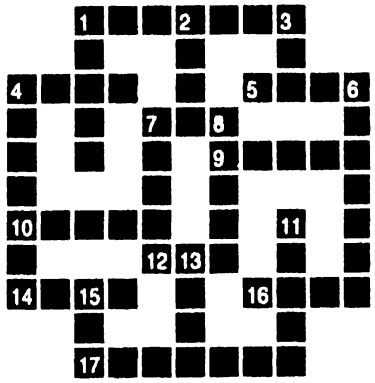




CROSSWORD

Mudar

248



ACROSS

1. Nicknamed 'Shades', this hurdler is not a biblical prophet (2,5)
4. "I will run my heart out for Britain," she declared (4)
5. Sport shoe manufacturers, the name returning (4)
7. A boxer can be disqualified during a bout if he does not — with serious intent towards winning (3)
9. Limited-overs cricket is not only about going for 'this' (1,4)
10. British middle-distance runner begins with a circle (5)
12. 'Get, — and go' (3)
14. Kenyan runner who once held the world record for the 5000m has a negative sounding towards the end (4)
16. Winner of the 110m hurdles at Montreal comes from France (4)
17. "Sir, you are the greatest athlete in the world," King Carl Gustav told this athlete at Stockholm in 1912. He won the decathlon and the pentathlon that year but his gold medals were not awarded as it was revealed that he had taken part in professional sport a few years ago. His name? (6,1)

DOWN

1. East German swimmer at Montreal 'finishes' in the beginning (5)
2. Six balls in England but eight in Australia (4)
3. The name of the mascot of the Los Angeles Olympics (3)
4. Holder of the world long jump record. It was achieved in Mexico City in 1968 and may not be exceeded by the end of the century. (6,1)
6. This man has ridden the most number of winners at the Epsoms in England. He begins with an animal (7)
7. International cricket contests (5)
8. Object common to a gaff schooner, gaff yawl, Bermudian ketch and a gaff cutter (5)
11. Indian table tennis player Bajaj, now retired (5)
13. Venue of the 1960 Olympics, comes up (4)
15. Court divider (3)

Excellent : 20-16, Good : 17, Fair : 16.

OLYMPIQUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1. The 1960 Olympic marathon race had three firsts to its credit. What were those?
2. The daughter of an Olympic gold medallist rose to great heights as film actress. Who were the two?
3. Besides Johnny Weissmuller, three other Olympic medallists played the role of Tarzan in the silver screen? Who were they?
4. When for the first and only time in Olympic history did the medallists in 100m and 200m finished exactly in the same order?

ANSWERS

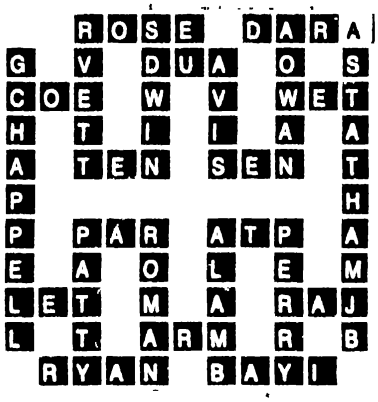
1. It was the first to be run at night, the first to start and end outside the stadium and the first to be won by a black African.
2. John Kelly (USA), winner of the 1920 single sculls, and his daughter Grace Kelly.
3. Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix and Glen Morris.
4. Betty Cuthbert, Christa Stubnick and Marlene Matthews in women's 100 and 200m sprints in the Melbourne Games.

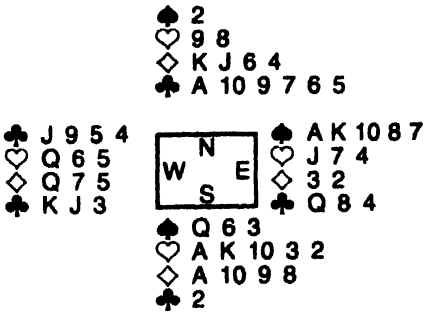
BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

This deal from a team event lead to an ending that was unusual but not, I would have thought, particularly difficult. In a continental magazine the story was headed "Rarissimo."

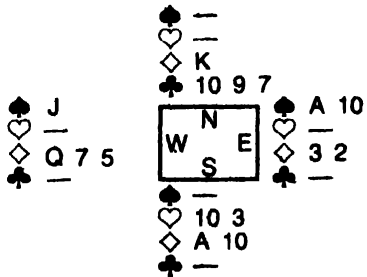
SOLUTIONS 247





West was the dealer and North-South were vulnerable. After two passes East opened one spade, South bid two hearts, and West two spades. North now made a competitive double, implying values in the unbid suits, and the final contract was five diamonds by South.

West led a spade to the king and East returned a heart. With the clubs breaking 3-3 South could have made of a lot of tricks, but reasonably enough he set forth on a crossruff. After ruffing two spades and a heart in dummy, two clubs in his own hand, he reached this ending:



South led a heart, West discarded a spade, and dummy ruffed. When East ruffed the next trick with the diamond 2, West was forced to overruff and lead into declarer's A 10 of trumps.

"Couldn't you have ruffed with a higher trumps?" West demanded.

"Yes, sorry, I could have ruffed with the 3," East replied. "But when South led a heart at trick ten, didn't it occur to you to underruff in front of the dummy? Then we make two tricks in the end game."

Last week's quiz: South opens 2NT and North responds three diamonds (natural). South holds: ♠ A J 5 ♡ K 8 6 2 ◇ A Q 8 ♣ A K 5

Holding good cards for a possible slam in diamond, South should bid three spades, a cue bid showing the ace and denying the ace of hearts.

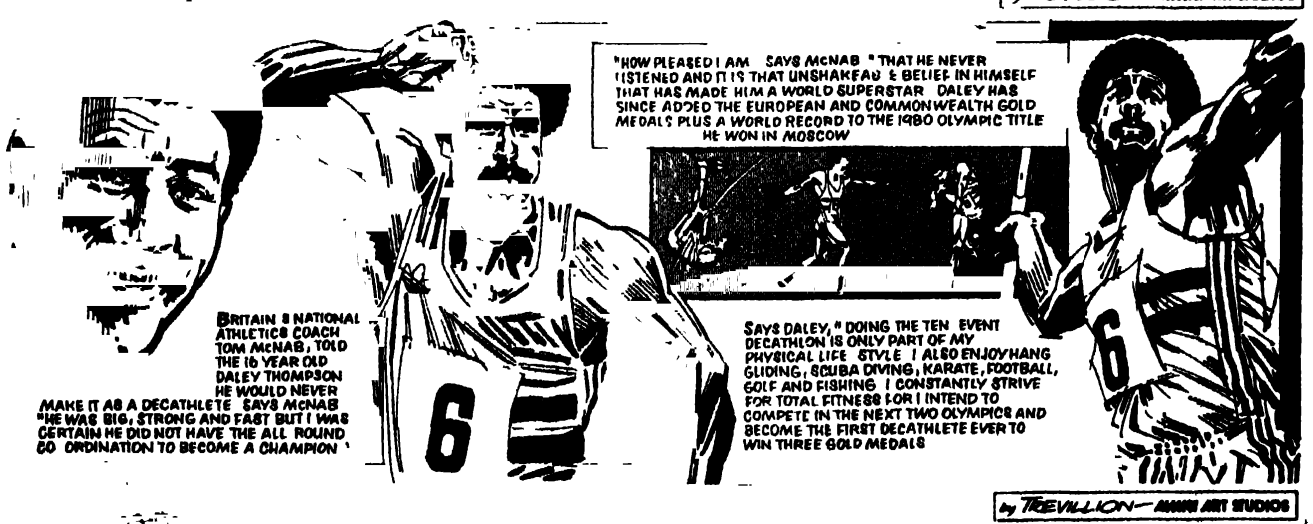
This week's quiz: At game all the bidding goes:

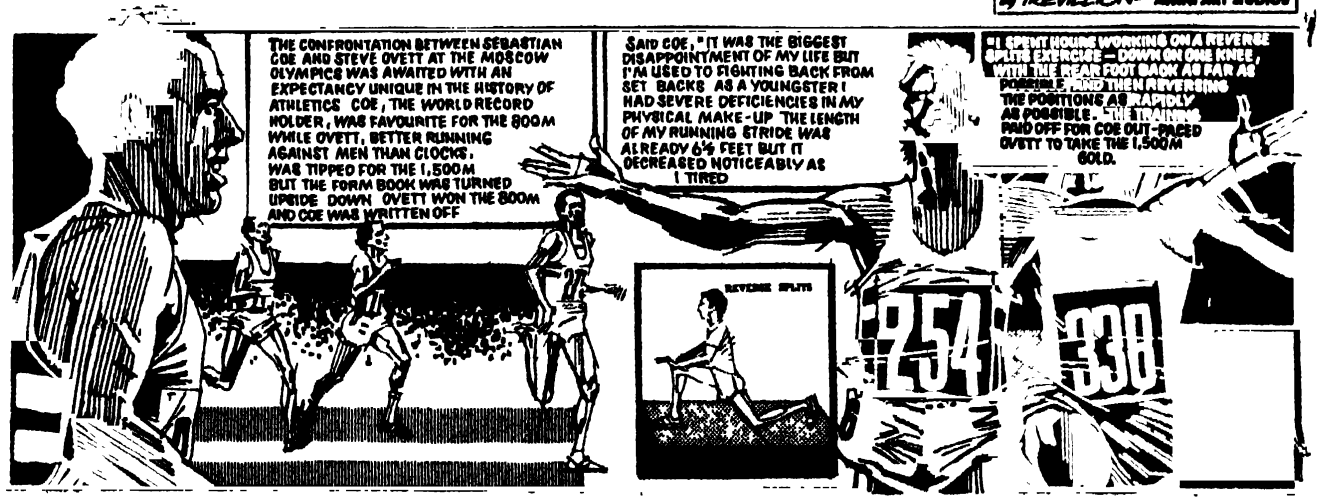
South	West	North	East
			1♡
1♠	No	2◇	No
?			

What should South call, holding ♠ A K 7 ♡ Q 5 ◇ 10 4 2 ♣ K J 6 4 2 ?

Marita Koch wins the women's 400m, ending Irena's reign... Daley Thompson adds the Moscow Olympic decathlon title to his collection... The Coe-Ovett confrontation







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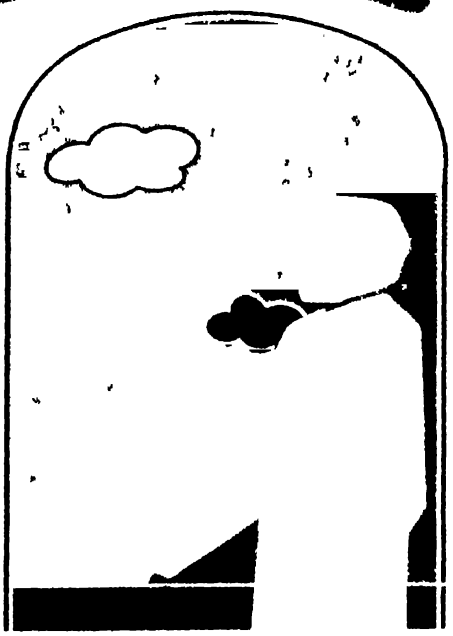
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Creditable

SHYAMAL BANERJEE, the skipper of the Mohun Bagan team, and his team mates deserve a lot for their win over East Bengal Club.

The match winner through Babu Mani, in the fifth minute of the second half, was a gem of a goal. As soon as the final whistle was blown, the Mohun Bagan supporters' joy knew no bounds, for, this win almost assured their team of the top spot in this year's Senior Division league.

Mohun Bagan were certainly the underdogs, but have proved that they certainly cannot be taken lightly. This talented bunch of youngsters have proved that in no uncertain terms. Much credit must also go to the great P K Banerjee. He had moulded this team and helped them to give off their best.

Also, in this connection, it must be said that both teams played well and soccer fans were treated to a good game of soccer after a very long time. The spectators were also very disciplined and this helped the teams to play much better.

Lastly, the maroon and green have won all their games so far and have established themselves as the number one team.

CHABIN CHATTERJEE,
Bhadrakali

Heartiest congratulations

CONGRATULATIONS to Mohun Bagan for their victory over East Bengal in the recently played First Division match at the Eden gardens.

This win must surely be sweet revenge for the Mohun Bagan team after their 1-0 defeat at the hands of East Bengal in the semi-finals of the Federation Cup. Also, this win assures them of the 1984 League title.

RAJ GOPAL BANERJEE,
Patna.

Opening partner

SURINDER KHANNA will surely figure as Sunil Gavaskar's opening partner in time to come. If he can keep his Asia Cup form, this classical stroke player will be a fine partner to help Sunny give India a safe and useful start.

Let us hope that the selectors see this player's talent and keep him in mind when they sit down to choose the team.

PRASENJEET GUHA,
Assam

McEnroed

McENROED! That is the one word to describe this year's Wimbledon. John McEnroe was simply brilliant during the entire tournament, excluding the final.

Well, in the final, he was more than brilliant. He played perfect tennis and, truly, 'McEnroed' Jimmy Connors. McEnroe was so dominating that he finished the rallies at will with some superb passing shots.

He was just unplayable on that day. If there are any doubts, ask Connors.

SAM,
Kalyan

Magnificient McEnroe

BY winning the Wimbledon championship for the second year in succession, McEnroe kept the critics quiet with his scintillating serve and volley game.

His ability to pull his weight during vital stages of the match clearly indicates his supremacy over the other players. The form shown by Connors against the number one seed was very poor. It was one of the surest finals ever witnessed.

However, one wonders at the astonishing way in which McEnroe lost to Ivan Lendl in the French Open final. In fact John lost to Lendl on sets only and the number of games won by them was the same. It is worthwhile to call McEnroe the magnificent.

JAYANTHI SUBRAMANIAM
Madras

Ramesh, the ray of hope

IN recent years, Ramesh Krishnan showed his early promise of playing in competitive tennis in a big way. He moved to the third round of Wimbledon, where he lost to the thundering serves of the South African, Kevin Curren. That was how Ramesh lost the ray of hope of reaching the quarter-finals.

After making it a set all, Ramesh had to fight hard in the tie breakers. For Ramesh, his father was with him by the court, whereas Kevin Curren lost his father, but still managed to win the match. A great feat indeed.

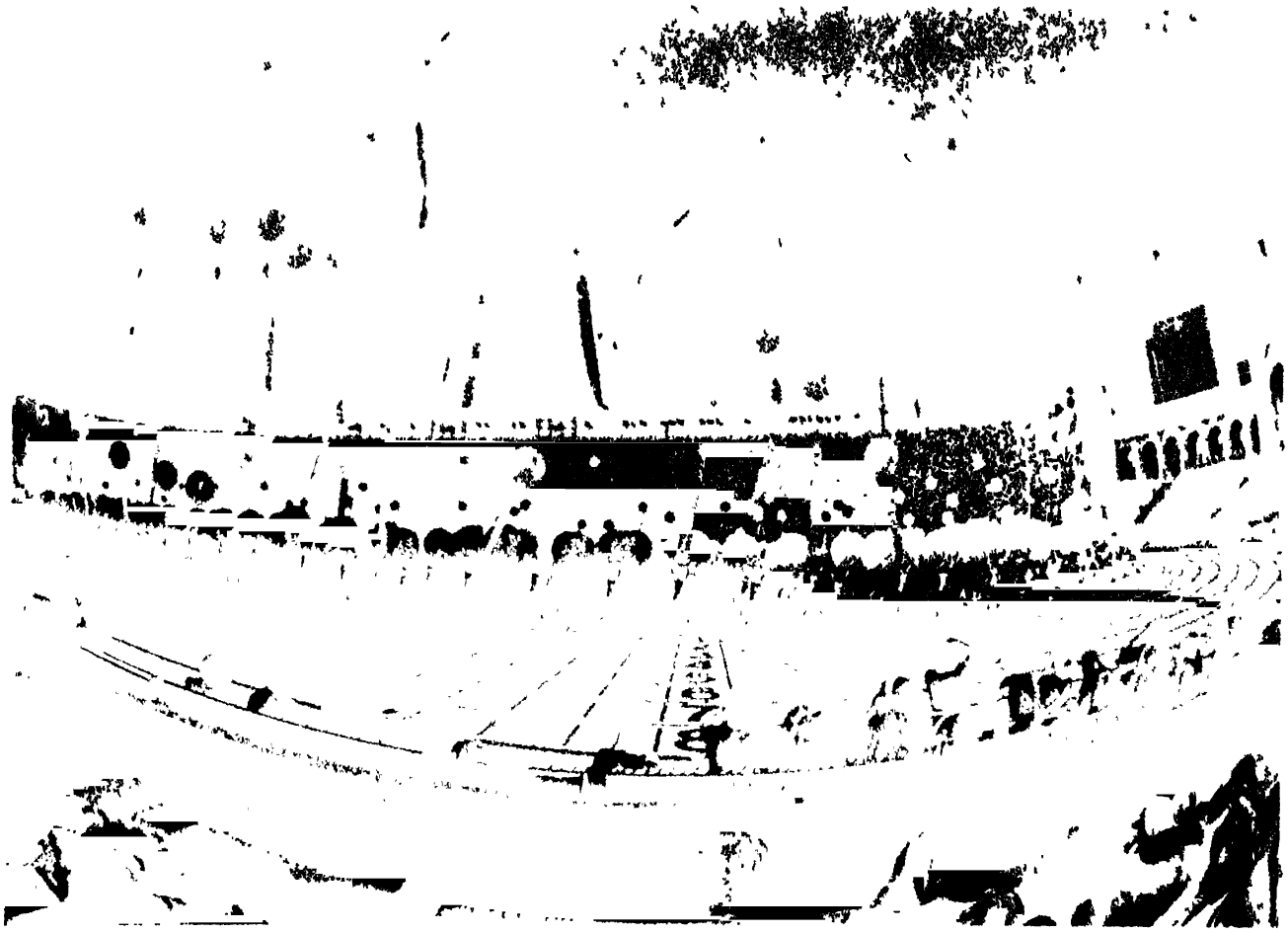
S. AKHILESH KRISHNAN,
Madras.

28 July, 1984



Ronald Reagan:
Celebrating the 23rd Olympiad of the modern era. I declare open the Olympic Games of Los Angeles.

Exclusive photographs from Los Angeles
by **Nikhil Bhattacharya**

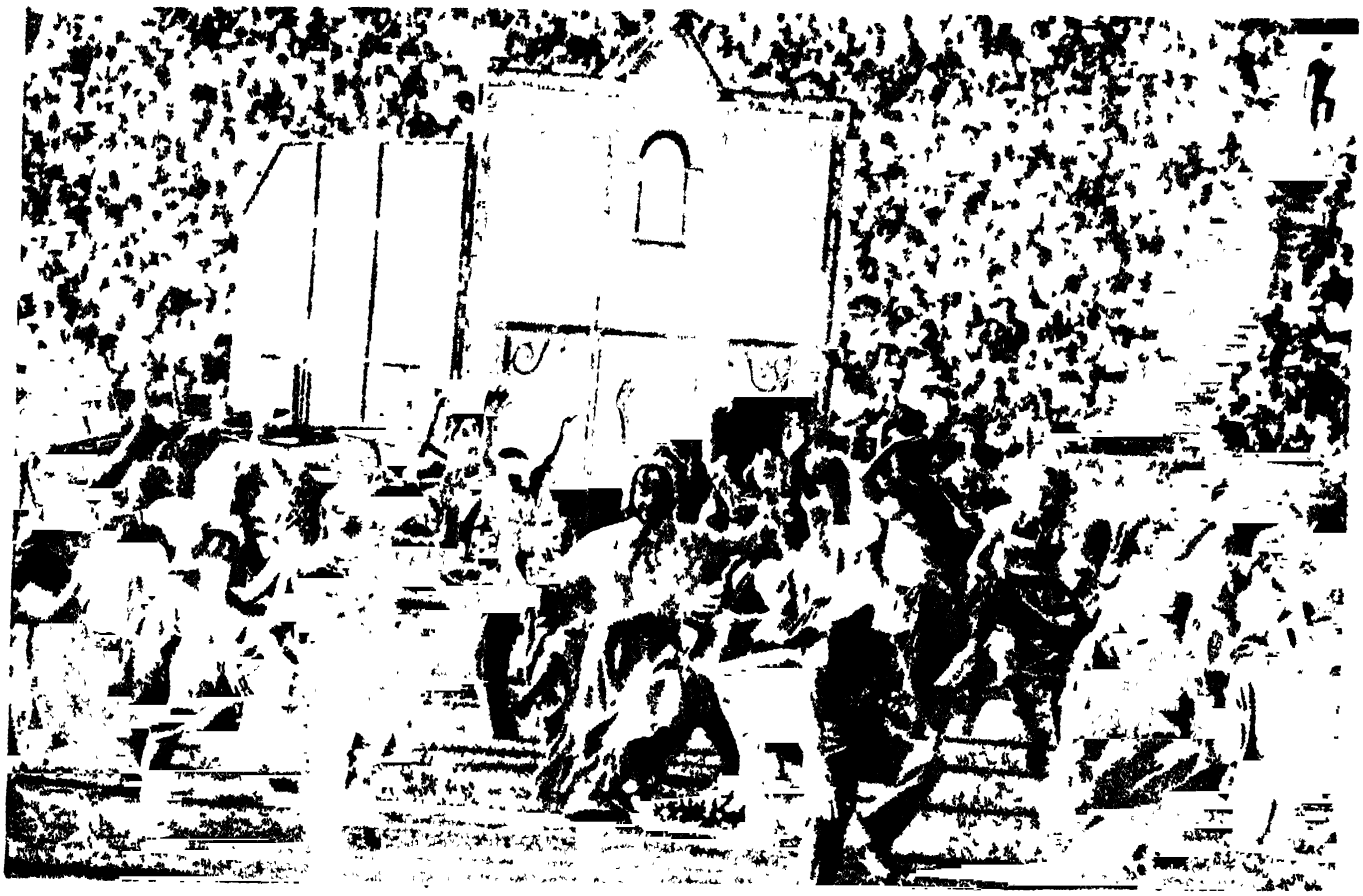


Balloons soar with "welcome" banners

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The Olympic flag being handed over to the mayor of Los Angeles



How the West was won.....'And the saints go marching in'



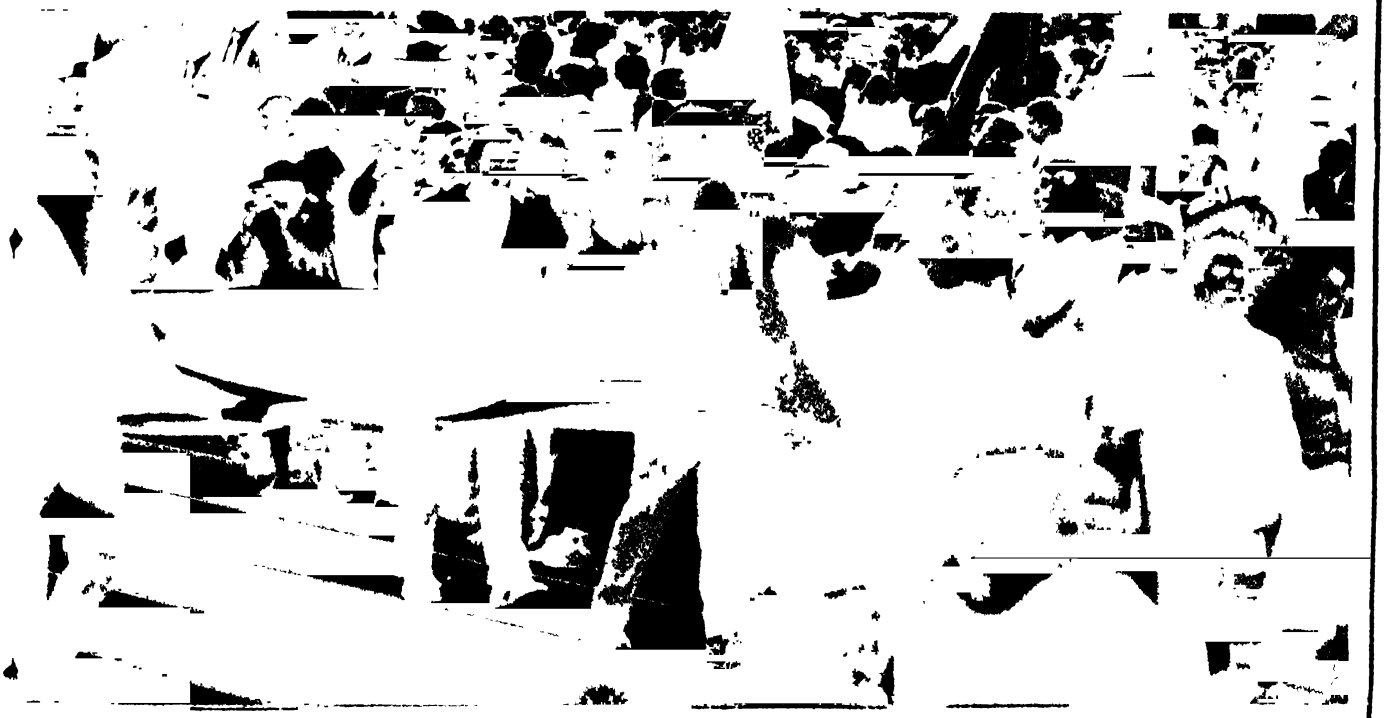
India marching ahead. Zafar Iqbal holds the flag



The Swedish squad waves to the crowd

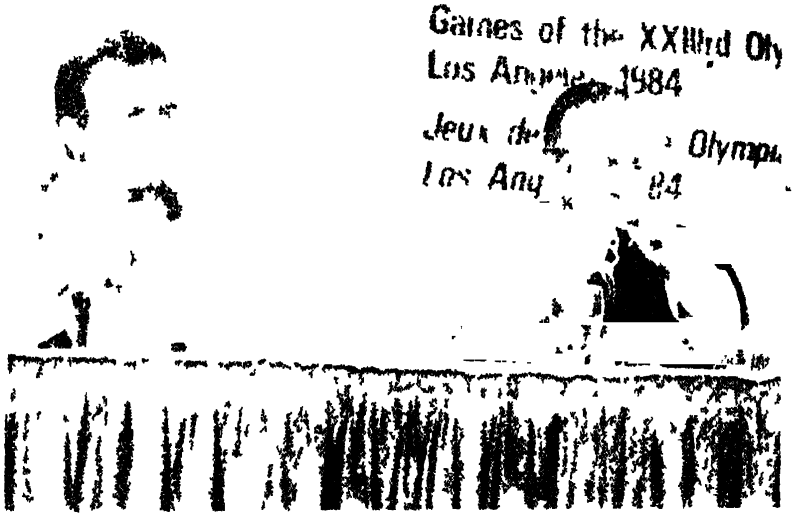


Pretty cheerleaders provided much of the colour at the opening ceremony



Selected athletes who won medals at earlier Olympic Games carry the Olympic flag for the hoisting ceremony









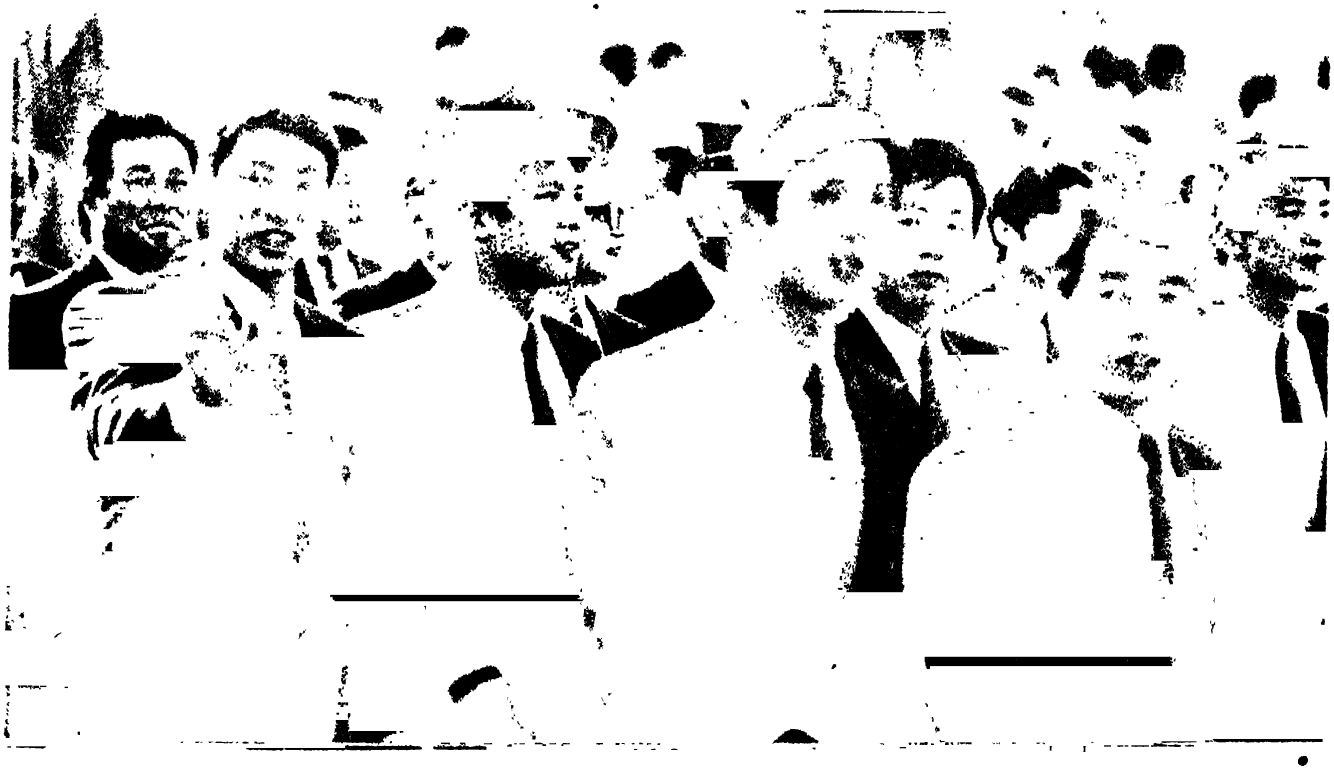
Clockwise:
Nadia Comaneci, the darling of Montreal, snapped at LA

LAOOC and IOC presidents, Peter Ueberroth and Juan Samaranch at a Press conference

Gina Hemphill, granddaughter of the legendary Jesse Owens, transporting the Olympic torch. She handed it to Rafer Johnson, who ultimately lit the flame



Part of the pageantry at the opening ceremony



A singular gesture from the otherwise inscrutable Chinese

The albatross attacks America

George K. George writes on the human drama and excitement in the pool



AN Olympics depleted by the boycott of some of the leading sports superpowers could not have started off more gloriously than it had in Los Angeles. The United States' gold rush in the pool and half a dozen American and a few more Olympics records have literally dazzled the sports world. More than the records, the human drama and the excitement of the swimming competition has made the XXIII Olympiad an instant success.

The US has captured all but four of the gold medals from the pool so far. On the first day of the competition, they began with a world record and a couple of gold medals, continued it with two more the following day. Then it achieved the incredible feat of sweeping all the five on the day after.

However, one man managed to steal the limelight through his outstanding individual brilliance. In fact, he has crowned himself as the king of the pool, and perhaps of this Olympiad itself. They call the albatross, for the way he swims the butterfly events. The world has taken notice of him after the 1982 World Championships. He came to Los Angeles with the hope of winning more swimming medals than anyone else. In two days he captured two gold medals and created two world records. Michael Gross of the Federal Republic of Germany is threatening to outshine even Carl Lewis in these Games.

On the first day of swimming, the Americans were setting fire to the pool by taking the golds. Their star performer Steve Lundquist had set the trend with a superb world record in the 100-metre breast-stroke. Then Nancy Hogshead and Carrie Steinseifer finished at the same time in the 100-metre free-style for woman and claimed a gold each. It was an unusual situation. Three golds in two events.

Someone had to step in, for the sake of the rest of the world. Michael (pronounce it Mikayel) Gross and only him could have done it. And he did just that. Gross demolished his own world record in 200-metre free style to claim



Michael Gross—withstood the US onslaught



Victor Davies—world record in the 200m breaststroke



Tracy Caulkins—America's aqua queen

gold Mike Heath of the US was the only contender who could give him some competition

On the second day of competition, Gross did something incredible even to him He stole a gold that America has reserved for itself through world record holder Pablo Morales A few weeks ago, Morales, a relatively newcomer to international competition, had broken the world record in the 100 metre butterfly Matt Gribble was expected to finish second to him. Even the West German coach had told Gross that he would be lucky to even finish among the top four

Gross broke the Olympic record in the heats and Morales broke that brand new record in the next heat. It was the oldest swimming record to date and was set by Mark Spitz in Munich Morales looked all set for the gold He led the race, but in the last seconds, he pushed too hard and moved a little too close to the rope. Mark Spitz said that it was a major tactical blunder, Gross capitalized on it and finished inches ahead with a world record. Morales too broke his own world record in his silver medal effort.



Rick Carey—backstroke specialist

Lack of experience in international competition had cost Morales the gold and the world Will he catch Gross in the 200 metre He is the world record holder and is the favourite over Morales Incidentally, Gribble was injured and did not even make the finals

After Alex Baumann gave Canada its first gold medal ever by setting a world record in the 400 metre individual medley the American grip on gold seemed to slip

Anne Ottenbrite knocked out favourite Hiroko Nagasaki of Japan to give Canada another gold Her victory in the 200 metre breast stroke was a major upset and Nagasaki ended up in fifth place The U S got a surprise silver through Susan Rapp

It was time to restore America's dominance The 800 metre free-style relay as the suitable opportunity and the American men the favourites. Mike Heath, David Larson, Jeff Float and Bruce Hayes took their places without the slightest hint of another Gross attack They had every reason to be confident of the gold In the morning heats, their team which had used two reserves with Larson and Heath had broken the 1983 world

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record of West Germany Logically, they should win it with a stronger team The West German team in the heats was almost seven and a half second less than that record

Heath gave an early lead to the Americans At the end of 200 metres, Sweden was second and West Germany third Larson maintained the lead and Float, the team captain increased it a bit Now it was between Gross and Hayes The German came from behind and even took a slight lead Hayes hung in there somehow and outpaced his opponent to touch gold, the world record had been broken again Bravo! In the morning it was 7 18 87 It was 7 15 69 in the final Even Gross and company had surpassed the morning record by finishing with 7 15 73

Cynthia Woodhead was expected to give the U S a gold in 200 metre free style The 1980 boycott victim is presently one of the most popular swimming stars in the country However her junior partner Mary Wayte pushed her to the second place Cynthia a true sport didn't seem to mind

That was the story on Monday (30 7 84) Going back to Sunday, there is more to be told about the Steve Lundquist story In the Olympic trials, he was deprived of his world record and No 1 national ranking The culprit was a young man called John Moffet Steve was mad He had vowed to take back his crown and to create a new world record



Steve Lundquist



Rowdy Gaines —brilliant in the free-style

He did both to give America its first swimming medal But unfortunately revenge was not very sweet as Moffet suffered grom injury and almost pulled out of the finals Ultimately, he did participate in the finals but finished fifth The fate of Moffet in terms of the remaining events is unknown

If Lundquist is the king of US swimming today, the queen is Tracy Caulkins The lady who led the re building of American swimming after the Montreal disaster was the victim of the 1980 boycott She had almost given up swimming a couple of years ago, but came back It was worthwhile as she crowned her brilliant career with an easy gold in the 400 metre medley

Day three of the swimming competition will be recorded in the annals of American and Olympic swimming Unfortunately, the surprise win of the men's gymnastics team over world champions China stole the media lime light of the day The US team swept all five golds Rowdy Gaines, the senior member of the Men's team won the 100 metre free style with a new Olympic record Rick Carey, the world record holder in 200-metre backstroke, claimed the gold that was legitimately his, but was upset about his poor timing Tiffany Cohen created a new Olympic record in the 400 metre free style for women

In 100 metre backstroke, the US women were not favoured for either the gold or silver The fancied Rumanians finished fourth and fifth as youngster Theresa Andrews and her senior partner Betsy Mitchel took the gold and silver The 400 metre butterfly relay was won by Jenna Johnson, Carrie Steinseifer, Dara Torres and good old Nancy Hogshead They equalled the American record set at the world championships some years ago

Gross and Baumann, it seems, are the only ones who could withstand the American onslaught

Los Angeles trivia

WINNING is not the only obsession of the 7,000 odd athletes gathered here for the Games of the XXIIIrd Olympiad. They are going after the food with equal determination and enthusiasm.

The ARA Services Incorporation, the official cooks for the Games, are serving tens of thousands of apples and ice cream cups and almost a ton of charboiled steak everyday to the Olympic guests.

They expect to serve almost 1.2 million meals, including 15 tonnes of bone steak by the time the Games get over. Each day ten truckloads of raw materials are needed to prepare 60,000 odd meals for the Village occupants.

Ed Kein, the operation chief, is leading a 3,000 member staff to prepare the staples of the five continents and make everyone feel at home.

* * *

JEFFERIES BANKNOTE company of Los Angeles, which printed the tickets for the 1932 Games in Los Angeles, have again been bestowed with the honour of printing tickets and they have done almost a fool proof job, making the job of counterfeiters next to impossible.

They have incorporated several sophisticated defense mechanisms into the approximately five million tickets. There is a special three dimensional mould mark next to the stars in motion, the symbol of the Games, and an extremely sensitive ink impression that disappears when rubbed and re-appears moments later to make the job of the security personnel manning the gates easy. There is also a fine line rainbow design which is extremely difficult to repro duce.

* * *

THE Games have also spelt a new step in communication. All venues, including the press centres are equipped with electronic mail systems. The entire system is connected to a main computer and various sub-terminals.

At the flick of a button anything from the bio-data of the athletes to the daily results can be had. Everyday as soon as an event takes place the result is fed into the computer. The list of the disciplines appears on a video screen and all one has to do is to press the code number of the event and the complete results appear on the screen. There is another button to get a print copy.

The system stores mail for all the accredited personnel of the Games. The operation is very simple. One has to feed his badge number and the password into the system and the various options, which include sending and receiving mail, appear on the screen.

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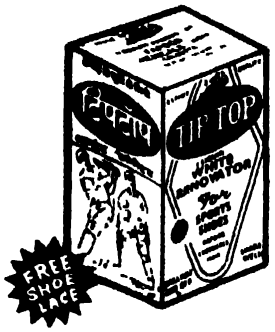
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An M.P.'s concern

IN SPITE of the newly-formed sport ministry and the concern for India's sporting image notwithstanding among the members of both the houses of Parliament, awareness remains nearer the bottom. Queries like, "What are the names of the players representing India at the Olympics?" abounded even though the names of the members were announced towards the end of May.

However, the singular *faux pas* which took the cake was committed by Virda Ram Phulwariya, a Congress(I) M.P. from Jaslore, Rajasthan. This particular politican asked the minister of sport to elucidate on "the measures adopted by the government to maintain the prestige of football, hockey and cricket teams of the country during the Olympic Games. "He even went as far as to ask for the names of the players representing India in these disciplines!

That he enquired of India's chances for the football gold may be, on an afterthought excused, but cricket...

Extra cover

WATER polo has the dubious distinction of being the game in which the most fouls are committed. This is because most of the fouls are committed below the water—and belt—where it is not noticed. This is the reason why some of the Olympic water polo players, especially from the US, wore two pairs of swimming trunks for their matches.

10-minute flash

THE United States has been accused of using the Olympic Games as a means 'for kindling nationalistic sentiments and for advocating the notorious American way of life' by Radio Moscow.

The entire opening ceremony was blacked out by the boycotting countries. But, from among the Soviet-led boycotting countries, Hungary was the only country that defied the near compulsory blackout by telecasting a 10-minute programme of the opening ceremony.

With or without sauce?

THE Olympic Villages were full of rumours that the Korean contingent were snacking on snakes. Someone said that the Koreans were frying snakes and eating them. But, on investigation, it was revealed that it was not 'snakes' but 'snacks'. A touch of Gujarat, it seems.

Bare fare

SOME of the attention from Los Angeles was shifted to the Santa Monica beaches. Many European women went swimming in true European style. Top less. Although this is the accepted practice in Europe, American rules do not permit topless bathing. The local police tried to restrict this but the European women pleaded that they were not aware of American laws. The American girls decided to take advantage of this and took off their tops and pretended to be Europeans. When accosted by the police, they shook their heads and behaved as if they did not understand English.



Heady stuff! Ricky Burrell feels he has the Union Jack in the right place during a swimming session before the Olympics

The more the better

TICKET scalping is very much a problem of the Los Angeles police. But, when Mrs Candice Woznaik was apprehended for selling tickets at black market rates, everyone was stunned. For, Mrs Candice Woznaik is the wife of the multi-millionaire Steve Woznaik. Woznaik is the founder of the Apple Computer Corporation.

Futuristic designs

THE unusual rear wheels of the bicycles being used by the US cyclists created quite a stir. These vehicles are called 'gunny bikes' and have a front wheel that is smaller than the rear one. The unusual rear wheel is made of a carbon-fibre and has a honeycomb effect. This is said to reduce wind drag thereby enhancing the cyclist's speed.

Kleptomania?

JACK FORD, son of the former American president Gerald Ford, will appear in court on a petty theft charge. He was arrested while trying to steal an Olympic traffic sign at the endurance event of the equestrian section

Long distance

A COMMENTATOR brings to mind the picture of a person gibbering into a microphone. But the Indian hockey commentators giving Hindi commentary from the box at Los Angeles used a telephone instead!

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ussia risked exposure of
letes to the capitalist
A social structure and
feared 'defections.'

☐ because they genuinely felt that the security at the LA Olympics would not be tight enough to ensure safety of their athletes.

4. In this Games boycott, the Russians
☐ themselves are the losers as they would have got a fine opportunity of underlining their superiority on alien soil.
☐ have emerged as the moral victors as they have succeeded in 'robbing' the Games of its competitive keenness.
☐ have neither gained nor lost anything.

5. As regards the venues in future, the Olympics should
☐ not be hosted by any of the Super

☐ peace and understanding
☐ that it can be used as a convenient platform for countries to advertise their political ideologies.
☐ hardly significant. Hence, a waste.

7. In the selection wrangle over the composition of the Indian squad for the Los Angeles Game
you feel
did not
were justified

was the result of yet
case of bungling by officials
☐ it is difficult to say anything

8. The reason why India has failed to produce a gold-winning athlete in the Olympics is
☐ non-awareness of sport among the millions
☐ because of the policy of the ruling body, who have failed to encourage and motivate the young
☐ quite simply, pov

9. In the
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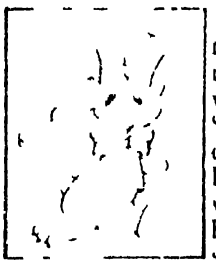
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Age

Interests

Poetry in motion

George K. George reports on the gymnastics team competitions



THE American media call it the most sensational win by the United States the miracle on ice at Lake Placid in 1980, when their ice hockey team shocked the mighty Soviet team at the Winter Olympics. The gold medal victory of the US gymnastics team has simply electrified the XXIII Olympiad. Six youngmen mostly collegians from the host city are the talk of this town. None had predicted their triumph over world champions China.

Remember, we are talking about a sport in which the US has not won a medal since 1932. The last medal, a silver came in Los Angeles 52 years ago. The Soviets have dominated the sport for decades, with a brief spell of Japanese supremacy in between. During the World Championships in 1982, the Chinese wrested the team championship from the Soviets.

Who could have imagined that the American youngsters, with so little international experience, could have beaten the Chinese and also demolish the 1980 Olympic record of the Soviets.

Swimming and gymnastics are glamour events of this Olympics as in many other. Almost 10,000 people jammed the Pauley Pavilion, the beautiful basketball arena of the University of California Los Angeles (UCLA) for every gymnastic session. The American teams were favoured to take silver medals in both the men and women's events. However, the women finished behind Rumania as expected, while the men created the sensational win which could mark the revival of gymnastics in the country.

China came to Los Angeles with a very strong team led by superstar Li Ning. Tong Fei, Li Xiaping, Lou Yun who were in the world class bracket. Only Kasushiken of Japan and Mitch Gaylord of the US were considered



Mitch Gaylord of the US shown in a multiple exposure on the horizontal bar

superior to them in parallel and horizontal bars respectively The only weakness of the team was the horizontal bar On the whole they were expected to finish way ahead of the Americans and the rest

The compulsory exercises, the Americans had taken a slender lead over the Chinese But no one would strongly speculate on an American victory after the optional exercises The Chinese had given a strong indication of their talent through four perfect 10s Li Ning scored a 10 both on the pomell horse and vault, Tong Fei and Xu Zhigiang one each The Japanese too scored two perfect scores through Gushiken and Shinji Morisue on the high bar

After a days break the teams met again The Americans knew one thing if they had to hit gold they had to take risks big risks After all they were quite ahead of the Japanese and the silver medal was practically assured They had little to lose and a world to gain by trying every trick in their bag

In the final analysis, it was the junior members of the team who pulled the gold for the US. Two perfect scores by Bart Conner and unfancied Tim Dagget helped them tremendously to counteract Li Ning and Tong Fei in ring and Lou Yun in vault Gaylord had already set the tone with a 10 in rings

It was a thrilling duel During the second rotation, the Chinese cut the US lead by 6/10ths of a point While the Americans began to come back on the rings, the Chinese were doing wonders on the vault They were brilliant on the horizontal bar with all of them scoring at least 9 9 points each The Americans matched their performance through an impressive total score in the parallel bars

Team effort made the ultimate difference The Chinese had more individual performers The US had a team with more depth and a truer team spirit The home court advantage added to it Guts and grit prevailed over talent and experience The Americans were so gratified to see their top man Peter Vidmar on the top of the list Ning Fei and Connor followed with Gaylord in the fifth place

What comes to mind is Lake Placid" said the astounded US coach Abie Grossfeld This certainly equals that,because anyone knowing gymnastics didn't think we could beat the Chinese " According to Gaylord, the most popular performer in the men's competition it marks a new era for gymnastics in the United States

At a press conference on the eve of the Olympics Romanian's Nadia Comaneci was asked about the chances of



China's Tong Fei on his way to a perfect score on the horizontal bar



Rumania's Ecaterina Szabo who came second in the women's all round, after being beaten by Mary Lou Retton of the US

the Rumanian women's gymnastics team. "We will take whatever is called a medal," she said with one of her rare smiles.

Nadia's prediction may not be hundred per cent true. But as far as the team competition is concerned, she was right. The better team won. It was too much to expect a second miracle in 24 hours.

At the end of the compulsory exercises, Rumania led by 0.45 points. US coach Don Peters was furious about the scoring of the Rumanian judge Julia Roterescu, who according to him "hammered" the US team on balance beam. Ironically, the same beam would become the instrument for the American girls in the optional exercises too. Former Rumanian coach Bela Karolyi, who trained Nadia and present team member Ecaterina Szabo and Lawna Agache before his defection to the United States said that he would catch Julia's neck if he met her. He now coaches America's leading woman gymnasts Mary Lou Retton and Julianne McNamara.

During the compulsory exercises, the Americans could not score even one 10. It looked unfair to deny Retton a 10 in vault. Nobody comes anywhere near her in the event. The crowd chanted 10 in anticipation, but it was not meant to be. Szabo scored the only 10 of the day in the floor exercises.

The Rumanians led in every rotation until Julianne scored a 10 on the final apparatus. The competition was decided on the balance beam. Through a superb performance on it, the Rumanians outscored the Americans by 1.6 points, a lead that remained unsurmountable. On the contrary, the American women met with disaster on that instrument of torture as in the compulsory exercises. Tracee Talavera landed on her knee. Cathy Johnson was scored very low and the American coach protested. A long intermission resulted. Julianne waited all this time and her concentration gradually faltered. Finally when she began her routine, she fell off. This had never happened before to her in any competition.

"Julianne truly can" said a sign in the stands. She proved she could by scoring 10 in uneven bar and floor exercise. Retton had a perfect score in vault. On the Rumanian side, there were two 10s by Laura Cutina, one by Szabo and another by Simona Pauca.

Mary Lou Retton leads the individual score as these women move into the individual competition. Szabo is second Cutina and McNamara are tied at third place. Retton is bubbling with enthusiasm in spite of the set back. No one seems so cheerful about performing as this little lady does. You can't help liking her, she is a sheer joy to watch in and outside the gym. That smile will be the sweetest memory of this Olympiad for thousands of spectators.

It was the first Olympics gold for Rumania and the first silver for the US, which has not won a women's team medal since 1948. In the absence of six of the top seven finishers in the 1983 World Championships, the US was a lucky silver medallist. Still it was an achievement to run so close to the celebrated Rumanians and ahead of the Chinese who had finished ahead of them last year.

Is the Olympic spirit dwindling?

Lokesh Sharma reports on the IOC Session at Los Angeles

THE Olympic Games have come to symbolise the struggle between man's ideals and the realities within which he must exist. The Olympic movement is highly idealistic. It professes clean sport, participation for the sake of fun and the non-interference of nations.

The Olympic Games, however, have not been utilised as much for fair play, international peace and understanding as for furthering private sector interests and national pride. The Olympic ideal has not been held equally by all and has been at best a long-range objective. It has receded behind the demands of expediency and self interests.

The International Olympic Committee fully understands this and has come to accept political inteference as a permanent feature of the Olympic Movement. When one asked eminent writer John Rodda of *The Guardian* if anything could be done to check this menace of political desecration of the Olympics, he said, "Can you suggest anything? Nobody can."

In the IOC session at LA this was one of the main issues. The members expressed great anguish over the boycott of the last three games but could not suggest any corrective measures. In the Executive Board meeting there was a suggestion to make participation of all National Olympic Committees compulsory and include punitive measures for the defaulters.

A lot of people think that a measure like the suspension of boycotting countries for a period, say two Olympic Games, will discourage boycotting nations and make them think twice before they take such a step.

But what many people don't understand is such a step will also lead to an irrepairable split in the Olympic Movement and a separate movement for East Bloc countries may raise its ugly head. It should not be forgotten that Russia had made an attempt to start a rival movement 'Red Sport International' in 1921. Such a happening will defeat the very cause of international peace.

At the 86th session of the IOC in New Delhi there was a suggestion to seek protection from the United Nations but the proposal has more or less been dropped because of the likely opposition.

President Juan Antonio Samaranch expressed grave concern over the deteriorating political situation and agreed that if the East Bloc boycotted the Games of 1988 as well, then the Olympic Movement could get a great jolt and might even face gradual death.

He explained that the International Olympic Committee is not part of any political system and is in fact 'acting like a bridge between the two different political set-ups.' A noble idea indeed but one is not sure how far it has succeeded in its endeavour.

The IOC will hold a special session in Berlin on 1 December to review the situation and think of preventive measures. There is already one session in Berlin but this subject has been excluded from the agenda of that session to save the opposition in an East Bloc nation.

It is unlikely that anything concrete will emerge in the Special Session as the IOC just cannot afford to take any preventive measures for fear of a split in the movement. The most feasible solution available to the IOC is to play a tolerant parent and let the children learn from their mistakes instead of wielding the cane.

An IOC spokesperson who preferred to remain unidentified said: "If the Soviets do not come to Seoul also, then they will not have an Olympic champion for eight years. After sometime the Government will realise that they haven't had any Olympic winners so they will finally have to come back."

The spokesperson cited the greater tolerance of African nations now. The 36 African countries who had boycotted the Montreal Games in protest over a New Zealand rugby team's tour of South Africa did not do anything beyond a mild protest when South African-born Zola Budd was granted British citizenship in a rush to make her eligible for participation in Los Angeles.

President Samaranch said that he had again received a proposal from the Greek President, Constantine Karamanlis, to make Athens a permanent venue for the Olympic Games. "I have told him that the IOC will consider Greece's proposal if it came up with something very concrete. We are ready to study the dossier but I cannot comment on the possibility of such a happening," President Samaranch explained.

In the same breath he said that the Olympic Games belong to the entire world. This again proves that the IOC is not very keen on making Athens a permanent venue. It is right in the sense the Games are global and also if tomorrow Greece developed strained relations with some country then it could be very harmful for the movement.

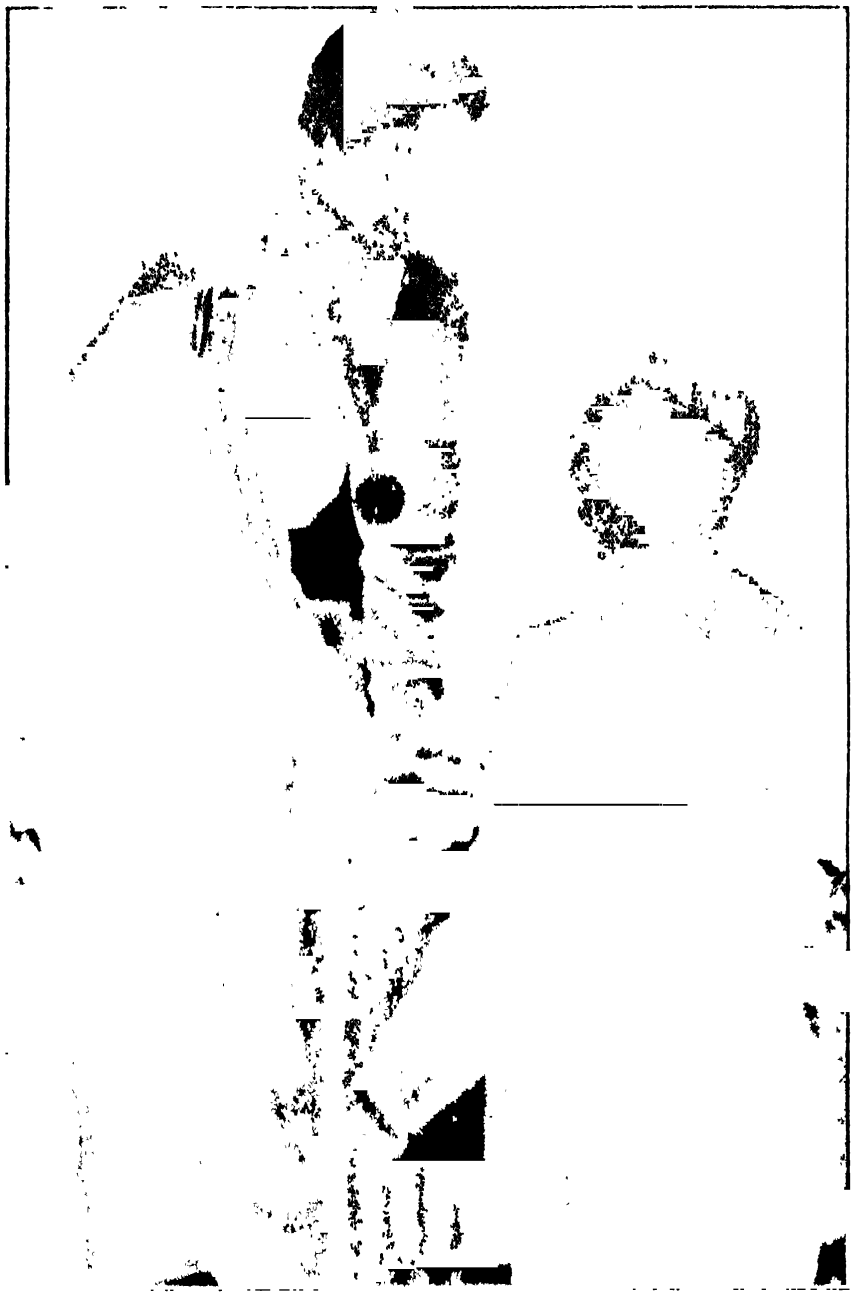
One of the major recommendations of the session was the re-phrasing of the rule governing the allotment of the Games. The existing rules: "The NOC and the city chosen shall be jointly and severally responsible for all commitments entered into and shall assume complete financial responsibility for the organisation of the Olympic Games.' The proposed amendment empowers the IOC to overlook this condition.

This strongly hints at the possibility that the IOC will experiment with private sector-run games in future. And as it is, the experiment of the LAOOC, has been greatly praised by President Samaranch for making it possible for a lot of people to think of hosting the Games. It has indeed been so, as evinced by the fact that there were only two cities bidding for the 1984 Games. Teheran backed out with the overthrow of the Shah of Iran and Los Angeles finally dictated its terms.

The issue of eligibility also came up for discussion during the session but nothing new was said or suggested. President Samaranch repeated that the athletes need some kind of financial assistance to survive as sport had become a full-time activity. 'We have to see that real professionals are kept out,' he explained. But this is a very vague definition as it is not at all possible to define a real professional.

China: Asia's Vanguard

Lokesh Sharma reports on China's emergence as an Olympic Power



Xu Haifeng receiving the free pistol gold from Mr Samaranch



THE Chinese contingent got the biggest applause when they entered the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum on Saturday (28.7.84) to mark their return to the Olympic fold after a gap of 32 years. Their improved standards in the last decade strongly indicate that it will be a memorable one too.

China had not won any medal in the Olympic Games before Los Angeles and after just three days of competition here it was in second place with five golds, three silvers and as many bronze medals. Interestingly, China won the first gold medal of the competition when Xu Haifeng won the men's free pistol competition with a score of 566.

It was an emotional moment for them; they have worked on their sport from scratch in the last decade Haifeng cried from the top of the Olympic podium and Premier Zhao Ziyang overlooked the strict Chinese protocol to make a thumbs-up gesture.

This victory has shown that the Chinese have aspirations, ability and the tenacity of will to stand on their feet in the family of the world's advanced nations, announced Peking Radio, reporting the historic event.

It has also been a long way for Haifeng who started shooting at an early age by knocking down birds with a slingshot. The Fertiliser salesman had competed only in two international meets before the Olympic competition and had in fact lost to Wangmy Fu, who finished third, in the national championships.

On the opening day of the competitions, China also won a gold and silver in the flyweight class weightlifting to prove that their first medals were no flashes in the pan. Zeng Guoqiang and Zhou Peishun each lifted a total of 517.75 pounds but the former won because he weighed about 100gm less. Guoqiang tipped the scales at 13.97 pounds, Peishun at 114.19.

With the boycott of the East Bloc countries China has become a power to reckon with in the lighter weight categories. Former world record holder Wu Shude expectedly took his place on the highest step of the Olympic podium in the bantamweight.

The 25-year-old junior coach from Nanking fought hard to win the gold with a total of 589.5 kg. Shude, fifth in the last World Championships, was under tremendous pressure when he came to the clean and jerk, as he trailed team-mate Lai Rumning by 11 pounds. But then he produced a great lift of 325 pounds to win by a clear 5.5 pounds.

Rumning, a 21-year-old physical education student from Quantung, besides winning the silver had the satisfaction of equalling the Olympic snatch record of 275.5 set by Cuban Daniel Nunez in Moscow.

It was a close contest but neither of the Chinese was disturbed about losing as the competition was only between them. "Going into the lift I knew if I had missed I would have got a silver. But that did not bother me as China would have got a gold and silver either way," said Shude.

China maintained their momentum of medal collection the following day also and jumped back into the second slot, displacing West Germany. But China had the disappointment of losing the men's gymnastic team title to host United States who have not won a gymnastics medal in the last 52 years

The lack of concentration of the Chinese gymnasts in the compulsories proved to be their nemesis. They scored one point less than their total in the World Championships and consequently trailed America by 1.05 points on the opening day. They eventually lost the gold by 1.40 points

This, however, doesn't detract from the outstanding performance of the Chinese.

China's gold hunt in the weightlifting competition emphasised it is time the big red machines of the sport, Soviet Union and Bulgaria started making room for the emerging force. Chen Wei Qiang, a 29 year-old physical education student from Guadung Province, scored a strategic win over favourite, Gelu Radu of Rumania.

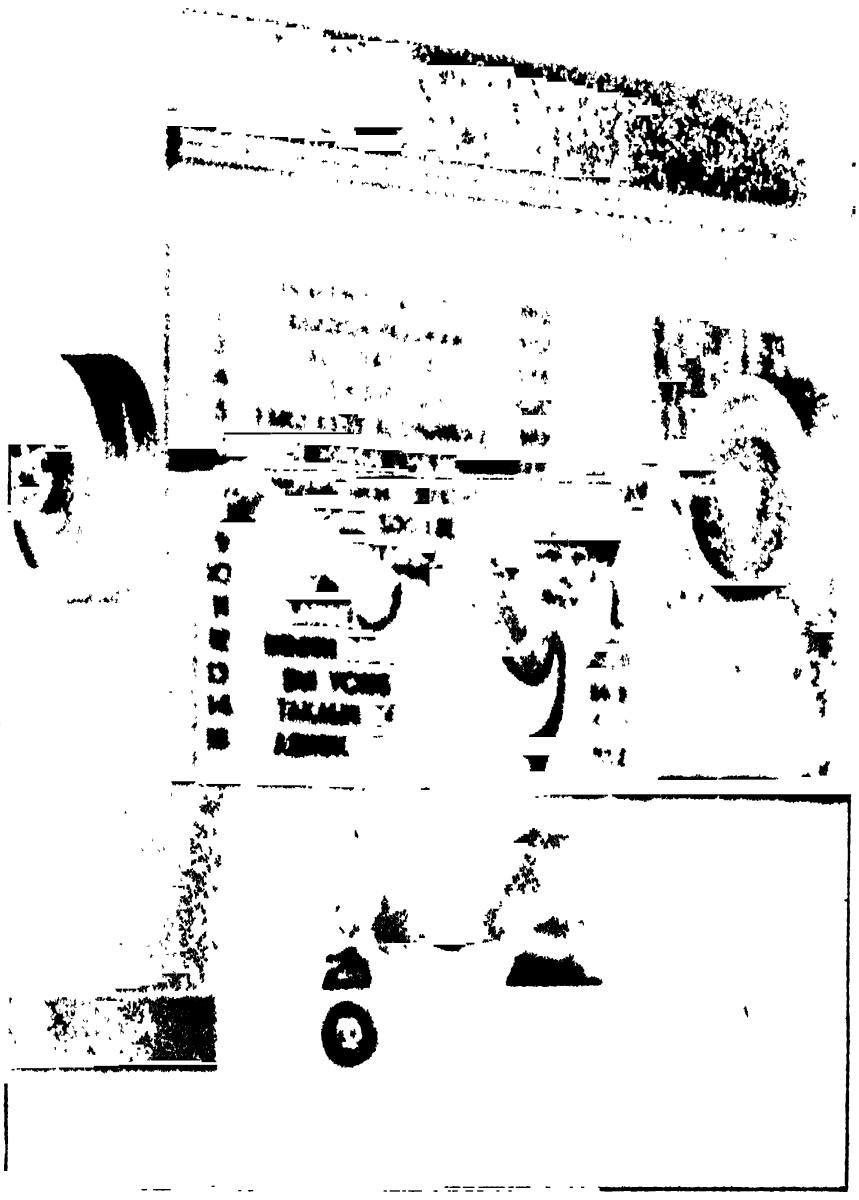
Both snatched 275 5 and then called for an opening weight of 352.5 in the snatch and jerk. Here Radu started playing games to put pressure on the Chinese Ultimately the ploy backfired as he lifted 341.5 on his first attempt while Wei Qiang easily raised 347 kg.

Radu first asked for 358 for his next attempt but then raised it by 5.5 to put pressure on the Chinese. In a tactical move the Chinese also asked for the same weight as otherwise he would have had to lift first. Radu failed and the Chinese only made half-hearted attempts as victory was ensured.

Chinese shooters hit the bull's eye for one gold and two bronzes. Li Yu Wei won the men's running game target, team-mate Huang Shi Ping finished third behind him and Wu Xiao Xuan took the bronze in the women's air rifle

Los Angeles Times quoted an intellectual from China saying. We've all been waiting a long time for these Games. Even those not intensely interested in sports have come to see them as politically, historically important."

China's return to the Olympics is not only important to themselves but will also have a significant impact on the global sports structure. They are experimenting with a mixture of American and Soviet training systems and promise to give the leaders a trying time in future.



China's Wu Shude in action at the Asian Games

Stranger than fiction

HOWARD DREW toiled hard to find a place in the American contingent for the Stockholm Games (1912). He was the best bet for the 100 metres dash and sure enough he qualified for the final. But he wasn't seen at the starting line. Strange!

No one seemed bothered to ask Drew why he decided to stay out of the race. After some persuasion the sprinter blurted out that he had been locked in his dressing-room during the final by his own compatriots who disliked seeing a coloured athlete win the event. The media played it up prominently.

But the truth came out after several years when Drew said that it had nothing to do with colour prejudice but that he opted out of the 100m final due to a strained sinew in his leg during the second round and the doctor advised him to take rest for the rest of the Games.

No team spirit

AT the Los Angeles Olympics in 1932, the Argentines had a horrendous experience during and after the Games. There was a revolt at the Olympic Village because the manager of the squad was utterly dictatorial and the athletes refused to remain under his charge. The bitterness prevailed for several days until the manager was deposed.

Even after the removal of the 'dictator', the atmosphere was still foul till the last day of the Games. The return journey was also full of trouble and infighting. The captain of the ship had no option but to put the whole team in confinement under armed guards.

When the ship arrived at Buenos Aires the main culprits were rounded up and sent directly to prison. Alberto Lovell who won the heavyweight gold medal in boxing received his biggest blow. He paid the price with imprisonment.

Selling their way

THIS is an amusing but true story concerning Brazil. The athletes had struggled to earn a ticket to Los Angeles in 1932. But as fate would have it the Government did not have sufficient funds to send all those selected.

It was embarrassing for the Government who offered a ship and 50,000 bags of coffee—which went on sale at various ports en route to the Games—to meet the expenses of the team. But who was interested in buying coffee when there was a glut of this produce and the prices were down in the world market.

The ship finally reached Los Angeles but with only 24 members while the rest stayed back at some port hoping to sell the shipment. But all in vain. Anyway, the ship arrived at LA once again—in time—to pick up the Brazilians for the long journey back. Cuba had also done a similar thing, but that incident has already been dealt with.



High hurdle king Harrison Dillard who won a 100m gold after failing to qualify for his pet event

Mismanagement

THE management at the Paris Games in 1900 was chaotic, sometimes even embarrassing.

Rudolf Baure of Hungary had won the discus event and was being led to the victory rostrum. Officials raised the American flag and the band immediately struck up the American National Anthem. When he realised what was going on, Bauer objected and the ceremony was stopped until a Hungarian flag could be found. This was eventually raised and the band then launched into the Austrian National Anthem.

Prior to the Games the organisers had announced that 'valuable honorary prizes' would be awarded instead of medals. There was a great deal of trouble and controversy over this issue.

Prizes such as books and umbrellas were given out, for no proper Olympic medals were made. Years after the IOC ordered that the medals be made and distributed to the winners. Unfortunately many of these medals had to be awarded posthumously.

With luck on your side

SOME people have all the luck in the world. One such person was Lasse Hall of Sweden during the Helsinki Games. After two events in the modern pentathlon he was leading. When the shooting competition (the third event) started, Lasse was still in the Games Village, unaware that his watch had stopped.

When he discovered the malfunction there were only five minutes left for him to get to the shooting range which was a few miles away. To his bad luck

the first car he got, refused to start and the second was an old taxi not capable of going fast. Lasse got to the range twenty minutes late.

At any other time he would have been disqualified but luck was on his side. A Russian competitor had had a misfire, but he objected to the ruling. A jury was called and a heated argument took place, and was still in progress when Lasse arrived.

The competition was delayed and Lasse went on to win the pentathlon gold—the first civilian to win a gold in this event.

Earlier in the equestrian events the horse that he drew turned out to be lame, but the substitute turned out to be the best horse in Finland.

Black is fast

THE sprint events in the Olympics have become a near monopoly of 'blacks'. But do you know who was the first Negro to have won a sprint title in the history of the Olympic Games?

It was Eddie Tolan of the United States in the 1932 Games. Even his arch rival and countryman Ralph Metcalfe couldn't believe that Tolan had edged him out.

The 100 metres dash saw an incredibly close finish and had the race been just a foot more it was certain that Metcalfe would have won. Actually, Tolan led till 90 metres but his rival made a surging burst of speed and the two crossed the finishing line together. But pictures indicated that Metcalfe was just an inch behind. However, both were clocked in at 10.3 seconds, an Olympic record and which also equalled the world time. Tolan went on to claim the 200m gold.

Tolan was the third University of Michigan athlete to win the Olympic 100m gold.



Eddie Tolan winning the 100m—the first black man to do so

Relay specialist

WHEN sprinter Frank Wykoff put his foot on the soil of Adolf Hitler's Berlin he had one thought in his mind: he must claim his third consecutive 4 × 100 metres relay gold medal. In fact, he had the unique distinction of achieving this rare feat for the Americans.

Each of his three goals was achieved with a different set of partners and in each relay a new record was established. At the 1928 Amsterdam Olympics, his team-mates were James Quinn, Charlie Borah and Henry Russell and they clocked 41 seconds.

On their own home soil at Los Angeles four years later Wykoff had Robert Kiesel, Emmett Toppino and Hector Dyer. This time the gold came in 40 seconds. At Berlin, there was none other than the legendary figure of Jesse Owens, Ralph Metcalfe and Foy Draper. Here too the time was reduced to 39.8 seconds.

Hats off

ED MOSES' monopoly cannot be matched. But there was one person who had some chance to match it.

Between May 1947 and June 1948 American Harrison Dillard had competed in 82 successive hurdles races and not once was he beaten. It was taken for granted that he would be an automatic choice for the London Olympics. In fact he was a certain winner for the 110m hurdles at Wembley Stadium. Added to his achievements the world record of 13.6 seconds in the 110m hurdles stood him in good stead.

Surprisingly, he never got a chance to prove himself at Wembley, because a month prior to the Games he failed to qualify in the final trial. How did that happen? He had stumbled in the hurdles final and failed to finish

But the story did not end there. Unnerved he tried out the 100m dash and qualified. He took Wembley by storm when he beat countryman Barney Ewell and Panamanian Lloyd La Beach to win the gold. Interestingly at London it was for the first time the first three positions were claimed by black athletes. Dillard also won his second gold in the 4 × 100 metres relay. His dream of claiming the 110m hurdles gold came true at Helsinki with an Olympic record of 13.7 seconds.

Class tells

THE St. Louis Games were branded as an 'hilarious exhibition', because of the innumerable mistakes the organisers committed. The consensus was that the 1904 Olympics was an American sports fixture. And judgement was not at its best.

One of the most glaring mistakes was committed in the final of the 50 yards free-style in which Zoltan von Halmay of Hungary and American Scott Leary swam neck and neck. But Halmay made a last second spurt to pip Leary. There were two judges for this event as one gave the verdict in favour of the Hungarian the other, an American, objected.

A bitter dispute prevailed among the two which had far-reaching affect. Officials and the crowd indulged in fist fighting while Halmay watched the scene in disgust. Things came back to normal after Halmay intervened, agreeing to re-swim. What a sporting gesture! In his second attempt Leary was beaten by a foot. It was the first and last time that the 50 yards free-style event was staged in the Olympics.

Fair and square

THERE was a tussle between St. Louis and Chicago for staging of the third modern Olympic Games and the former eventually succeeded after powerful political intervention. However, the Games lacked spectator interest because of the World's Fair concurrently held. And, of course, foreign participation was at a minimal.

History was created when the Games organisers staged an "Etnlographical Olympics" in which

foreign athletes were recruited from the World Fair staff. And he never found out whether the Greek squad comprised waiters while the South African contingent was manned by whites.

Perhaps even more for the first time in that show and are the shot, discus, javelin, hammer, throwing, long jump and pole vault events. In fact, the Olympic Games was a big success than the actual sports and were always a larger crowd.

First and foremost

HERE is a list of some non gold medal firsts at the Olympics.

Stockholm 1912. The first use of electronic timing devices and a public address system.

Since the Swedes refused to allow boxing matches to be held in their country, the IOC passed a rule limiting the power of local organising committees in the future.

Antwerp 1920. The first time the Olympic flag is unfurled at the Olympic opening ceremony.

Paris 1924. Has the distinction of being the first city to have staged the Games on two occasions. Two other cities have had the honour, London (1908 and 1948) and Los Angeles (1932 and 1984). The first Winter Games are held at Chamonix.

Los Angeles 1932. LA saw the introduction of the Olympic Village, automatic timing and the photo finish camera.

Although the US was in the midst of prohibition an exception was made for the French team who claimed that wine was an essential part of their diet.

Berlin 1936. It was at these Games that the torch relay, now a very important part of the Olympics, was first introduced. On July 30 a torch was lit by the rays of the sun at Olympia in Greece and carried by nearly 3000 athletes to the host city, thus starting of an important Olympic tradition. The Berlin Games were also the first to be shown on Television, large TV screens being set up in the city so that the local people could watch the Games free. But it was only at the London Games of 1948 that the Olympics got extensive TV coverage.

London 1948. Apart from the TV coverage the London Games also saw another first — it saw the first participation of the Communist countries and with it the first cases of defection.

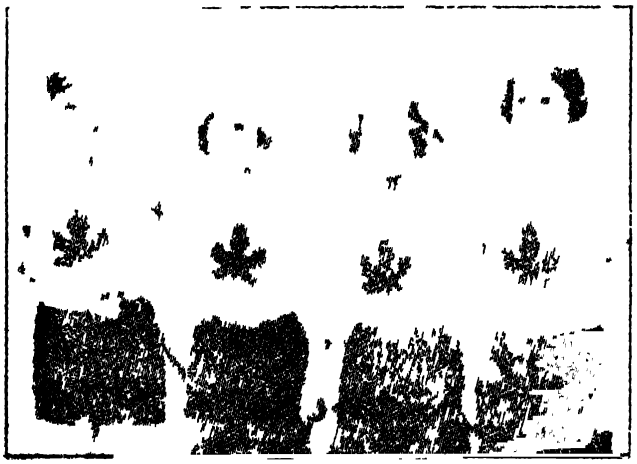
1956 Melbourne. The first time that the Games were held in the Southern Hemisphere. It is also the only time. It was in these Games that the concept of the closing ceremony was introduced. A seventeen year old Chinese boy suggested that all the athletes be made to march together instead of nationwise as a symbol of global unity. The organisers agreed. West Germany and East Germany sent a combined squad to the Games.

1960 Rome. This was the last appearance of South Africa at the Games, the IOC giving into the pressure of other countries to ban the country because of its apartheid policy.

1964 Tokyo. There were no 'firsts' in these Games but what was significant was that the torch was lit by one Yoshinoro Sakai. He was born under the shadow of the mushroom cloud of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1946.

1968 Mexico. For the first time the Olympic torch was lit by a woman, Enriqueta Basilio, who ran for Mexico in the 400m lit the flame.

Though sex test for women were introduced in the Grenoble Winter Games of that year it was in Mexico that the sex test was first used in the Summer Games.



The Canadian women's team who smashed the 4 x 100m relay world record in 1928. It was the first time that women were allowed to compete in the track and field events at the Olympics

Amusing affair

At Paris in 1900 Freddie Lane won Australia's first swimming titles, beating Zoltan Halmay by 5.8 seconds in the 200m freestyle and also winning the 200m 'obstacle' race.

The obstacle race, sometimes called 'hurdle swimming', was an amusing affair but it was not surprising that this was the only time it was included in the Olympic programme. The competitors had to struggle through barrels after every 50m in the 200m race.

Lane from Sydney won by 1.6 seconds and it was probably only his size — he weighed only nine and a half stone — that helped him to victory. Lane used a double over arm stroke, similar to the trudgen but with a narrow kick, which was considered too strenuous until this rugged little man won the New South Wales title in 1899.

Lane's prize for the 200m free style was a replica of the Louvre weighing more than 50 pounds and for the obstacle race a similar sized bronze of a peasant girl.

Walking home

AMERICAN George Bonhag was one of the greatest middle distance runners in his time and he wanted to prove it. Sadly enough, he lost all form at the 1906 Athens Interim Games in the running event. He looked a shattered man but he was nevertheless desperate. He had to win a medal at any cost.

Bonhag entered his name in an entirely new event — the 1500 metres walking event. His effort ended in futility because after two laps of walking he went out of contention. He cursed himself. But little did he know that he was sitting pretty for the gold medal. Those who were in front of him were all disqualified for illegal walking. And Bonhag became the winner of the "softest" medal in history.

The scene was the same in the 3000 metres walking which followed later on.

Compiled by Subhash Sarcar and Andy O'Brien

Making ends meet in the Olympics of life.



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beyond their capacity–to achieve
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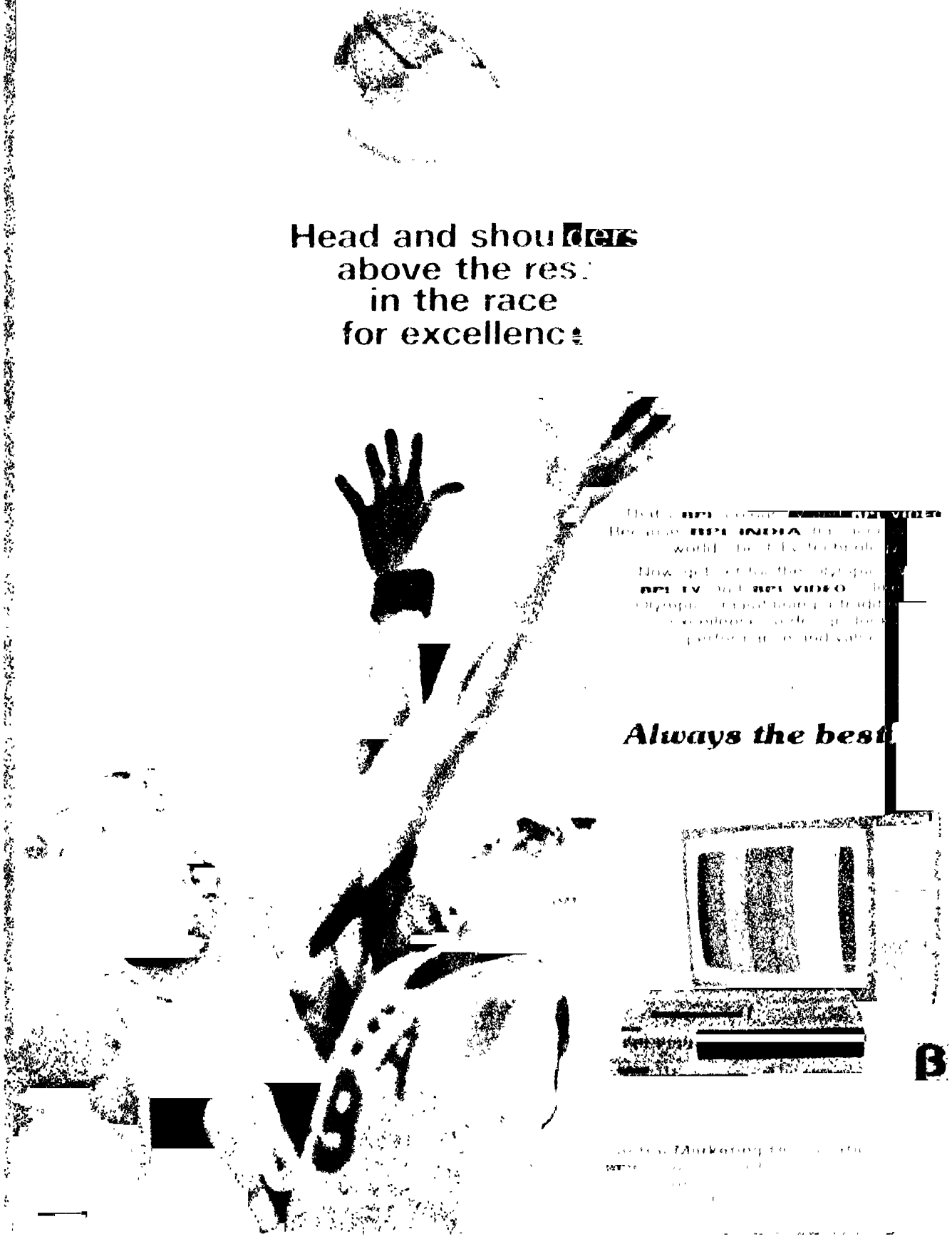
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Japan Cup: A test for the best

IN a perfect world a horse race ought to answer some questions but leave others tantalisingly unresolved. Tokyo ain't perfect (the racecourse tulips are all plastics) but Stanerra's win in the Japan Cup was no bad example of the game at its best.

Could the idea of the true inter-continental showdown ever really stand up? And would the Japanese themselves ever emerge as a genuine power in the racing globe?

With a three-way photo and just a length (and two-tenths of a second) covering the first five home, there was plenty on which to ponder in that Japan Cup. What happened to the usually so consistent High Hawk? Whatever possessed jockey Kiyoaki to set off at quite such a ludicrous gallop on the best backed Japanese horse, Hagino Kamuio? How did Erin's Isle figure so little to end up 9th? Where did Half Iced come from to finish so fast in fourth? How far would the Japanese Kyoei Promise have won but for breaking down in the last furlong? Finally, how much was Tanerra really affected by the "set-fast" that had put her running in doubt?

Sifting through those questions takes one back to the unreal atmosphere as the gates clanged open at 3.10 p.m. local time to fire 16 thoroughbreds from nine different countries on their mile and half journey, under the uncrowded gaze of 80,000 local race fans at Tokyo's enormous track, 15 miles west of the city. After all the pageantry, parades and Press conferences the race was finally the thing and straightaway High Hawk's chances of justifying her 3-1 favouritism looked in dire trouble.

John Dunlop's little filly (she scaled only 410 kilos at the pre-race weigh-in) came out of the stalls some five sluggish lengths adrift of her field and for all Willie Carson's efforts, never engaged top gear thereafter. Perhaps, unlike the others, she was feeling the effects of her 34-hour journey, may be the yellow Tokyo turf was firmer than she wanted or perhaps she just felt this tenth race (and fifth country) of the season was one too many.

Any way, while, Sheikh Mohammed and the enthusiastic entourage which had jetted in from Dubai already feared the worse, a large part of the local fans were celebrating prematurely as the best fancied (at 14 to 1) Japanese horse Hagino Kamui O set off like the clappers from his no. 1 draw and came past the stands in front.

You might have seen some tearaway front runners but thanks to the Japanese devotion to statistics you could actually log this one—besides hoping that Mr Kiyoaki the jockey never gave you a lift home—as the field swung into the long left-handed turn at the head of the back stretch, Kiyoaki had Hagino Kamui O travelling at such a lick that for this second furlong they clocked 10.6 seconds. It was a pace that couldn't last. Still way ahead of his field at the end of the back straight, the Japanese leader now took a full 13.2 seconds to cover the eighth furlong and rapidly dropped out to be a lame and lamentable last.

As Hagino Kamui O came back through the field he wiped out the German colt Tombos, while behind them the Irish American Erin's Isle injured a hock and so ended unhappily a year which had started brilliantly with three group one victories in California.

Half Iced, the other American, had sprinted from the very back of the pack last year to snatch a photo finish verdict from one of the most powerful female triumvirates ever locked in combat. All Along, April Run, and Stanerra. Half Iced never repeated that form during 1983 but back in Tokyo he had quite a shot, making up many lengths in the straight to finish only two heads and half a length off the winner.

If Half Iced's victory in 1982 had been hard to interpret, what happened up front in 1983's last two up hill furlongs becomes equally tricky. At first, it looked predictable. France's Esprit Du Nord with Astrong Suit in stamina committed himself before the turn, the bright-eyed little New Zealander McGinty attacked up the inside, and the six-year-old Amber Shadai, considered the best of the home defence, came on the outer. And joining them came the giant stride of Stanerra, travelling almost as smoothly as that glorious moment when she pulled her way to the front in the Hardwicke stakes last June.

Then it all began to be difficult, Brian Rouse asked Stanerra the question and clearly had precious little in the tank. Esprit Du Nord plugged on just better than McGinty over on inside. Ameer Shadai (the winner of £1¼ million) dropped away but another Japanese, Kyoei Promise, took the front line and, with jockey Shibata pushing like a demon, failed by only a head. And when he was seen to pull up hobbling lame, it was clear that in terms of honour Kyoei Promise had not lost at all.

For an appalling minute or two while Kyoei Promise stumbled at the end of the rein, refusing to put his near fore to earth, it looked as if this six-year-old son of Baldric was about to become the posthumous pride of Japanese racing. But eventually he was persuaded to walk painfully into the horse ambulance.

Trainer Takamatsu had also done something of a job on Kyoei Promise for this was only the colt's third race of the year and he had taken the prestigious Emperor's Cup (over two miles) last time out. But credit finally has to go to where it's most due and that has to be amongst the devoted Irish band that brought Stanerra to victory from a situation a week earlier when the effects of her long journey had left the mare all tied up with "'set fast" a blood disorder and stiffening along the back that usually makes big race participation a pipe dream.

But owner-trainer Frank Dunne has had this as a recurring problem with Stanerra, and although he was tending his other life as chief of Ireland's biggest supermarket chain up to three days before the Japan Cup, he kept the telephone wires humming and was aided by an inspired team to attack Stanerra's ailments with the most unusual big race preparation anyone can remember. She used to be walked everyday for six hours and that was the only exercise she could have.

But jockey Brian Rouse had confidence in Stanerra, "Frank knows what he's doing...He's done wonders with the mare, 'said Rouse.

The man of the week

Premen Addy

LAST week most definitely belonged to the Spanish golfer Severiano Ballesteros who won the 113th Open Championship at St Andrews after a titanic struggle with Tom Watson of the United States and Bernard Langer of West Germany.

For the first couple of days, a little known Australian, I. Baker-Finch by name, led the field but, as always, the hard professionals, the men whose nerves have been tempered in a thousand battles, took over. Baker-Finch, a mere 23-year-old, will surely have his day for he eventually finished a creditable ninth, far ahead of some of the games' greatest personalities.

But it is to Ballesteros that one is forced to return. He had previously won this, the most prestigious of tournaments in 1979, yet he kept his head down and persevered, confident that it would all come good in the end. It did. And at the right time and the right place against the world's best practitioners and at St Andrews, the cynosure of golfing eyes everywhere. The character was thus there, as in any true champion, and the rich cream of talent fairly gushed forth for us to behold and marvel.

The other individual who made this pulsating finish possible was that great US master, Tom Watson. Steady as a rock, superbly consistent, and pacing himself intelligently, it seemed that he was destined to carry off golf's most coveted prize. Ballesteros just hung in with him, hole for hole, until at the in famous 17th, the Spaniard putted in four but the American slipped up by striking the ball with such [illegible] that it landed a mere [illegible] from the wall. His dream of victory dissolved from that moment, and when in the 18th, Ballesteros birdied with a 15 foot putt, the trophy was assuredly his, for it required his rival to take the hole in two—which was even beyond a man of his extraordinary gifts

So, Tom Watson has to wait another year before he can match Harry Varden's record of six Opens, having won five He finished with 278 strokes, like Langer, 10 under par Ballesteros with 276 finished 12 under par. In this form he could also hope to emulate Varden in the years ahead.

Wishes, hopes and controversy

THE British contingent to the Olympic Games left for Los Angeles with good wishes, hopes and a touch of controversy Naturally, everyone wished them well and the more knowledgeable hope that the athletes will bag more than the record 12 medals won at Tokyo by the Britons in 1964, what with East Europeans absent

Certainly the two middle distance runners, Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett, look to be in fine form. Steve Cram with late injuries appears more doubtful as a winning prospect. Dave Moorcroft, the world 5000 metre champion, appears to be running into peak condition and anything but a gold would be a disappointment for him and his fans. More so, as his West German rival, Thomas Wessinghage, an Olympic competitor in 1972 and 76, and a European Champion, has pulled out with a broken foot. The controversy? The South African-born Zola Budd, of course

Daley Thompson, the Olympic decathlon champion, when asked what he expected, replied that he wanted simply to 'do well' No one, he said, had the power to say whether he or she would win an event, no matter how good the person 'You can only do your best and even if you came last there would be satisfaction if you had done your best' Baron de Coubertin, the man who founded the Modern Olympics could not have put it better.



Ballesteros [illegible] on a putt

A midsummer dream come true

THE Benson and Hedges cricket final at Lord's was very disappointing to say the least A one-day match can often throb with excitement to the very end or else fade away long before. There being only one innings, there is no second chance to put things right. When Warwickshire, with their batting power-house, collapsed to an ignominious 139 after being 102 for 2 at lunch, the writing was clearly on the wall.

The pre-match punditry had it that Warwickshire with Kallicharran, Amiss and Humpage would make a big total, while Lancashire with their relative lack of years would provide



Warwickshire captain Bob Willis makes an unsuccessful appeal for lbw against Lancashire's A. Ormrod during the Benson and Hedges Cup final

the major fielding spectacle.

Kallicharran played his part to the hilt. His 70 was beautifully compiled and showed what a fine batsman he still is. He would surely walk into any international side today. His colleagues flattered to deceive.

Lancashire proved that fleetness of foot and sureness of catching can make reasonably good bowling look lethal. Allot continued his fine Test run with 3 for 15 in 8.4 overs. Jeffries, his partner with the new ball, returned figures of 3 for 28 in a full ration of 11 overs, Watkinson had 2 for 23 in 9 and O'Shaughnessy conceded 43 runs for his 2 wickets.

Crucially, although he took no wickets, the off-spinner Jack ('Flat Jack' as he is affectionately known in cricketing circles) Simmons gave away only 18 runs in his allotted 11 overs. In this form of cricket, keeping runs down is as important as capturing wickets. Simmons came into the attack and immediately tied up the Warwickshire batsmen.

In fretful mood, they took unnecessary risks and paid the penalty. Even Kallicharran straining at the leash, perished and with his departure Warwickshire sank into oblivion. There were too few runs in the bank for Warwickshire to have any realistic chances of winning. But a few breasts were aflutter when four Lancashire wickets went down for 71 before the veteran David Hughes, 36 not out, and Neil Fairbrother, also 36 not out, saw their side home with an unbroken stand of 69. Fairbrother, a young left-hander looked a player of immense potential and should make a name for himself soon.

Lancashire were led, as they have been all season in Clive Lloyd's absence, by John Abrahams, the South African, who, like Basil D'Oliveira, has had to seek fame and fortune in England. It was for him a moment of pride and joy when he held up the cup aloft and won Peter May's vote as 'Man of the Match'. This was a surprise as he had been out for a duck and didn't bowl, but for May his captaincy had been outstanding enough to get him the prize.

Not everyone would hold with that decision, but all would agree that it couldn't have fallen to a nicer man — and on his 32nd birthday, too. Well, it is midsummer and midsummer dreams are best when they come true. •

As I said at the time

This is the concluding edited extract from E.W. Swanton's 'As I said at the time'. The book, published by Collins Willow and priced at £14.95, is a collection of his reports, essays, profiles and letters.

The Don in 1948

ALL that was needed in 1948 to bring to fullness the nostalgia surrounding the Australians when they returned to England three summers after the War's ending was for The Don to come at their head. After some hesitation—he would be 40 by the time the tour ended, and a long catalogue of ill-health stretched behind him—he came and saw and for the fourth time conquered.

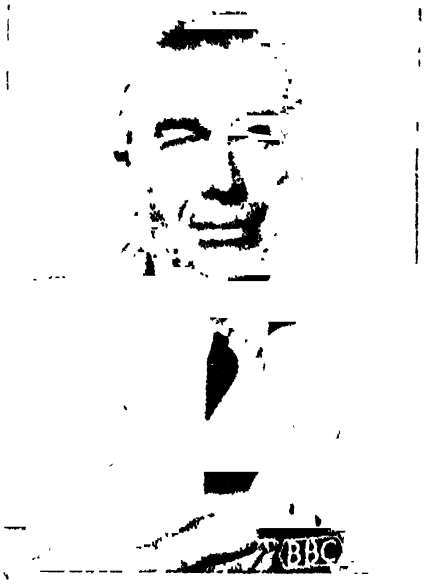
When he made his first speech over the air, at the Cricket Writers' Dinner, the BBC held back the nine o'clock news until he had finished That speech, touching every note of Commonwealth kinship, and not unmixed with humour, was as much a work of art of its kind as one of his greatest innings. It brought him a sackful of mail (yet another record maybe) and set the tone of his farewell visit. If his eye had lost its very keenest edge, if his appetite for runs was tempered just a little, he was still far too good for England's bowling. Moreover he handled a new generation of Australian cricketers with the utmost skill and understanding. At Headingley, his old happy hunting ground, he clinched the rubber and the Ashes with his 29th and last Test hundred, leading Australia to a highly improbable victory by making 173 not out out of a fourth innings score of 404 for 3.

Dramatically, his career should have ended at this point. But there was still The Oval. England were bowled out for 52. Australia, when The Don came in, were impregnable at 117 for 1. Was he unnerved by the fervour of the applause, overcome by the cheers accorded him by the England XI as they surrounded him at the crease? Maybe, but it would have been scarcely in character. As is well known he needed four runs only to average 100 in all Test matches—no one else has even touched 70. Forward he went to a well-pitched googly from Eric Hollies, and over went his stumps for a duck.

For most of his 20 years before the public 'Bradman 0' made bigger news than 'Bradman 100'. Such was the measure of his ascendancy. But there was a fortnight of his last tour still to go, and he always liked English wickets best. It would be better to sign off with a bang than a whimper, and so it was: at Lord's 150, at Hastings 143, at Scarborough 153. Curtain!

Curtain indeed as a player, but there was to come, of course, much high service to the game: on the Australian Board of Control (renamed, oddly enough, the Australian Cricket Board about the time of his retirement from it); as a Test selector, apart from two years, between 1936, his first year of Test captaincy, and 1971; and as author and, briefly, journalist. The Art of Cricket—*a 'must' in every cricket library—is reviewed in Chapter 13. His reporting of the 1953 Tests for the* Daily Mail *—no sinecure to a less nimble brain considering how he had dominated Anglo-Australian cricket for so long—was, as I remember it, a model performance. With all this, and despite his own illness and those of Lady Bradman, he has built a reputation, in the post-War years, as 'the best business man in Adelaide'.*

Don's last visit to London in the spring of 1974 was a triumph with a characteristic touch. Brought over by the Anglo-American Sporting Club for a boxing-dinner evening which boosted the Lord's Taverners' funds (that's to say cash for the benefit of cricket clubs and causes) by £10,000, he spent the week-end preceding the function by signing all 900 menu cards. Having thus cut and rolled the wicket to perfection, he made an ideal speech, allusive, humorous, yet not lacking in serious content. Curtain again!



E.W. Swanton— "The man with the sealskin voice."

Feminine Inspiration

JUNE 1950. Everyone is putting his or her shoulder to the wheel of English cricket, and urging it forward, so to speak, through the treacherous byways of matted, uneven turf to the broad smooth high road of artificial wickets and a general state of Utopia. Two ladies have been assisting the deliberations of the Cricket Enquiry Committee, and it was perhaps their presence thereon that reminded a reader of this paper to give an airing to what he describes as an old theory of his. Womanhood, he says, and he is not, of course, thinking of the experts, must be coached into a new

version of the polite, unvarying question: 'How many did you make, dear?'

Small boys home from school, adolescents returning from their first club cricket, married men, young, mature, and elderly, as they sit down to supper, must thus in answer submit a brief, incomplete account of their day to satisfy the conventions. No department of the game save batsmanship is recognized, with the result, says my friend, that the male of the species, from childhood to old age, bends his energies to batsmanship at the expense of all else.

His family prestige as a cricketer depends on his score. Surely it is high time to start coaching mothers, wives, and sweethearts in an alternative catechism whereby they may do their bit to restore the vital balance between bat and ball, indeed to encourage the bowlers who are needed to bring back the Ashes. How many wickets did you get? That should be the stock enquiry.

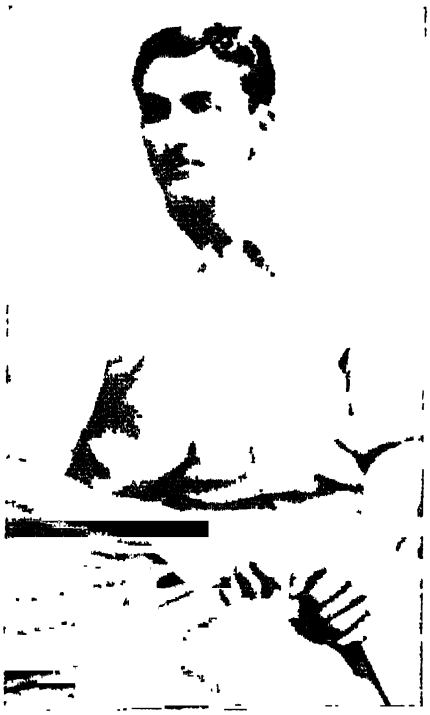
The Field

At the crossroads—as usual

Punch in 1961 ran a series entitled 'Diminishing Returns' wherein the old staples of British entertainment, the theatre, cinema, soccer, and cricket were examined. Were they in fact declining, and if so why? The Editor, my friend the late Bernard Hollowood, invited me to write the cricket piece, informing his readers in an introductory paragraph that (at 54) 'he still occasionally dodders out on to the field'. So we both did for many years for the Authors against the Publishers in a notable annual literary get-together on the Westminster School ground at Vincent Square.

The proposition before the house is, as I understand it, that cricket is in decline. Of course. Go back a mere sixty years—exactly that as a matter of fact—and hear Alfred Lyttelton declaiming at the General Meeting of MCC held to change the lbw Law: 'I do not think I have ever heard anybody dispute that the game is made more tame and monotonous than it ever was...What wonder is it, then, that other and inferior games like golf—laughter—entice away the disappointed cricketer, and satisfy him with the sedater joys that belong to that game?'

Tame and monotonous? Sedater joys? Mark the date well, for it was 1901, in the exact middle of what has been exalted by every historian from H.S. Altham downwards as the Golden Age. (It was considerably earlier, as is well known, that Queen Victoria, dropping in one day at St John's Wood, was heard coldly to remark that we were not amused). The reformers have always been busy with cricket—with its laws, with the regulations for Tests and the County Championship, with the pitches and the implements, the clothing, the customs and conventions. It has thrived from one generation to another on doom-laden prophecy. The amateur is extinct, we were told with dreary iteration, before the last War as well as after it. But a band of these moribund amateurs who won't lie down have been carrying English batting on their shoulders for years now. Is cricket dead or dying, or, as Mark Twain maintained, who read his own obituary notice, is it that the news is greatly exaggerated?



C. B. Fry. "He was the only man I ever knew who could write and talk simultaneously on two different subjects."

Dexter rampant

This first of three extracts from the career of Ted Dexter was a postscript to his first Test appearance, which was against New Zealand at Old Trafford during which the MCC team to tour Australia in 1958-59 was selected.

The omission of E. R. Dexter from the team to Australia—or, rather, the completion of the party before he had gone to the wicket at Old Trafford—has aroused strong feelings in some quarters. It has inspired, for instance, this gusty polemic from one whom I will not identify further than by saying he is a household name in cricket:

'I literally seize my pen to say that the omission of Dexter from the team to the Antipodes is *the biggest clanger* I have ever known selectors anywhere commit.

'Long-suffering men in an arduous job that would have made Machiavelli bite his nails—yes; no doubt! But a child of six, who'd played one season's cricket on the lawn with his mother, could surely have seen Dexter's genius.

'I've seen him some four times so far in all, and if ever a man *shouted* from the crease England class, maybe world class, it is Dexter. And these *blind idiots, treble-bandaged moles* leave him at home. He is a possible Trumper or Macartney. And then they have the crust to leave before his innings and to pick the whole team before the Test is over. Ye Gods!

'And all his critics can do is to say, "he has much to learn about playing spin bowling." Well, if it comes to that, Harry Vardon had "much to learn" about putting to the end of his life and won six Open Championships. *Gibbering dolts!* Thanks. I feel better now!'

Myself, I believe it was disappointingly stupid of the selectors not to realize that *if* they had someone at hand who could make runs, field extremely well, and act as a fifth bowler, they had an asset which would improve the balance of the team enormously.

In the event Dexter was flown out in mid-winter as a replacement to what had become an ill-fated side with the grievance of throwers uncalled always in their minds.

C. B. Fry (1872-1956)

The height and the breadth of achievement of Charles Burgess Fry, if sporting and academic distinction are combined, have never been surpassed, and if anything is certain it is that in the world of today and tomorrow they

never will be. In these specialist times it is impossible to imagine an undergraduate who was (as Fry was in 1894) captain of Oxford at cricket and football, president of the Athletic Club, and holder of the world record in the long jump who made a hundred and led his side to victory over Cambridge at Lord's and yet emerged from the Schools with a First in Classical Moderations.

After such a tour de force it will come as no surprise to learn that he was prevented from winning a rugger blue only by injury, that he won a Cup finalist's medal with Southampton, played in seven Test series for England, led England to victory in the Triangular Tournament of 1912, made 94 first class hundreds, edited a magazine, wrote several books on cricket including a sparkling autobiography and a classic on Batsmanship, stood for Parliament as a Liberal, and made as his chief life-work the training of merchant seamen on his ship, The Mercury, on the Hamble river.



"...He (Gunn) played very much as the whim took him. Thus, getting out early one day and receiving a verbal blast from his captain, he ventured only two syllables. 'too 'ot.'"

April 1972. Charles Fry, who died in September 1956 at the age of 84 had been an unfailing friend to me for more than 20 years since, in fact, we had travelled the country together watching the 1934 Australians on behalf of the *Evening Standard*, I doing the straight reporting, he contributing a daily column or two, or three—called C B Fry Says which made a sensation as it burst upon the world.

One spring morning, seeing Bradman and the Australians for the first time, writing away ceaselessly in a large script on endless octavo sheets, conversing amusingly the while refreshing himself modestly from time to time and offering hospitality to all and sundry, he was in wonderful fettle. By lunch he had concocted nearer 2,000 words than one of crisp, staccato stuff, epigrammatic and brilliant, and as it went on cascading over the wire caused the office to cry out for mercy. They already had more than they could carry! He was the only man I ever knew who could write and talk simultaneously on two different subjects.

G. Gunn (1879-1958)

George Gunn's death was announced, regrettably for me, on a Sunday in June when I had a day off playing cricket and not within range of reference books. Of all the truly great players the merit of none perhaps is so inaccurately portrayed by his figures. Over a long career of 27 playing seasons he made just over 35,000 runs with an average fractionally under 36. He made 119 and 74 in his first Test match, against Australia, where he had gone, not with the 1907-08 MCC team, but for his health. His Notts captain A O Jones, who was leading MCC, fell sick and Gunn was called up in the emergency. Yet though he averaged 40 in Tests he was chosen for only 15 of them. According to Sir Neville Cardus 'in a third of his innings he probably got out by his own sweet will'. If that was a slight overestimation in favour of the fondest of all Cardus's characters he certainly did not exert himself making unnecessary runs, and he played very much as the whim took him. Thus, getting out early one day and receiving a verbal blast from his captain A.W. Carr, he ventured only two syllables in reply: 'too 'ot'.



Sir Robert Menzies. "There was never a more beguiling story teller..."

If this opportunity to pay a brief tribute to George Gunn comes a little time after his death, I can safely plead that he was one of the immortals, and that we shall be talking about him, and smiling over the dry whimsicality of the man, for a long time yet. I saw him play only when he was nearly finishing, but in his early 50s he was still using the pitch as a sort of promenade, with his bat, so to speak, as a walking-stick. One of the old touring photographs shows him in a straw-hat, and if he had batted in one it would have been in character, cocking a metaphorical snook at all bowlers, especially the fastest of them.

Sir Robert Menzies (1894-1978)

THERE was never a more beguiling story-teller, and he had no inhibitions about telling a good tale more than once, as it were 'by popular demand'. In his charming essay in the Centenary issue of *Wisden* he epitomizes his philosophy of the game and then lightens the picture with anecdote: 'Cricket, as I have said, is a great art. It is the mother of great traditions. It dwells in the eye and in the blood. The relative slowness of its tempo induces observation and enables its subtleties to be seen and noted. It has evoked from writers of talent a considerable literature.'

And then comes the story of his appearance before the elderly judge whose three special hobbies he happened to know were roses, poultry and cricket. Sir Robert's client, the defendant, had a good case but was an absolutely hopeless witness, and things were going all too well for the plaintiff. Sir Robert at the adjournment endeavoured to discover the defendant's interests. Roses? No response. Fowls? Ditto. Cricket? 'Are, now you're talking. I played for Ballarat and District against Ivo Bligh's XI.' 'Good. Conference ended.'

Back in court counsel asks the dumb fellow for a date. 'Take your time, witness. I know that dates are not always easy to remember. Now if I were to ask you about the date when you played cricket for Ballarat and District against Ivo Bligh's XI that would be much easier!' Whereat the judge, beaming with excitement and delight, asks to hear about the match.

They chat away, the defendant relaxes, and thereafter it's a walk-over. It was the right result, claims RGM, 'but it was cricket that did it'.

Arthur Mailey (1886-1967)

In attempting a sketch of A.A. Mailey I offer this review which I wrote on his autobiography, 10 for 66 and all that, *published by Phoenix Books, and now a second-hand item not easy to come by.*

May 1958. When the Australians come to England, a smallish man with a large head and hair turning white, and long fingers that he can crack like the sound of a pistol, drifts vaguely round the country in their wake. He travels astonishingly light, but there are three important items stacked in his car, an easel, canvas and a drawing-board.

At heart Arthur Mailey is a nomad. He lives now mostly on the water, not far from Sydney, in a one man craft called, appropriately enough, *Sea Gypsy*. He writes about cricket, and has a whimsical touch, both with the pencil and the brush. He was born in the humblest circumstances, and made his way from waste-land cricket and the public parks into the Australian Test team.

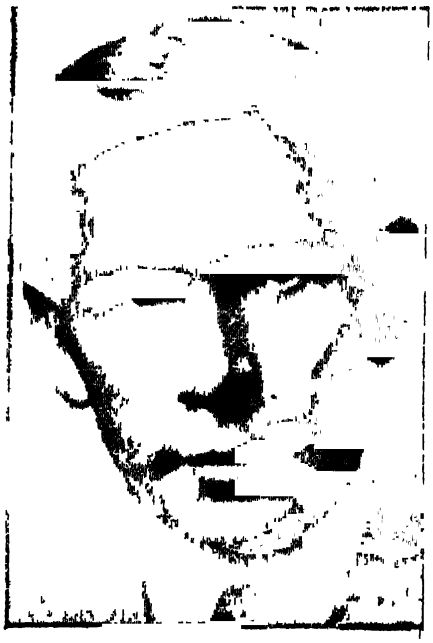
He was a great leg-spin and googly bowler with prodigious powers of spin. He played in 21 Tests in the golden days of the 1920s, and was only twice on the losing side. He got 99 wickets for Australia—a fact of which he is sure to be blissfully unaware. One would hazard that the only figures he knows in relation to his own cricket are the two somewhat contrasting analyses: 4 for 362 against Victoria when they made the world's record score of 1,107, and the one that he uses for the title of his book. Believe it or not, he took 10 for 66 against Gloucestershire at Cheltenham, and gives the scorecard as his frontispiece.

Mailey has a great story to tell, and he tells it with an appeal that is akin to genius. 'Characters' sometimes write books in which the personality of the author remains obstinately hidden. With Mailey you get the full flavour of the man from the first page to the last. The story of his boyhood is inimitably told, complete with a sketch of the family home, a wooden shack 'designed by my father's brother, Sam, who seemed to do his best to avoid any of the Wren influence, but showed a strong leaning towards Heath Robinson.'

Mailey's only picture was a pin-up of Victor Trumper, and when the winter wind blew around the hessian partitions, 'Vic appeared to go through his whole repertoire of strokes'.

Mailey drops his own little bombshell when he admits that he always carried powdered resin in his pocket, and that he surreptitiously lifted the seam for Gregory and Macdonald. He salved his conscience by reflecting that seam-lifting and resin-dusting preserve the ball, rather than destroy. When he ran out of resin he used to spend a good part of the day shaking hands with Oldfield, whose gloves, quite legally, were covered with 'bird-lime'. Why the distinction, he asks. It is a pertinent point that I have never known put in that way.

Finally, he is truly scathing about one of the most pervasive of player-myths, the alleged excessive strain, mental and physical, of Test tours. 'Did I find Test tours too strenuous? The very question is sacrilegious.' But though he has his hobby-horses, and he can work up a little spleen now and then, Arthur Mailey's criticisms are essentially kindly and well-mannered, reflecting the man himself. He has written *the* most enjoyable cricket book, and one of the most significant, that I have read for years.



Arthur Mailey. "...He admits that he surreptitiously lifted the seam for Gregory and Macdonald."

Charlie Chaplin and cricket

June 1964. Meeting a wide diversity of interesting people is one of the joys that go with one's job. In Jamaica recently my wife and I dined in the company of Mr and Mrs Chaplin.

Although cricket is a kind of *lingua franca* between all unlikely sorts and conditions of men I supposed Mr Chaplin's South London boyhood would have been too far behind for him to retain any recollection, if indeed there had been any contact with the game. But not at all. Tom Hayward was the hero of his youth and the little fellow with him, who was that? Why, Bobby Abel of course. 'Now tell me one thing' he said, 'have they come around yet to giving a rain-check?' On tour in Nottingham he remembered paying half-a-crown to see his very own Surrey playing there—no doubt in the Whitsuntide match. Half-a-crown meant, of course, a stand seat. The young comedian had done himself well. But down came the rain. He could see still in his mind's eye the two self-assured schoolboys talking cricket in a sophisticated way in the row behind. They didn't seem to resent getting no play for their money. But Charlie did. Half-a-crown was a lot, and the injustice went deep. 'So what could I do? I had to go to America, and see baseball where at least if they didn't play you got your money back, or the chance of coming again'.

"Mailey's only picture was a pin-up of Victor Trumper and when the winter wind blew around the hessian partitions, 'Vic appeared to go through his whole repertoire of strokes.'"

The Last Word

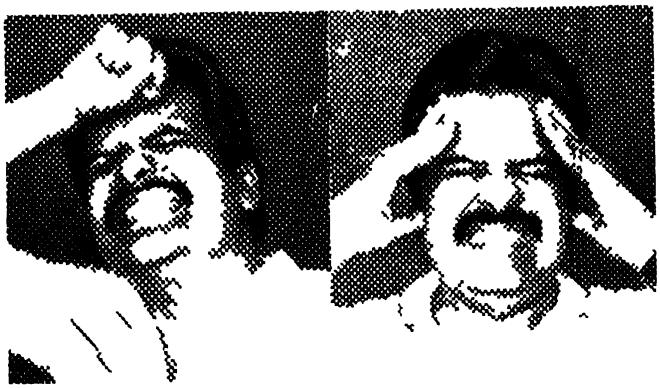
September 1957. This from a schoolmaster. A small boy, faced with an essay on whether H-bomb tests should be abolished, wrote: 'These H-bombs can change the weather which would be very bad because when all the Old Trafford matches have been arranged, and the players come on to the field, it could suddenly snow.'













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AMRUTANJAN

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Broad bat for England

Chris Broad, England's new opener, is profiled by **Paul Weaver**

CHRIS BROAD is something of an infantryman among officers—going over the top, catching bullets in his teeth and revelling in every moment of hand-to-hand combat while classy David Gower, Allan Lamb and Ian Botham wait behind the lines.

You can imagine a well-thumbed Rupert Brooke occupying a special place in the new England opener's cricket bag, and a picture of his wife Carole held ever close to his heart.

Broad likes fast bowling so much that you sometimes wonder whether the two men in white coats who walk before him to the wicket are not in fact from the local asylum.

'Playing pace bowling is my strength,' he says. 'I like to stand up straight and hit the ball.' He particularly likes to hit the ball straight and off his legs, as he showed on his Test debut against West Indies at Lord's. His 55 on the opening day included nine boundaries, and he hit four fours off his legs in 11 deliveries from Joel Garner and Milton Small.

It was a memorable Thursday for him, as he reached his fifty off 104 balls and put on 101 for the first wicket with Graeme Fowler. He fell on his backside once and he didn't know it was a no-ball when Roger Harper caught him at third slip off Malcolm Marshall with his score on 24. But it was a remarkably aggressive and confident innings against the strongest attack in cricket.

The remaining 4½ days of the Lord's Cornhill Test were not so memorable for the Nottinghamshire batsman. He pulled a muscle, made a duck in the second innings and shared in his team's defeat on the final day. But he said afterwards: 'We had only one bad day after playing well for four. And it was a great personal experience for me. It will take a few games to get adjusted to this level, and I just hope I get the chance. Just the length of the game takes some getting used to, the fact that you are in the same hotel with the same players for five or six days. Having said that, I didn't feel particularly nervous when I went out to bat. And it helped when people wished me good luck as I passed through the Long Room on my way to the wicket.'

Broad, 26, says he will never forget his England call-up, on June 24. 'We were playing a John Player League game at Leicester. David Gower came up, tapped me on the shoulder, smiled and said I was in the team.

'I was eating lunch at the time and I didn't know whether to finish the meal or run outside and scream with delight.'

His excitement did not stop him leading Notts to victory with a hard-hit 62.

Broad played for Gloucestershire until this season, making his debut in 1979 and winning his County cap in 1981. Last season he scored an impressive 1061 runs at 42.44.



"And when Marshall and Garner raced in to bowl you could almost feel him (Chris Broad) looking forward to it."

One of his three hundreds was an innings of 145 against Notts at Bristol at the end of August, a performance which did not entirely dismay the visiting captain Clive Rice: 'There was already talk of Chris leaving Gloucestershire,' Rice recalls, 'and with every shot he played I remember thinking what a great signing he would be for us if he did move to Trent Bridge. It turned out to be a good move for both him and Notts. Batting at Bristol can be frustrating because the wicket is often as flat as hell and there are not many results. You can bat well there, score a heavy hundred and see your efforts wasted in a draw.

'Some people have a phobia about not being able to get runs at Trent Bridge. But good batting here is rewarded—a century can be a match-winning innings.

'Chris plays well through the "V" and is a good legside player. He doesn't hook but he certainly gets on with it. He's got a lot of ambition, which is a good thing.

'He had it mapped out to play for England this season, and I'm delighted it's worked out for him. And the difference he has made to Notts is amazing. We have been a little short of top-order runs in the past. And Derek Randall, John Birch, Richard Hadlee and myself are all players who like to give the ball a smack, which is a bit difficult when you're 20 for 2.

'We now have this tremendous competition between Chris and our other opener, Tim Robinson. They've both had a great summer. And when Chris got picked for England, Tim responded with two big hundreds.'

Broad says: "Some people say I moved to Notts this season because it is a more fashionable County. I would rather say it's simply a more successful side, and it's always good to be playing for a side winning things. But I never thought things would work out so well so quickly.'

Broad bats like a super Graham Dilley—tall, strong, left-handed and with his backside pushed out in the direction of square leg. It was that belligerent pose which captured the imagination at Lord's, even before he had received a ball.

And when Marshall and Garner raced in to bowl you could almost feel him looking forward to it.

Dave Surridge, a former Gloucestershire team-mate of Broad's, remembers: 'I will never forget the sight of Chris in the nets with our fast bowler David Lawrence sending down a succession of fast, short-pitched deliveries. He didn't duck one, just stood up and hooked them off his nose. And he seemed to enjoy it...'

Here come those men in white coats again.

Courtesy. Wisden Cricket Monthly

Four Tests. Four-nil.

Premen Addy was witness to yet another 'Waterloo' in which West Indies beat England by an innings to win the fourth Test.

IN the early hours of Tuesday morning, 1 August, the heavens broke amid peals of lightning and the parched earth of Old Trafford received its first rain in weeks. The drought in the north west and south-west of England had turned green playing fields into a mottled brown.

For the English cricketers the sound of the falling rain sounded like a reprieve. In other years it might have been exactly so but the hungry earth soon absorbed the life-giving moisture and the Test resumed a mere 30 minutes after schedule at 11.30 am.

At 120 for five, with the divine dispensation withdrawn, there was little earthly chance of England saving the match, although Gower was still at the wicket with 43. Nevertheless, there were still a 100 runs to get if his side were to steer clear of such an ignominy. The expected duly came within 45 minutes of the start. Gower remained unbeaten with 57, his team totalled 156 and the loss was by an innings and 64 runs. It was as comprehensive a result as one could ever hope to see.

The West Indies had led in all departments of the game. When Allott struck gold before lunch on the opening day by removing Gomes, Richards and Lloyd, the last two for a single each, after Botham had removed Haynes for two. West Indies were a paltry 70. This at last was going to be the turning of the tide, the journey to the Promised Land.

Alas, for shifting tides! Gordon Greenidge had struck anchor amid the disasters at the other end and, joined by Jeff Dujon, unfurled a banner of defiance. His partner who had for most of the season flattered to deceive, set about displaying his silken wares to a rapt audience. Cuts, drives and exquisite flicks off his toes, accompanied with the footwork of a dancing master, carried the stamp and pedigree of a born artiste. This was the Dujon who had so impressed the Australians, but had thus far given tantalising glimpses of his skill in England.



Gordon Greenidge—"... the hard taskmaster."

He chose his moment of triumph with a rare sense of timing. He had the stage to himself, with no Richards or Lloyd prompting or casting their shadows from the wings. When he departed in the penultimate over to a bouncer from Botham, his score stood at 101. Greenidge was then unbeaten with 128 and the total, which had trembled perilously at 70 for 4, had reached the safety of 267 for five. England's Promised Land had faded from view.

The next day, Greenidge, the hard task master, and Winston Davis, his apprentice, bludgeoned a further 170 runs. Greenidge, sated, left for 223 and his partner, originally listed as number 11, with 77. The pair had put the game firmly beyond England's reach. West Indies ended with 500. Thereafter, it was only a question of one side winning or the other drawing.

The rest is history. Lamb got a hundred after a shaky beginning, Garner claimed his usual ration of victims and was joined in the second innings by Roger Harper, whose six for 57 was the best analysis from a Caribbean slow bowler since Lance Gibbs returned figures of six for 38 at Headingley in 1966.

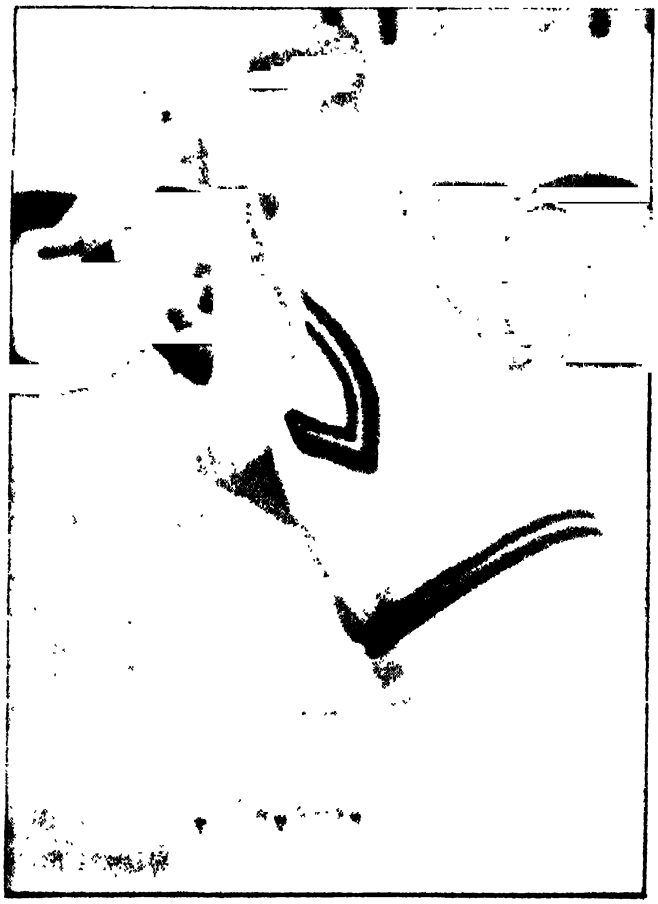
At 6 feet 4 inches, Harper brings down the ball from an immense height and on a wearing pitch of uneven bounce, it reduced batting to something of a lottery. He is a brilliant

fielder and a batsman with undoubted potential and also a possible West Indian captain of the future.

Greenidge, like Gomes, is having a dream series. He, not Richards, is now the cynosure of most eyes. At Lord's, he literally destroyed England in a one-man blitz in perfect conditions. In Manchester, the challenge drew forth a deeper seam of skill and character. The pitch was less predictable, as was the light which resulted in frequent stoppages on the crucial second day. Coupled with this was the loss of those early wickets. Greenidge weathered the storm and with it assured West Indies their fourth victory in a row, the first time any visiting team has achieved this feat on English soil. Ted Dexter gave him the Man of the Match award without the slightest hesitation.

Meanwhile, the lesser dramas on the County circuit and the Natwest Trophy were being played out. In the County championship, Essex maintained an eight, point lead at the top of the table, with 224 points from 16 games. Nottinghamshire tread closely behind with 216 but had a match in hand. Behind them were Leicestershire with 190 points from 16 games and Middlesex with 175 from the same number of fixtures.

Middlesex got over their mid-season blues and were then on the crest of a victory wave. A little too late perhaps for the championship title, but in with a chance of finishing with an honourable place among the first five. Earlier in the week, they recorded a spanking nine-wicket win over Hampshire, with Gatting, their captain, scoring 128 not out, the season's fastest century.



Jeff Dujon—"... set about displaying his silken wares."



Graeme Fowler ducks into a bouncer from Winston Davis

The quarter-finals of the one-day Natwest Trophy followed. The winners were Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, Kent and Middlesex. Warwickshire, thanks to a magnificent 101 from Alvin Kallicharan and a hard-hitting 73 from Dennis Amiss reached 305 for five in their allotted 60 overs. Surrey, never in the hunt, surrendered for 195 all out in 51 overs. Graham Barlow made a record 158 in the Middlesex total of 276, and Lancashire after this demoralising assault caved in for 105.

The two other matches were thrillers. Kent beat Somerset by 11 runs, the issue being open till the very last over. Kent scored 275 for five, with Mark Benson 96 and Chris Tavare 103, taking heavy toll of the Somerset attack. Somerset replied in spirited fashion with 265 for six. Their openers, Peter Roebuck and newcomer Nick Felton made 81 and 87 respectively. Botham went for a duck but Brian Rose hit out strongly for an unbeaten 54 and Somerset lived briefly in hope. But the target proved beyond him and his partner Marks.

Northamptonshire beat Leicestershire by three wickets in the final over. Leicestershire totalled 238, with Ian Butcher scoring 81. Northants were held together by an undefeated 88 from Robin Boyd-Moss. Moss, one of the most gifted of the younger brigade of English batsmen, won the Man of the Match award. Tavare and Gatting won similar prizes for their performances.

The draw for the semi-finals on 15 August reads: Warwickshire vs Northamptonshire (at Edgbaston) and Middlesex vs Kent (at Lord's). They should provide a fitting epilogue to the fifth Test which is due to end on the previous day.

East Bengal's efforts in vain

Suprakash Ghoshal

THE league title was beyond their reach. After dropping several points in their league encounters both Mohammedan Sporting and East Bengal suffered a formidable slide down the ladder and there was absolutely no chance for them to return into the fray, unless catastrophe befell Mohun Bagan, the leaders who were riding the crest of a wave of success by maintaining a clean slate in the league and, more important, beating their arch rivals East Bengal in a crucial prestigious encounter.

Nevertheless, enthusiasm ran high, when Mohammedan Sporting met East Bengal, defying the nagging monsoon that had been threatening to inundate Calcutta over the last few months.

But yet again, it was the protagonists themselves who threw cold water on the enthusiasm of their fans. What was expected to be an exciting show of competitive football turned out to be a lack-lustre game marked by indifferent and erratic play by both teams.

There were two schools of opinion regarding this battle royal. The majority of the city's soccer pundits reckoned that East Bengal would try their level best to put up a tough fight and thus avenge their humiliation at the hands of Mohun Bagan to some extent.

On the other hand, Mohammedan Sporting were definitely the favourites by virtue of their one point lead over their battered rivals. That way they were a little closer to the goal of becoming league runners up than East Bengal and hence, an aggressive game was thought to be on the cards.

But disappointment once again. The winners of the prestigious Federation Cup this year were just as lack lustre in their game as the losers of this year's Mohun Bagan East Bengal league encounter.

However, it was Mohammedan Sporting who called the tune in the initial stages of the encounter. Taking advantage of the disorganization in the East Bengal half line and defence, the Mohammedan Sporting frontliners mounted frequent raids on their territory. Although the accent was on the flanks, there were attacks down the middle as well.

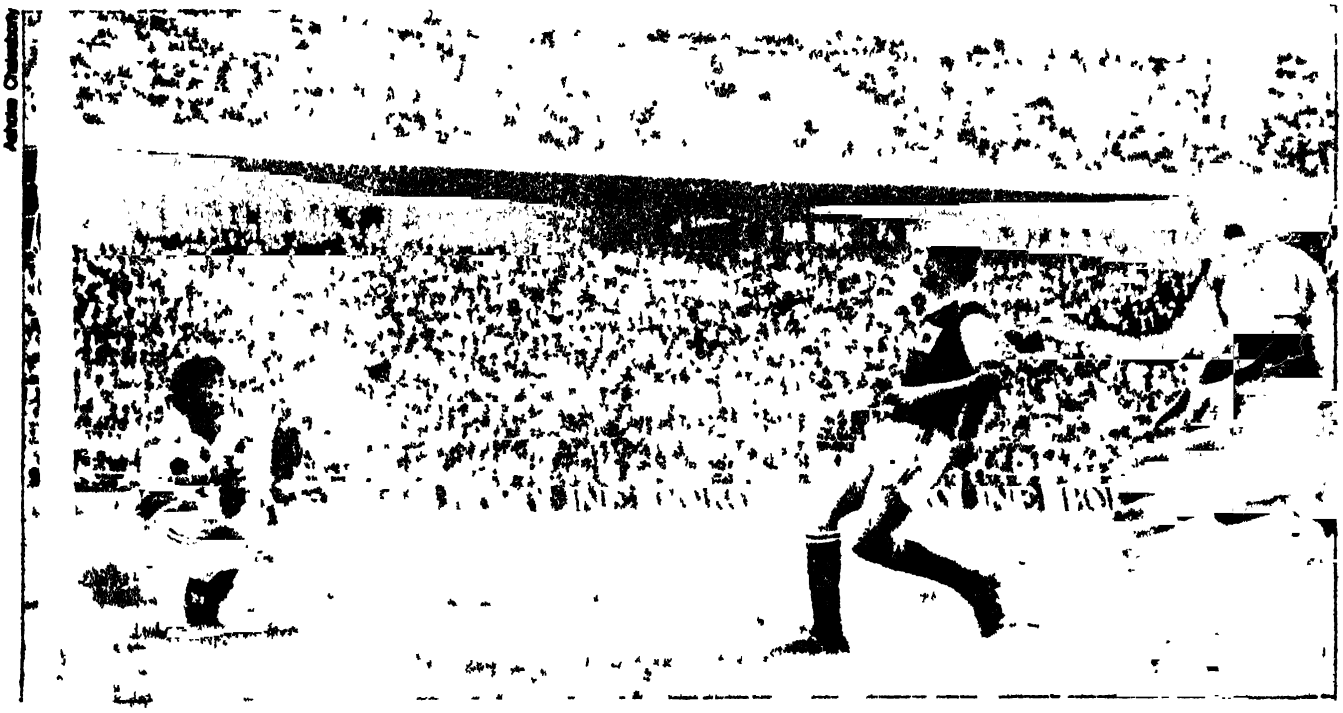
Understandably, the pressure was gradually mounting on the East Bengal defenders from all sides and this perhaps prompted them to seek to neutralise the danger by going on the offensive.

That required them to settle down and forge at least a workable link between the forwards and the medios.

Sadly, that proved rather too difficult a task, and the reasons for this were manifold.

East Bengal's half line was the weakest department in the team. Manned by Gautam Sarkar, once the best midfielder in the country, and Mihir Bose, neither could it strengthen the East Bengal defence, nor inspire the forwards in making frequent moves.

The responsibility, understandably, rested chiefly on Gautam, still regarded by many as a dependable player. But the veteran proved to be a mere shadow of his former self, lacking in speed as well as game-making skill.



Atanu Bhattacharya, Mohammedan Sporting goalkeeper foils a move by East Bengal's Sudip Chatterjee (right)

This put the onus on Gautam's partner Mihir Bose, but the latter, to be frank, has long ceased to be a dependable player and, as anticipated, he too could not perform his duties well, failing to adjust himself to the rhythm of the game.

On the other hand, sensing these weaknesses in the East Bengal midfield, the Mohammedan Sporting forwards sought to capitalize on them and concentrated their attacks on the side that was being manned by Gautam

This caused tremendous hardship for the East Bengal defence and even players like Monoranjan Bhattacharya were forced to commit errors which could have cost the team dearly Gautam is ageing It is only his strong willforce and rich soccer sense that has still kept him in top class competitive football

Eventually he was replaced by Sunirmal Chakroborty, but unfortunately that was too late and things did not show any signs of improvement

The goal that threatened to prove Mohammedan Sporting's match winner resulted chiefly from a serious lapse in the East Bengal defence involving two of the most dependable players in the side, Monoranjan Bhattacharya and Bhaskar Ganguly, the sentry in the last line of the East Bengal defence.



Ananda Chakraborty

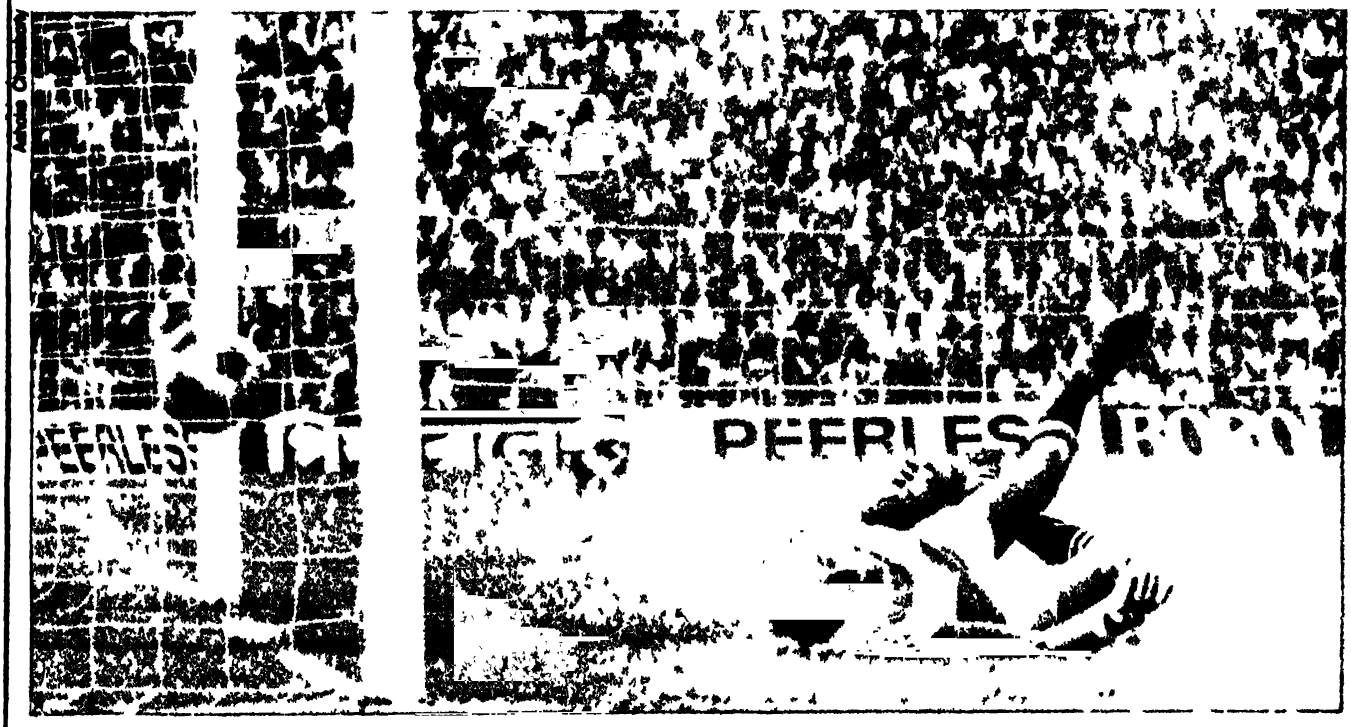
An exciting moment in the East Bengal goalmouth

True, the move originated from a combined opportunistic effort by Debashish Mishra and Jamshid Nasim, but it was an unfortunate backpass by Monoranjan that really paved the way for it

As for Bhaskar's fault, one of the best goalkeepers in the country should not have failed to handle the ball properly in a situation like that Bhaskar must have been a very unhappy man that afternoon.

On the other hand, it was Biswajit Bhattacharya who saved the situation for East Bengal His sudden loss of form on that fateful day at the Eden Gardens when Mohun Bagan beat East Bengal, must have been tormenting him severely

He was, perhaps the most determined player in his team when East Bengal took on Mohammedan Sporting in the second exhibition match of the Calcutta league And, indeed, he put up a sincere effort to serve his team in the best possible manner in this prestige fight. He came out successful



East Bengal's equalizer: Atanu Bhattacharya fails to stop a powerful shot from Biswajit Bhattacharya

Uneasy lies ahead

Partab Ramchand on the AILTA's schemes to develop young tennis talent

AT first the question was 'after Krishnan who?' But that crisis was warded off with the appearance of first the Amritraj brothers and then Ramesh Krishnan who kept the country's flag flying at international events, both team and individual. Now for the last couple of years, the question is 'after the trio who?' And to be candid this crisis may not be warded off so easily.

When Krishnan was at the twilight of his career, the Amritraj brothers had already made a bid for the succession. Now the duo, if not Ramesh, are certainly in the twilight of their careers and no one has yet appeared on the horizon to take over from them. Shashi Menon, who has completed the squad of 'India's four musketeers' is already well over the hill and is hardly considered fit to play a Davis Cup singles match and does not even qualify for Wimbledon.

Yes, it's crisis time all over again. But then the AILTA should have anticipated it, having gone through that experience about a decade and a half ago. But for long the AILTA fiddled while Indian tennis was burning.

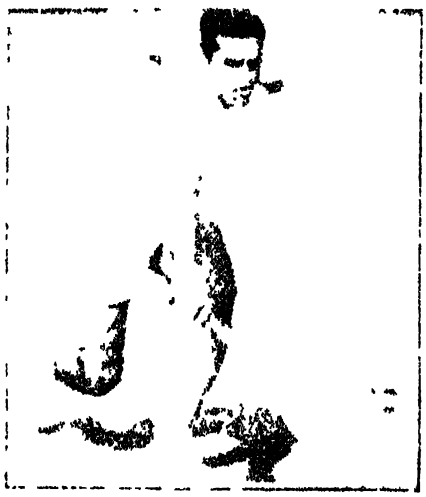
In fact as P.L. Reddy, the present AILTA secretary put it, 'it was a stroke of good fortune more than anything else through which the Amritraj brothers took over when first Krishnan and then Premjit Lal and Jaideep Mukherjea called it a day. We can't keep depending on good luck everytime and have to adopt a planned approach'.

It was not until the new setup took over early this year that things started moving. Reddy, the secretary of the Tamil Nadu Tennis Association became the AILTA secretary in May and under his expert guidance, the wheels of progress have started moving again.

The AILTA has received little praise from the established players. Its misdeeds are more well known than its accomplishments. The AILTA has been known to do nothing to discover or encourage young talent. It hardly conducts any international events in this country and the Satellite Circuit and the occasional Davis Cup match are insufficient. It has, on the other hand, been accused of driving a wedge between first Krishnan and the Amritraj brothers and then between Ramesh and the brothers to foster the selfish interest of some officials.

There are definite indications that things are changing for the better and 'PL' as he is popularly known can take a major share of the credit for this. In fact, even Ramesh and Vijay while criticising the functioning of the AILTA, have always had a kind word for Reddy. Vijay has gone on record as saying that 'Reddy is one guy from the AILTA who has got good suggestions. His only concern is that young talent should be groomed'. And Reddy's contacts at the international level are so good that he is widely respected even abroad.

Some time ago, Vijay in a chat with *Sportsworld,* while lamenting the fact that there were no outstanding junior players from whom to form a good second string, unfolded his panacea for revamping the face of Indian tennis, a plan which he said would hopefully provide 'a new injection into the tennis arm of India'.



After Ramanathan Krishnan, his son and the Amritraj brothers. After them, who?

At about the same time Ramanathan Krishnan told *Sportsworld* in a separate interview that the AILTA had become stagnant in its thinking. They had still not got used to the idea of pro-tennis and had not gone in for sponsorship 'If tennis is thriving in the USA now, it is chiefly because of sponsorship', said Krishnan. Recently Ramesh berated the AILTA for functioning as it did 25 years ago.

Even as Vijay and Krishnan were saying all this, Reddy was already at work. As chief of the AILTA Talent Development Scheme Panel, Reddy sent a project report along the lines that Vijay had suggested. Based on results on the Indian Circuit and his own shrewd observations, Reddy was firm in his opinion that there were at least a dozen players in India who had the potential to become world class players.

Vijay had suggested in the interview that the accent on tennis should not mean that the academic career of the boys would suffer. The boys should have special tutors to see that they did not neglect education. Reddy in his project report suggested that education institutions could be approached for exemptions of attendance and postponement of examinations for the selected boys. Reddy in fact has discussed the matter with Vice-Chancellors, Principals and Sports Minister Buta Singh and proposed that through the Sports Ministry, there could be an overall consideration of crediting a percentage of the marks in the final examination.

At the same time, Reddy obtained some confidential reports from well-known coaches like Chuck Boyle and Harry Hopman. These reports dealt with the training methods adopted to coach youngsters and there was every reason to believe that these methods could be adopted to guide Indian youngsters too.

That was what Reddy did as the Talent Development Scheme Panel chief. Now that he is the AILTA secretary, Reddy is busy putting his



Shashi Menon and Vijay Amritraj: promise their help

plan into action.

Reddy was always of the opinion that India had good coaches like Robin Manfred and B M Balasubramaniam to teach youngsters the fundamentals. What was needed was some good middle order coaches. During the ITF meeting, Reddy was successful in persuading a few countries to send their coaches to India to impart such training. Countries like Denmark, Sweden and Czechoslovakia, have agreed to send their coaches to India in the winter.

Another point that was sorely missing in tennis in this country was the lack of major tournaments. Reddy hopes this lacuna will be filled by the AILTA organising five tournaments on the pattern of the Satellite Circuit which is normally held in January.

During the ITF meeting Reddy also contacted the national federations of various countries for help in assisting India's junior development programme. Happily many such federations showed interest in reciprocal tours on the pattern of the Indian government's cultural exchange programme.

Four juniors from countries like Sweden, Denmark and Czechoslovakia would play in six of our tournaments and the same number of Indian juniors would play in six of their tournaments

Reddy said that fortunately the programme could be easily chalked out. 'Our tennis season is normally from November to January and this is exactly the period when, hardly any tennis is played in those countries. So their coaches can come over here. Conversely the peak season in Europe is from May to August, and that is when no tennis is played here because of the excessive heat. That's when our coaches could go there on a reciprocal basis. Preliminary discussions have been most encouraging,' Reddy said.

Krishnan, for example, while playing in the grandmasters competition, would help in spelling out the new schemes of the AILTA so as to try and get players like Rosewall or Newcombe to come to India. Sashi Menon, being very much a 'local lad' (he did his studies and is staying in a Los Angeles suburb) would also do his best in this regard. So also Vijay and Ramesh who play a lot of tennis abroad. He also asked the Press and the TV India people to do their bit to project the various AILTA schemes.

The AILTA was also thinking of having a benefit fund, along the lines of cricket. Reddy cited the example of Mohammed Ghouse. 'The former Indian player, the first from Asia to enter the quarter-finals at Wimbledon did not have enough money to pay for the operation that caused his death and I recall getting a pathetic letter from his wife asking for help. On behalf of the AILTA we gave Rs 15,000 and Mr Birla on his own donated Rs 10,000. That made us think that we should probably have a benefit fund'.

Reddy is firmly of the opinion that there should be a number of full fledged tennis centres where clinics could be conducted. The Triangle Tennis Trust at the YMCA College of Physical Education in Madras had developed in a big way. But more of such full time tennis centres were needed.

There is no short cut to success, as the cliche goes. Developing junior tennis, to help bring a second string to the surface, so that they can take over when the time comes, long term planning is required. The schemes listed above will take time to fructify, but in the long run that is the best way to approach the project.

At least, the AILTA has, thanks to Reddy's efforts, made an all out effort to develop juniors along the right lines. A start has been made. Now we can only keep our fingers crossed, pray that nothing goes wrong somewhere along the line—red tape, interference from higher ups, inefficiency—so that the country is able to find juniors who can keep India's flag flying in the international arena—a flag kept flying for over 30 years from father (Krishnan) in the Fifties through Vijay to son (Ramesh) in the Eighties.



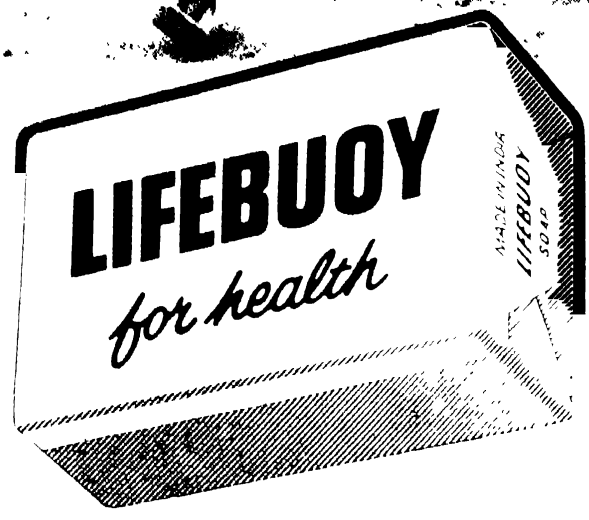
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26 July The fourth Test between West Indies and England gets under way at Manchester. The West Indies, taking first strike, flounder at 70 for four before Greenidge (128 n.o.) and Dujon (101) got them out of trouble to end the day at 273 for five.

The International Amateur Athletic Federation clears Zola Budd to compete in the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics.

Ian Botham, the English all-rounder, announces his decision to pull out of the forthcoming English tour of India.

27 July P.T. Usha, probably India's only Olympic medal hope, peaks at the right time and sets a new Commonwealth and Asian record for the women's 400m hurdles. Running at an athletic meet at Walnut, California, she sprints to an impressive 55.88 secs win.

Gordon Greenidge scores a superb double century as the West Indies continue to pile up the runs on the second day of the fourth Test. At close of play, West Indies are 500 all out.

Two rolls of toilet paper wrapped in clothing coupled with an over enthusiastic security squad create chaos at an Olympic village dormitory.

28 July The Los Angeles Olympic Games gets off to a flying start as a rocketman makes a overhead entrance with a jetpack on his back. Gina Hemphill, granddaughter of the late Jesse Owens, brings the flame into the arena and runs a lap after which Rafer Johnson, winner of the decathlon gold in 1960 at Rome, lights the flame. Ace 400m hurdler, Edwin Moses of the USA, is overcome by the situation and forgets his words while taking the Olympic oath on behalf of all the athletes.

29 July China makes a glorious start at the Los Angeles Games with a gold medal, the first gold medal of these Games, in the men's pistol shooting

Two Canadian weightlifters, Luc Chagnon and Terry Hadlow, fail their dope tests as their tests show positive strains of a banned substance, methyltestosteron.

30 July India, the reigning Olympic hockey champs, dribble their way to a lacklustre 5-1 win over the United States of America.

England reel punch-drunk at the end of the fourth day of the fourth Test against West Indies. Getting bowled out in the first innings for 280, England follow on disastrously to end the day at 120 for five.

Michael Gross of West Germany and Steve Lundquist of USA set up world records in the 100m breaststrokes and 200m freestyle swims respectively.

31 July Olympic hockey sees two hattricks, both in the same match as Pakistan and New Zealand lock horns to finish at 3-3. Hassan Sardar and Peter Daji score thrice each.

West German swimmer Michael Gross powers to a fine win in the 100m butterfly and a new world record. This golden swimmer wears a tee-shirt which says, 'I'm too fast to be timed.' Alex Baumann gives Canada their first swimming gold after 72 years with a world record breaking swim in the 400m individual medley.

West Indies crush England to an innings defeat in the fourth Test at Manchester. In the second innings, England score just 156 to lose by an innings and 64 runs.

1 August India overcome an unrelenting Malaysia and a bad umpire to win their second hockey match in Group A. Vineet Kumar scores thrice while Foo Keat Seong reduces the margin.

Two Olympic records are drowned in the swimming pool when Ambrose 'Rowdy' Gaines and Tiffany Cohen, both of the USA, win the men's 100m freestyle and the women's 400m freestyle races respectively.



'Terrible Tim' W[illegible], the WBC champion from Philadelphia, (left) and Pinkion Thomas lift up actress Pia Zadora and pose for cameramen at a news conference in New York to promote their fight which is scheduled for August 31 at the Riviera Casino in Las Vegas. Looking on from behind is promoter Don King

TRIVANDRUM

Constructive Work

THE Kerala Government proposes to build a Rs. 2.5 crore sports training centre with modern facilities in Trivandrum. Disclosing this Mr K. P. Nooruddin, the Minister in charge of Sports said that the Kerala University has been approached to provide land on its campus at Karivattom for the purpose. Though a final decision on its location has not yet been taken the varsity's response was very encouraging, the Minister said.

A Rs. 16 crore stadium of international standard was also proposed by the expert committee which went into the problem of sports promotion in the State. This might possibly be located in Ernakulam taking into consideration the infrastructure facilities. The expert committee has also suggested that the sports complex should be administered by an autonomous body.

The Minister also added that this and the other recommendations of the Committee for Improvement of Sports in the State are also under the consideration of the Government. This is in order to streamline the functioning of sports organisations in the State which receive grants from the Kerala Sports Council. Therefore the Kerala Government proposes to bring in a legislation shortly. This was also revealed by the Sports Minister.

The Minister also said that the Sports Council had sanctioned a comprehensive scheme for the construction of 335 stadia. The scheme includes 217 mini-stadia after responding to the pleas of the various Panchayats.

M P SURESH

CALCUTTA

Double Trouble

BEARDED Sanjay Bhattacharjee went through a smooth series of controlled kicks, blows and blocks to win the Brown Belt Kata competition in the Karate Championships '84, organised by the YMCA, College Branch, at their premises recently. Later in the evening, Bhattacharjee fought scientifically to defeat the stout-hearted Dhiren Bose in the semi-final of the Brown Belt Fighting event. In the final, Bhattacharjee unleashed a series of punches and kicks to head and body to overcome Ranjan Jaiswal.

Earlier this year, Bhattacharjee had triumphed in the above-60 kg category of the Kerala National Karate Championships (Shotokan).

Prasanta Bose won the under-15 years kata tournament, Sasthi Pradhan was the green belt kata winner, while in the team kata, the Ranchi trio triumphed, with Calcutta coming second. In sparring, Amit Dey won the Under-15 section, while Pradip Chakraborty annexed the Below-Green Belt trophy. Ajay Dewanjee was the winning Purple Belt, and purple belt Bijay Sahu won the Open event.

Sensei Sona Ghosh and Black Belts Satrajit Mitra and Sunil Daga were the judges in the three-hour tournament, in which teams from Ranchi and Asansol also participated.

A CORRESPONDENT

JAMSHEDPUR

Men Of Steel

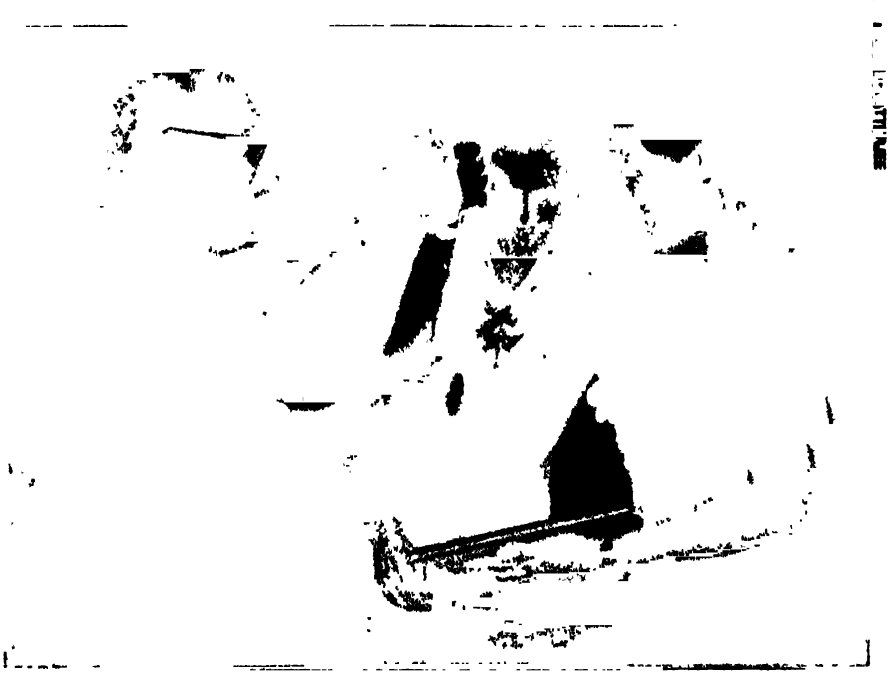
THE East India Yoga Championship organised here at Bengal Club for the first time ever in Bihar, brought in about 200 students of Yoga, and 'experts', from all eastern States and centrally-administered territories to participate.

Fourth in the series, the championship was earlier held at Benaras, Puri and Delhi.

Yoga has become a craze in this industrial sector, thanks to Mr Homi Bodhanwalla, its prime mover. Jamshedpur, according to the consensus of opinion of the experts, was rightly chosen as the venue of the championship which, like many other championships organised here every year, received all attention from the local industries for its successful conclusion. Besides, this steel city is singularly fortunate in having at least two State champions who had been upholding the traditions of the Yogic culture. They are Prabir Karmakar and Dhananjay Das.

Significantly, Karmakar told *Sportsworld* that at a time when he was in school, he thought that it was not worth living because of the teasing of his classmates of his awkward physical abnormalities. At present, a shapely six-footer he is the cynosure of all eyes.

ANJAN CHATTERJEE



Mr Rusi Mody presenting a gold medal to Miss Bachendri Pal, the first Indian woman to climb Mount Everest.

SPORTS CHALLENGE

JOE MORGAN

IN THE TWILIGHT OF HIS CAREER GIVING HIS LATEST TEAM THE PHILLIES AN ADDED DIMENSION. BESIDES HIS MANY TALENTS, JOE HOLDS THE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD FOR CONSECUTIVE ERRORLESS GAMES BY A KEYSTONER—91



*VETERAN SOUTHPAW **EARL ANTHONY** PREMIER KEGLER*



DICKWEBER "EARL HAS THE GREATEST CHANGES OF SPEED OF ANY BOWLER OF ANY ERA!"

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Relief Duty

Unemployed managers

JUPP DERWALL, West German football manager who had blamed himself for losing the World Cup crown wanted to relinquish his post early this year But the national federation rejected his plea However, he was relieved of the burden recently

It must have been a great relief since he was under pressure after the World cup loss Anyway, the German national federation president had promised to fulfil Derwall's contract till 1986 including the financial obligations

That was the German version And now the scene moved over to neighbouring Spain where Argetine World Cup coach Cesar Menotti joined the test of the unemployed after Barcelona agreed to allow him to quit

Incidentally, Menotti was the second Argentine coach to have followed his compatriot Alfredo Di Stefano, who failed to give his club any trophy and was "pushed over" And who do you think has come in place of Menotti?

England's Terry Venable, who has signed a two year contract with Barcelona for a princely some of £180,000 annually

Going Pub-lic

Alcoholism and cricket

WE vehemently denounce apartheid But this racial abuse is very much there in England Some years back Viv Richards at Harrogate during the Country cricket season was barracked because he was coloured. Yorkshire grounds are generally branded for racial abuses, but the disease has spread

At beginning of this season Essex's Norbert Phillip was a victim But recently at Scarborough, Gloucestershire's two black cricketers John Shepherd and David Lawrence were subjected to racial abuse at a John Player League match Their captain David Graveney who is treasurer of the Cricketers Association, strongly condemned this nefarious act

And how did it happen? It was all due to drinks which have become a serious problem at one-day matches Some spectators under the influence of liquor, threw oranges and bananas on these black players Graveney has urged stricter control on drinks at one day cricket He also said that grounds have become an extension of pubs.

Shepherd had played in all the cricketing countries (except South Africa) but had never experienced such a shoddy deal from the crowd Young Lawrence was however, mature enough to control himself Anyway, Yorkshire captain David Bairstow apologised But this must end once and for all

Sentimental Reasons

You've got to go

THE 113th British Open Golf had plenty of ingredients – and nostalgia too Severiano Ballesteros savours his moment of triumph with a kiss on the prestigious trophy And Tom Watson's dream to equal the legendary Harry Vardon's six British Open title eludes him when the Spaniard wriggles past him. Well, better luck next time, Watson!

Never had the championships in its history attracted such an enormous gathering on each day The organisers were pleased to have decided to raise the stakes during the rounds

And there were two British Open greats——Jack Nicklaus and Australian Peter Thomson In Nicklaus's case his presence was not surprising as he still has plenty to give to the game at this age He may have not turned up at all but for St Andrews where he won his first British Open Title

Peter Thomson could have set back and rejoiced about his five Open triumphs It didn't bother him whether Watson beat his record or not It was St. Andrews and Peter Thomson had to be there at any cost As if saying to himself to hell with redesigning courses' Nostalgia forced him to fly to St Andrews where he had won his first British Open title



Jack Nicklaus

Cradle snatching

Catch them young

A recent report on training by sports doctors at the Moscow School of Gymnastics states that the age of world class performers, which has dropped over the last ten years, may go even lower

The report says that training in this graceful discipline with ace performers in mind is not only possible but essential for five and six-year-olds "if confined to body conditioning, supplying exercises and simple moves linked with the development of quick reaction"

Dr Frank Cramer, consultant to the British Amateur Gymnastics Association cautions that children of this age can work on conditioning and supplying, but they should never be asked to go beyond that as their bones are not yet formed.

It is an accepted fact that apparatus training should begin after eight for fear of epiphyses or growth centres at the end of the bones. It is also widely believed that any gymnast can sustain injuries in the wrists, ankles, shoulders and lower back at some age in their career.

He lived on stolen oranges

...but later the pesetas poured in

EL CORDOBES, the famous Spanish bullfighter, was 27 years old before he knew the world was round and not flat. He was illiterate until that age.

Born Manolo Benites, he came from desperately poor peasant stock in Palma del Rio, a small town in Cordoba. The children there spent more time working in the fields than they did at school.

Manolo's father worked a seven-day week for a wage which was hardly enough to buy food for himself, let alone his large family. Often they dined on soup made out of grass.

Young Manolo became a vagrant. He was often in trouble with the local police for stealing oranges. Several times he was beaten by the local police chief, a hated man known as 'Tomato Face' because of his ruddy complexion. Once he was brought before the court and sent to prison.

Around Palma del Rio bitterness festered between the haves—the wealthy landowners—and the have-nots, the peasants.

When the Spanish Civil War started in 1936, some of the local rebels seized the bulls of the biggest local landowner, Don Felix Moreno, and killed them off.

The people of the area fed off the meat for weeks.

The bulls, bred for fighting, were the best and most valuable in Spain.

Don Felix made the rebels pay. When the Nationalist Army marched into Palma, he was at their head. He ordered the rebels to line up beside a long trench he had forced them to dig. Volleys from machine guns slaughtered hundreds of them.

Moonlit practice

In the late Forties a cinema opened in Palma. Manolo and his friends Juan Horillo went there as often as they could. Many of the films they saw were of bullfights in faraway Madrid.

These films, together with pictures of famous bullfights on the walls of a local cafe, fired the two boys with the

EL CORDOBES



ambition to become bullfighters.

One day Manolo borrowed a blanket from his sister, soaked it in dye and made his first mulueta. He found an old rusty sword in a field, a relic of the Civil War.

At night he and Juan ran off to the fields of Don Felix's restocked bull farm and in the moonlight they practised fighting the fearsome bulls.

It was a dangerous and foolish game. Once a bull has fought a man, he under understands what the game is all about. Then, when he gets into a ring, he is a killer. No longer can he be tricked by waves of the cape.

'Tomato Face' and his men caught the boys at their moonlight sport. Again Manolo was flung into jail. He decided the time had come to leave home.

He and Juan trekked across Spain trying to persuade promoters to give them a chance to fight in the many small fiestas where bullfighters have to learn their trade.

Always the answer was the same: 'Go away. I cannot be bothered with you.'

They reached Madrid and, to avoid starving, took jobs on a construction site. In 1956, the fortunes of Manolo Benitez reached their lowest level. His endless round of visits to the fiestas had yielded nothing.

Then Manolo's bravery in practice impressed a small-time promoter, Luis Lopez. Lopez decided that here was a young man who had something different. But at first nothing came from his investment in his prodigy. The money he lent Manolo for his suit of lights and equipment seemed to have been wasted.

Turning point

The turning-point came at the little town of Talavera de la Reina, 72 miles south west of Madrid. The bullring was packed and Manolo was the star of the show.

Lopez still lost money because the ticket sellers cheated him out of 50,000 pesetas. But Manolo was launched on his career.

Soon he was taken up by an adventurer, Rafael Sanchez, known as 'El Pipo,' who had made a fortune during the Civil War.

Within a year 'El Pipo' had taken his protege to nearly every bullring in Spain. Everywhere they went, he bribed the local newspapermen to give them publicity. Soon Manuel Benitez was a popular idol as 'El Cordobes'—the man from Cordoba.

He gave bullfighting a new modern dimension. He was different. He grew his hair long and was called 'El Beatle.' He drank a lot and liked the girls. He was news.

Soon he was the richest fighter in the bullring's history.

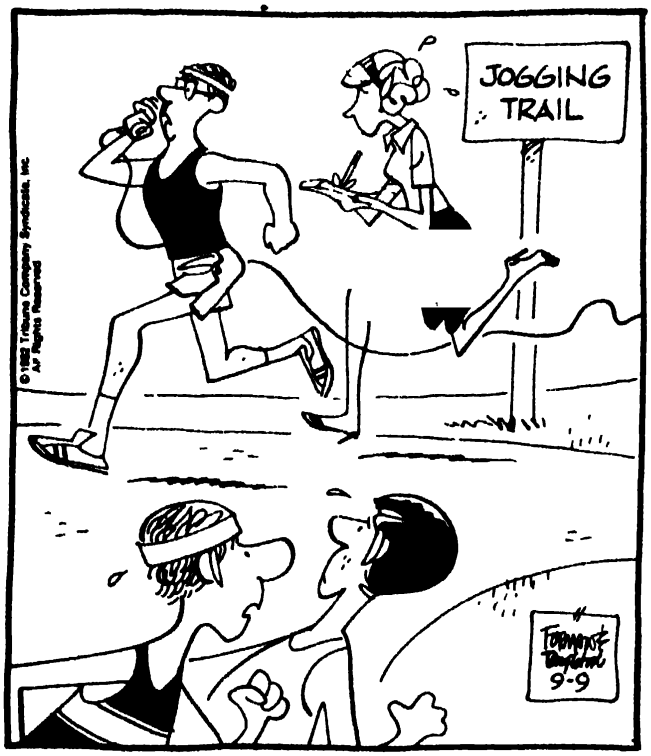
At his peak, he decided to quit. He had had enough of rushing from one corrida to another, day after day.

For a time he was persuaded to stay on... at even higher fees. Then he left the glamour and danger to live in near solitude back at Cordoba.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.



TALK ABOUT YOUR TYPE A PERSONALITY!

Flying high

PASSENGERS flying on internal flights in Colombia sometime last month, were surprised to be served champagne instead of coffee. The reason for the sudden celebration was that Luis Herrera of Colombia had become the first South American to win a stage in the Tour de. France cycle race.

Truemanism: An art form

TRUEMANISM is the art of making a sporting comment on the air that is immediately contradicted by events. It had been taking place quite often during the present England-West Indies Test series.

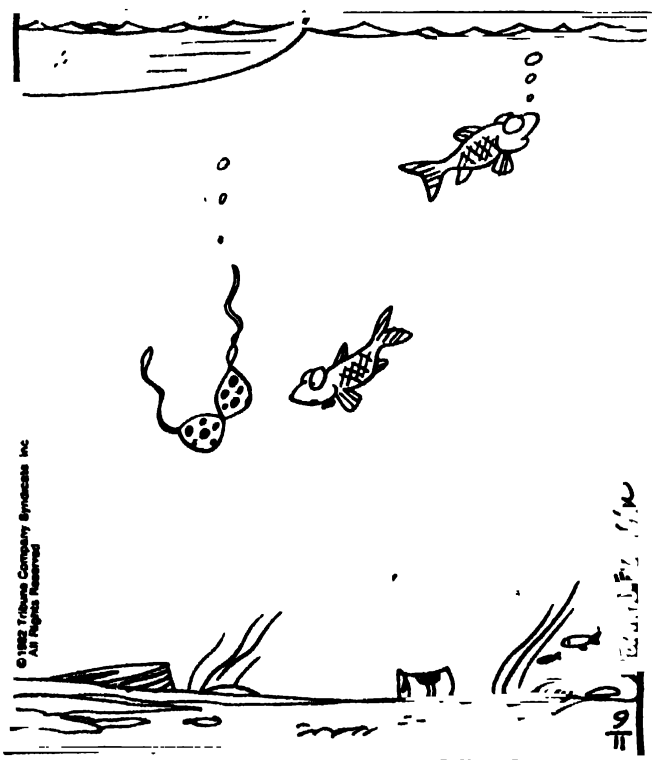
Travor Baily commenting on the last day of the Second Test: 'England's best chance of winning is for Greenidge to stay in a bit longer, so West Indies think they can get the runs'. Greenidge really stayed in long—286 minutes scoring 214 runs and leading his team to a remarkable ten wicket win.

Even the great Richie Benaud indulges in Truemanism. Commenting during the Third Test he said: 'I wonder if Malcolm Marshall is having some sort of reaction (from his injury)—he is bowling off a short run at only medium pace'. Marshall had Cook caught at slip the next ball, and within half an hour, had taken the rest of the England wickets.

Andy O'Brien



MR. MASON, IT CERTAINLY IS NICE TO FIND OUT CAROL HAS A FATHER WITH A SPORTS BACKGROUND ...I'M A BADMINTON PLAYER MYSELF...

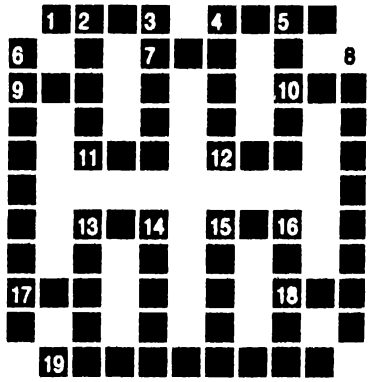


IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF SIGNAL... EVERY FISHERMAN ON THE LAKE IS HEADED THIS WAY!

CROSSWORD

Mudar

249



ACROSS

1 'Rugs' for a Swedish tennis player (4)
4 Cot for a left-arm Indian spinner(4)
7 Lament for a Hyderabad batsman of the '70s (3)
9 Danish squash player has a singular ending (3)
10 Object of loss of cricketer Colin Milburn (3)
11 Boxer Mohammed Ali was often referred to as the ? (3)
12 England's chairman of selectors for cricket returns He might be a certain month (3)
13 and 15 A familiar face on Channel Nine or the BBC was once an Australian captain (6)
17 and 18 With South African sport the problem is ? (6)
19 Great Russian gymnast of the Fifties and Sixties has an exclamation in between (1, 8)

DOWN

2. Pointed end for an ace shooter (5)
4 Mascot for the 1982 World Cup football is unwell in the middle (5)
5 Beamon's leap of 29ft 2½ in is the—every long jump aspirant (5)
6 The only batsman in first-class cricket to make more than 400 twice in his career ends with a popular American car (1,8)
8 Wimbledon men's finalist for 1973 (9)
13 Position on the football field, left behind (5)
14. Villa, a football club comes up (5)
15 Popular bike manufacturing company ascends (5)

Excellent: 18-17, Good: 16-15, Fair: 14.

OLYMPIQUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

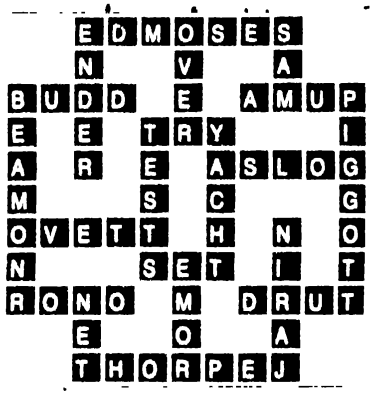
QUESTIONS

1 Who is the only Soviet decathlete so far to win an Olympic gold?
2 Who is the youngest person in Olympic history to win a gold medal in track and field?
3 Which Olympic gold medallist eventually became the first boxer from a Communist country to fight professionally?
4 When were the Olympic swimming races held in a river?
5 Which Olympic swimming gold medallist played Flash Gordon on the silver screen?
6 When, for the first time in Olympic history, was photo-finish timing device accepted as the official source to verify performances?
7 In which Summer Olympics was sex test for women athletes introduced?
8 When, for the first time after World War II, did the two Germanies enter a combined team in the Olympics?

ANSWERS

1 Nikolai Avilov (1972)
2 Barbara Jones who was in the USA's 4×100m relay quartet at Helsinki She was 15 then
3 Laszlo Papp (Hungary), who won the middleweight gold in 1948 as well as the light middleweight golds in 1952 and 1956
4 In 1900 they were held in the river Seine
5 Clarence 'Buster' Crabbe (USA) who won the 400m free-style in 1932
6 In the Tokyo Games (1964) when the record of Bob Hayes (10 0 sec) in 100m was verified on the photo-finish timing device
7 Mexico City (1968)
8 1956

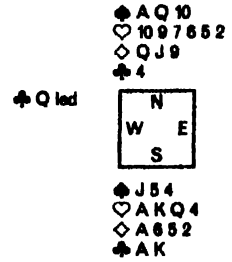
SOLUTION 248



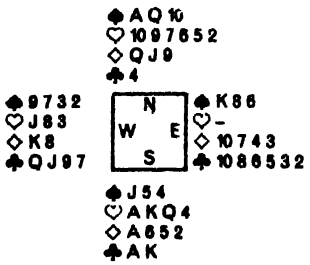
BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

It is annoying at any time to go down in a slam contract which you could have made, still more so when analysis shows that you might have succeeded against any distribution of the cards Try this hand as a problem



Many players in the tournament world would count their points and open 2NT on the South hand I dislike that kind of bid when one suit is unguarded you can go down in 3NT when six of a suit is lay-down So you open one heart and finish in six hearts you win the club lead and advance the ace of hearts, on which West plays the 8 What is your general plan now?
First, you must be careful to play the 5 of hearts from dummy not the 2, because the full hand may be



Suppose you fail to unblock in hearts You draw trumps, discard a spade on CK, then lead a low diamond West wins and exits with a diamond Now the diamonds are blocked and you cannot be sure of the contract
If you return dummy s 2 of hearts, then lead a diamond to the queen nothing can go wrong If the queen wins, you play ace and queen of spades if the diamond queen loses to the king East will be on play

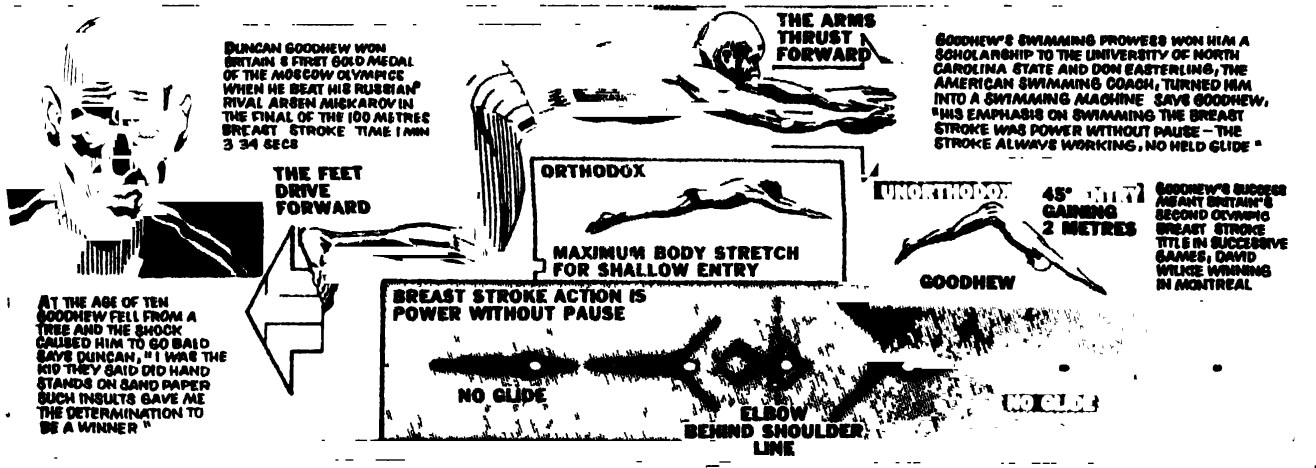
Last week's quiz· At game all the bidding goes

South	West	North	East
			1♡
1♠	No	2◇	No
?			

North s two diamonds is not forcing, but he should hold a fair suit The sensible course is to let him play two diamonds From next week, quiz and answer will appear in the same issue

Boxing saw the self acclaimed 'greatest'—Cassius Clay, later known as Muhammed Ali...Duncan Goodhew gives Britain her first gold of the Moscow Games...And now, Carl Lewis








hmt
TIMEKEEPERS TO
THE NATION

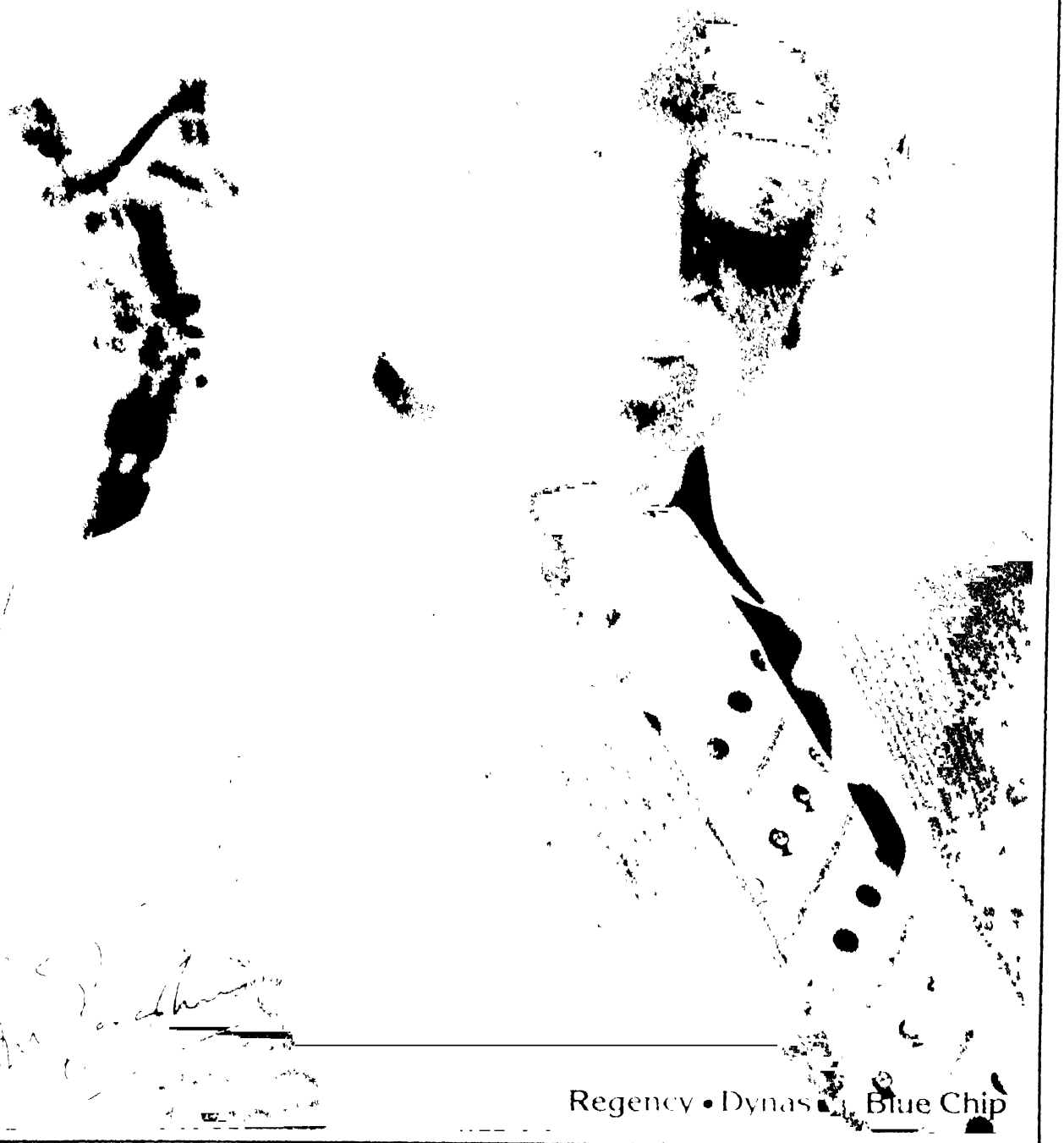
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Portrait of two legends.

Sunil Gavaskar and Dinesh Exclusives.

Two of a kind - - both pioneers in their field. Gavaskar, an all time cricketing great - and Dinesh Exclusives, ageless and enduring in their appeal

And running through both is the thread of perfection - as legends are woven into the history of our times



Regency • Dynas[illegible] Blue Chip

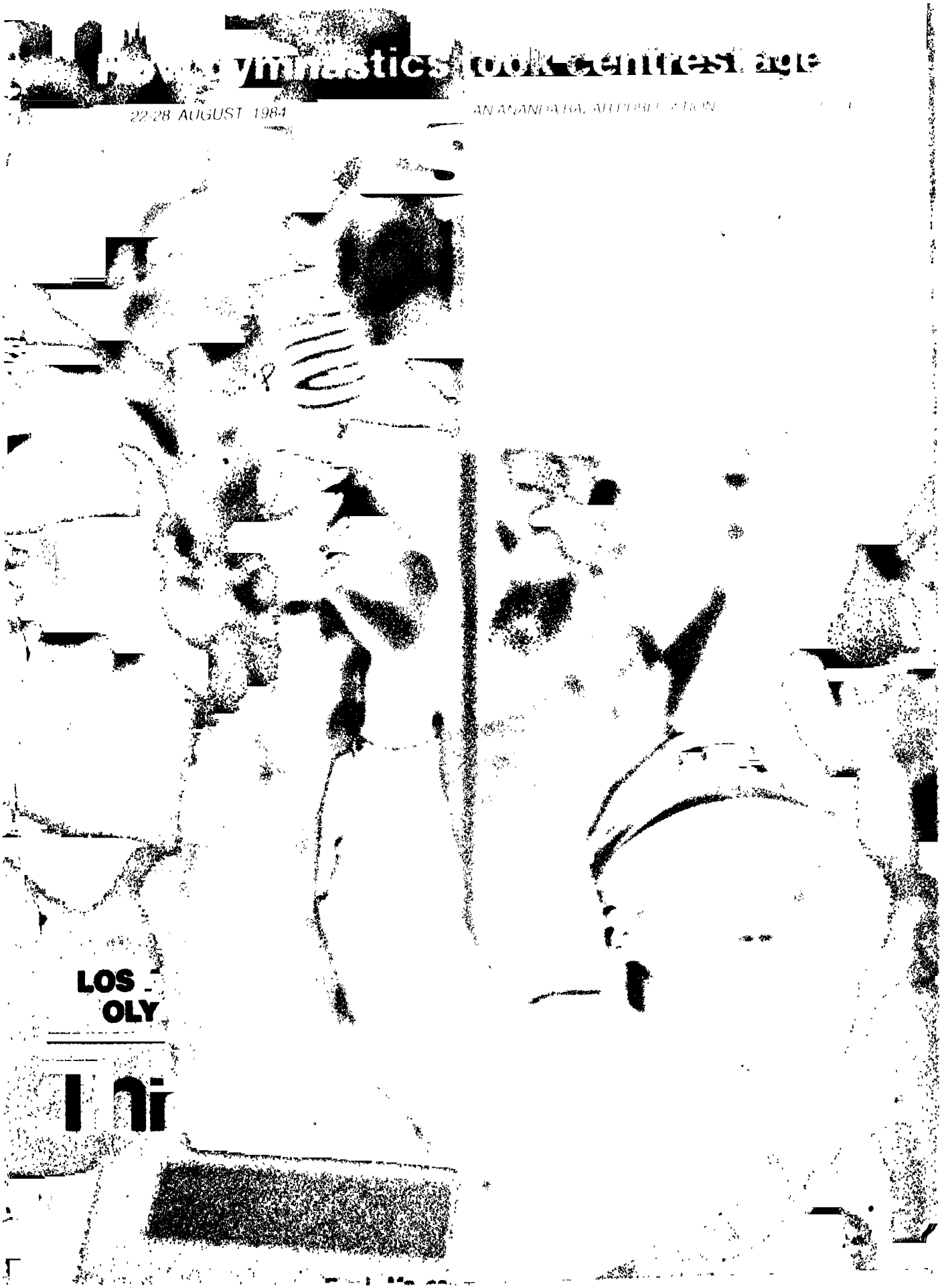
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Decades later... still the leader.

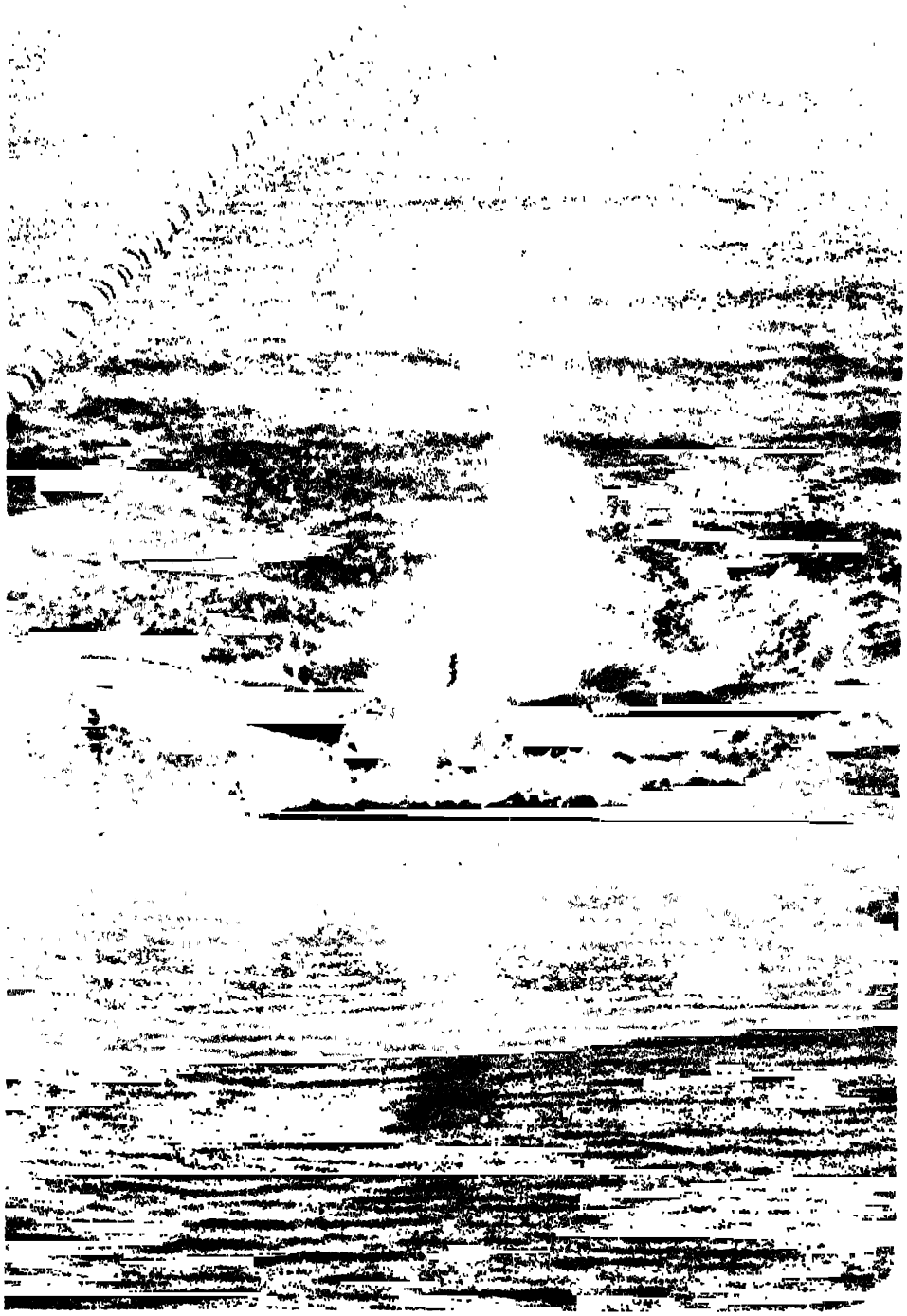
Gymnastics took centre stage

22-28 AUGUST 1984

AN AMANDA BA AFFILIATION



Keeping abreast in the Olympics of life.



Courtesy Sportsweek

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Code No. SD4

Name _____

Age _____ Sex _____

Address _____

Q. Which great Greek philosopher said, 'To navigate among such rocks one would have to be a Swimmer from Delos?'

A. _____

Write a slogan for G.I.C. in not more than 15 words.

_____

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22—28 August 1984

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AN ANANDA BAZAR PUBLICATION Rs 3 00

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Just bad luck

THE million dollar question that was on every lip was whether India would retain the Olympic hockey title.

Now, that has been answered. India did not even make the semi-final stage. But this was certainly due to no real fault of theirs. The Indian players played well and were just unlucky not to have got that elusive goal against West Germany. Getting knocked out on account of an inferior goal average does not take away much from India's performance.

As many of us who woke up in the early hours of the morning to witness India's exit from the medal hunt in the hockey will agree, India played well but West Germany just had the Indian scorers bottled up too well. Actually, there are many among us who put India down but what all of us don't realise is that the other teams have all improved tremendously. So, it not fair to say that the standard of Indian hockey has gone down.

RAHOUL BOSE,
Calcutta.

Day dream

IT was indeed a day dream for India to win the World Cup in 1983. And now we are going to reach yet another milestone by staging the 4th World Cup in 1987.

Even though it is a joint venture with Pakistan, India is going to stage the final and one semi final match with high prize money and Man of the Match awards. So the World Cup will come to India's doorsteps once again.

C.K.SUBRAMANIAM,
Madras.

Abolish I.O.A.

ONCE again the I.O.A. proved its worthlessness by giving in before being asked to do so by the Government. Very often the I.O.A. commits blunders by improper omissions and commissions. Though it has been entrusted with full responsibility, it still cannot function in the way they should.

Then why should it not be abolished?

ANJAN LAHIRI,
Nadia.

Why no football?

ALTHOUGH it was very heartening to see *Sportsworld* back on the stands once again, I was quite disappointed to see that the contents covered only tennis and Olympics. Where is the coverage of the Senior Division League in Calcutta?

Football coverage has always been your strong point and now, despite the fact that the big matches have also been held, you are still giving us no news.

P. STEPHEN,
Trichy.

Partiality

It is the misfortune of the citizens of Patna that not even one sports event of any real standard has been held in this city for the past few years.

Cricket is the most popular game in our city but it is very annoying that not even one big match has been staged here. This is in spite of the fact that Patna has the huge, well maintained Moinul Huq Stadium, five-star hotel facilities and an excellent transport system. It is the same story for other games too.

ASIM HUSSAIN,
Patna.

That's the idea

The centrespread, of your issue dated August 1, of Martina Navratilova is simply superb. It can be picked out as the best photograph published in recent years, Also, how about giving us colour photographs of lesser known sportsmen? Haven't we had enough of McEnroe, Connors, Viv, Lloyd and the like.

Short supply

IT was a pleasant surprise to see *Sportsworld* on the stands once again. But, we, the readers of Cuttack, never get it regularly,

Anyway, the photo feature by Patrick Eagar was superb. So was the centrespread of 'Darling' Basset.

ARTA MISHRA,
Cuttack.

We regret that rising production costs have forced us to raise our price from Rs 2.50 to Rs 3.00, with effect from this issue.

We pledge, as always, to present the high quality sports coverage that you, our readers, expect of us.

The Carl Lewis Olympics

Nikhil Bhattacharya captures the essence of the Los Angeles Games



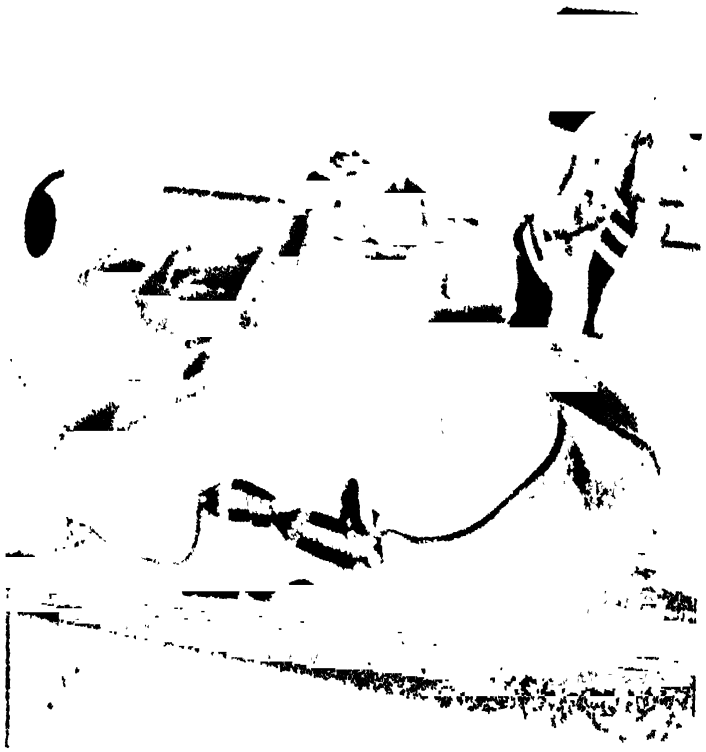
An emotional moment for father and son, William and Carl Lewis after the latter had won his third gold medal. Carl went on to win his fourth and thereby emulated the great Jesse Owens



Photograph that needs no caption



Charles Borromeo kisses the crucifix before the start of the men's 800m heat



Edwin Moses warms up before recording his 105th consecutive victory in the 400m hurdles

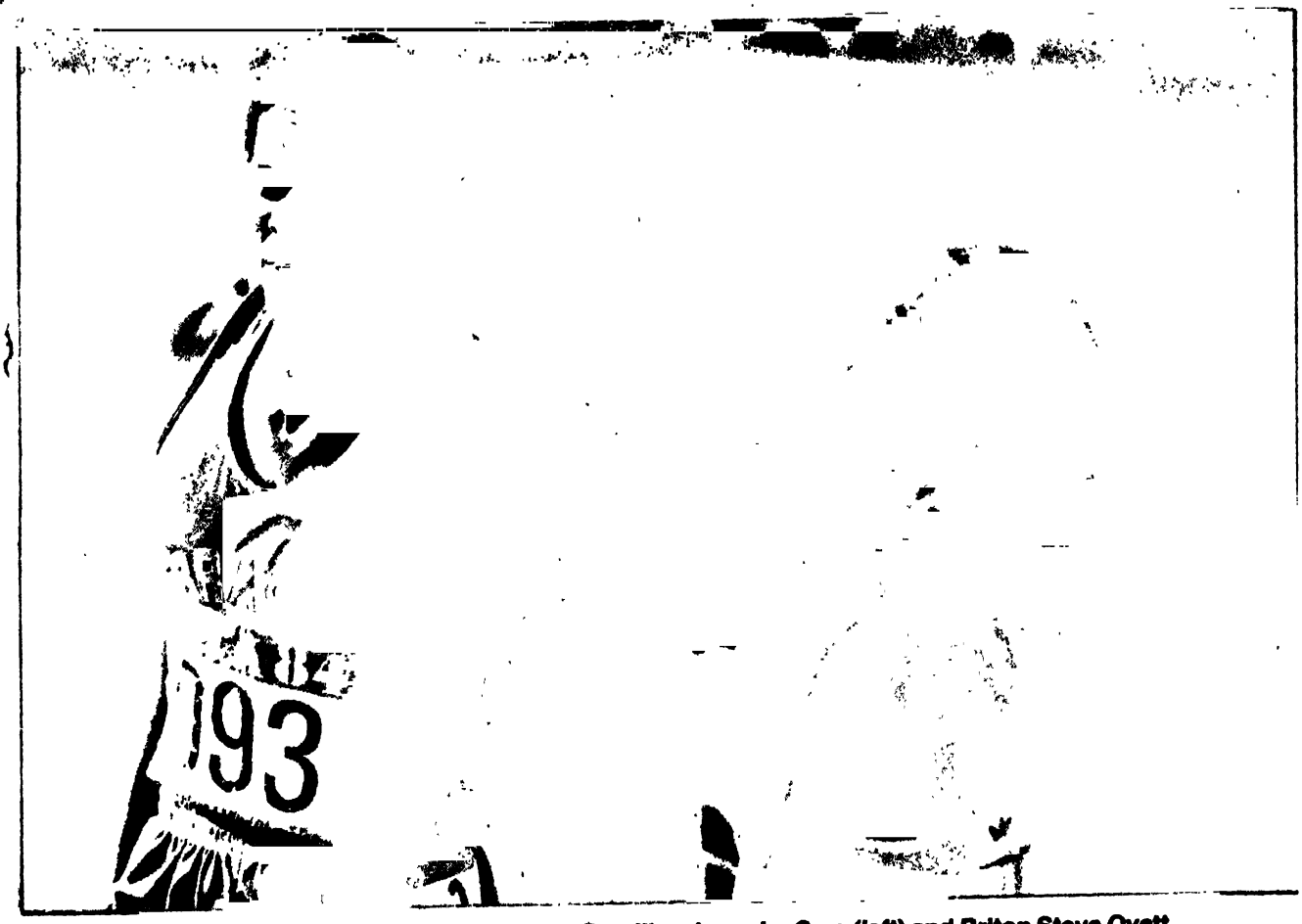




Blocher of West Germany lying prostrate in pain after being injured on the left shin by an Indian player



Joan Benoit poses in front of cameramen after her marathon victory



The winner and the loser in the 800m: Brazilian Joaquim Cruz (left) and Briton Steve Ovett



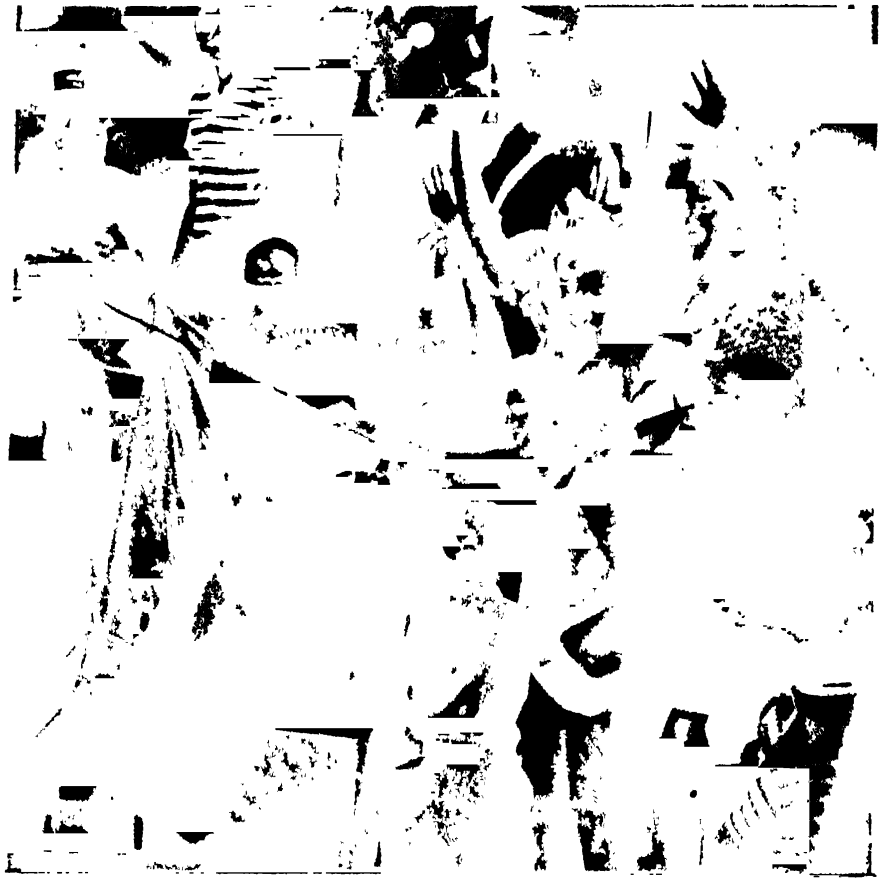
The men's 10,000m in progress. Italian Alberto Cova (not in picture) won the race in style



The 20 km walk: Mexican Ernesto Canto(extreme right) leads from the start with Asiad gold medal winner Chand Ram(455) trailing behind. After the third lap, the Indian ran out of answers, while Canto finished the race in style. Ram finished 22nd



Ernesto Canto



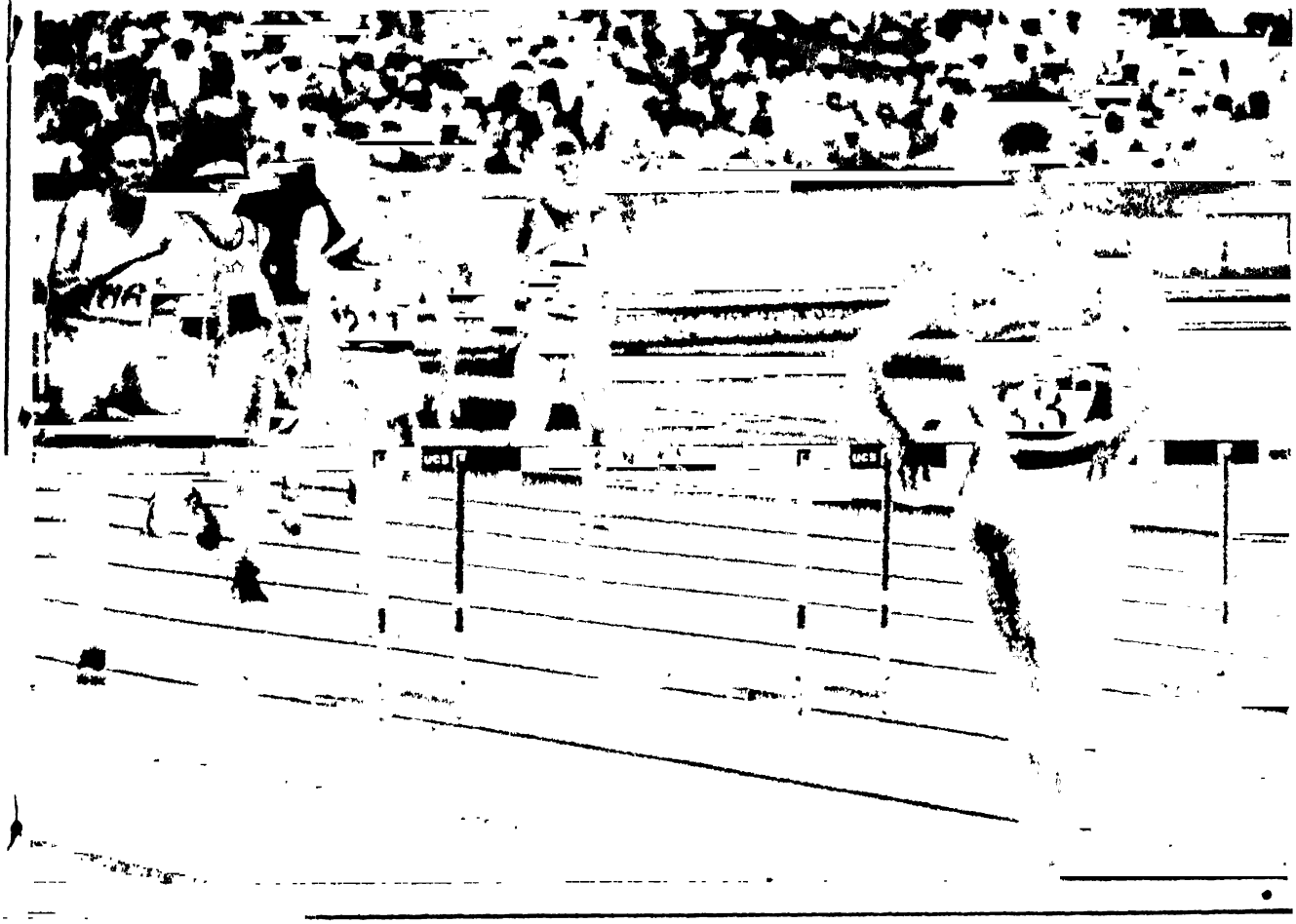
The Mexican crowd goes berserk

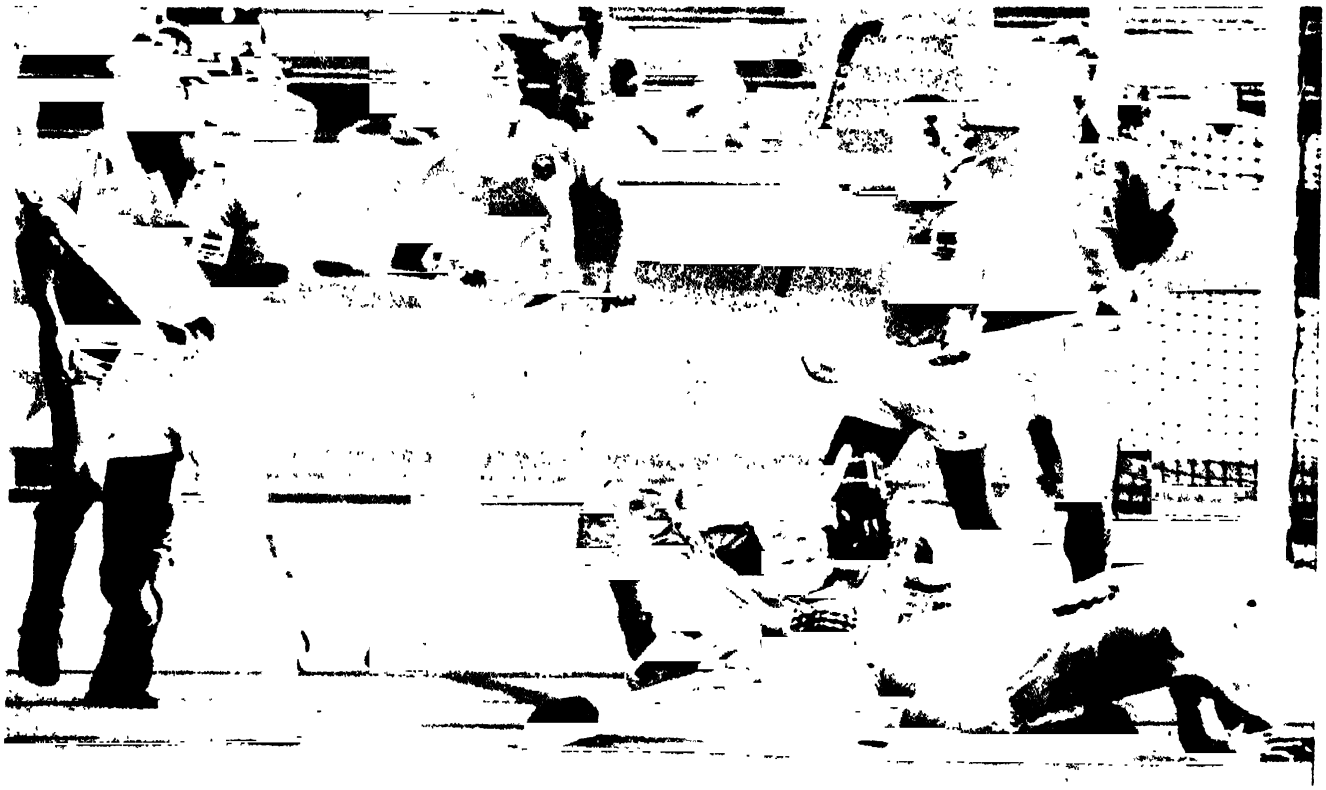
Photographers capture unforgettable historic moments at the Coliseum

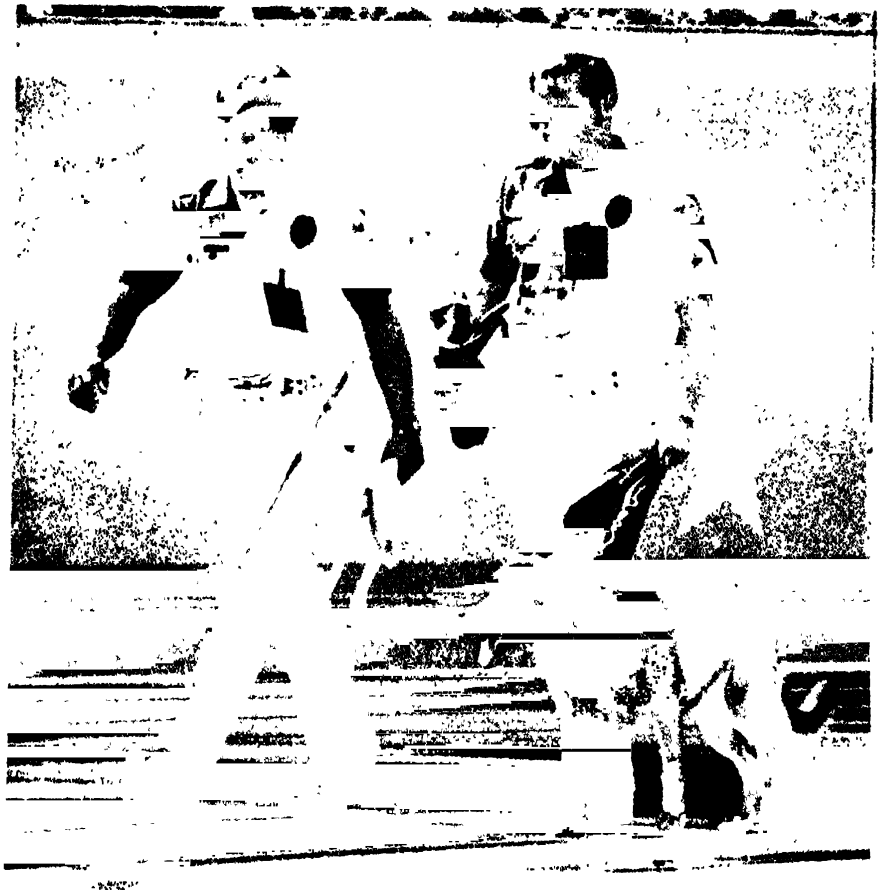




Asiad women's 400m hurdles gold medallist M.D.Valsamma has a long way to go. She managed to qualify for the Olympic semis but....

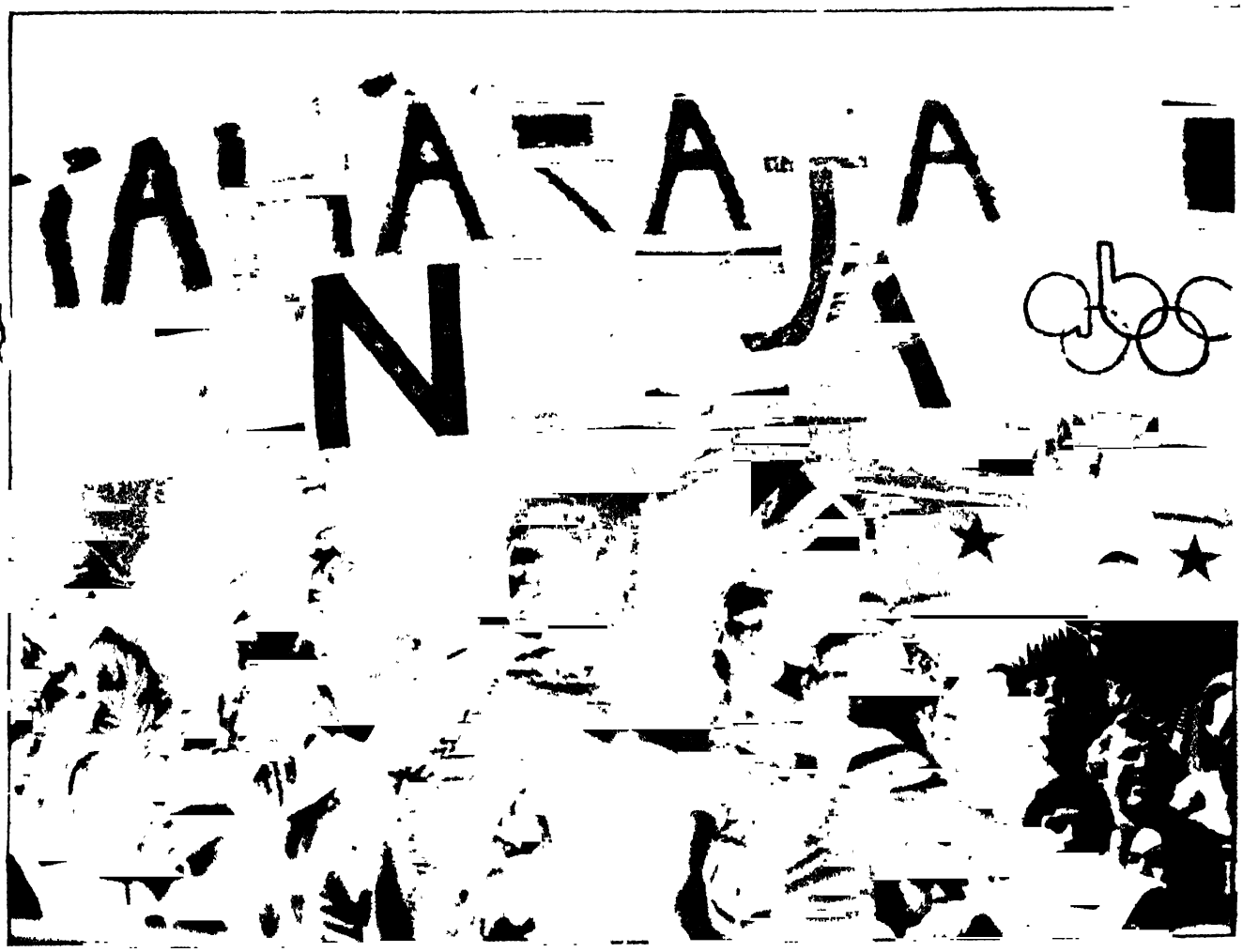






India's acid test. Charanjit's desperate lunge is foiled by the Australian goalkeeper. Ever since the Montreal Olympics in 1976, India has not beaten Australia in any international tournament

Security personnel, accompanied by an Alsatian, patrolling the hockey ground



Unfortunately, the Indian hockey team did not become the maharajas of the tournament



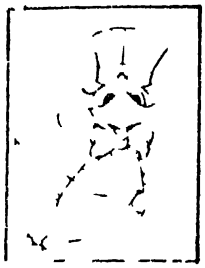
Merwyn Fernandes and Carsten in midfield play. The India-West Germany tie finished goalless

Blockbuster!

Boycott or no boycott, says **Ajay Kumar,** the Los Angeles Games was a sellout, with all the ingredients that are essential to any Olympic meet. The entire gamut of emotions was on display—and this was not confined merely to the men and women who fought for gold, the most precious metal of all



P.T.Usha created history by becoming the first Indian woman to reach the final of an Olympic event



THERE are two ways of looking back on any Olympics. There are the records set, the reputations made and the reputations unmade, the inevitable controversies and of late, the lamentation over the countries that did not come.

There is drama galore in looking at the Los Angeles games both ways but I prefer the moments first.

As of now, the one person who embodies the Olympic spirit is a 39 year old ski instructor from Idaho who has both Swiss and American nationality. Gabriella Andersen-Scheiss.

She was one of the 50 runners who lined up at the start of the first ever women's marathon. She finished 37th but long after the winner Joan Benoit of the United States is forgotten, Andersen-Scheiss will be remembered for the agonizing, heartbreaking, courageous minute even the wonderful five minutes that she took to totter around the last 300 metres of the Los Angeles Coliseum.

She was bent at a precarious angle to the left, she was delirious, her face was a picture of pain, she couldn't run, she had to walk, she was so disoriented, he almost veered off the track several times but she did not ask for the help of two medical assistants who trotted alongside around the track. She wanted to complete this race, she did and immediately collapsed as close to 60,000 spectators at the Los Angeles Coliseum rose to their feet to applaud her.

The incident created a big furore as track officials were criticised for letting her endanger her health and maybe even her life. But Andersen-Scheiss was allright by the evening after she was treated for dehydration and heat stroke. Truth to tell, she was awfully embarrassed by the whole drama of her finish. "I would have liked to finish in a normal manner," she confessed later on. There has been nothing to quite match the emotional swell that she wrought but others have had their moments also. That as the cynics would say, is inevitable when almost 5,000 athletes from 140 countries get together at the greatest show on earth. Yes, it is inevitable but that takes nothing away from savouring those moments.



Nish Bhattacharya

Edwin Moses after his epic victory

Grown up men and women don't cry in front of thousands of people, do they? Yes they do, when it comes to the Olympics. Koji Gushiken, 27 year old gymnast from Japan who would be too old for defending his title at Seoul, could not stop crying for more than ten minutes after he realised that he had achieved his life's ambition of winning the overall gold. He regained his teeth flashing smile by the time the victory ceremony came around but he kept his lips pursed to keep himself from crying as the Japanese flag went up.

Jeffrey Baltnick, only the second American to win a gold in Graeco-Roman style wrestling, cried shamelessly through a TV interview that followed his win. And then collapsed into his parents' arms. Evelyn Ashford was in tears after she won the 100m gold and was again crying on the victory stand. Yes these women even cry on winning.

There was anguish and joy and relief on Edwin Moses' face as he won his second Olympic gold in the 400m hurdles but it was his wife, Myrella who brought out the combined anguish and elation of the Moses when, sobbing, she buried herself in her husband's arms.

India's moments were bitter sweet. There was Zafar Iqbal throwing his stick in the air in disgust after he boobed an easy chance in the last minutes of India's crucial match against West Germany. But there was also the heartwarming sight of Pilavul lakandi Thekeparampil (P T for short) Usha coming back from behind in the 400m hurdles semi final and becoming the only Indian woman to



Koji Gushiken—age no bar

make it to an Olympic final where she finished fourth Fate which works in strange ways saw to it that India's exit from the medal hunt in hockey and Ushi's exhilarating semi final run came within half an hour of each other

The rivalry between Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett was the story of the Moscow Olympics Seb Coe's dejection at losing the 800m is still fresh in the mind of every sportswriter here At Los Angeles both the rivalry and the disappointment were forgotten as Coe again finished second in an event in which he holds the world record He clasped Ovett around the arm after the latter finished last in the third fastest 800m race ever run and actually smiled as he received the prize he had dubbed at Moscow as 'worse than a consolation'

The list of unfortunate moments can go on and on but let me end with a kaleidoscope

Carl Lewis's surprise came when the same Coliseum audience which had cheered him rapturously actually booed when he won the long jump gold—and all because he took only two of the six jumps he was allowed Muhammad Ali's barely audible 'now I regret doing so and wish I had kept it' when asked what he felt about throwing his Olympic gold in a river could well have been applied to these circumstances

At every Olympics, athletes and nations turn out feats which have history talking about them World and Olympic records are only one aspect of their achievements World records no longer happen in the Olympics in track and field They are mostly set in obscure meets in cool Scandinavian countries where all conditions, including a paid pacemaker, can be controlled

For swimmers, however, the Olympics are the only event that count And records have always tumbled in the pool at the Olympics It was a little different at Los Angeles For the first time at any Olympics since 1948, not a single world record was set in the women's events The reason was simple the East Germans hold a majority of them (9 out of 14) and they were absent

But the story was different among the men where the only certain East Bloc winner would have been Vladimir Salnikov of the USSR who holds the world record in the 1500m freestyle and would have won that and the 400m freestyle In his absence, Michael Gross of West Germany and Canadian Alex Baumann cornered the spotlight as they both won two golds each and both in world record timings More world record timings were set two by the US relay team and one each by Victor Davies (Canada) and Jon Sieben (Australia) Which meant that out of 15 existing world records, the majority were broken

But, as it happens it all Olympics, a part of the spotlight was hogged by an unlikely competitor For the first time consolation races were organised at an Olympics for those who failed to make it to the finals It was one way that the LAOOC decided to give the ticket payers more value for their money Little could one have imagined that an Olympic record would be set in a consolation race but that is exactly what happened when Thomas Farnher of West Germany won the 400m freestyle race in a timing that was better than the gold winning time of George Dicarlo

History was also made in the pool when winners in two women's races finished joint firsts and won a gold each If that brought additional joy, Rick Carey, gold medal winner in the 200m backstroke, landed media brickbats for being surly and not waving at the cheering home crowd on the victory stand Carey later apologised and said he was in a state of shock at not having beaten the world record

As far as medal tally went, the USA were clear and away the major history makers And perhaps no victory brought the nation greater cheer than their men gymnasts gold, upsetting world champions China All six in the American team were consistently good but if there is one exercise that

assured them of the gold it was Mitch Gaylord's 9.95 on the high bar.

The Chinese had come uncomfortably close to the US when Gaylord went on to the bar. The question before him was whether he should do his specialised routine which he only does when necessary and is known as the Gaylord III.

Coach Abie Grossfield felt Gaylord shouldn't take the risk. But he did not say it loud because he knew how much the routine mattered to Gaylord, who took the risk, turned in an impeccable performance and effectively put the gold out of China's reach. China had to wait till the individual apparatus final to win its first gold in gymnastics.

Elsewhere, however, China was making a memorable comeback to the Olympics, where she had last competed in the same city 52 years ago. She came here to exhibit her volleyball women's team, where she is the world champion. The Chinese spikers did prove their prowess when they beat the USA women in the final. So also were her lightweight lifters and her world record holder Zhu Jianhua. The weightlifters had exceeded all expectations.

All these were more or less expected. Those that were not came in shooting, where China's 17-strong team took home three golds, and fencing, where 26-year-old Luan Jujie from Nanking became the first Asian to win an Olympic gold in fencing when she won the women's foil event. At the end of the tenth day of competitions, China was a proud third in the gold medal tally—after the USA and the Romanians—and fourth in the overall medals tally.

Romania, who could well lay claims to being the second most popular team at Los Angeles (no prizes for guessing the first), regained the team title in women's gymnastics which they had lost to the Soviet Union at Moscow. Their gymnasts showed that they were a cut above the rest when they scored consistently high marks on the beam, the most difficult of the four.

Ecaterina Szabo (pronounced Sabo), the pre-tournament favourite for the individual allround title was surprised by tiny Mary Lou Retton, the new claimant for the throne of the superstar in women's gymnastics, who won her gold after two consecutive 10s in her last two exercises. But the Soviets and East Germans were conspicuous by their absence in this event.

It wasn't only in gymnastics and swimming that the East Bloc countries were missed. The American media's comment on the effects of the absence of the socialist countries was slow in coming but halfway through a columnist in the prestigious *Los Angeles Times* admitted that the thrill had gone from track and field, basketball (where the US women beat South Korea for the gold and the US men beat Canada), and boxing also. The columnist forgot to mention that even the contests in waterpolo, weightlifting, wrestling and hockey were devalued in their absence.

The USSR waterpolo team, which was supposed to inaugurate the tournament, was billed as the star attraction initially. In weightlifting, the absence was nowhere felt as in the bantamweight class where China's Wu Shude won the gold with a lift which was over 25 kgs short of the world record held by the 16-year-old Bulgarian wonder, Naim Suleimanov. In shooting, which saw no world records



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Heiner Dopp in action during India's fateful encounter against West Germany which ended in a goalless draw and saw India out of the medal hunt

or Olympic records being set, among those badly missed was Aleksandr Melentyev of the USSR who won the men's free pistol at Moscow with a record score of 581 China's Xu Haifeng got the gold with a score of 566

And in hockey it is difficult to say what would have happened if European champions the Soviet Union had not dropped out to make place for Great Britain Which brings us to another outstanding success story of the Los Angeles Olympics the Great Britain hockey team They were informed only on June 2 that they would after all, be participating They came here as absolute underdogs in a group which had Holland, tipped as the possible silver medallist New Zealand and Pakistan With only three players of any class, captain Norman Hughes goalie Ian Taylor and forward Sean Kerly the Britons confounded all predictions by beating Holland and New Zealand and holding Pakistan to top their group As the only truly amateur sportsmen in England they were the toast of Picadilly and rightly so Even though they lost in the semis the Brits really did creditably

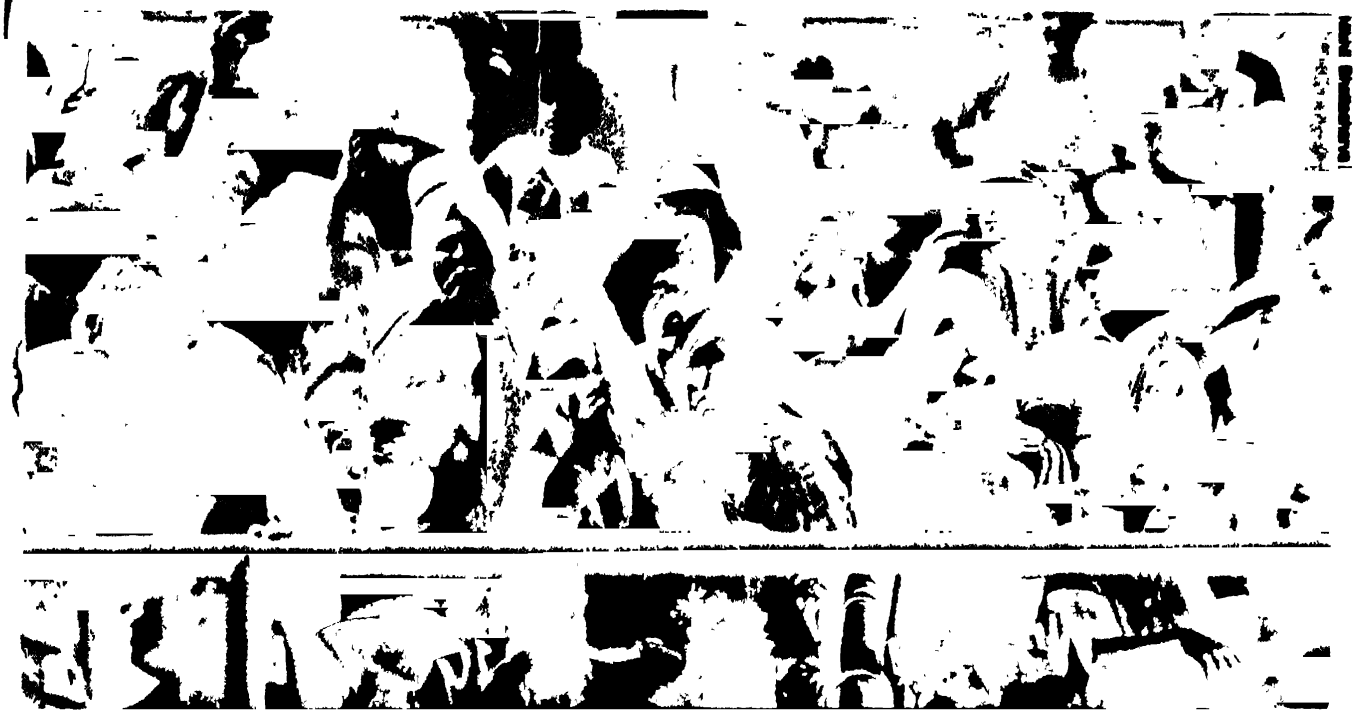
Apart from one P T Usha India had nothing really to show at Los Angeles Pre Olympic assessments had agreed that India's medal chances were, as always centred on the hockey team After the Asian Games disaster this team had raised great expectations with their subsequent performances and most recently in the Berlin tournament

So what happened? Any objective



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Gabriella Andersen-Schiess—the gutsiest loser of the Games



Hurrah !

analysis must underline one fact: that this team is truly very good, perhaps the strongest ever, since the heydays of Indian hockey. If it failed, it has itself to blame

In an assessment after the West Germany match, manager Nundy Singh and coaches Balkishen Singh and Bhangoo gave the following reasons for their team's failure:

1. Different interpretations of umpiring decisions which permitted more body play than Indians are used to.

2. Low-scoring by India against the United States.

3. While several illegitimate goals against India were allowed, especially in the matches against Malaysia and Spain, some legitimate goals by India were disallowed in those same matches.

4. The fact that India came up against weak teams in the early stages when these teams go all out because they reckon they still have a chance. In contrast, when West Germany played them they knew they were out of the running so they played lackadaisically and let in more goals.

5. The inability of Indian players to play total hockey. Indian forwards still do not fall back, like the Australians and Germans do, and still do not know how to tackle. Indian players lose out on reach because they cannot dive and hit a shot, while the Europeans, all trained on indoor hockey, are masters at this.

6. The inability of Indian players to improvise according to the situation. This cost India dearly in the match against West Germany where the German goalie invariably thwarted penalty corner hits because Vineet Kumar took all the shots from the same spot.

"We have to change our entire approach to hockey," said Balkishen Singh and he could not be more right. "This was not a team which should have lost," lamented Nundy Singh and Balkishen Singh. They are right there also. What is needed is faith in the boys and the right lessons.

As for the other Indian contestants, it was one long story of disgrace and humiliation. No Indian shooter could reproduce his best and with seven shooters the contingent was embarrassingly large. Kamalkanta Santra made history of sorts by being sent back on disciplinary grounds and the other three weightlifters, all inexperienced and participating in their first international meet, performed to their credit.

Xavier, the most promising boxer, was left behind and two seemingly reluctant boxers were sent. J.L. Pradhan lost his first bout but Kaur Singh was unfortunate enough to win his first bout. Coach Bharadwaj admitted later that he was surprised to see how fresh Pradhan was after the fight and wondered if Kaur Singh would fight the second round. Kaur did finally but put an end to his misery when he conceded the bout in less than one and a half minutes in the first round.

Two years ago when a controversy raged in the country about the mammoth amounts being spent on the Asian Games, the argument advanced was that holding the Asiad would give a filip to Indian sportsmen. Instead we have a spectacle where it is downright embarrassing to keep track of Indian performers. The tragically ironic state of Indian sports was best brought out by what happened to Indian javelin thrower Gurtej Singh. Objection was taken to the spikes he had worn. He was forced to take off his shoes. When the Indian officials protested, their protest was upheld but Gurtej, who threw the spear several metres short of his best was not allowed another try because the officials argued that since he had finished 25th there would be no material change in the result if he was allowed to throw again.

We now even have a Sports Ministry and a Sports Authority of India. Looking back on all that has happened, one cannot help quoting 'haste made waste'. The Indian Olympic Association cannot be held solely responsible, but several other agencies as well.

Russia—go play with yourself Slogan on T shirts on sale at LA

There is no way I can fail Triple trouble Carl Lewis before the start of the athletic events

Suit too big. Grabbed pants instead of pommel. Chinese gymnast Yan Lou after he muffed up his pommel horse exercises and scored only 9 20 on the apparatus

Everytime I start to finish it, some joker of a country decides to boycott the Games, so there's another chapter. British runner Seb Coe on his still unfinished Masters thesis on the economics and politics of track and field

The rest of the world has caught up with Coe and Ovett. John Walker New Zealands middle distance runner

When you think about it, it is a pretty odd phenomenon to cause such a stir After all, on one level, the Olympics are nothing more than a bunch of people running around in short pants every four years. John Macaloon an anthropologist

It's the biggest event ever, other than a Third World War, that could bring all nations together. Anthropologist James Peacock on the LA Games

I like pain Before a fight I am so hyped up I just want to bust. Everything boils up in me. World number one welterweight Mark Breland of the US

I am too fast to time Slogan on swimmer Michael Gross T shirt

I'll show that guy a thing or two at LA. Decathlon world record holder Jurgen Hingsen about his rival Daley Thompson

I hear Hingsen has promised his people a gold medal. Well, there are only two ways he can do that. Either he steals mine or he goes and competes in another event. Thompson's reply

It's just nine Mickey Mouse events and a 1,500 metres race. Daley Thompson on the decathlon



Edwin Moses



Seb Coe



Daley Thompson



Michael Gross



Carl Lewis

Sport in India? What's this? They don' have any history in men's track, and here's a woman ! American Judi Brown after being beaten by P T Usha in the semi final of the 400m hurdles

I look at the track from an artistic as wel as business point of view. It's more than just a sport. It's my life. The unbeatable Edwin Moses

This is bound to rebound on them—they're digging their own grave. The next time they go somewhere to compete, they'll find people only too willing to mark them down. Former Olympic champion Kip Keino accusing the Americans of organising the Olympics to suit themselves

I didn't get older for nothing Japanese gymnast Koji Gushiken winner of the men s all round exercises

The rules are screwed up The athletes have far accelerated the rules. That's one reason why there are so many 10's. Mike Jacki president of the US Gymnastic Federation

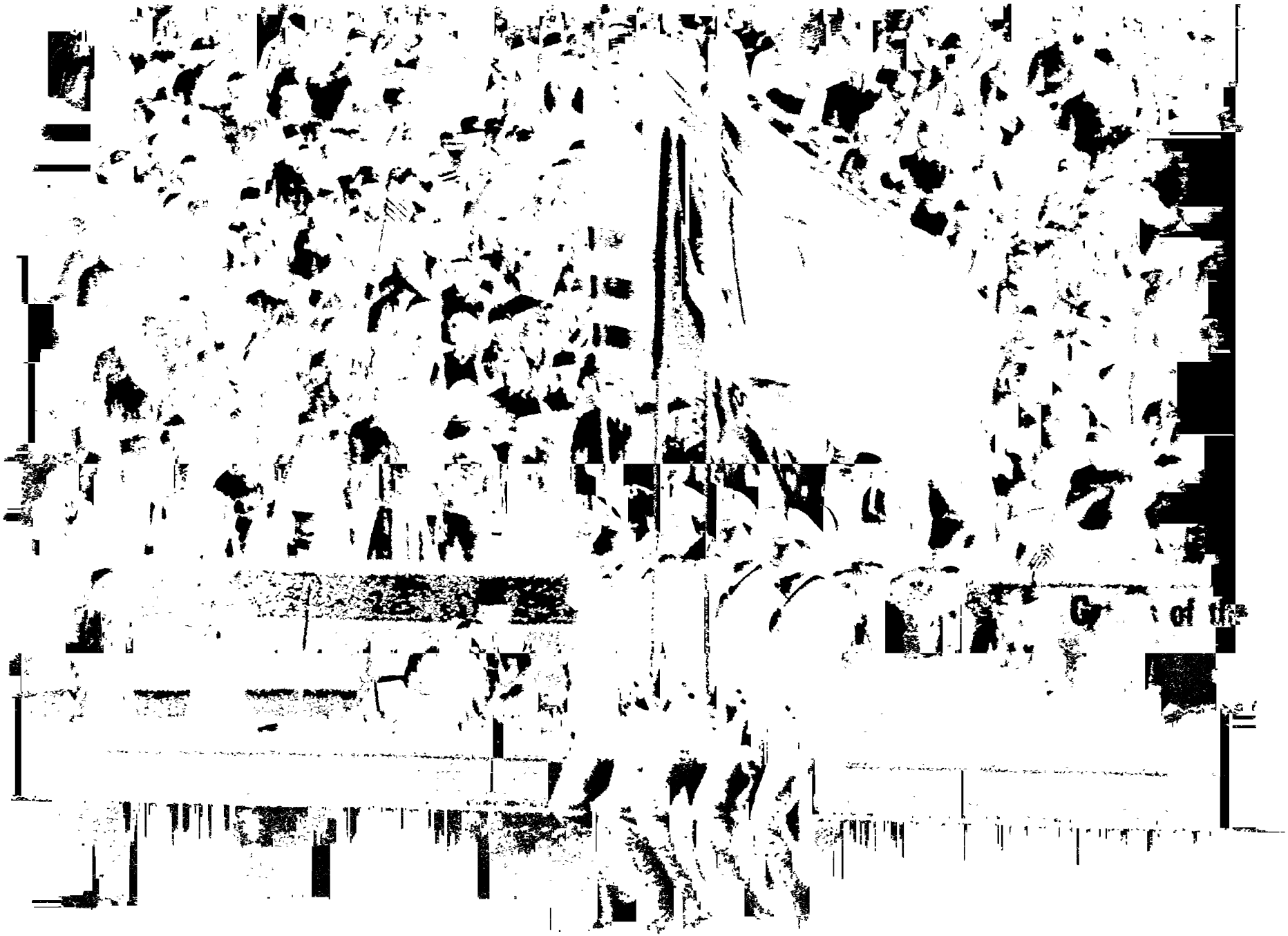
That was not a fair start I didn t know what to expect. I thought the starter would call everyone back. Do they think they can change the rules here in America in order to win or what? I'm trying to be a good sport about this, but I really am disgusted. 100m freestyle silver medallist Mark Stockwell of Australia

It's the biggest blow I've ever had in my life. I'm sad, I'm humiliated, to be honest, not to be considered I've observed the greatest athletes who participated and I thought I deserved to belong to that fraternity. Mark Spitz on not being included in the opening ceremony

I need a job. I'm keeping my ears open, and they certainly are big enough. Breast stroke champion Steve Lundquist

There is nothing like flying over a crossbar. It simply makes me forget everything else. Zhu Jian Hua the world high jump champion

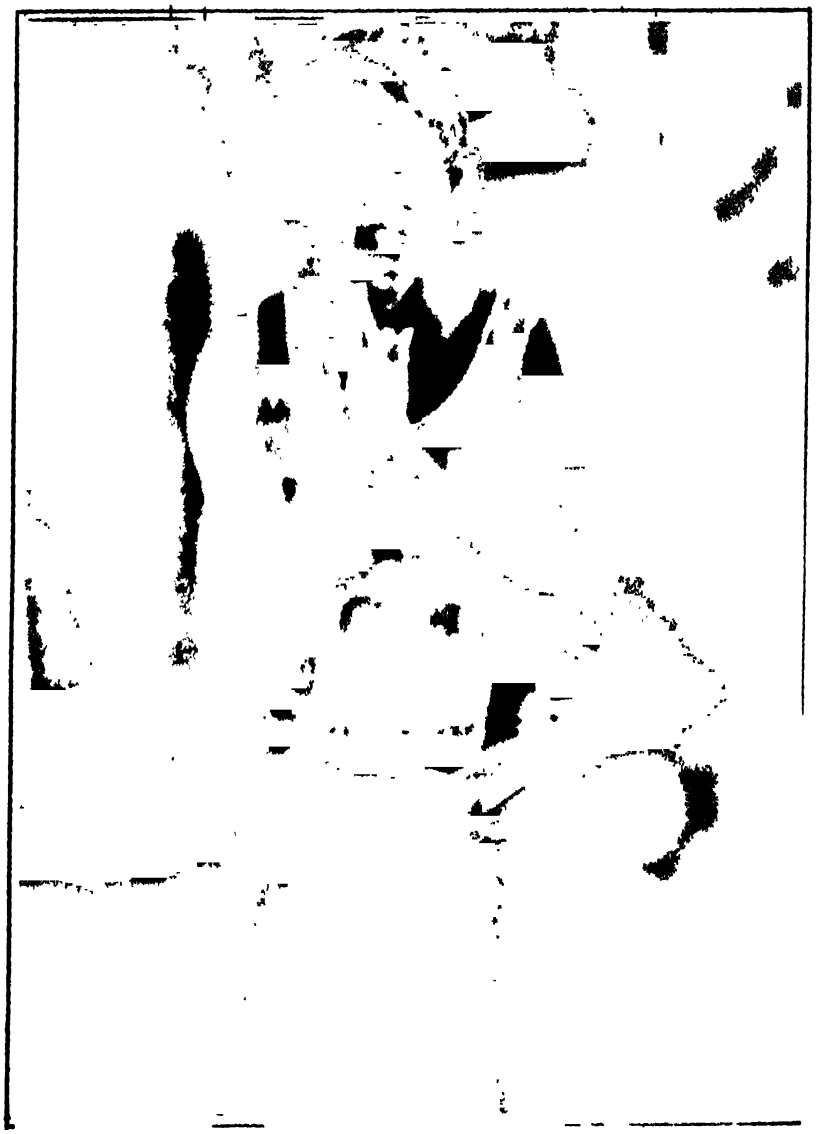
My parents tried to dissuade me from undertaking such a journey.They were afraid I would get myself killed by cowboys Adnan Azzan of Syria on his arrival at LA to witness the Games, 22 months after leaving home





Athletics sent shivers up their spines

Steve Ovett, winner of the 800m gold at Moscow, finishes last in the same event and is carried off the track on a stretcher to spend two days in hospital. Coe takes silver and Brazilian Joaquim Cruz the coveted gold. Joan Benoit runs a dream marathon before a home crowd. Edwin Moses takes his 105th straight victory for the 400m hurdles. And Carl Lewis marches on. **Lokesh Sharma** tells the tale of their brilliance



Valerie Briaco-Hooks falls to her knees after she won the 400m



NEVER before has the Los Angeles Coliseum seen 80,000-plus people in attendance at the morning session and another 80,000-plus at the evening session. And none, I am sure, could have felt the absence of the East Bloc athletes. One Carl Lewis, one Edwin Moses and one Joaquim Cruz have been enough to sate their appetite for high class athletics performances.

In the first four days, Lewis went through the first two acts of his mini four part series—winning the 100 metres and the long jump. He was on the track for barely twenty seconds in all but was full of brilliance.

He spent just 9.99 secs to win the 100 metres and must have taken another ten seconds to win the men's long jump. After all, he took just one valid jump and that was 8.45 metres, which was 32 centimetres more than the Australian Gary Honey and Italian Giovanni Evangelista. The Australian was awarded the silver because his second best jump was better than the Italian's.

Lewis was slow off the blocks in the 100 metres but easily caught up with teammate Sam Graddy by the halfway mark and opened up a lead of one metre by the finish. He grabbed an American flag, ran a victory lap and had the packed stadium in the palm of his hand.

How different things were after the long jump final. When he climbed the victory podium, boos and not clap greeted him. The crowd, a great part of which had paid about 50 dollars per ticket cannot be blamed as they had come to the Coliseum to see something more than just one jump from Lewis. Afterwards, Lewis explained that his legs were feeling sore and he did not want to jeopardise his chances in the 200 metres and the 4 x 100 metres relay by blowing himself out in the long jump.

Joaquim Cruz put a remote suburb of Brasilia, Oaguatinga on the world map by running the third fastest 800 metres race in history, destroying the strongest-ever field without the slightest hesitation. Sebastian Coe, who holds the two fastest timings of 1:41.73 and 1.42.33, tried to keep pace with the Brazilian but failed miserably and finished second.



Britain's bronze medal winner in the javelin, Fatima Whitbread, tweaks the cheeks of her team-mate and gold-medal winner, Tessa Sanderson during the award ceremony

Coe had said after the semi-finals that he expected the race to be very closely fought, and so it was. The Kenyan, Edwin Koech set the initial pace, which was just what Cruz wanted. The Brazilian assumed charge at the 500m mark, pressed slightly on the gas pedal and then took wings on reaching the last bend.

Coe came with him into the home straight but only lasted a short while. The 21-year-old junior world record holder stopped the clock at 1:43.00, three metres ahead of Coe, to improve on Cuban Alberto Juantorena's eight-year-old mark of 1:43.50. American record holder Earl Jones took the bronze.

Coe said with a smile, after the finals, "It is clear that I am no longer young enough for the 800 metres." The underlying message was that Coe feels it is now time to move up to the 1500 metres. If he doesn't, then Cruz will make sure he does. In fact, it would not be surprising if Cruz improves on Coe's record in the coming months. His four very fast races in as many days show that he is capable of going much faster if he has to run only one race.

Life was compressed into just two



Left: Keeping the flag flying—Carl Lewis after emulating the legendary Jesse Owens by winning four golds. Right: Seb Coe and his team-mate Steve Ovett walk arm-in-arm after the finish of the 800m in which Coe bagged the silver and Ovett finished last. The last time these two arch rivals were seen in such a pose was at the victory ceremony of the 800m at Moscow

and a half hours for woman marathoner Katherine Switzer, who campaigned untiringly for the inclusion of the women's marathon in the Olympic Games. Switzer, who was covering the event for the ABC, could not have asked for more from her tribe. Country woman Joan Benoit ran a world class race, finishing a good two minutes ahead of world champion Grete Waitz of Norway.

Benoit clocked two hours, 24 minutes, 52 seconds while Waitz fought bravely against pain to take the silver in two hours, 26 minutes and 18 seconds. Portugal's Rosa Mota upset Norwegian Ingrid Kristiansen for the bronze medal.

The biggest applause, however, was reserved for Switzerland's Gabriella Andersen-Schiess, who amplified the meaning of never giving up "I did not really know where I was," Schiess said less than twelve hours after the race. But she did know that she would be disqualified if she took any help from anybody, so she kept running away from the officials, who were trying to give her a helping hand

Now let us not cry ourselves hoarse Women are not suited for the event. American middle distance star Mary Decker warned "Wait till two men collapse in their marathon " Certainly, there have been many instances of men caving in during the race. In 1908, Dorando Pietri of Italy finished the race with the help of officials and Jim Peters of Great Britain collapsed just 200 metres from the finish line of the 1954 Commonwealth Games •

Edwin Moses: It's like going to your execution fifteen times a year

THE first thing Edwin Moses announced after winning his 90th straight 400m hurdles final and his 105th consecutive race was "It is not my last race." You can take that when it comes from a man like him who has not lost a single race since losing to West German Harald Schmid in Berlin in 1977.

Moses first shot into prominence at Montreal by winning his first Olympic gold in a world record time of 47.64. There was no clear favourite then as the Olympic champion John Akii Bua of Uganda, along with other African favourites, was absent. The bespectacled black was an unknown quantity as he had taken to hurdling just five months before the Olympic Games. His victory proved that he was a real natural if ever there was one.

When asked how he compared his two victories Moses said "I ran much better in Montreal. You can see from the timing. I would have liked to better my Olympic record but I could only clock 47.75."

Moses had some time ago said he would switch over to 800m. But now he says "I will continue with 400m hurdles and can't foresee switching over to anything else."

His team mate, 18 year old Danny Harris has performed considerably well this year and continues to be a threat after running 48.13 in the finals to upset Schmid. Moses regards Harris as highly talented and with a grim commentated "He is a real talent. He has been around only a year and to win a silver medal in that short a span is really incredible. I realize that I have to look over my shoulders in the coming years."

But Moses is still confident of winning for a couple of seasons more.

"I have a good chance of winning as long as I train a little bit more. I still feel that I can improve and am eagerly looking forward to break the 47 second barrier. I really want to continue with my event."

But not at any cost. Heath Sadds that talent alone will not be enough to last a lot of new guys are coming up.

Moses doesn't think much of his much publicised rivalry with Schmid and his presence has never intimidated him. "I have always gone in with a great advantage over him. He has never won a big race when I have been there. If there was a necessity I would have run much faster in Los Angeles."

He also disagrees with the theory that he is going downhill as he had never looked as tired as after the final. Fatigue was more mental than physical. In fact the tension was so great that I felt relieved that it was over. The race was not at all fast, even slower than the Olympic trials. And if you looked at other guys you would have noticed they were tired as well. In fact they were more tired because they didn't win. Moses was not sure if he would have to run faster. He was not at the lane outside Harris and Schmid. "I think it was a bit easier than running in the eighth lane. It was a good lane (six) for me as I love to run wide curves. This helps me to establish enough lead and run clear off the field."

The mention of the eight year wait for his second gold brought a tired look on his face. "I feel I'm fortunate to be around for eight years. It was disappointing to miss Moscow, but it is satisfying to win my second gold, if not my third gold medal."

Sometime back when a reporter asked him about the pressure in maintaining his winning form, Moses replied "It is like going to your execution fifteen times a year."

Lokesh Sharma in Los Angeles

Ed wins

EDWIN MOSES is made for perfection. Everything he does has to be perfect. If success in the 400m hurdles were to have been measured on gymnastic standards he might have scored a 10 each time!

Both his parents were school teachers and Moses himself is a fine scholar, having graduated in physics and engineering from Morehouse College in Atlanta. Medical school is the next step. With such qualification behind him it was quite a surprise when he fumbled while taking the Olympic Oath at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

An avid sportsman, Moses uses martial arts as part of his training. This has helped to lengthen his stride. His stride is, in fact, awesome. While other runners in the hurdles take an average of 14 to 15 strides between successive hurdles, Moses takes just 13. And, in future may even make do with just 12 strides. If he does succeed in this, then he will probably be the first man to run a sub—47 second 400m hurdles race.

It is a familiar sight to see Edwin Moses striding over the hurdles wearing sunglasses. This particular trait of his has led to his nickname 'Shades'. Another of his peculiarities is that he always runs with a wrist watch in order to time himself. Talk about perfection.

As for his life off the track, Moses is quite content. Some time ago he had taken up a job as a weapons systems designer for the United States Army. It lasted just six months. But he doesn't have to worry. Last year he earned an estimated $ 450,000 from endorsements and the like. Now, after his victory at Los Angeles, there is, perhaps, much more in the offing.

Pradeep Paul



The unbeatable Edwin Moses and his wife Myrella who claims to be under greater pressure than her husband when he is running

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Evelyn Ashford: I did it!

ATHLETICS has been tough for American sprinter Evelyn Ashford. She has been there, right at the top for a long time, but without any glittering trinkets around her neck.

Jimmy Carter denied her the opportunity of competing in the Moscow Games and a hamstring injury short circuited her dream of glory midway through the 100m finals in Helsinki.

Her participation in Los Angeles was also uncertain as last month in the Olympic trials in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum she had to drop out of the 200m due to problems with the old injury

Now that she has won the Olympic 100m title and that too in the fastest time in the 88-year-old history of the Games, she can be labelled the official fighter of the Los Angeles Games. Why not, if you can have an official drink, official license plates, official airline, then there can be an official fighter as well.

When she finally realised her dream, she could not control her tears. "At first it did not hit me. Then when the announcer said I had set an Olympic record, it hit me. I ran faster than anyone else in the Olympic Games. I was stunned and could not control my emotions. I wanted to be under eleven. I did it," she said recounting her immediate reactions following her win.

Evelyn's only regret was that she could not run the 200m. "I love the 200m also, but my hamstring at the rear of my right knee is really very bad. But right now I am very satisfied with the title of the fastest woman in the world and the Olympic record," she explained.

The East Bloc athletes had something to prove when the Americans did not go to Moscow and they won without any substantial opposition. Ashford says she has nothing to prove. "I like good competition.The German Democratic Republic is a good challenge. What have I got to prove, anyway? I am the Olympic champion, Olympic and world record holder," she said in a very matter-of-fact manner.

In fact, Ashford has been a very good competitor She has won the 100m and 200m in the 1979 and 1981 World Cups. In Montreal, she overhauled the GDR duo of Marlies Gohr and Marita Koch. Two years later she again beat Gohr in the 100m and breezed past the Czech Jarmila Kratochvilova in the 200m.

Ashford always wanted to be an Olympic champion and is happy to bring back the sprint title to America. Wyomia Tyus with her second win in Mexico in 1968 was the last American to win the women's 100m

Ashford finds it difficult to compare the relative significance of her Olympic and world records. "It is difficult to compare and point out which is more important. I wanted them equally and am happy to have them," she pointed out.

Ashford, 27, is looking forward to another gold medal in the relay. "We are going to win, we set an American record on this track last year."

But that is not the end of the road for her. After her win she said: "I am glad it is over It's been eight years since Montreal. Now I can rest in peace. There is also a sense of achievement. I love to run, run fast and be good at whatever I do. I haven't disappointed myself." Now she is looking forward to some fast races in Europe this season And she will be around for sometime. "I think I will continue to compete for a couple of years. At the moment I am not thinking of retiring," she revealed.

Ashford had always dreamt of emulating Wilma Rudolph, the first black woman to win the Olympic 100m. She could not win the 200m like Rudolph, but has attained some satisfaction.

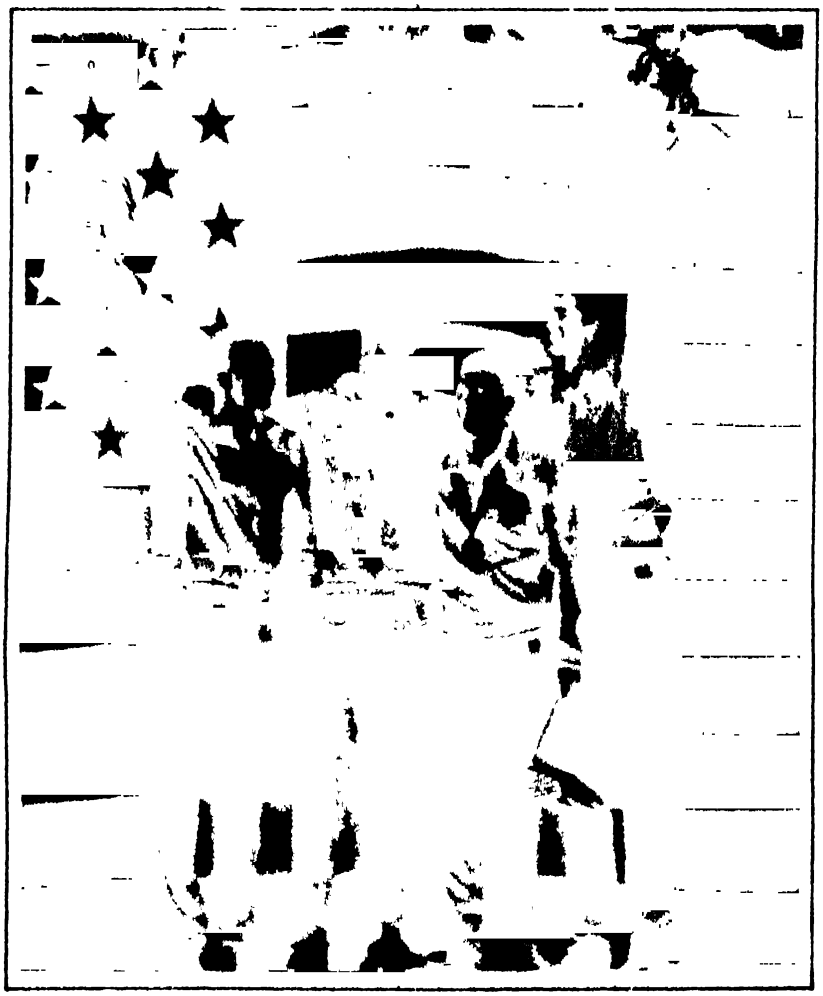
Lokesh Sharma in Los Angeles



Evelyn Ashford: dream come true

America rules the waters

The Americans snatched a rich haul of medals, thanks to the feats of Tracy Caulkins, Mary T. Meagher and Rowdy Gaines. But the visitors, with stars like Michael Gross, Alex Baumann and Jon Sieben, provided plenty of spirited competition. In fact, reports **George K. George,** swimming came a close second to athletics, the glamour event of the LA Games



The US men's 4×100m relay team set a world record in the event. From left: Rowdy Gaines, Chris Cavanaugh, Mike Heath and Matt Biondi



THE ouster of the Albatross, the crowning of a queen in exile, the arrival of Madam Butterfly, the apology of a gold medallist, an Olympic record by a non-qualifier and five more world records. What more could one expect from an Olympic swimming competition ?

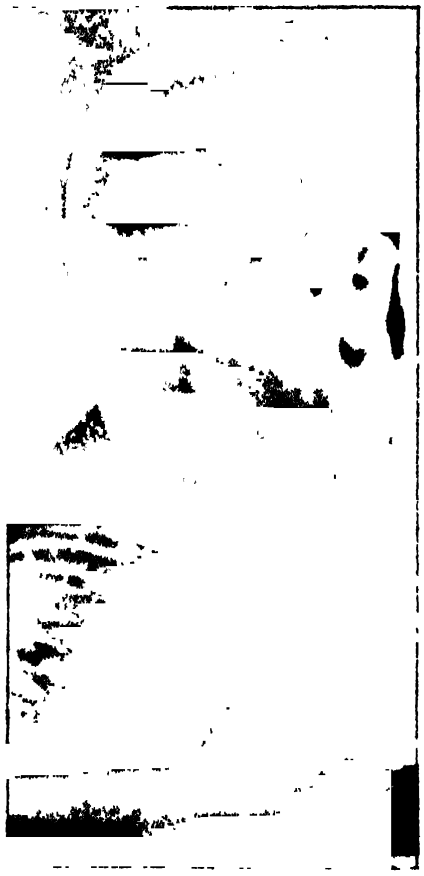
Exit the king, welcome to the queen. Michael Gross starts as the most intimidating swimmer in any Olympics. Tracy Caulkins, the best woman swimmer in history according to most experts, claims the throne that has been legitimately hers for years. One cannot think of a better way of summarising the thrills at the golden pool during the last three days of the swimming competition.

The invincibility of Michael Gross has already been challenged by Americans in the 4×100 metre freestyle relay on the second day of the competition as unfancied Bruce Hayes went neck to neck with him in the last lap to win the gold. Still, the world had given credit to Gross for coming from behind and even overtaking Hayes momentarily. The true fans of the sport also admired Gross's decision not to compete in the 400 metre freestyle because the best competitor in the event, Vladimir Salnikov of USSR, was not present. You can call it arrogance, but let others call it class.

Gross was expected to win gold and break his own world record in the 200 metre butterfly. He was also expected to lead Germany to a gold or silver in the 4x100 metre medley relay. Neither happened. Gross was shocked in the 200 metre butterfly. No, the winner was not his archrival Pablo Morales, whom he had shocked and shattered by robbing his world record and potential gold in the 100 metre butterfly. In fact, Morales did not even win a medal. He was fourth.

It was an incredible happening. Gross was swimming between Morales in lane 5 and Rafael Vidal Castro of Venezuela in lane 3. The three men were in a close race and Gross was concentrating on these challengers. The presence of Jon Sieban was hardly noticed at the starting blocks. He had qualified with a time of 1:59.3, way behind Morales.

As Morales, Castro and Gross battled for gold, Sieban came up with his career best. It was incredible. How can an inexperienced youngster knock four seconds off his own record on a given day and that too in a race he was given no chance for a medal?



Pablo Morales found Gross too good

Gross beat Castro to win silver. Morales was fourth. He had to be satisfied with registering his career best time. He had come into the Games as one of the most favoured Americans, but had to be content with an individual silver and relay gold.

Finally, it was time to crown the queen in exile. Tracy Caulkins was one of the biggest casualties of the 1980 boycott. This young woman had led the resurgence of women's swimming in America after the U.S. women's team was humiliated at Montreal. She was at her peak in 1980. After that she gave up competition for a while. It looked as if the best woman swimmer would never win an Olympic medal. Tracy came back a year ago and began preparing for the Games. She opened her campaign on the first day of the competition, in the 100m breaststroke. She had finished just ninth in the morning heats. Only the top eight qualify for the finals. Hope came unexpectedly as Italy's Makella Della Valle was disqualified. But Tracy finished only fourth by slowing down in the last seconds of the competition.

The surprise winner, Petra Van Staveren of the Netherlands, celebrated in style by popping the cork of a champagne bottle at a Press conference. Tracy has the second fastest time in this event's history to her credit. Her only consolation was that her fourth place earned her a berth in the 400 metre medley relay on the following day.

Finally, Tracy's hour of triumph came even before that relay. She improved her own American record and set a new Olympic record in the 200m individual medley, beating her friend Nancy Hogshead for the gold. Then she teamed up with Nancy, Theresa Andrews and Mary T. Meagher, to take the 400 medley relay. Two days later she would announce her retirement from competitive swimming.

Like Tracy and a few others, Mary T. Meagher (known to her friends as T.) had quit swimming after being selected for the 1980 Olympiad.

The world had to wait till the seventh day of the Games for the second coming of Mary T. She was restless too as she watched her friends sweep the golds. But her events were scheduled for the last three days of the swimming competition. She did not blow her first opportunity as Tracy had done. Madam Butterfly took the 100 metre butterfly event with a new Olympic record and added the 200 metre gold. She had hoped that Nancy would finish behind her, but she was only fourth. Then, she shared the gold in the relay

Jenna Johnson of the U.S. was leading the 100 metre butterfly early in the race. Had Mary T. let her get away with it, she would have taken the gold and the spot on the relay team. Mary T. was too smart and experienced to let the kid get away with murder. After all, Jenna had her fun at the Olympic trials by beating T!

Have you ever heard of a gold medal winner apologising? Double world record-holder Rick Carey of New York was forced to do so. He had won gold in the 200 metre backstroke but displayed disappointment and despair as he could not improve his own world mark or the Olympic record. He issued a public statement on the day after. "I definitely increased my John



Synchronized swimming has a bright future at the Olympics. The British pair is seen in action here

McEntoe image I'm human. I do make mistakes I made a mistake and I am not denying it It's just that I couldn't figure out what went wrong in the race and was in a state of shock," he said in the statement He also went on live television to make the same kind of apology Then he went on to win the 100 metre backstroke without any records This time he was all smiles and the crowd cheered in total approval and admiration At the finish line Carey held up the hands of team mate David Wilson who won a surprise silver.

Can you imagine winning an Olympic gold in record time and then losing that new mark in less than five minutes to a man who did not even figure in the final of the competition? This strange experience occurred on 3 August when the young American George Dicarlo had finished ahead of his 17-year old team-mate John Mykkanen to win the gold.

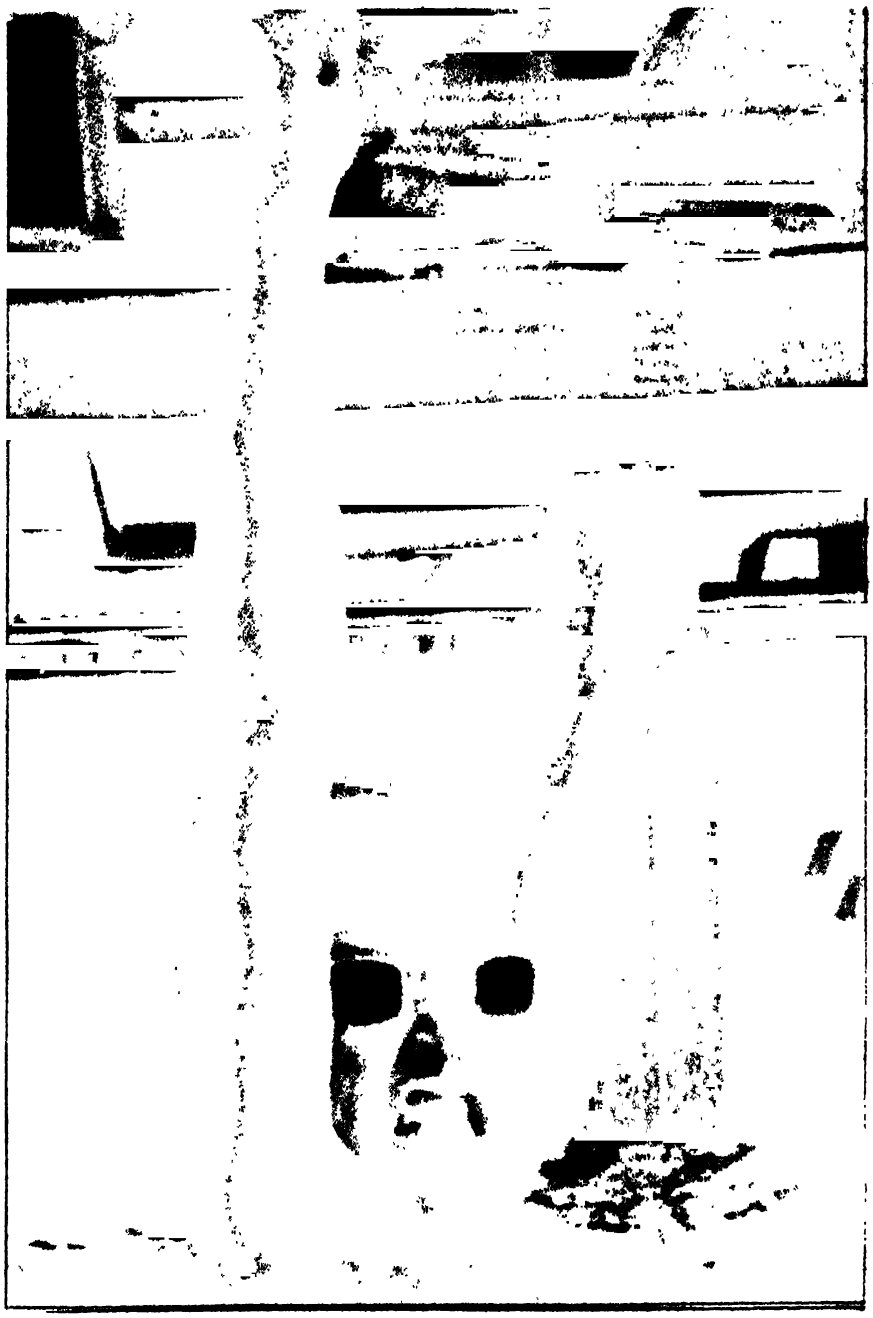
Everything looked perfect Minutes later the results of the consolation final featuring the men who lost in the qualifying heats was announced The winner was Thomas Fahrner of West Germany Remember, this was the 400 metre freestyle race

What made things complicated was his timing of 3 50 91. The problem was that George Dicarlo's winning time was a little more, 3·51.79 to be precise

The announcer informed the spectators that no medals or Olympic records could be awarded in consolation races The crowd could have only one reaction—boos.

When Fahrner met the Press, the jury of the International Swimming Federation (FINA) huddled in an emergency meeting simultaneously Strange though it may seem, the verdict was that the new Olympic record will be in the name of Thomas Fahrner. Cheers from the crowd and shock on Dicarlo's face There was another shock in store for poor Dicarlo. His junior partner Mike O'Brien beat him by five seconds to win the 1500 metre freestyle. O'Brien, who seldom competes in this event, looked confident at the start of the longest race.

Have you ever seen a young woman racing against a rival who was in the Olympic pool eight years ago? Really strange, isn't it? This is what happened in the women's 800 metre free-style final Tiffany Cohen of the US was so far ahead that she had to compete with a ghost from the past She didn't have to swim fast for the gold. It was already in her bag. She kept going in pursuit of the 1978 world



Canada's Alex Baumann, who won both the individual medley races thereby qualifying for the title of the "best all-round swimmer in the world."

record of Tracy Wickham of Australia, the oldest world mark in swimming. "From the beginning, it was a race between Tiffany and Wickham," her coach Mark Schuber would say later. In the end Wickham won. Tracy missed her record by 33/100th of a second. Better competition could perhaps have helped her to break it.

The Canadians eclipsed two more world records in their golden wins. Alex Baumann improved his world record in the 200m individual medley, inflicting another blow to the morale of Morales. It was his second world record and second gold.

Nobody could be a more worthy candidate for the best all-round swimmer of the world. He had lost his father and brother in recent weeks. Still, he competed with courage and grit. His mother was at the poolside to cheer him all the way.

The media did not focus on him too much. After all, he is a Canadian and he is more ordinary and down to earth compared to Michael Gross. But you are going to hear about this young man for a long time to come.

Modesty is not the strong virtue of his fellow Canadian Victor Davis. "I had come here to win two golds," Davis said in annoyance after he bettered his own world record in the 200 metre backstroke. He was annoyed by his defeat at the hands of Steve Lundquist in the 100 metre breast-stroke but could do nothing about his unfulfilled ambition for a twin gold feat.

Had not John Moffet—who had established an Olympic record in the US Olympic trials—ruined his chances through an injury in the heats, even the silver may not have gone to him, in the 200 metre, Moffet was the only one who could have upset Davis. But the American had not recovered in time to compete.

The destruction of the Albatross was completed in the last event of the competition, the 4x100 metre medley. Morales, Carey, Lundquist and Gaines, the captain of the team, demolished the world mark to take the gold. Alex Baumann led Canada to the silver, but almost four seconds behind the Americans. Michael Gross finished the race for the West Germans only behind the bronze medallists, Australia.

It was a memorable Olympics for the United States. Half a dozen of its swimmers who almost gave up swimming after the 1980 boycott came back to win golds. Although the best individual performances went to Gross, Baumann and Davis, the US broke all records in team events.

Ten world records (in fact 11 as one of them was an improvement on a world record created during the heats) and 7 Olympic records showed to the world the quality of this competition. The women's events suffered in the absence of some of the top competitors. But then, more Olympic and world records could have come from the present competitors had there been more competition.

The U.S. won 21 golds and 13 silvers. That matches their best ever Olympic gold tally achieved in Mexico in 1968. In overall medal count, this was the third best performance by the Americans. They had won 54 in Mexico and 43 in Munich. In Montreal they won 34. The U.S. above all gave the XXIII Olympiad the rousing start that it needed so badly.

Body Music

The thrills of the gymnastics competition did not end with the stunning victory of the Americans in the team events. A 27-year-old Japanese, Koji Gushiken, came from nowhere to steal the men's all-round title from Chinese superstar Li Ning. America's Mary Lou Retton claimed the women's crown, beating the 'second Nadia' from Romania. But what a comeback by Li Ning and Ecaterina Szabo in the individual events! **George K. George** picks up the action



Romania's Ecaterina Szabo goes through her floor exercise routine



The Romanian team which won the gold in the women's gymnastics competition



WHAT a glorious finale for the 1984 Olympic gymnastics competition. Two persons who came king and queen went uncrowned, but with more golds. The honours were gracefully shared by the United States, Romania, China and Japan. Even silver and bronze medallists flashed bright and happy smiles. A unique competition.

The US men had set the trend of upsets by beating world champions China to claim the world team title. And their women almost won over the world famous Romanians. That set the scene for an exciting and tough competition in the individual all-round and individual event competitions.

Half way through the competition, Gushiken was fifth behind China's Li Ning and Tong Fei, and United States' Peter Vidmar and Bart Connor and with three more rotations to go, it looked like a two-man race between Li Ning and Vidmar. The only other man in contention was Fei. All eyes were on the Chinese and Vidmar. Yet Gushiken scored a 10 on the vault, 9.9 on the parallel bar and pommel horse, boosted his total and gave himself a slight lead of 25/100th of a point over Vidmar!

It was time for the showdown. And yet the Japanese's brilliance went unnoticed. Gushiken performed a superb floor exercise to score a 9.9. Vidmar's turn came. He took the parallel bars and did a fantastic number. As he landed with a very slight bounce on his feet, the judges awarded him 9.9. It was a little short of the gold medal target. He needed a 9.95 to beat Gushiken. Finally, Vidmar had lost by 25/1000th of a point; he didn't seem to mind and said: "I was not even supposed to be in it. I am quite happy with my performance."

Gushiken's story is an amazing lesson in perseverance. He is not exactly in his prime. Although Japanese gymnasts are late bloomers as compared to their rivals from other countries, Gushiken is old even by his country's standards. Nine years ago he broke his ankle and a year later he tore his achilles tendon. He did not get a berth in the team for Montreal as he was only 13th in the country then!

By 1980, he had worked himself up to claim a spot in the national team. However, the road to Moscow was blocked by the boycott. Finally at 27, he made his debut—and possibly his last appearance—in the Olympics redeeming the pride of Japanese gymnasts who were deprived of their superiority, first by the Soviets and later by China.

A day later at Los Angeles, graceful young women from 36 countries marched to the pavilion with the hope of being crowned queen of gymnastics. Out of them the two most attractive candidates stood out prominently. Retton and Szabo. Laura Cutina and Simona Pauca of Romania, and Julianne McNamara of the United States were long shots, anyway.

It was difficult choosing between Retton and Szabo. The 16-year-old Retton and 17-year-old Szabo had one thing in common: the coaching of Bela Karolyi, who gained world acclaim as Comaneci's coach. He had trained Szabo from the age of five. After his defection to the United States, he coached Retton and McNamara. He was always on the sidelines yelling and screaming, hugging and kissing his present pupils.

Mary Lou Retton is a doll you can't help liking. She looks nothing like the traditional slim little girl on the gym floor. Her 4 feet 9 inch sturdy frame looks more like a bouncing cannonball. Her lower body is exceptionally heavy with big thighs and muscled legs. But make no mistake either. She is not masculine, just muscular. She is adorable with her captivating smile and deep brown eyes. A girl who would win your heart with one flash.

She claps her hands before and after the routines to lead your cheer for herself and her team. She is gracious to her opponents. Ever. when she loses, the same million dollar smile brightens her cute face.

Her rival from Romania is a former world junior champion. Ecaterina Szabo has a perfect figure and lovely eyes. She seldom smiled, but when she did it was pleasing to watch. Whenever she scored a 10 she blew a kiss to the spectators. She looked a lot younger than she is. Back home they call her the new Nadia. She finished third in the World Championships. Like Retton she also is a vaulter and a tumbler But she has

more experience and finish and looked more like a complete gymnast.

The battle for the crown was one of the hottest contests of this Olympiad. While the men's event had six rotations, the women's finals had only four. The crowd was aware of every change in the lead and that made it more thrilling. Retton came in with a slight lead of a 25th of a point on the compulsories, Szabo scored on the balance beam to reduce Retton's lead. Retton came up with a 9.85 on the uneven bars.

Now the heat is really on. It is Retton's turn on the balance beam. She scores 9.80 and Karolyi is mad at the judges. In the meantime, Szabo scores a 9.95 and is in the lead. She adds to it with a 9.9 on the vault. Retton takes the floor. Even the Romanian judge cannot help giving her a 10. The lead is reduced to just .05.

The last rotation is on the uneven bars. Szabo scores an impressive 9.9. In fact in every rotation, she has scored at least a 9.9. Retton has only one way of beating her: a 10 in the vault—which is her favourite item. She bounces on the horse and comes up with a perfect landing far away. A 10—and the gold!

Anyone else would have stopped right there. But not Mary Lou Retton. She has the option of another vault. The contenders get two chances and the better score is recorded. Retton takes her second chance and gets another 10 to crown her victory.

Retton's ambition is fulfilled. She has become the Olympic gymnastics queen; the crowded stands chant the names of Retton and Karolyi.

THE men came back for the individual events. The top performers in each of the six routines would have to compete for individual medals. But a country could enter only two competitors in each.

First it was the United States, then it was Japan's turn. It was now or never for Li Ning and China. Both were too good to fade away. This young man was so likeable that the predominantly American crowd was behind him all the way. Li Ning is the only other man who shares the honour of being the best male gymnast of the world with Soviet Union's Dimitri Bilozerchev, who captured three golds and one silver medal in his laid-back style. The young Chinese has the ability of making everything look easy. He shared the gold in the pommel horse with Peter Vidmar of the US and the rings with USA's Mitch Gaylord. The floor exercise gold was all his. He also had a silver in the vault.

To some extent the reputation tarnished by the shock victory of the Americans in the team event had been restored. They all had a fair share and Japan and the US too were quite happy.

Now it was time for the second Nadia to redeem her reputation.

However, controversy marred the individual competition. Karolyi was furious, Retton was disappointed and the American team disillusioned after yet another stunning victory. Szabo



America's Mary Lou Retton won the hearts of the crowd and the gold in the individual all round competition

swept the gold medals in the floor exercises, vault and beam. Simona Pauca shared the gold in the balance beam. Lavinia Agache, another ex-protege of Karolyi, won the bronze in the vault.

America's consolation came through McNamara's gold in the uneven bars. As Julianne approached the bar, Ma Yanhong of China had already claimed the gold with a 10. She had to come up with another 10 to share it. The banner said "Julianne really can". In the floor exercise she got the 10. But Ecaterina had a slight edge in the preliminary scores carried over from the compulsories.

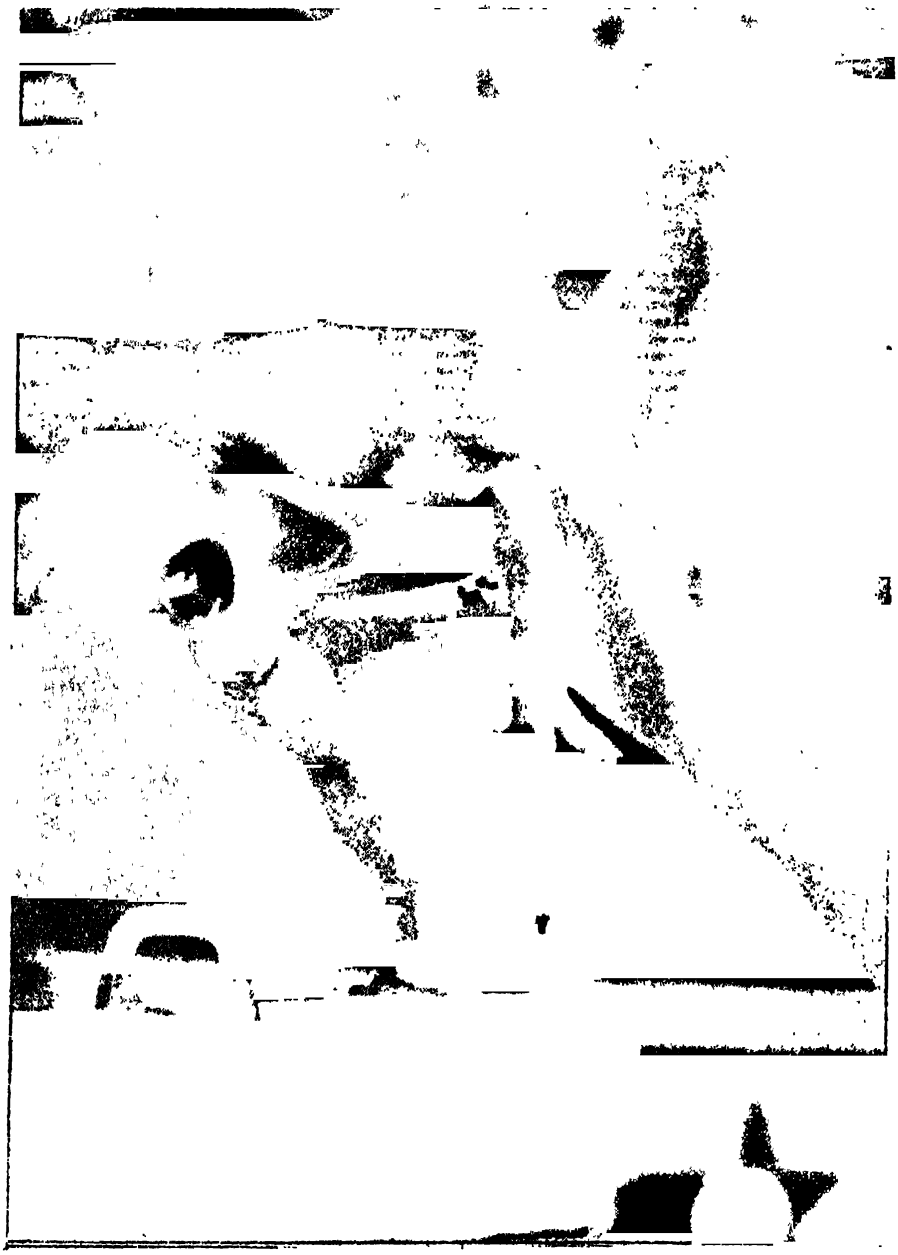
Retton had to be satisfied with bronze medals in the uneven bars and floor exercises and a silver in the vault. Karolyi was furious about the low marks she obtained on the vault. According to him, that setback distracted her and she landed outside the floor area during her superb floor exercise and got penalized. Suddenly two golds had changed colours. Karolyi pointed out that Retton's vault had a much greater reach.

Secondly, Szabo had violated the rules of the competition by performing the same kind of vault twice. The rules prescribe that two vaults of different categories must be performed. He blamed the US coach, Don Peters, for not filing a complaint. Peters declined,saying that he had no right to complain about the scores of another team.

All through this Retton was calm and philosophical. Although she felt that her vault was superior and deserved the gold, she was still there, smiling. She agreed that the victory in the all-round event had diminished her enthusiasm a little.

One felt happy for McNamara, who has been the backbone of American gymnastics till the arrival of Retton a year ago.

One's heart went out for Kathy Johnson of the United States. She will be 25 next month. It takes much courage and enthusiasm to stay in training for long. Thirteen years ago, she entered competitive gymnastics with the hope of an Olympic medal. She was considered a veteran even for Moscow. That dream was shattered. She persevered. One can only imagine how hard it must have been for her to train and compete with teenagers in pigtails. She hung in there. For a while it looked as if she would not make the Olympic team. Finally she did.



Li Ning of China was surely the star of the men's gymnastics competition. Here he performs on the pommel horse

Her chance for the Olympic medal came in the balance beam. Her performance was just brilliant. Two nights earlier she had fallen off the beam. She put that past her and performed as if she was the best. Everyone expected at least a 9.9 for her swan song. Judges thought it was only worth 9.85. Had she competed after the others, it might very well have been. Judges have the tendency to score the early competitors rather low. She took a bronze for that.

Had the Soviets been there, Pauley Pavilion would have looked like a war zone. The spirit during this competition was harmonious and peaceful. The rapport between the Chinese, the Americans and the Japanese was incredible. They appreciated and admired one another like competitors in true Olympic spirit.

The impact of the success of the American men's team and Mary Lou Retton on US gymnastics is already being felt. Little boys and girls are flocking to gyms all over the country. It is bound to be the beginning of the boom. What better way to catch the Olympic spirit!

More gruelling than the Games

ALEXEI GREWAL, the 23-year-old cyclist, who got one of the first gold medals won by the United States, was reinstated to the team only 24 hours before the competition. He was kicked out of the team. His journey to the competition was more gruelling than the 120-mile race which took him almost five hours. He was suspended after a drug test. He appealed saying that he had drunk some Chinese herbal tea. The appeal was upheld and he was allowed to race.

However, he was not supposed to win. But once he realised that David Phinney, the leading American was not going to command the lead, Alexei surged ahead in his own tempestuous style and won the gold.

Games: A nightmare

THIS Olympiad has been a nightmare for Matt Gribble and John Moffet of the US swimming team. Tragedy struck them on consecutive days, depriving them of their only chances for Olympic gold and glory.

First it was John's turn. He had broken Steven Lundquist's world record in the 100 metre breaststroke. After breaking the Olympic record and making the fastest time in the qualifying round, Moffet, 20, reinjured his thigh muscles. He swam in the finals taking a big risk. He finished only fifth. Lundquist went on to take the gold and to set a new world record.

Moffet hoped to come back for the remaining events. His condition did not improve and he stood at the poolside, helplessly watching two more potential gold medals slip away from him.

Until a month ago, Matt Gribble was a world record holder. His event was the 100 metre butterfly. On the second morning of the competition, he was nowhere near his record time and failed to qualify for the finals in the evening. A recurring back problem had destroyed his chances.

A national hero

AMERICA's flag bearer at the opening ceremonies was 44-year-old Ed Burke. His teammates had selected him for that honour. The last time Ed competed in an Olympics was exactly 16 years ago.

Three years ago, he was watching the telecast of the world championships in track and field with his wife Shirley and two daughters. The girls wanted him to show them the trick of throwing a hammer. He went to the garage and gave them a demonstration.

Shirley had an idea. She talked him into resuming training. She assumed the role of coach and looked after him. In June, Burke made the Olympic team. The whole country was hoping that veteran Al Oerter may pull something like that by qualifying for discus throw. Oerter disappointed. He still went to the Olympics, as one of the athletes who brought the Olympic flag to the stadium during the opening ceremonies.

Burke did not even qualify for the final round of the competition. No one had expected him to win a medal. But the media would have loved him make the last 12 at least. A couple of fouls and Ed Burke was out of the competition. Yet, Ed Burke went home with the satisfaction of making the best throw of his life. Suddenly he was something he was not 16 years ago during his prime—a national hero.

More out of life

SUPERHEAVYWEIGHT Jeff Blatnick gave the United States its second surprise gold in the Graeco-Roman wrestling competition. The US was not expected to win a single gold in this sport.

That was not what made Jeff's victory unusual and worth talking about. Two years ago, he was fighting a tougher bout. The rival was Hodgkin's disease. He underwent surgery and radiation treatment.

Jeff Blatnick wanted more out of life. He kept wrestling.

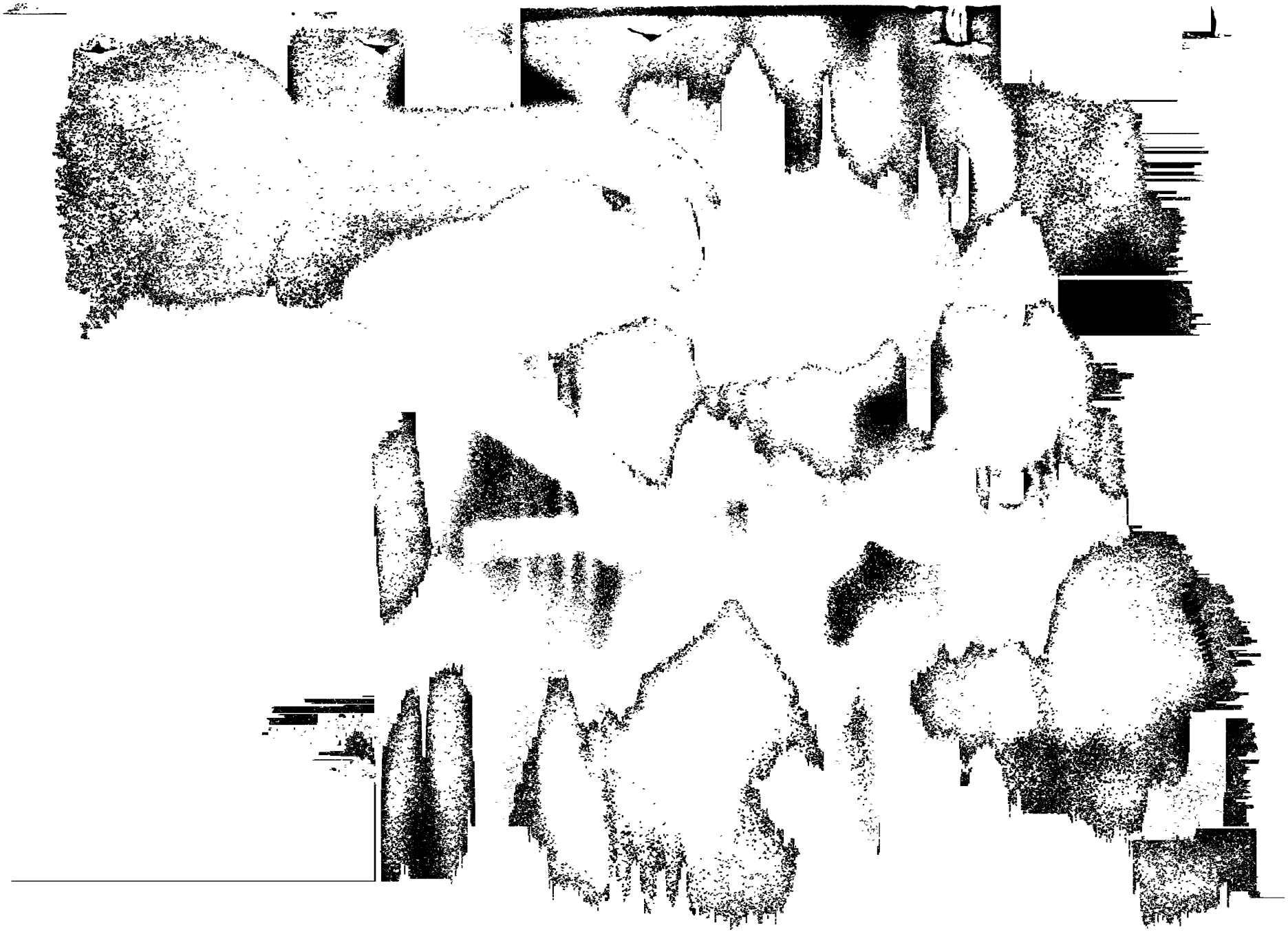
"I dedicate this win to my family, friends and my brother Dave, who never got to see my potential as a wrestler." Jeff said with tears. He broke down and cried. His brother died in a motorcycle accident in 1977.

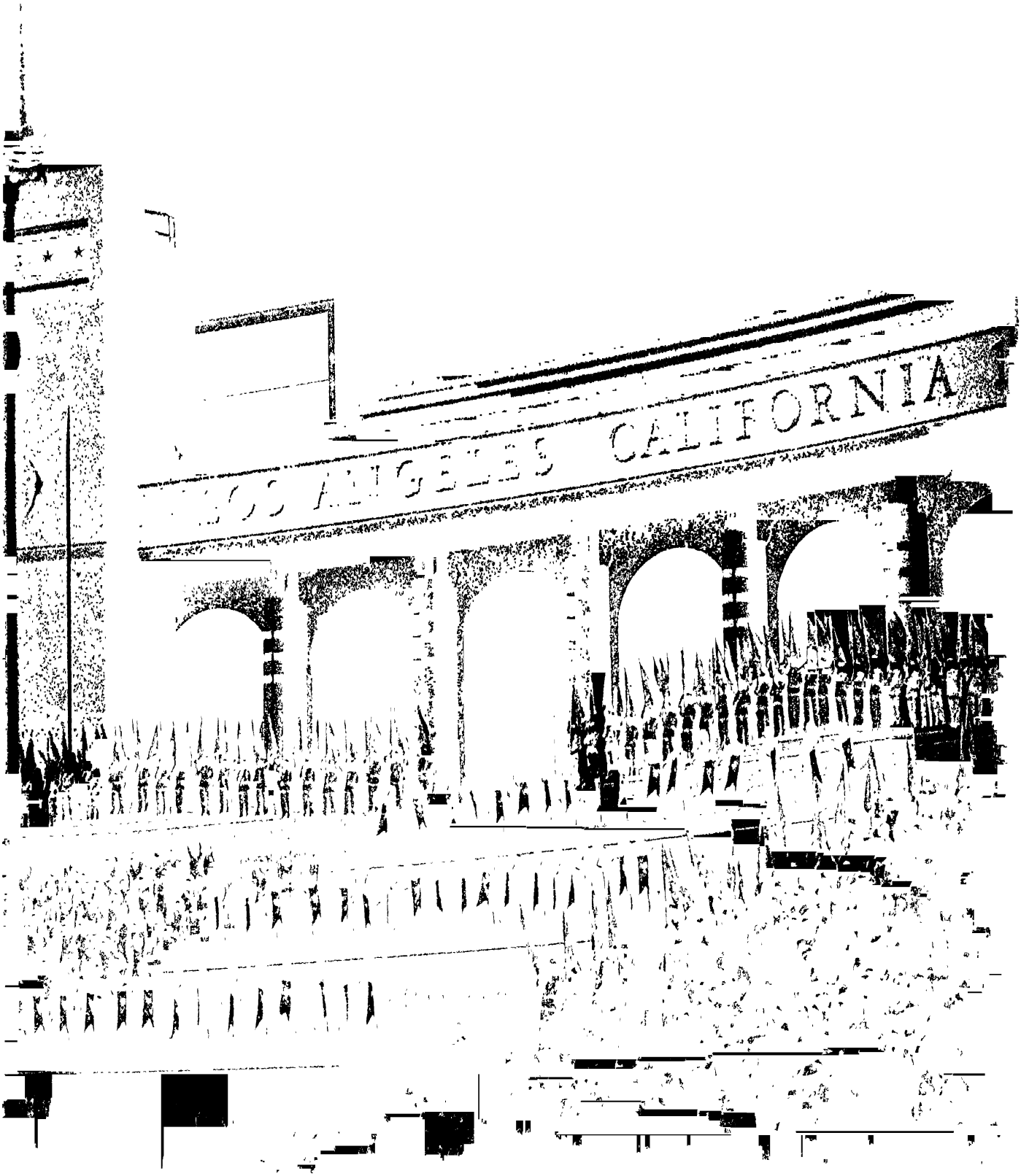
There is an interesting sequel to the Jeff Blatnick story. His opponent in the final bout, Thomas Johannson of Sweden was disqualified after steroid test. That would have given Jeff the gold. But it was much nicer that he could beat an opponent who was 27 pounds heavier than him on the mat rather than in the lab.

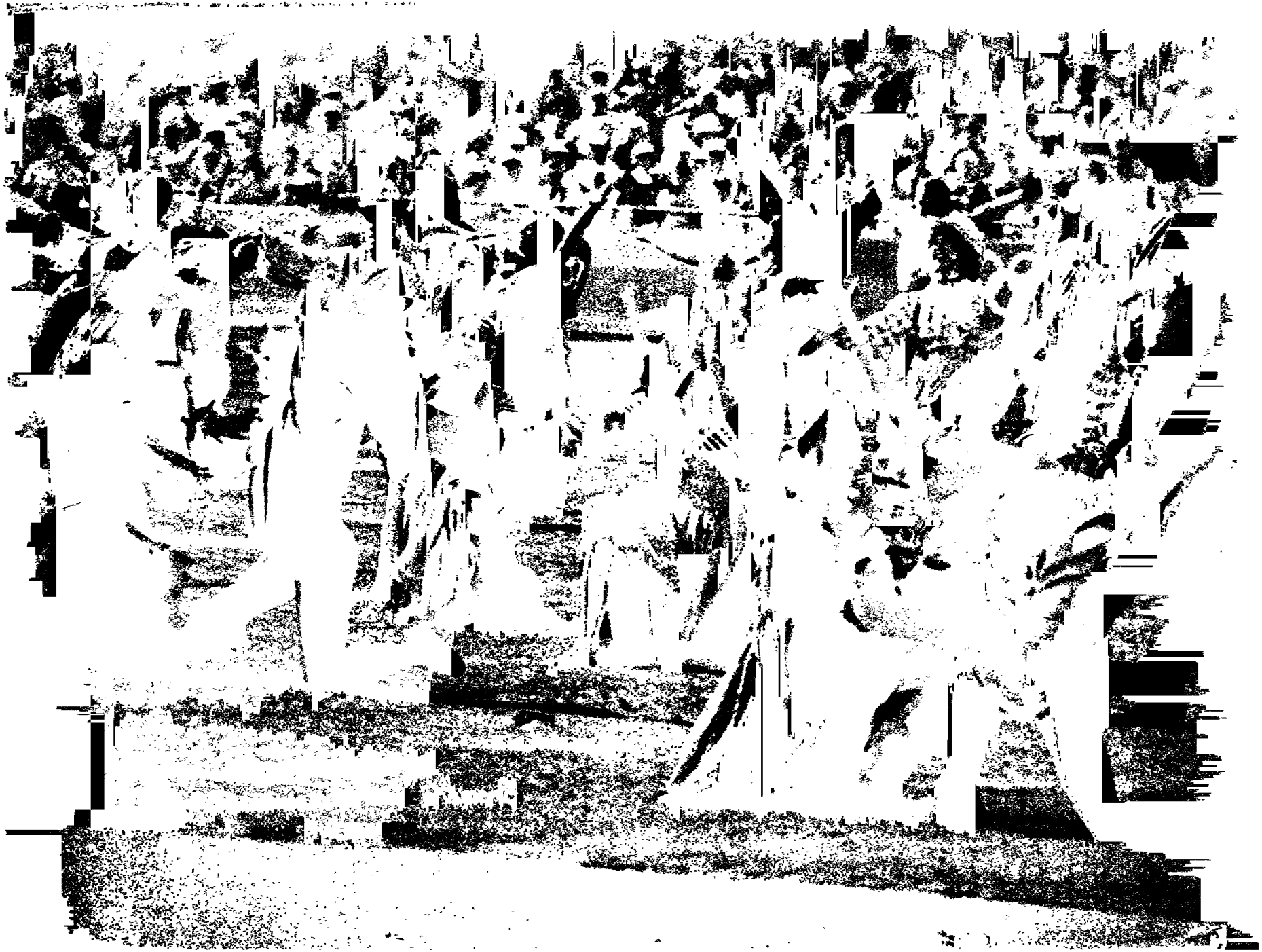
George K. George in Los Angeles



USA's Jeff Blatnick has every reason to be ecstatic for he has just won the superheavyweight wrestling gold. He had won a battle against cancer two years ago




LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA



Not all the stars were there at Los Angeles

George K. George points out that there were dozens of American stars who narrowly failed to put in an appearance, so intense was the level of competition in the trial events



THE UNITED STATES enjoyed its biggest Olympic gold rush on the playgrounds of Southern California But was America's best present at Los Angeles?

A number of world renowned American athletes were not selected to represent their country These men and women, if a 'B' team were to have been formed with them, could have finished second in the medals tally in the track and field competition!

"The finals of the US Olympic trials in track and field at Los Angeles Coliseum The starting line-up of the men's 100 metres final Beside Carl Lewis, the world champion, is Calvin Smith who holds the world record On his other side stands Emmit King, 1983 national collegiate champion Next is Ron Brown, who passed up a year of professional football to make it to the Olympics. Near him is Mel Lattany who has run the fastest 100 metres at sea level this year Veteran Harvey Glance is there attempting his third Olympic participation Kirke Baptiste from the University of Houston, the current national collegiate 200 metres champ and Sam Graddy, the winner of the national collegiate 100 metres, complete the field

'Lewis, Graddy and Brown make the team Smith, who has just recovered from an injury, finishes fourth King who has finished behind Lewis and Smith at Helsinki, cannot keep up his initial lead "

This event summarises the agony of worldclass American athletes who have watched hundreds of less qualified runners from other countries performing at Los Angeles Tragedy



Members of the U.S. 4×100m relay team after setting a new world record at the World Championships in Helsinki. From left are Emmit King, Carl Lewis, Willie Gault and Calvin Smith

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befell persons like Calvin Smith and Billy Olsen who missed a slot in the national team due to their failure in one crucial meet—the Olympic trials.

Every four years, the controversy over the selection process of the US Olympic teams comes up. So far, the system has been adhered to, though the failing of this process has been more evident this time than ever. A number of worldclass athletes who missed Moscow in 1980 were denied their last chance of representing America at an Olympiad. Injury or bad form on the day of the trials have marked the end of a life-time effort.

Calvin Smith, the world record holder in the 100 metres was lucky to be included in the 400 metres relay team due to his fourth place in the 100 metres finals. He stayed out of the 200 metres due to the recurrence of the hamstring injury which had just healed.

Billie Olsen, former indoor world record holder in the pole vault event finished only seventh in the trials. On any other day, Olsen could have easily beaten the three men who eventually made the team. The irony is that two of them claimed the gold and silver in the absence of Russia's Sergei Bubka. Olsen's decline began with Bubka's sudden rise. The Olympic gold was the morale booster that could have revived his career.

Ben Plunkett, the US hammer throw record holder was out with a groin injury. Jason Grimes, the lion-hearted American who captured the silver at Helsinki finished fourth. In fact, the Helsinki bronze medallist Mike Conley also did not make the team. Grimes was edged out by Mike McRae's last jump. Conley's consolation was a berth in the triple jump. Willie Banks, the most popular triple jumper in America, also trailed till his last jump, only narrowly making it.

Andre Phillips, the fourth fastest 400 metres hurdler in history missed the Olympics by finishing fourth. A cold had weakened him during the meet. Ranked among the top three at least three times, he would have been a more accomplished understudy to Edwin Moses than the inexperienced Danny Harris and Tarnel Hawkins.

Also, the colourful and handsome Tyke Peacock who surprised America with a silver in the high jump at Helsinki, finished a poor ninth and did not even clear seven feet four and a half inches.



Stephanie Hightower

Bob Roggy, the former nationa javelin champion finished only seventh due to a groin injury. John Brenner missed the team by finishing fourth.

James Robinson, seven times national champion went into the trials as a sure bet. So did veteran Don Paige. No one else seemed to be on the horizon for the 800 metres race. Robinson finished with the same time as the third man to qualify. Paige was humiliated by a finish in the fifth place. He is an assistant coach at Vilonova University and had trained one of the students for the trials. The disciple won and the teacher lost!

One of the biggest disappointments of the trials was Stephanie Hightower who won the national championships in the 100 metres hurdles four times in as many years. She finished with the same time as each of the three qualifiers, but only later was it revealed that she was beaten by 1/1000th of an inch in the photofinish!

Stephanie Hightower finished with the same time as each of the three qualifiers but only later was it revealed that she was beaten by 1/1000th of an inch in the photofinish!

Jane Frederick, the national heptathlon champion could not clear five feet seven and a quarter inches and lost her place in the team. Youngster Jackie Joyner took the top spot in her absence.

There were some casualties even among the qualifiers. Evelyn Ashford, who has been dreaming of a double gold for years, could not complete the 200 metres race due to injury. This did not stop her from picking up the gold with a record timing in the 100 metres!

Mary Decker withdrew from the 1,500 metres following her defeat by Ruth Wysocki.

The track and field stars were not the only ones to stay home. Craig Beardsley, the renowned swimmer who was Michael Gross's inspiration, did not get a place in the 200 metres butterfly. The same happened to Sue Walsh in the 100 metres backstroke. Both, however, are American record holders!

According to a rule introduced four years ago, a country can enter only two swimmers in the same event. The third place finish by Beardsley and Walsh was not good enough. They missed the Olympics in 1980 due to the boycott after having been selected. Jenna Johnson, Mike O'Brien and Bill Barrett also were not selected for their favourite events. However, they qualified in others.

World champion Megan Neyer was heartbroken on finishing third in the springboard diving competition at the trials. However, she was second in the platform as the two women selected for the springboard event withdrew from the trials.

There are many more who lost the opportunity of a lifetime in a trice. They were given just one chance to prove themselves. An injury or lack of form at the crucial moment made the difference. Even Carl Lewis said that the trials brought him under more pressure than the actual competition.

Ironically, Lewis is himself the main beneficiary of the present selection system. Had Calvin Smith been there...

The Saudis came, saw and were conquered

George K. George summarises the team events



"WE are coming," announced Saudi Arabia, through repeated television commercials and large newspaper/magazine ads. The soccer princes from 'The Kingdom' came, saw and were conquered. Even after the Saudi team was eliminated from the competition, the television commercials continued to tell the American public what soccer meant to the Saudis.

These commercials may be the education in soccer for America, the one nation that has not yet recognised the magnificence of the sport. The host team, the United States, was in the competition too, with a last-minute makeshift team of a few amateurs and professionals. Only two weeks before the competition did the major professional clubs agree to release their players for the national team. In the last minutes the pros were fitted into a team of amateurs who had been in training for more than two years.

The miracle happened. Italy was defeated, not by the U.S. but by Costa Rica in a later match. Before that, Italy had edged out the U.S. by one goal and qualified thereby for the quarter-finals.

Costa Rica was out of the tourney. Still it was a fine achievement for the lowly team. Egypt and the U.S. had the same amount of points, but the former qualified on the basis of a



Saudi Arabia's goalkeeper Mohamedom Alhsain makes a save in the match against Morocco which the latter won 1-0

better goal average

That was the story of group D. There were four groups and four venues for the tournament Soccer was the only event played outside California

Chile and France finished ahead of Norway and Qatar Norway had three points and Qatar just one, a draw with France France and Chile had one win and two draws each to lead group A.

In group B, Canada edged out Cameroon to claim a quarter final berth Yugoslavia had already claimed the top spot with a 3-0 record It was the first Olympic soccer tournament for the Canadians They tied with Iraq 1 1 and shocked Cameroon 3-1. The tie with Canada gave Iraq their only point

West Germany gave a soccer clinic to Saudi Arabia to diminish their hopes for a point in this tournament The 0-6 loss marked the exit of 'The Kingdom' Earlier it had lost to Moroco 0-1 and Brazil 0-3 Brazil won all the three matches it played West Germany's only loss came from them Both teams moved to the quarter finals

In the quarter final action, France beat Egypt 2-0 in front of 66,228 spectators at Pasadena It was sweet revenge for the French who had been humiliated by Egypt in the Mediterranean Games last September Egypt had claimed the bronze after a 120-minute battle which ended in a tie-breaker

Italy continued its 1-0 record and rough play even in the quarter finals This time the victors were Chile It took a tiebreaker to kick Canada out of the tournament, Brazil winning 4-2 in the shootout

Yugoslavia did not need penalty kicks or tiebreakers to account for West Germany They played an impressive game to score a 5-2 win 21-year-old Borislav Cvetkovic scored the second hat trick of the tournament Incidentally, the other hat-trick had come from another Yugoslav Stejepan Deveric had scored it against Iraq

The basketball tournament, on the other hand, was rather colourless for two reasons. the absence of the Soviets and the to-date dominance of the U S men and women.

In the men's tournament, Yugoslavia led group A with five wins. Italy was close behind with a 4-1 record. West Germany and Australia also made the quarter-final round while Brazil and Egypt were knocked out



Action on the volleyball court in the match between Tunisia and Egypt

The Yugoslavian score ranged from 69 against Italy to 110 against Egypt Only the Italians gave them a close fight conceding a mere four-point win

The U S domination of group B was almost unbearable even to American spectators. The team consisted of 12 college students under 23 The team's score read 97-49 against China, 120-62 against France, 89-68 against Canada and 104-68 against Uruguay. Michael Jorg, the best college player in USA in 1983-84 led the team in every game Spain, Canada and Uruguay followed the U S team to the quarter-finals.

There were no upsets in the quarter finals. The only surprise was the low score of the U.S against West Germany (78-72). Canada beat Italy, Spain thrashed Australia and Yugoslavia overpowered Uruguay.

The U.S. women led by Cheryl Miller of Los Angeles were as successful as the men's team. They had a 5-0 record when they went into the medal round. The surprise of the tournament was China. It was a spectacle to see them take on the giants from Yugoslavia and Australia China and Canada finished ahead of the Yugoslavs and the Australians who had only one win each to their credit

The U S men beat Argentina, Tunisia and South Korea to qualify for the semi-finals of the volleyball event Then they committed suicide against Brazil in the last group match. After all, the Brazilians needed that win to make it to the semi finals

Canada, Italy and Japan posted three wins and a loss each in group B However Japan did not qualify for the semi-finals due to a lower point average Egypt drew blank in this group Japan's loss came against Canada, Italy's from Japan and Canada

The American women's team consisted of a group of women who were chosen for the Moscow Olympiad After the boycott they stayed practicing practically every day of the week They led group B with along with China. Japan finished at the top of group B with Peru close behind

In the semifinals the U S took on Peru and China blew off Japan in a one-sided encounter.

Tickets gave everyone a headache

THE much publicised ticket sales of the LA Olympics turned out to be a mess during the crucial two weeks As reported earlier, thousands of people who had ordered tickets by mail did not receive their tickets on time

Instead, although they were asked to collect them from one of the ticketing offices in Los Angeles a week before the opening of the Games, almost a million tickets remained unsold Half a dozen ticket outlets were opened by the organising committee, but they did not carry the tickets for prime events

In the meantime, thousands of tickets for major events were being returned by foreign countries A sale was advertised for these tickets at the Santa Anita race track, way out of the city

Thousands of people stood in line for hours, but only a few were lucky enough to get good tickets Another sale was organised at the Hollywood Park race track during the first week of the Games but this too turned out to be a mess

People waiting for hours in line just to fill out a form got impatient and nasty Fist fights and punching ensued After all this thousands of tickets remained unsold even on the tenth day of the Games, most of the tickets being for the minor sports

In hockey only the final was sold out Most of the other hockey games had less than 5,000 spectators in a 20,000 seat arena

Going, going, gone

AT several hotels in the city, buyers and sellers of tickets assembled for exchange and sale According to California law, scalping near the Games site was forbidden But people who owned tickets could advertise in newspapers and sell them in public Several travel agents from India were on hand to dispose of their tickets at face value At the Airport Park Hotel alone, four of them were in action

Biased coverage

NUMEROUS complaints have appeared in newspapers about the Olympic coverage by the American Broadcasting Corporation Very little exposure has been given to non American athletes and to games which are not very popular in the host country Even American athletes felt embarrassed about the ABC's attitude These athletes went a step further when they joined the athletes and coaches from other countries in protest

On August 2, the International Olympic Committee president, Juan Antonio Samaranch, wrote a stern letter to Peter Ueberroth, the president of the L A Olympic Organising Committee, to rectify this mistake The text of the letter was released the following day Later during the day, Mr Samaranch and the executive director, Monique Berlioux met Mr Roone Arledge, the president of ABC News However, the ABC assured them of neutral coverage

In the meantime, ABC sources insisted that they would continue to focus on the performance of the American athletes as their programming was directed at the American viewers They said that the international feed of the coverage provided by their production headquarters in Hollywood was more interna-



A section of the Indian crowd shouting pro-Khalistan slogans during the India-Australia match

tional in nature "Our responsibility is to put on a show for the American audience "

Mistaken identity

WILLIE BANKS, the evercheerful triple jumper from the United States decided to shave his beard to resolve an identity crisis However he kept a moustache, a lot of people have been taking his pictures and getting his autographs thinking that he is Edwin Moses Both men are black and slender Both are bald and wear a beard For those who are not familiar with them their profiles look similar Moses' picture is all over the town on huge billboards Banks' solution to the problem was the shaving of his beard

The loss of facial hair drained the strength of Banks, who finished only sixth in the triple jump finals Al Joyner and Mike Conley took the gold and silver Actually the troubles for Willie Banks had started long before the finals of the Olympics At the US Olympics trials he almost missed a berth in the team After trailing till the end, he saved himself with the last jump to claim the No 3 spot in the team

The same happened in the early round of the Olympic competition Two months ago, he was the favourite in this event His title is gone, his beard is gone, but Willie Banks keeps smiling and listening to his walkman

Snubbed

REMEMBER Mark Spitz, the man who won seven golds, a silver and a bronze in the 1972 Olympics for the United States? He was completely ignored by the Olympic Organising Committee in the opening ceremonies He was not selected to carry the torch, nor to be one of the several athletes chosen to carry the Olympic flag to the stadium during the ceremonies There was considerable public uproar when the committee refused to give him a place at least in the closing ceremony "I had to buy a ticket (for the opening ceremony)," Spitz said during a radio talk show " I don't think I should have been excluded, I paid my dues "

The Organising Committee's attitude to Spitz was clear from the comment of one of its spokesmen Rich Levin "He already has plenty of prominence on ABC ' It is true in a way Mark Spitz surprised everyone by his performance as an expert commentator at the swimming event That is no reason for the committee to snub a man of his calibre



America's Gregory Massialas dodges the foil of Egypt's Belal Refat in the individual foil event

Bloody match

THE opening day of the soccer competition There was blood all over the Rose Bowl in Pasadena Italy and Egypt clashed Four players, including three Egyptians were ejected during the game Both teams were almost equally guilty of misconduct and violence The Egyptian team looked more bloodied and bandaged than their opponents The physical play by the Italians threw the Egyptians completely off balance and they began to react aggressively

The most flagrant foul came from Egypt s Mohamed Sedki, who floored Italy s Serena with a left, only moments after being shown a red card In a tussle between the two in the fifth minute, Sedki had emerged with a bandage Egypt's Ibrahim Awadallah collided with an Italian defender when he leaped to stop a corner kick For the rest of the game he had to play with his left eye bandaged Two goals by the Italians were nullified because of the attack on the Egyptian goalkeeper

GEORGE K GEORGE in Los Angeles

Going all out

ABC really went all out in televising the Olympics, the rights of which they bought for a record 225 million dollars They laid their hands on whatever technology they could find.

ABC followed the men and women marathoners with a 22 long, 7foot wide futuristic van, built at a cost of $150,000 The buggy was packed with cameras and monitors

The shots taken by this van were supplemented by hand held cameras on two specially adapted motorcycles moving along the marathon route. The most interesting part was that all these three vehicles were electrically powered, since exhaust fumes would bother athletes.

ABC also built 'the wakeless wonder', to follow the rowers and canoeists without swamping them in the wake of an ordinary boat. The craft consisted of a ten foot high camera platform mounted on top of two racing shells.

It's the spirit

FOR those who wonder why the Olympics are looked upon as a great moment in history, the answer lies not so much in the performances of the athletes as in the Olympic spirit. The Olympic spirit and ideal are what touch the sentiments and emotions of all people And the Olympic ideals are sometimes stretched to unbelievable limits.

This year at LA, Botswana, a land so and that its currency is called rain, proudly sent a yachtsman to represent the nation. The Irelands united for a moment in history to sent a combined team to LA.

Even war is no barrier. Lebanon, a country torn by war sent (quite fittingly) a team of skeet and trapshooters to LA.

The funny part was that, a few days before these shooters left their native land, they complained in a television interview that they were not getting enough practice.

This is what makes the Olympics great. As the president of the IOC, Mr Samaranch put it 'The Olympic flame is the only hope for brotherhood and dialogue.'

Tampered boat

For the second time in two weeks a rowing boat was tampered with in an international competition The first incident took place at the International Junior Championships at Sweden. Then at Los Angeles, sabotage put the French eights out of the final.

An oarlock pin (a small metal rod that serves as a cover for the oarlock, keeping the oar in place) had been filed into a sharp V shape at one end and snapped under the pressure of the oar. The French sixth oasman remained a passenger for 1300m in the 2000m race

But the president of the international rowing federation, Mr Thomas Keller ruled that the French eight deserved another chance and thus the final, breaking all rules, was a seven boat contest

Said Keller, 'The other countries agreed with my decision and there was applause when they heard it

Herbal abuse

A Japanese masseur, Yoshi Yahagi was ordered to leave the Olympic Village and was banned from three future Olympic Games. The Japanese team was also given 'a severe warning ' The reason—the masseur gave a forbidden herbal drug to a member of the Japanese men's volleyball team.

But surprisingly the IOC took no action against the player, saying that he took the drug unknowingly Well, so did Rick Demonte but he was deprived of his 400m freestyle gold in 1972 after he had unknowingly taken a drug to cure the asthma he suffered from

Yankee generosity

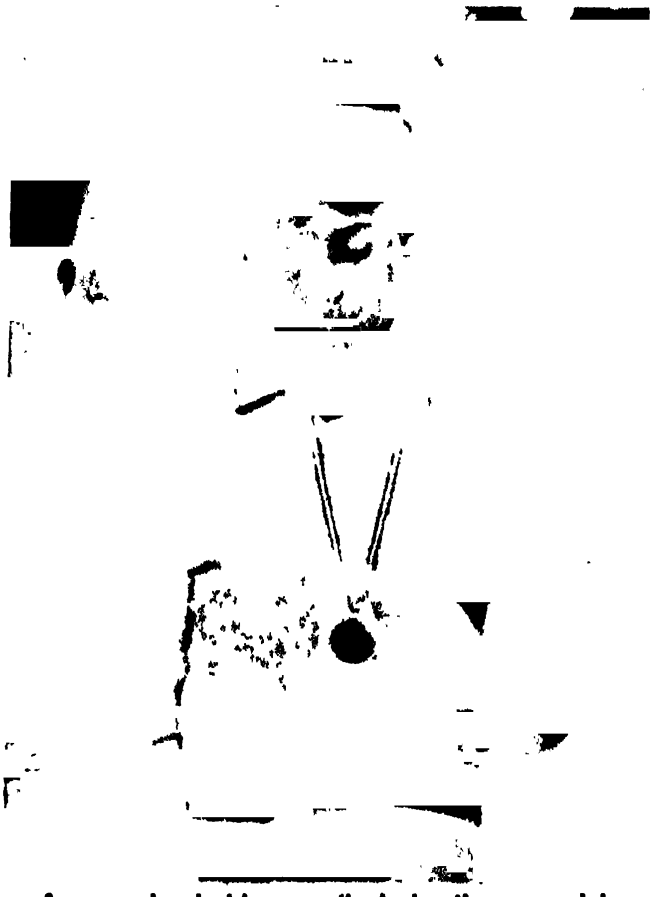
PAUL HOFFMAN came all the way from Swaziland to participate in the Olympic weightlifting contest But when he arrived he learnt that the international weightlifting federation would not let him participate because his country had failed to pay its dues to the federation

Hoffman didn't even have the proper clothing to wear at the Olympics and so paying up the 300 dollars due was out of his reach. When the local people got to know about his plight they came forward and they pitched in to pay off Swaziland's debt. Someone even provided Hoffman with training equipment, new shoes and clothing.

Self-coached and with little experience, Hoffman had only come for a good time. And that's exactly what he got, thanks to American generosity.

Bell confusion

IN an effort to reduce noise and confusion at the ringside hundreds of telephones were set up for boxing officials to use. These telephones were equipped with lights that flashed to signal incoming calls. There were no bells ringing so that the boxers would not get confused.



A young Jew holds a candle during the memorial service organised by the LAOOC for the 11 Israeli athletes slain at the Munich Games

And if you noticed, the traditional gong was also replaced by a high pitched drone

Quick salesman

'IT'S like Beverly Hills if you have to ask the price, you can't afford the ticket, said a man who sat at a makeshift booth across the street from the LA Memorial Coliseum trying to sell two closing ceremony tickets He wanted 500 dollars for each A young German offered 800 dollars in cash for both and after some hesitation the seller agreed He than posted a sign for soda at 75 cents a cup

While on the subject of selling the vivid purple road signs directing traffic to the competition sites will be sold after the Games Minimum bid $40

Slip of the tongue

ONE report had the South Korean Olympic team barbecuing snakes Another had the British equestrian team bringing masks for its horses to combat the LA smog As it turned out, the snakes were snacks and the Brits did have oxygen masks for their horses No, not for fighting the smog but for use during high altitude transcontinental flights

Cycling into space

AMERICA won a cycling medal after 52 years and a gold for the first time But did you see the bicycles used by the Yankee riders

The bikes came courtesy the Raligh Division of Huffy Corporation, who call the machine 'space age '

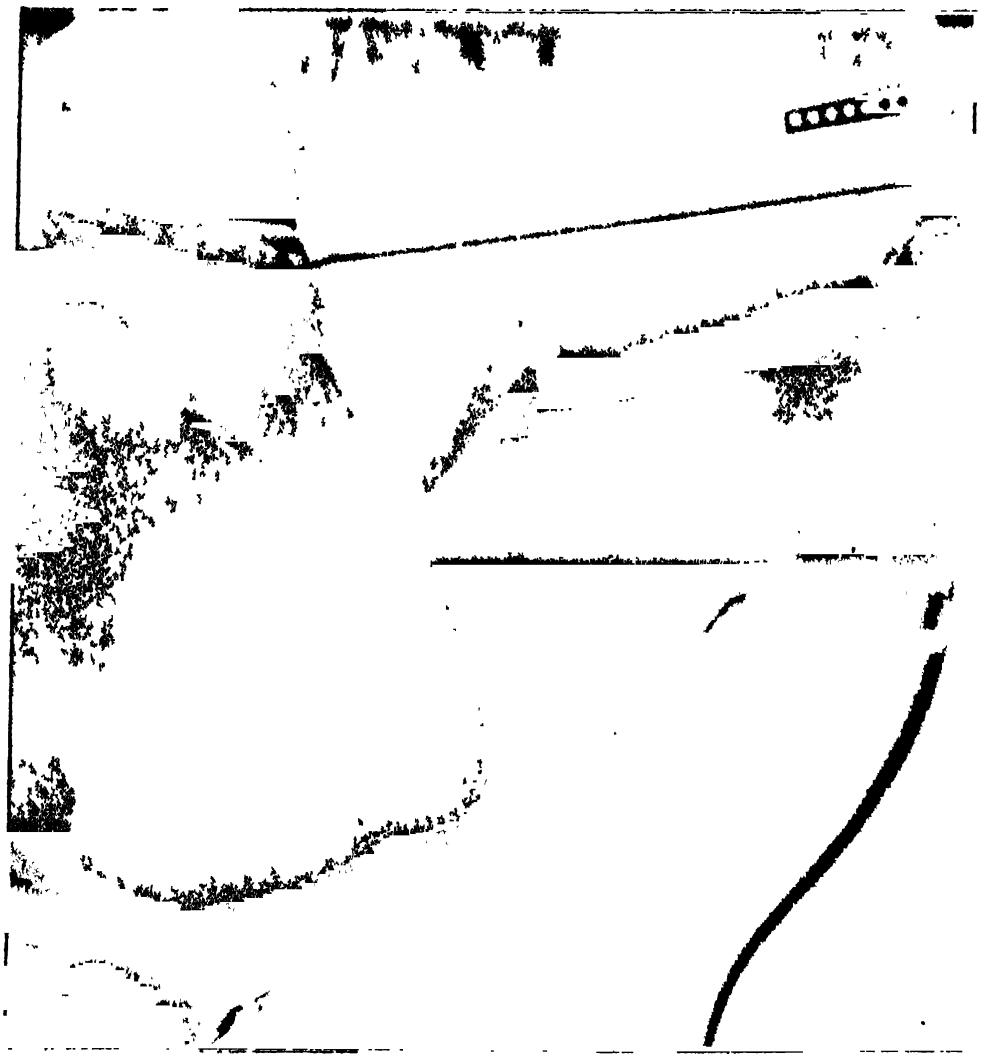
Sport technology has gone so far that the American cyclists used cycles made out of the same special aluminium alloy as that used in the American Space Programme.

Raligh bought up the last 700 pounds of the alloy made used to make the space shuttle and even used the technology for joining sections without welding—the same process used to make the space shuttle's exterior tiles

According to Raligh, this provides 22 percent weight reduction with three times the exsisting strength-to-weight ratio '

The pencil thin tyres were filled with helium and the odd looking helmets were designed to prevent a ragged airflow behind the head The solid wheels avoid the air turbulence created by the spoked wheels.

Even cycling has gone into the space age.



Luxembourg's archer Jean Claude Rohla shows off his German goiter

What's this about?

AMONG the hustle and bustle of the Games a group of anthropologists had undertaken to study what the Olympics are all about. They believe they can answer many important questions about the Olympics They aim to find out as to what makes the Olympics such a great affair—is it the sports or the pageantry?

So while everyone was flocking to the stadium, our anthropologist friends were sitting in bars, riding buses, and strolling around the Coliseum eavesdropping on coversations and observing the spectators.

Responsible king

WATCHING Greg Louganis dive at LA made one think of the time when he took full responsibility for the death of a Soviet diver Louganis felt he was pushing people to do

The Olympic diving competition was more of a coronation than a contest

Adopted at the age of nine months by a Greek, after he had been disowned by his father, a Salmoan teenager, the three time world champion had a shy childhood which was further complicated by asthma

But it was his determination that got him to where he is

From agony to ecstasy

THE man who lit the Olympic flame at Los Angeles this time Rafer Johnson, winner of the decathlon in 1960 was one of the many men in Olympic history to have overcome serious injury on the way to becoming a champion

In 1948 Johnson was hospitalised and there was a chance of his leg being amputated The leg had been caught in a conveyor belt and had been badly crushed and lacerated Though his leg was saved he had to have 23 stitches

He walked on crutches for almost a year and the injury had an effect through his sporting career Even during the Rome Olympics where he won his gold he still felt uncomfortable and found it difficult to walk in shoes

Johnson became an actor, a profession which seems to attract many decathlon champions and a TV sportscaster before entering politics On June 5 1968, Johnson was walking through the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel with Robert Kennedy whose personal bodyguard he was when the Presidential candidate was shot at and killed Johnson got hold of the assassin and had a sort of wrestling match with him

On their own trip

THERE were these four Turkish wrestlers who did not turn up for the Helsinki Games (1952) because a letter went astray Nasuh Akkan, Gazanfer Bilge Celal Atik and Yasur Dogu had all won gold medals in the freestyle events at London in 1948 Their entries for the 52 Games had been posted to the Finnish Organising Committee but unfortunately the letter was mislaid in the post and never reached its destination

And so, believing that they would not be allowed to participate under the circumstances the four defending champions did not care to make the trip to Helsinki

Narrow escape

PETER TOTH, who won two gold medals in the team sabre event (fencing) in 1908 at London and in 1912 at Stockholm, would never have even learnt to fence if it had not been for a fist fight he got into at the age of 16 Studying in high school at that time, Toth was challenged by his adversary to a fencing duel to settle the issue He took up fencing classes to prepare himself for the bout but this never did really materialise

Instead, Peter Toth attained such a degree of fluency with the sabre that he was selected for the Hungarian team in the sabre event and went on to represent his country at the Olympics with gold medal winning performances His high school adversary must be thanking his lucky stars at not having had that duel.

Eat, drink and win

TRAINING for an event is very essential but overtraining can be harmful This was seen quite clearly in the case of Robert Kerr of Canada

Originally born in Ireland, the Kerrs moved to Ontario, Canada when he was very young Robert, or Bobby as he was more popularly known, qualified to represent Canada at the 1904 Olympics at St Louis but didn't do much In 1908, at London, he qualified for the 100 and 200m sprints and, having just won the British A.A.A. 100 and 220 yard races, he was the hot favourite to notch up a sprint double.

However, just before his events, an over-enthusiastic trainer pushed him too hard and exhausted him On the race day, Kerr was still weak from exhaustion and finished a poor third in the 100 meters Then, with the 200 meters scheduled for the next day, Kerr went on a spree of wine, women and song instead of resting and training as per his trainer's advice Reaching his bed at the early hours of the morning, he woke for his 200m race feeling very refreshed and went on to win the race in fine style Cheers!

Too much

AMERICA has always had an abundance of talented swimmers In fact, at the Rome Olympics of 1960 America had so many world class swimmers that they found it difficult to choose their relay team

In the 4×100 metres medley relay, USA had three butterfly strokers in Lance Larson, David Gillanders and Michael Troy. These three had a private trial and Larson won, to qualify for the team Backstrokers Frank McKinney and Robert Benett however settled their problem much more amicably. They tossed a coin and McKinney joined the team This American team went on to win the gold medal

What's in a name?

WHEN the Tokyo Olympics started in 1964, athletes from Northern Rhodesia took part in the opening ceremony under their own flag. At the closing ceremony, these same athletes marched under another name—Zambia, with a new flag. What had



Enriqueta Basilio becomes the first woman to light the Olympic torch—Mexico 1968

happened was that during the Games the country had attained independence and hence this change, both in flag and name.

Contrastingly, in these same Games, Germany marched as one team in the opening ceremony but, by the closing ceremony, the German contingent was marching as East Germany and West Germany.

Burning love

NUPTIAL vows were exchanged by Diana Jorgova and Nicholas Prodanov during the Olympic Games of Tokyo. Members of the Bulgarian contingent to the Games, this couple tied the knot at the Yoyogi Olympic Village under a small torch lit from the main Olympic flame.

Forced win

THE story of the gold winning Japanese women's volleyball team at Tokyo Games is incredible to say the least. The girls were all staffers of the same spinning mill of Kaizuku. Their training programme was one of the most frightening ever undertaken by any sports people.

Rising time was 7 o'clock, from 8 to 3.30 they worked at the mill and then they went on to the gym for eight hours of hard training. This went on every day in the week (Sunday's sessions were of 12-hour duration) all through 1963 and right up to the start of the Games in 1964.

The coach of the team was Hirofume Diamatsu. He was also the manager of the office supplies department at the same mill. His training methods have been criticised, for it is said that he used force while training, hitting the women, kicking them and even insulting them.

Said Diamatsu of his team, 'There is no time for anything else. The players know absolutely no other way of life. They do it because they chose to. The preparation for winning is a personal challenge. It is accepted without question'.



The romance between US gold medal hammer thrower Harold Connolly and Czech gold winning discus thrower Olga Fikotova created a stir at the Melbourne Games. They got married but were divorced in 1975 and Connolly later married Pat Daniels, a three-time Olympian

After the final game the team captain Masea Kasai admitted that at one stage she had to choose between marriage and a home—and a place on the team. She decided to have a go at an Olympic gold.

What a race

THE 1912 Stockholm marathon was the scene of quite a bit of drama. The race was run on a very hot day and at the finish there were just half the number of runners that had faced the starter.

But, the most interesting part of the whole incident was that the two leaders, Kenneth McArthur and Christian Gitsham, both from South Africa, were keeping each other company till the very end. They were running on an understanding of pacing each other and were doing so until two miles from the end. At this point, Gitsham stopped for a glass of water to refresh himself, taking it for granted that McArthur would wait for him, but McArthur had other plans. As soon as Gitsham stopped, he sprinted away and took such a lead that Gitsham could not catch up and went on to win in a time of 2 hours 36 minutes and 54.8 seconds. Gitsham came second, finishing just 58 seconds, later.

When a very disgruntled Gitsham came into the dressing-room after the race, McArthur was sitting there with a glass of champagne. He claimed that he liked champagne better than water.

Also in this marathon was the first ever Olympic fatality. A young runner from Portugal, Francisco Lazaro, collapsed during the race and had to be hospitalised for treatment of sunstroke and heart trouble. He died the following day.

Ba(l)d loser

LOSING at the Olympics has its effect on everyone. Some cry, some have bouts of depression and some get more determined to win the next time.

But, Elvira Ozolina of USSR probably had the most peculiar reaction when she lost her event at the Tokyo Games of 1964. She was the world record holder in the women's javelin throw with a throw of 55.98 meters at the Rome Olympics. However, in Tokyo, Ozolina could only manage 54.81 meters and to make matters worse, her record was broken by Mihaela Penes of Romania. Ozolina finished a poor fifth.

This upset her so much that she straightaway went to the hairdressing saloon at the Olympic Village and asked the hairdresser to shave her head bald. Taken aback at this unusual request, the hairdresser refused but she took the clippers and cut off a chunk of her long hair. The hairdresser completed the job and she went out without even a scarf to hide her baldness. This was her way of punishing herself.

The right spirit

THERE have been many instances of sporting gestures in the Olympics but the case of Joe McCluskey (USA) will probably stand out as one of the best.

The incident happened at the Los Angeles Games (1932) in the now famous 3000m steeplechase event where all the competitors ran an extra lap. The regular lap checker had fallen ill

and the substitute forgot to count one of the laps.

The extra run did not matter to Volmari Iso-Hollo of Finland for he was an outright winner both at the actual distance and after the added lap.

But it made a difference to McCluskey. He was second at the mark where the race should have finished but the extra run saw him going down to third place being beaten by Britain's Tom Evenson. The Briton was very upset over what had happened but in spite of his pleading McCluskey refused to lodge a protest. 'A race has only one finish' he said and added that he was quite happy to get his bronze medal.

Gold thief

ALL medal winners in the 1920 Antwerp Olympic Games were paraded in the stadium on the closing day of the Games and then they were presented their medals by King Albert of Belgium.

Actually, all the medal winners were supposed to be there but, an American, Morris Kirksey, was not there to receive his medal. He was a member of the gold medal winning 4 x 100m relay team from the USA along with Charles Paddock, Jackson Scholz and Loren Murchison and these four had even set up a new world record in the final.

But Kirksey was not there. He had gone to collect a pair of running shoes from the dressing room and on finding the room locked, tried to climb in through the window.

Unfortunately, one of the guards saw him and he was arrested. He was immediately handcuffed and while being led away he tried to explain his action. But, the police did not understand English and he did not know Flemish or French, so, while the other athletes were receiving their medals and basking in their glory, Morris Kirksey was in jail.

The next day the matter was all cleared and he was released to join his teammates.



Forrest Smithson (USA) was a devout Christian. He asked for permission to the 110m hurdles in 1908 with a Bible in his hand. He not only won the gold medal but also set a world record in the process

Hot hosts

PATRIOTISM is encouraging, but when it becomes almost fanatical it takes an ugly turn. When Great Britain beat Belgium in the final of the waterpolo at the Antwerp Games of 1920, the local people were very disappointed and they certainly were not averse to showing their displeasure at having their team beaten.

The British players, Charles Bugbee, Charles Smith, Noel Purcell, William Dean, Christopher Jones, William Peacock and Paul Radmilovic, were booed and pelted with anything the Belgian supporters could lay their hands on. The local officials were also very upset and refused to raise the victory flags and the Belgian band that was in attendance also refused to play the British national anthem. After fighting their way to the dressing-rooms, the British players had to be escorted, by an armed guard, to their hotel.

Eventually, a few days later, the British team was tendered an apology through the local papers and their gold medals were presented to them.

No handicap

PERHAPS, one of the most inspiring stories in Olympic history is that of Oliver Halassy. He was a member of the Hungarian waterpolo team at the Amsterdam Games in 1928, where they won the silver. He was also in the gold winning sides of 1932 and '36.

This man was greatly handicapped and to play one of the roughest sports was a great achievement. At the age of 11 he had been knocked down by a tram in his native Budapest and one of his legs had to be amputated below the knee. In spite of this handicap he went on to become one of the greatest waterpolo players in the world and a member of the strongest side in the world. Hungary have won a medal in waterpolo ever since the '28 Games.

Halassy played 96 times for his country and also won a gold medal in the European 1500m freestyle.

He died, according to Hungarian sources, on 10 September 1946 at the age of 37 'under tragic circumstances.'

Unusual combination

THINK of a wrestler and you will picture a huge, hulking man. Think of a heavyweight wrestler and you will picture a hulk that is closer to King Kong than to man. Now think of a gymnast and you will mentally picture a lean, muscular bundle of energy. The wrestler and the gymnast are surely poles apart.

But, Karl Schumann of Germany combined both these disciplines in his curriculum. Schumann won gold medals in the long horse vault, and was a member of the gold medal winning team in the now discontinued, parallel bars team event and the horizontal bar team event at the 1896 Games at Athens.

At these same Games, Schumann also won another gold medal. This time in the Graeco-Roman wrestling (heavyweight class). Really an unusual combination.

Compiled by Andy O'Brien and Pradeep Paul

Gross Profits

George K. George profiles Michael (pronounced Mikayel) Gross



THEY call him The Albatross after the bird which was supposed to protect sailors. Journalists say that he earned that sobriquet by the manner in which he swims the butterfly event. At 20, this young man has become a legend by himself. The charisma however does not come from his remarkable swimming record. On the contrary, his unusual physique, disdain for the press, preference for privacy as well as his attitude to the sport itself have combined to make this man a personality. Michael Gross.

Michael (pronounced Mikayel) Gross came to Los Angeles as both myth and mystery. The myth of his invincibility has been broken. The mystery still remains. He did everything possible to preserve the mystique. He remained aloof.

Gross declined the usual post-competition press conferences after his two gold medal wins. Finally, when someone persuaded him to talk on the hot Tuesday afternoon of 31 July, there was standing room only. Those who had done their homework on the man knew that there was very little to expect. He hardly gives any interviews. Also, only his close friend Lazi Perenyi, who is a former teammate, is allowed to photograph him outside competitions and press conferences.

The Italian and German reporters told the story of a photography session. After his victory in the European Championships in Rome last year, the photographers wanted a picture of him wearing all the four gold medals. But Gross posed only for his friend. They slipped off and had the rest chasing them all over the town, Finally, Gross and Perenyi conducted their own private photo session.

The media ought to have known better. Gross's most humiliating treatment of the press was dished out in December 1982. The West German media had voted him the Best Male Athlete of the country and had arranged an awards dinner. The same evening, his club team was participating in a swimming contest 300 miles away from Berlin. Gross skipped the dinner and led his team for a second place win. Next year, the media awarded him the same honour, but they ensured that he was present for the ceremony.

His record, however, has been marvellous. He is the first swimmer since Mark Spitz to hold simultaneous world records in two different departments of swimming—freestyle and the butterfly. He arrived in Los Angeles as world record holder in the 200-metres freestyle and 200 metres butterfly.

Gross began by improving on his own record in the freestyle event, then stunned himself and the world with another world record and gold in the 100-metres butterfly, an event in which he was favoured at best-to win a bronze. However, he surrendered his world record and the first place in the 200 metres butterfly to unknown Australian Jon Sieben.

At the press conference, the questions were in English, the answers in German

Earlier, Gross' effort to anchor his team past the Americans in the 4×200 freestyle relay had not been successful. His team won the silver only because of a superlative performance by him but unfortunately, West Germany finished fourth in the two medley relays.

Gross did not take to swimming until he was 10. The 1978 World Swimming Championship in Berlin seems to have attracted him to the sport. He won the national junior championship in 1979, winning the 100 and 200 butterfly and 200 and 400m freestyle events. The unusual feat brought him to the attention of the West German coaches who drafted him into the senior team right away.

Gross was not sure of a berth in the 1980 Olympic team. He was finally selected, only to be one of the victims of the Western bloc boycott. In 1981 he set a European record in the 200 metres butterfly.

In 1982 he faced his first major international challenge at the World Championships in Ecuador. He upset world record holders Rowdy Gaines and Craig Beardsley of the United States in the 200 metres freestyle and 200 metres butterfly events respectively.

Then came the European Championships in Rome last August. In a span of five days he set three new world records and won four gold medals and one silver.

Gross says he came to Los Angeles to just swim, as has been his hobby. For him studies come first.

Gross 'intimidates' his opponents by his stature, even if he does not seem to understand the meaning of the word. He is 6 feet 7 1/2 inches and 185 pounds with blond hair and blue eyes. His most outstanding feature though is his long beak. When he spreads his hands he attains a wing span of seven feet and 4 5/8 inches. It is quite intimidating for his rival competitors to see him fly away on those wings. Off the water, he looks like a mean eagle with a wicked reach.

If that appearance is not enough to make him unique, Michael Gross has added to his aura with his training habits, his attitude to the media, values and goals.

Gross lives with his parents. Journalists and photographers are generally unwelcome. The media does not enjoy his trust. Hence, hardly any interviews. He strives to maintain his privacy. In the past months only one sports magazine from New York and ABC Television, which has the exclusive rights of covering the LA Olympics, have been granted interviews.

At the press conference in Los Angeles, Gross refused to answer in English, a language he can speak with proficiency. The questions were in English, the answers in German.

Most of the answers were brief one-liners. The most striking answer came when he was asked about his nickname, The Albatross. "Nicknames do not mean anything to me," he said.

Whitewash!

Patrick Eagar was there when West Indies laundered England at Old Trafford in the fourth Test to go up 4-0



Flash Gordon! Man of the Match Gordon Greenidge hooks Norman Cowans for four during his 223. Prior to the series Greenidge's highest Test score had been 193, made against India at Bangalore. In the current series against England he hit 214 not out at Lord's and followed it up with the double century at Old Trafford. On his Lord's innings one writer put it thus: "...he made it look like a Sunday League romp at Southampton."



Bowled or caught behind? Michael Holding scatters Graeme Fowler's balls (can you spot them?) for 0 at the start of England's second innings. Dujon's dive to the left gives the impression that it was an edge. And yes, for those balls try hard and if you still haven't got them then look to the right.



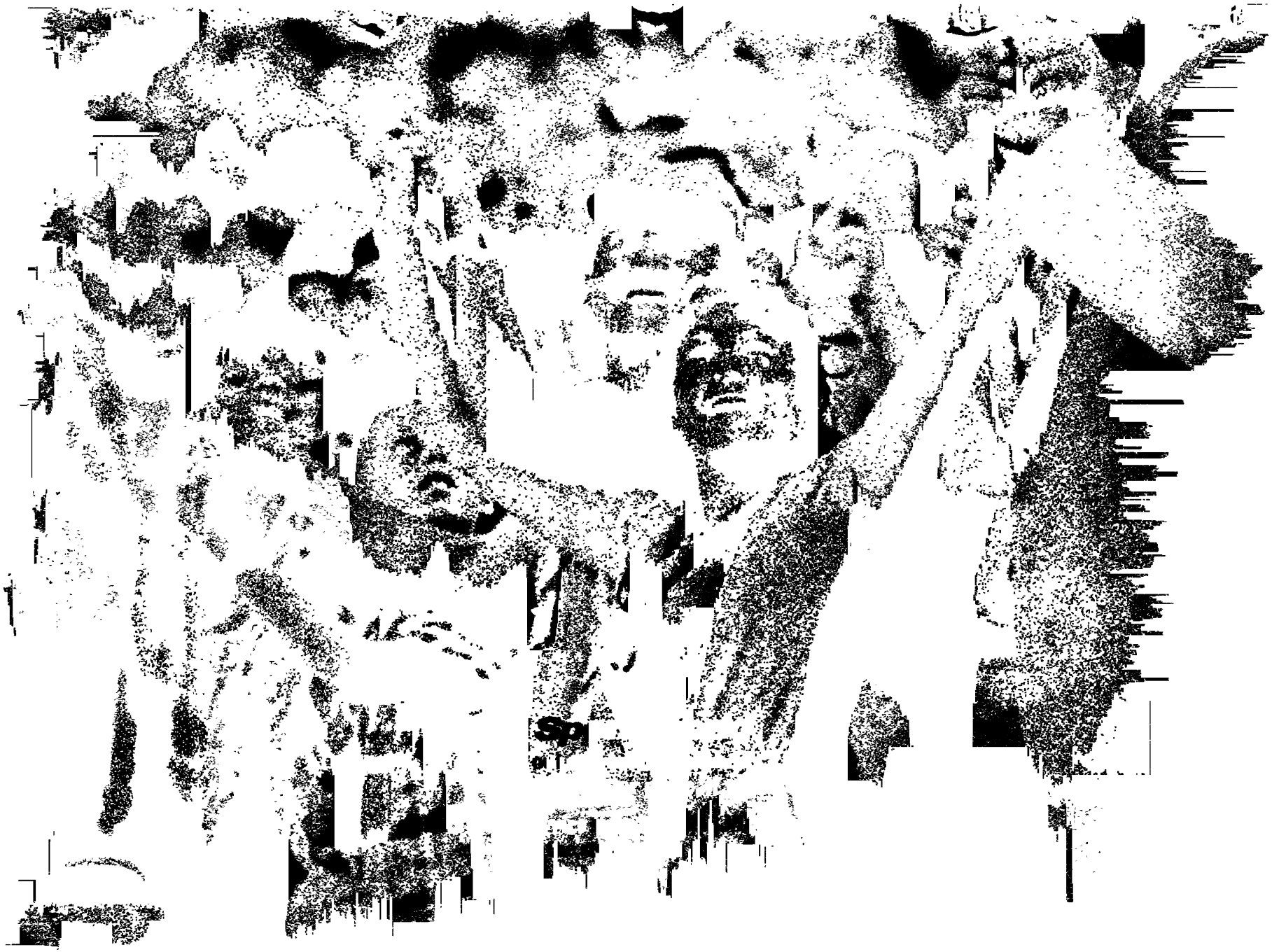
From the meat of 'Leg o'Lamb'. Allan Lamb, England's boy on the burning deck, pulls Winston Davis away for runs during his 100 not out. He got his third hundred of the series. Before the first Test there was talk of him being dropped!

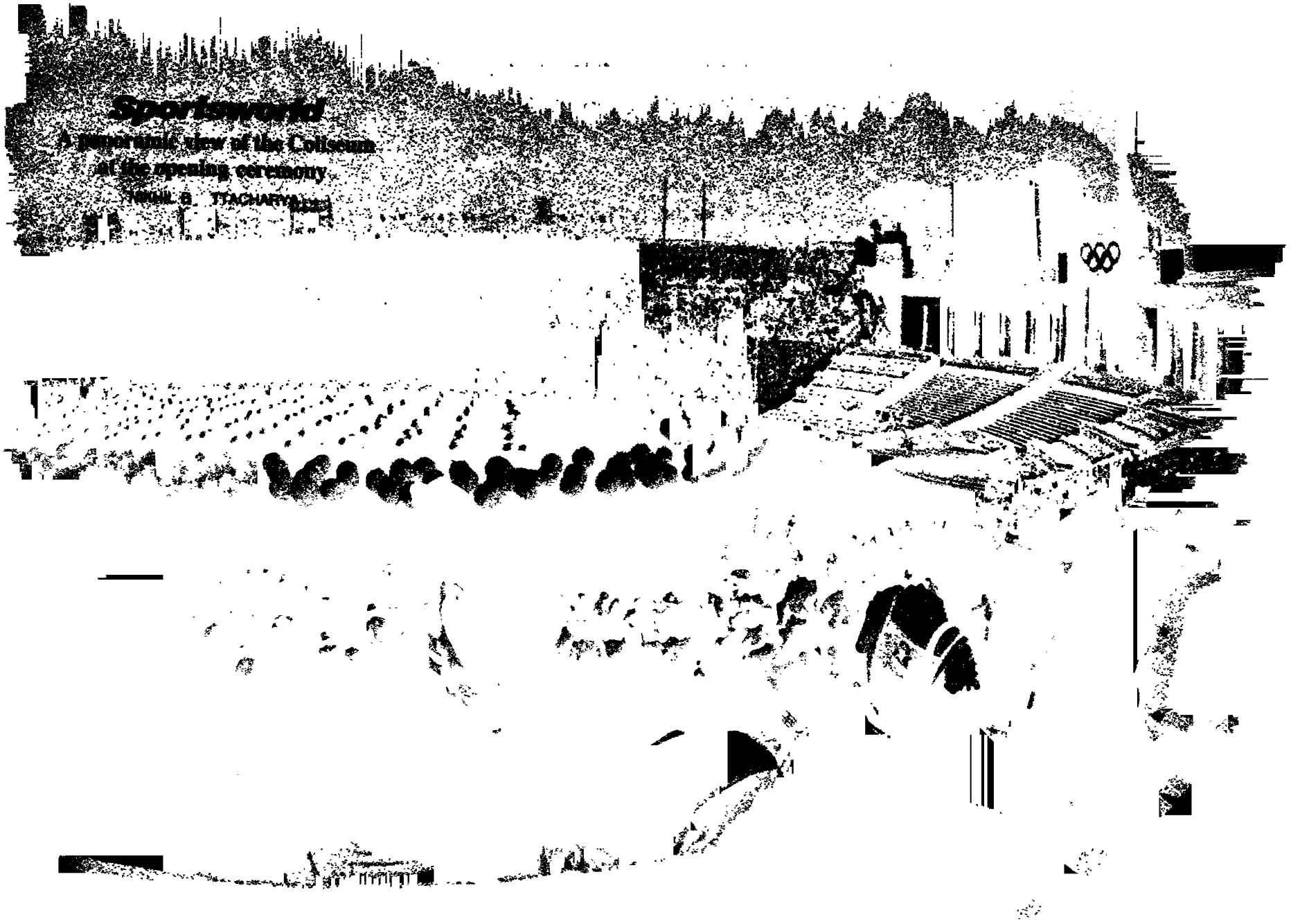


Touch courage! Paul Terry, one hand in plaster and encased in his sweater tries out a novel way of dealing with Joel Garner. England's first innings came to an end with his dismissal. Incidentally, 63 years ago, the series in which England were beaten 0-3, Lord Tennyson had done the same—batted one-handed against Gregory and Macdonald.



'Lights, camera, action.' Is it a stage performance or a cricket match? Paul Terry at short leg, bowler Pat Pocock, the batsman and Gower at silly point; what is going on in their minds, one wonders. Meanwhile, it is only Baptiste b Pocock 6.





Sportsworld

A panoramic view of the Coliseum at the opening ceremony

PHOTO: S. TYAGHARYA

It is time to go

It's curtains for **Bob Willis** this season. In a sentimental mood, he attempts to evaluate honestly his contribution to county and country



I MADE up my mind to retire from first class cricket before I bowled a ball in competitive anger this season. That point must be made right from the start, in case some misinformed souls think it was taken because I lost the England captaincy. As far as I was concerned, I would play for my country under the leadership of anybody. That has always been the case, and indeed that remains so until the end of the season. If I thought I could not have done myself justice for England this summer, I would have opted earlier. I have my professional pride and would have felt that I would not disgrace myself for much of this summer.

Yet it was bound to be 'downhill all the way from now on' for a fast bowler with creaking joints who was turned 35. It gets no easier physically. I can still psyche myself up for the big games and manage to get by on experience, but the spells after the initial burst with the new ball take more out of me.

Fast bowling at the highest level needs a sustained performance at any stage of the day's play, and every day if necessary throughout a long season. That is no longer possible for RGD because I stiffen up after a long spell of bowling. The morning after a long stint is pretty painful in the Willis household: it takes a fair amount of time to get the feet on the floor and coax the body into my usual bout of running, which has always been my staple diet in terms of preparation.

It is easier on tour, where the one-day internationals usually allow a rest of a few days, and where a Test match is followed by absence from the next game. There is time to soak in the bath, soothe the ageing bones and build for the next big game. It is different during an English season, where an important one-day game immediately follows a Test at the other end of the country. I get no time to recharge the old batteries, with the result that I do not feel I will continue to do myself justice.

I always said that I would bring down the curtain when my fielding became a liability to the rest of the team: that moment is nigh. It does not look very impressive when I stick out a large boot to stop a ball that would be swooped on by a more agile fast bowler. Nor does it look very impressive when sharpwitted batsmen pick you out in the field and think about running a second as you lumber towards the ball. It would have been different if I could have fielded at slip in recent years—my catching has always been satisfactory once I get near the ball—but my wonky knees prevented me from getting down to the appropriate catching position.

"I have no chance of surpassing Lillee's total of Test victims, nor do I deserve to, because Lillee was the greatest of my time, and beating his tally would only underline how comparatively meaningless statistics can be."

No mystique, therefore, about my decision to call it a day. I face the same physical problem that faces every fast bowler, even great specimens like Dennis Lillee. There are still goals to aim for this season. I have no chance of surpassing Lillee's total of Test victims, nor do I deserve to, because Lillee was the greatest of my time, and beating his tally would only underline how comparatively meaningless statistics can be. Basically, I want to go out of the game with my self-respect intact, before people start whispering loudly that I should be pensioned off. I owed Warwickshire victory in the Benson & Hedges final to repay them in some small way for all the consideration and kindness the club has shown to me since I moved up from Surrey in 1972. Warwickshire have never had full value from me for all sorts of reasons—mainly injuries and the wear and tear of Tests—but the club has never wavered from its belief that England honours for me also meant a boost for the county.

It is important that I leave the playing staff in good hands; luckily men like David Brown, Norman Gifford, Dennis Amiss, Neal Abberley and Alan Oakman are there to provide invaluable background experience. I hope to stay in cricket in some capacity, but I genuinely do not know what that would entail at the moment. Such considerations can wait until the season ends and I start regretting that I never really learned how to bat.

I am not a sentimental person but of course there will be a host of conflicting memories jamming in on me when I get to September. Yet one door closes and the next one either opens or slams you in the face. It is up to me to ensure that the appropriate door opens favourably and that I pack it in before the old bathchair comes out.

It will feel strange not to be part of the usual winter tour/spring training routine and I shall smile benignly the thought of Messrs Gifford and Amiss trudging around the Edgbaston ground, trying to run off the effects of all those lunches in the winter. Instead I shall be tuning in to the morning concert on Radio 3, wondering about the day's racing card at Uttoxeter, and debating whether to take a chance at engaging my baby daughter in conversation.

It will be pleasant to think occasionally about one or two bowling performances—Leeds in 1981, the Ashes series of 1977, for example—but I am too realistic to allow nostalgia to permit me many indulgences. I did the best I could but a sensible appraisal of men like Lillee, Holding and Snow puts R.G.D. Willis in context; they were the real thoroughbreds, while I was simply effective by mental attitude and sheer hard work. In the end I will settle for an admission that I made the best out of whatever I had. When that no longer seems a consistent prospect, it is time to go.

Courtesy Wisden Cricket Monthly

'rob_ems in 'akistan

Beginning this week, we start extracts from Rod Marsh's book 'The Inside Edge.' In this first instalment the author recounts the frustrations of a tour to Pakistan in 1982 and the successful Ashes series that followed it. The book is published by Lansdowne Rigby International and priced at £ 5.95.

The more you think of the 1982 Australian cricket tour of Pakistan the more you want to forget it. Quite apart from the fact that the Pakis beat the pants off us in the three Tests and two one-day internationals, the country itself is, to the western visitor, a non-event

It was American humorist Tom Lehrer, I think, who once said "If you want a long holiday, spend the night in Adelaide " I don't know about Adelaide, but it certainly applies to Pakistan

For one thing, the population is almost exclusively Muslim, which means it's illegal for them to drink liquor Every Australian cricket team of my experience looks forward to a beer in the dressing-room after a long, hot day's play, and Pakistan seems to have more long, hot days than most countries So beer in the dressing-room was out

I suppose it was no great loss really because most of the rooms were less than luxurious—quite grotty, in fact—and it might have been a little depressing to stick around there too long

We were far better off than the touring teams of the 1950s and 1960s, though, because since those days the major cities like Lahore and Karachi have acquired fine, modern hotels. And being VIPs, that's where we stayed.

We were lucky, too, in being able to have supplies of Australian beer and canned fruit shipped in. That was really our staple diet. It might not sound too health promoting, but unless you care to play Pakistani roulette by living on their curries, there is little else for the tourist to eat Now I love a good curry as well as the next man, but I've never come to grips with eating it when I've a game of cricket to play next day

I've never left the field during a Test match to complete my day's ablutions I know what a curry can do to the old internal nether regions



"Imagine what one of those devastating Pakistani concoctions could do to you, as you stood behind the stumps all day. You'd be making more runs than Bradman. And none of them would count on the scoreboard."

Imagine what one of these devastating Pakistani concoctions could do to you, as you stood there behind the stumps all day You'd be making more runs than Bradman

And none of them would count on the scoreboard

So Swan Lager and canned Australian fruit it was For me, anyway

Some of the guys who'd not toured Pakistan before were a little more adventurous and ignored warnings about sampling the culinary delights of the mystic east They certainly kept the team doctor busy with their stomach complaints

Even the most cautious of us tended to live with perpetual mild diarrhoea You know, that get up and go feeling Not get up and go out and play cricket like a man possessed, but get up and go to the gents Or to the ladies if you couldn't make it as far as the gents

I suppose if you were on an extended tour of Pakistan and lived on beer and tinned fruit you'd come home an alcoholic with fruit fly I figure it will still beat the ravages of gut-tearing, bowel-blowing curry

But food is not really the big drawback over there. It's the boredom. God, the boredom.

The average day's play starts at 10 am and ends about 4 30 So you've got the rest of the afternoon and all evening free But what do you do? Very little. Because there's very little you can do

You go back to your hotel (in the bigger hotels they give you a team

room) and you sit around. You just sit around.

Having been there before, I made sure I packed a cassette player and lots of ammunition this time. At least we could listen to music.

They also had in-house television movies and if anyone would like to hear me recite the entire dialogue of *The Sting*, don't hesitate to ask.

I saw the bloody thing 33 times on that tour and I know it off by heart. I also hum the theme tune so well that you'd swear I'd composed it. Da da dada-dum da-dum da-dum da-da-da-da-da-da-da-dum See?

Scott Joplin, you know.

Boredom can make a man—or a touring cricket team- -do silly things and we found our outlet in firecrackers. Firecrackers, mind you.

A few of us went shopping during a rest day in Lahore and we came across a little shop specialising in fireworks, which are apparently pretty big in Pakistan but, as you know, a thing of the past in Australia. Frankly, I'd agreed with every campaign to outlaw them at home because I think putting a cracker in the hand of a kid is about as sensible as letting a drunk driver take the controls of a fully-laden Jumbo jet.

But we needed a diversion. I suspect Allan Border was deprived of fireworks as a kid because he bought a huge bundle. Most of them, in fact. It's amazing how such childish things can excite grown men when there's nothing else to do.

Graeme Wood turned out to be a frustrated astronaut because he delighted in firing skyrockets from his hotel window.

Greg Ritchie went more for noise than colour. The old "penny bunger" was his go.

There were more bangs in our hotel than you'd find in a mining-town massage parlour on pay night.

We raided each other's rooms and generally made first-class nuisances of ourselves.

Col Egar, our manager, had no choice but to ban our fireworks altogether, so it developed into a game of hit and run. Letting them off was secondary—the secret was not to be caught doing it.

Col was pretty understanding. I suspect he'd like to have been involved in the caper. He must have been as bored as the rest of us. But managers of touring cricket teams must not be seen to unwind. Certainly they must not be seen firing skyrockets from hotel windows.

It is almost too painful to recall what happened to us on the field in Pakistan. We thought like losers, we played like losers. And we lost everything we attempted.

Yet we probably lost the entire series in just half an hour on the first day of the first Test.

We were going along very nicely, three down for 200-odd and things looking very good for tomorrow. But in the 30 or so minutes before stumps, we lost Kim Hughes and Greg Ritchie. It was just what the Pakistanis needed and just what we didn't. They came out next day and skittled us with the new ball.

Had we got through that crisis time and resumed with only three down, it might have been a new ball game, a new series.

The wicket was playing very well—and I must say here that the Pakistan strips have improved immensely since my previous trip—and we have only ourselves to blame.

But it is very difficult to motivate yourself or each other when you're on a tour you are not really enjoying. When there is nothing to look forward to that night or next day, you tend to become a plodder and not a skilled tradesman. When the evening ahead promises only beer, tinned fruit and another in-house screen of *The Sting*, you wonder what the hell you're doing here anyway.

But let me not make excuses and detract from Pakistan's performance. They played very good cricket. Percentage cricket. They were desperately keen to perform well in front of their fanatical home crowds—crowds, you might remember, who are not allowed to drink.

Pakistani crowds riot stone sober. They tear down fences, wreck stands, pelt players with anything they can lay their hands on. And all that without a drop to drink.

Imagine the mayhem if they'd had a skinful of beer? Or, transferring thoughts to the West Indies, half a bottle of rum apiece. You don't even think about things like that.

Our final one-day fixture, in Karachi, was abandoned amid a shower of missiles. I asked around and people in the know said the mob had nothing against us personally. No, they were protesting because they wanted a new grandstand built at the ground. They've a funny way of expressing themselves in Pakistan.

I know local crowd behaviour embarrasses the Pakistan players themselves. Playing as they do, on the razor's edge of a mob, they must

The 'Playboy' interview

PLAYBOY: By the time this interview appears, you will be in the closing stages of a Test series in Pakistan, playing once again under the leadership of Kim Hughes. Can you put the record straight on the captain-player relationship between you and Hughes?

MARSH: Yes, there's no problem from my point of view. Having played under Tony Lock, John Inverarity, Ian and Greg Chappell, I guess Kim suffers a lot by comparison as a captain. He's still learning about the game.

PLAYBOY: But you don't deny that you have challenged some of his on-field decisions?

MARSH: I don't agree with some of the decisions he makes and I feel it's my duty to tell him. He listens, but that doesn't overcome the real problem. You tell him something but a week later he's doing the same thing again.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying he has a deepseated resentment of your advice?

MARSH: No, I don't think he resents advice at all. In many ways he's a very naive person and, like most of us, he works on adrenalin. When his adrenalin is pumping he makes decisions that aren't calculated. This is borne out in his approach to batting. For years everyone has realised that he's a very good technician, particularly on Australian wickets, but so many times he's thrown his hand away. Every senior player he's played with has told him to curb his impetuosity but he still hasn't come to grips with that. It's disturbing for one so talented not to be doing as well as he should. Mind you, I want to make it quite clear that I'm very proud to be playing for Australia and I will play under anyone. But having said that, I honestly would prefer to play under several other players who I think would do a better job than Kim.

regard a bad day on the Sydney Hill or in Melbourne's Bay 13 as picnic stuff It certainly didn't put them off their game. They had so many excellent, in-form players and we were simply no match for them

We were never able to get on top of Imran Khan's pace He is a wonderful bowler who will again take a lot of wickets when Pakistan tour Australia for five Tests in the 1983 84 summer.

But the bowler to watch will be leg-spinner Abdul Qadir He had us tied up in knots and although he may not be as effective on our wickets, he will still be a bogeyman. Qadir is a very aggressive spinner. Australian crowds will love him.

Pakistani batting is traditionally strong and they had a real field day at our expense.

Mohsin Khan had enjoyed an incredible series in England and carried that form right back home with him. The only way we could get him out in the first Test in Karachi was to appeal against him for handling the ball. The crowd didn't like that all, but at least it got rid of him.

Javed Miandad may have lost the captaincy, but he showed us that he had lost none of his class. His century in the third Test was a masterly innings and, again, just what we didn't need.

Mudassar also batted very well and Zaheer is almost in a class of his own. Zaheer belted a century against us in one of the one-day games. It was quite demoralising.

But for some appallingly sloppy fielding, we may have made quite a game of the first Test. Geoff Lawson and Jeff Thomson did everything anyone could expect of them, but were badly let down by dropped catches. If we'd held those chances, it may have been a different story. We may even have won, which would have put us in the right frame of mind for the rest of the series.

But it was a totally frustrating tour. Thomson exemplified our feelings, I think, when he kicked over the stumps after bowling one of several no-balls in the third Test.

It was most unThomsonlike behaviour and I'm sure he regretted it as soon as he'd done it. But he'd had enough of Pakistan. We all had.

I would still recommend a tour of that country to any young cricketer. It is quite an experience and it seems to make you grow up in a hurry.

But you woudn't want to do it every year.

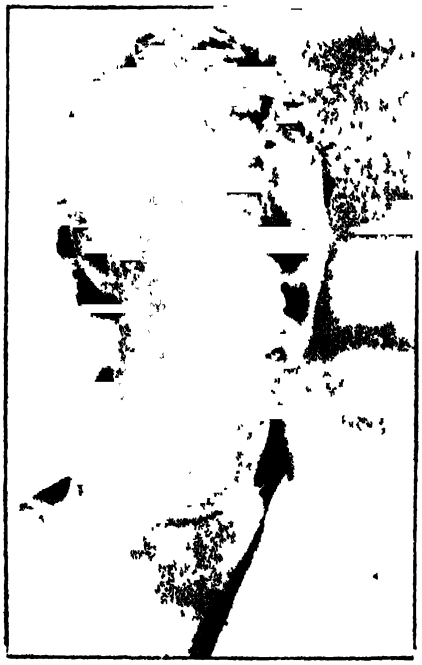


When the evening ahead promises only beer, tinned fruit and another in-house screen of* The Sting, *you wonder what the hell you're doing here anyway.

So the Australians who arrived back from the tour of Pakistan in 1982 were a pretty bedraggled bunch. To say we were glad to be home was quite an understatement.

Trips to Pakistan or India are always a bit of an ordeal The conditions are quite strange to us, the wickets never suit our type of cricket, the crowds are (to say the very least) volatile and unpredictable and you have to watch everything you eat and drink. It is no bed of roses, I can tell you.

The 1982 tour was worse than most because of the terrible hidings we got. Full marks to the Pakis, though. They played the game to suit the conditions and they 'did' us like dinners.



"If, as I was told, the *Playboy* thing cost me the captaincy, then that's too bad. It was worth it to see Kim Hughes really come of age."

I suppose we should have been quite depressed when we lobbed home, but I think we were all looking forward to the summer ahead—and the Ashes series against England.

I don't have to tell you what an Ashes series means. The West Indians may be the most exciting cricketers in the world, but to Australians and Englishmen, the Ashes are what the game is all about.

We were considerably heartened by the knowledge that Greg Chappell would be back in the side It was presumed that he would be captain and that's how it turned out.

I was also told—and again I speak without real authority—that if a certain article had not appeared in *Playboy* magazine, then I would have had the captaincy. I really don't know about that one, but it was great to see Chappell back in charge of affairs. He has been such a great player for Australia and his very presence commands respect and confidence among the team.

For my part, I looked back on that *Playboy* interview and regretted it not at all. I really believe it did Australian cricket a lot of good.

The contentious part of the interview was, of course, my opinion of Kim Hughes as a captain and a batsman. It certainly stung Hughes into action—to the point of producing the best season of cricket of his career. Kim played like a man possessed, with a new sense of responsibility. And if that was a result of what I'd said about him then I'm delighted because it did the team a helluva lot of good. And my first allegiance has always been to the team.

If, as I was told, the *Playboy* thing cost me the captaincy, then that's too bad. It was worth it to see Kim Hughes really come of age.

I like to think I had a hand in Rodney Hogg's improvement, too. I had a run-in-with Rodney in England in 1981. Seemed to me that he wasn't putting in, although I was unaware how badly he was injured and I really had a piece of him one afternoon before the Leeds Test.

As if to prove me wrong and bore it up me, Hoggy bounced back to be one of the real success stories of the 1982-83 summer. Like Hughes, he became a model of consistency. He worked harder, on and off the field, than any of us, wouldn't have a drink if he had a game coming up within the next four or five days and became a

terrific team man. Maybe I should have been a psychologist.

So the first Test was upon us and if you'd believed a lot of the critics, You'd have expected Australia to wrap it up in a couple of days.

We had our opportunities in that Perth Test, but we let England escape with a draw. I think we were the better team but the scorebook didn't show it that way.

Things might have been different if Terry Alderman had picked up a chance from Chris Tavare before the dour England opener had made very many, but it wasn't to be.

It was a good batting strip and Greg Chappell made a great start to the series on it. His century in the first innings gladdened the heart. It also put one of my predictions right on course. I'd told his brother Ian before the series started that if Greg didn't amass 650 runs during the five Tests he wasn't dinkum. Well, Greg didn't get 650 but, the way he started, he looked like achieving it in a canter.

He got another hundred in Adelaide and I had the feeling that he was going to blitz the England attack.

Unfortunately, he lost a little form. By the time Adelaide was done we were 2-0 up after three and he may have thought he'd done enough. Maybe a little boredom crept into his batting. It can happen to great players. It certainly happened to Barry Richards in the county competition. He simply got bored with making runs. He became more a run-making machine than a personality.

The Englishmen obviously saw Chappell—bored or not—as their greatest individual threat and they started bowling to a plan. They managed to bounce him a couple of times and he got himself out hooking. A younger Greg Chappell would not have fallen for that, but it was noticeable that in this series he was starting to play his strokes from the outset.

The Chappell of bygone summers would rarely play an outstanding shot in his first 30 runs. He would push the ball around for his ones and twos for the first hour until he knew he was seeing it well. Then the master batsman would take over—and you know the rest.

Greg had obviously decided, though, that in 1982-83 he wasn't prepared to hang around that long. He was going to shoot for 100 in as little time as possible. It didn't always work.

Our hopes of bowling the Poms out often enough in the remaining four Tests took a big dive when we lost Alderman in the extraordinary Perth schemozzle, and Lillee in the game against Tasmania in Devonport. It seemed like a double disaster and we were starting to wonder if somebody up there really liked us at all.

Jeff Thomson and Carl Rackemann replaced Lillee and Alderman for the Brisbane Test and performed very, very well. Thommo started badly, but bounced back with five wickets in the second innings. He was overdue for a change of luck and I was delighted to see things start to run his way for the first time in a couple of years.

Rackemann bowled faster than any other Australian all summer. One spell downwind in that Brisbane Test was real hurricane stuff. I couldn't see England winning a Test with this fellow hurling down his thunderbolts from a great height.

Unfortunately, it was to be Rackemann's only Test of the series. He, too, was injured, and in came Hogg. Rodney had put up with his share of knockers—me among them, remember?—but he wasn't about to waste this opportunity. He bowled magnificently for the rest of the summer.



"It was a very strange decision by Willis. He defended it stoutly but he sure as hell regretted it."

He was straight, accurate and bowled with plenty of fire. The fact that he rarely smiles when he takes a wicket must be quite off-putting to a batsman.

Meanwhile, Geoff Lawson had recovered from a bad start in Perth to become Australia's top strike bowler. I'd predicted publicly that Lawson would be the man of the series, but when he bowled so poorly in the first innings in Perth, I started to doubt my judgement. Geoff bounced back with five wickets in the second innings, however, followed up with 11 in the Brisbane Test and hasn't looked back since.

Having played under Tony Lock, John Inverarity, Ian and Greg Chappell, I guess Kim suffers a lot by comparison as captain. He's still learning about the game.



We had a few anxious moments in our second innings in Brisbane when we were 3/83, chasing 188. But David Hookes and Kim Hughes batted responsibly and beautifully to guide us through what could have developed into a crisis.

The third Test in Adelaide was by far our best performance of the series. We won by eight wickets and I think that's a pretty fair indication of how the game was played.

We really got things together in Adelaide after Bob Willis had won the toss for England and obligingly sent us in on a beautiful batting strip. It was a very strange decision by Willis. He defended it stoutly but he sure as hell regretted it.

So it was two up, with two to play, and as much as I respect the old bulldog fighting spirit of the English, I couldn't see them getting up off the floor to salvage the series.

Sure, we all knew there would be lots of soul-searching in the England camp and a desperate, last-ditch effort in the Melbourne and Sydney Tests. But we'd outplayed them pretty comprehensively up to that point.

For one thing, they'd been unable to find a pair of opening batsmen to give them a reasonable start. What they'd have given for a Geoff Boycott or a Graham Gooch!



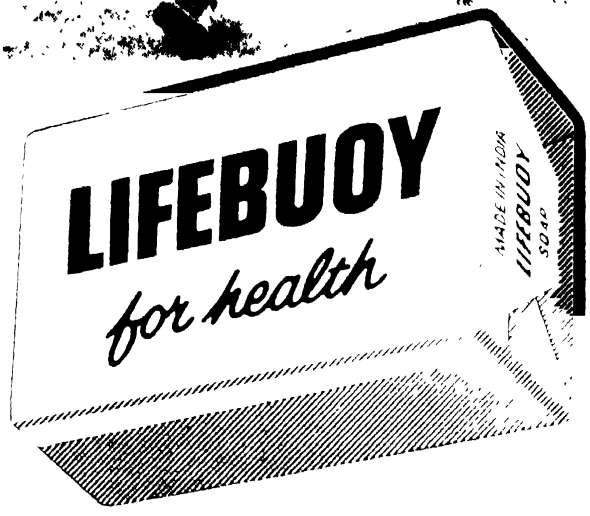
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Smooth sailing for Swale

IT turned out to be a back stretch rumour. Trainer Woody Stephens did not have the aphorism known as Murphy's Law (whatever can go wrong, will go wrong) inscribed over his stable entrance. When nominations for the 110th running of the Kentucky Derby closed on February 15, 1984, there were 314 nominees and most observers believed that the 313 horses who would not win the Kentucky Derby would come from a shedrow other than that of trainers Stephens.

They were right, but the road to the Roses was not what Stephens or many other people expected it to be, and Swale's smooth cruise down the stretch at Churchill Downs to a three length victory, in America's most prestigious horse race was a welcome ray of sunshine in what has been a winter and sprung of considerable discontent for the 70-year-old Stephens.

A major portion of that discontent was reflected in the absence from the Derby field of 1983 champion two-year-old colt Devil's Bag, who had been syndicated for 36 million dollars after clapping off five straight wins in cakewalk fashion and who was considered by almost everyone who thinks about such matters to be the logical heir to the phrase, "the best horse who ever looked through a bridle."

Devil's Bag was in barn 41 at Churchill Downs on Derby Day, but unlike Swale he had his feed bin with him for he was not going to be running this day. His race in the one mile Derby Trial Stakes in April was, if not a failure, unimpressive for a colt expected to run another quarter-mile the following Saturday. Thus, on Tuesday, May 1, the announcement was made by a clearly disappointed Stephens that the colt he had once thought to be the best horse he had ever trained would not be in the starting gate for the Derby.

With Devil's Bag out, the attention shifted to trainer D. Wayne Lukas and his classy filly tandem of Althea and Life's Magic. The former was coming off a powerful performance in the Arkansas Derby in which she whipped a solid field of colts with ease, decimated the stakes record, and became the youngest horse ever to earn million dollars in purses.

Swale, who had been beaten rather easily in the Lexington Stakes at Keeneland in April, was the almost forgotten hero in the final days of preparation prior to the race, both by the media and the general public. The preliminary betting on the Derby, held Swale at 7 to 1 equal to Blue Grass Stakes Winner Taylor's Special.

There had been periodic rainfall during the week and there was some uncertainty about the track condition on a day-to-day basis. For the second successive year, the crowd made a Lukas-trained entry the favourite. Sending Althea and Life's Magic off at 2-to-1. Thereafter, they differed from the early-bird punters by making Swale the 7 to 2 second choice with Silent King getting strong support at 9 to 2 and the Prince Circle going off at 6 to 1. Taylor's Special was next at 7 to 1 and the field horses were at 10 to 1 with everyone else beyond that level.

Consensus held that the pace of the Derby was likely to be rapid although Devil's Bag's departure from the scene left some question about who might run with Althea. As has been typical of the chase for this particular Derby, the concensus was wrong and Althea broke from the gate with Alarcrity and was in the lead after the first quarter, which was run in a reasonable 23 2/5.

Her closest pursuer at this point was Gotham Stakes winner, Bear Hunt, who was tracked by Swale with Vanlandinghan, Biloxi Indian in attendance. McCarron on Althea, began to back up the pace in the next quarter so that they went through a half-mile in 47 2/5. With the filly holding a length lead over Bear Hunt and another half-length edge over Swale.

Bear Hunt began to decline the issue at this point and Swale moved alongside Althea as his ride, Pincay, heeded Stephens's pre-race instructions not to let anyone get an easy lead. Pincay said later that Swale was running easily down the backstretch and that he was very confident at that point.

Six furlongs were completed in a decided pedestrian 1:11 4/5 at which moment Althea was hanging on to a head lead. Hanging on was the correct term, for Swale started to move by her at the three-eights pole and she began to fade toward the back end of the field. When McCarron saw that she was not going to make it, he did not pressure her unduly, a fact for which he was praised by Lukas after the race.

Meanwhile, on the business end of the race, Swale had taken control of things to the point that it appeared he could name his winning margin. Swale opened up a five-length margin in mid-stretch and won by 3-1/4 lengths in a moderate 2:02 sec for the 1-1/4 miles over a track that Pincay said was in good shape, but appeared to be a bit holding throughout the afternoon.

The fact that he did not have to run faster to dominate his field might have said something about the quality of those behind him, although it seemed going in to the race, that the field had a lot of good, if not exceptional horses in it. Among the missing, other than Devil's Bag, were Dr Carter and Time For A Change, both whom looked like potential worldbeaters in winter and early spring in Florida, but were sidelined by ailments.

It's best to say that Swale beat what he had to beat which probably means some very nice horses and he did so convincingly./For his tour of the race track, Swale earned a record 537,400 dollars of the record gross purse of 712,400 dollars, making him a millionaire whose total career earnings are 1,273.641 dollars, earned from eight wins in 12 starts (never out of the first three).

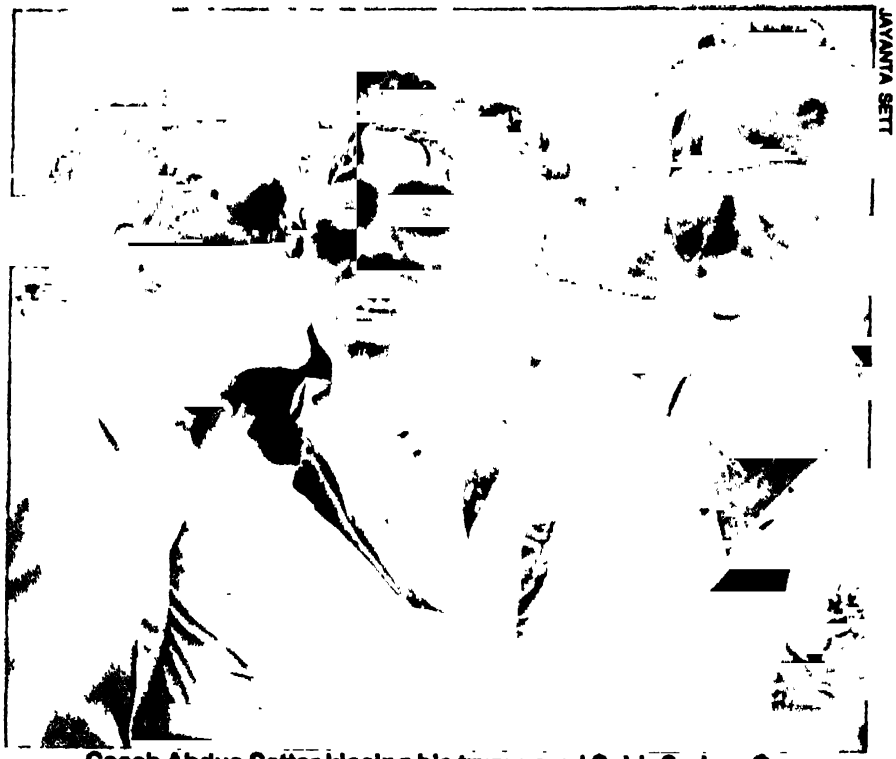
Ironically, his Derby earnings pushed Swale past his sire, Seattle Slew, on the all-time earnings list. That horse, who earned 1,208.726 dollars in three seasons of racing, has become the hottest sire in the world at the moment, thanks in no small measure to Swale, who is Seattle Slew's first classic winner and also follows in his sire's hoof prints as a Kentucky Derby Winner.

Bagan shocked

POOR Mohun Bagan Their joy proved so short lived Their triumph over East Bengal, their arch rivals, instilled tremendous confidence in them as well as their fans who had long been tormented by their defeats in several all India tournaments earlier in the season They looked forward to their favourite team winning the 1984 Calcutta league title with an unbeaten record which, at one stage, seemed an increasingly likely prospect The only obstacle to it left to be overcome was Mohammedan Sporting, after Mohun Bagan's their remarkable victory over East Bengal.

But then there was little to be worried about. Mohammedan Sporting's performance has been disastrous in the league this year and no Mohun Bagan fan anticipated anything worse than a draw when their team met Mohammedan Sporting in the third exhibition match of the current soccer season

But the worst happened and all their hopes were blasted, when Mohun Bagan suffered defeat at the hands of Mohammedan Sporting. The league title was not at stake But a prestige issue it surely was. And Mohun Bagan felt deeply hurt to suffer such a blow just when they were riding the crest of a wave of success



JAYANTA SETT

Coach Abdus Sattar kissing his trump card Subir Sarkar. On the right is Shabbir Ali

The secret of Mohammedan Sporting's success was their speed coupled with a strong defence. There can be no denying that for the most part it was Mohun Bagan who dominated the game, but all their efforts went haywire once they reached the Mohammedan Sporting defence zone, on the one hand, and whenever there was an attack from the Mohammedan S.C. camp, it proved to be faster and much more incisive than Mohun Bagan's on the other

Added to it was their neat passing and keen game reading. They correctly anticipated gaps in their enemies' defence and sought to utilise them. And this was precisely how they got their match-winner in the very first minute A surprise move down the left



JAYANTA SETT

Shabbir Ali puts the ball into Mohun Bagan's net

flank by Subir Sarkar, who has been playing exceedingly well this season, caught the entire defence on the wrong foot with Compton Dutta, though a seasoned fighter of many a battle royal, fumbling to tackle the onrushing Mohammedan Sporting left winger properly. The next moment a measured centre from Sarkar landed at the feet of Shabbir Ali, standing unmarked on top of the penalty box. Shabbir put the ball home equally neatly. There was nothing the retreating Mohun Bagan defenders could have done about it.

Thereafter, however, the capacity crowd at the Eden Gardens saw Mohun Bagan put up a great effort to equalise. But there were too many faults in their game. There was a remarkable lack of coordination, of understanding not to speak of the lack of finish which was quite astonishing.

They kept on trying, but repeated failure gradually confounded their strategy even further, much to the anguish of their fans and coach P.K. Banerjee.

On the other hand, for Mohammedan Sporting, the victory came as a great morale-booster. After emerging as the champion club of the country, they suffered an unexpectedly lean time, performing miserably even in a local competition like the senior division Calcutta league. So lean that they had been thinking of withdrawing from the championship. But this victory made things different altogether.

The man who deserves special mention was Atanu Bhattacharya, the Mohammedan Sporting goalkeeper. Whenever Mohun Bagan spelt danger in their rival territory, it was Atanu who took it upon himself to neutralize it. Showing amazing anticipation and a keen sense of timing, he made the right move at the moment. Corner kicks were thwarted with precision, free-kicks were foiled with perfection and when a field move by the Mohun Bagan frontliners got past their defence, it was Atanu again who came to his side's rescue. And it happened a number of times.

This young man has already made his mark as a worthy successor to the top senior goalkeepers in the country and chances are that he will prove an asset to the nation in the forthcoming days, especially now that India is often taking part in international competitions.

Reported by Suprakash Ghoshal

JAYANTA SETT



Atanu being chaired out of the ground



Their joy knew no bounds: Mohammedan fans rejoicing after the victory

Popular Rally

The gutsiest of them all

KARNATAKA's two-wheeler guys are just great. Rally after rally they have blazed a trail of glory with their gutsy riding and the splendid work done by the guy on the pillion—the navigator.

The gutsiest of them all is undoubtedly Gautam Kadam who is the only two wheeler guy to have won the K-1000 thrice.

Gautam proved his class recently at the Kerala Auto Sports Club's Popular Rally by coming out tops. His partner was another fine rallyist—Nandki shore.

In second spot were Seetharam and Ramdas, winners of the Coffee-500. They hail from Chiknagalur while another Chikmagalur rider, Shantakumar, finished third.

The two-wheeler rally was cut short at Trivandrum as it was running too late and only three of the 30 vehicles which were flagged off could make it there. And, that all three were from Karnataka, shows you what class they belong to.

Gautam and Kishore checked in at 8.35 a.m. and exactly one hour and ten minutes later came the second pair followed another hour later by the third duo

It was a fast rally, but, according to the winners, too fast for two-wheelers. They took off from Cochin and reached at 9.00 p.m. What caused all the fall-outs was the treacherous 95 km. run from Kodaikanal to Munnar through dirt and slush. The rally lost one hour here.

From Munnar to Trivandrum was 764 km. With a two-hour rest included. The two-wheelers were given a free run from Trivandrum to Cochin.

Gautam and Nandkishore were on their Rajdoot Yamaha and said that there were a lot of potholes throughout the route.

Kamlesh Patel of Madras topped the four-wheeler class followed by Deepak Patel (Coimbatore) and Kerala's Jose Anthony finished third.

Even for the four-wheelers, the stretch between Kodaikanal and Munnar was, indeed, very tricky.

Participants, however, were warned about the route but it turned out to be a very treacherous one indeed. It was slushy and waterlogged and there were quite a few branches that had fallen off trees which came in the way of the vehicles. But thanks to the service teams, specially that of MICO, the branches were chopped and the way made as clear as possible for the rallyists.

During this 'Operation Clearance' one of the service cars found their windshield shattered and had a very tough time continuing on the route.

Up to 300 kms. the Mangal team, with just two minus points, were in the lead with Deepak Patel on five minus in second spot: two points behind was Kamlesh Patel.

Early in the evening on Sunday, quite a moderate crowd was already there at Marine Drive, Cochin where the rally was expected to end around 5.00 p.m. But, thanks to the slushy stretch where everything seemed to have gone haywire, the rally was hours late. Quite a few rallyists found some checkpoints unmanned as they were too late (a checkpoint is expected to give a rallyist at least 90 minutes to check in).

In all, 23 vehicles finished the rally and of these although there were eight two-wheelers, most of them were completely out of reckoning.

Indeed, the two-wheeler riders and navigators had a sad tale to narrate. Most of them were of the view that the rally was too fast. "We were really unprepared for those high speeds," said most of them, "and we literally blew our bikes trying to cope up with those speeds."

Two riders complained of a mistake in the Tulip (the route chart) which gave them the wrong direction. One two-wheeler got stuck in a treacherous stretch which was no road at all, but which did have tracks of other vehicles which had also gone astray. They found quite a few vehicles stuck in the mire. Even a jeep had sunk in as the earth had caved in at one portion of the stretch. Umesh Chandra and Satu were the victims but luckily for them they managed to find a way back. However, the time they took put them out of reckoning hopelessly and moreover they found no one at the checkpoint.

The organisers, Popular Automobiles, however, did everything possible to help the rallyists and one hope it continues to live up to its name.

Anil Aravindam

The final results:

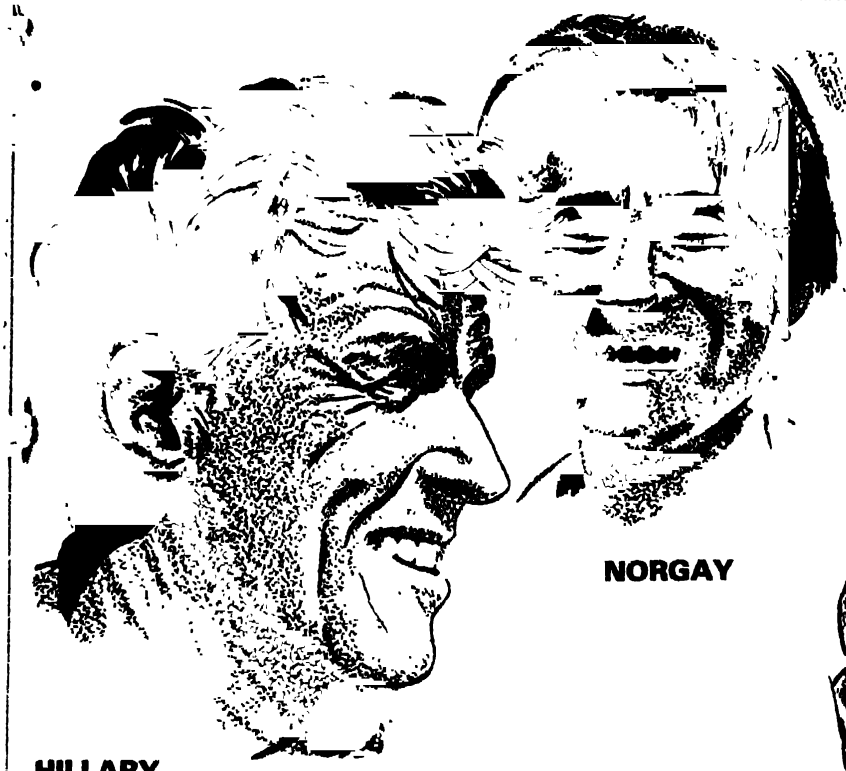
Four wheelers:

1. Kamlesh Patel
   Madras Motor Sports Club
   82 penalty points
2. Deepak Patel
   Coimbatore
   112 penalty points
3. Jose Anthony
   Kothamangalam
   125 penalty points

Two wheelers:

1. Gautam Kadam and Nandkishore
   Bangalore
   390 penalty points
2. Seetharam and Ramdas
   Chikmagalur
   678 penalty points
3. Shantakumar
   Chikmagalur
   856 penalty points

SPORTS CHALLENGE



NORGAY

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MT EVEREST SINCE 1922 MANY SERIOUS ATTEMPTS WERE MADE TO CONQUER THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN. NOT UNTIL MAY 29, 1953 DID SIR EDMOND HILLARY AND TENZING NORGAY ACCOMPLISH THE FEAT. SINCE THEN A NUMBER OF CLIMBERS HAVE MASTERED THE "GODDESS— MOTHER"



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SWIMMING



Michael Gross



Ambrose 'Rowdy' Gaines

Men

100m freestyle	Ambrose 'Rowdy' Gaines (USA)	49.80 (1984)
200m freestyle	Michael Gross (FRG)	1·47.44 (1984)
400m freestyle	Thomas Fahrner (FRG)	3.50.91 (1984)
1500m freestyle	Vladimir Salnikov (USSR)	14:58.27 (1980)
100m breaststroke	Steve Lundquist (USA)	1·01.65 (1984)
200m breaststroke	Victor Davis (Canada)	2 13.34 (1984)
100m butterfly	Michael Gross (FRG)	53.08 (1984)
200m butterfly	John Sieben (Australia)	1:57.04 (1984)
100m backstroke	Richard Carey (USA)	55 29 (1984)
200m backstroke	John Naber (USA)	1:59.19 (1976)
4×100m freestyle relay	USA	3·19.03 (1984)
4×200m freestyle relay	USA	7:15 69 (1984)
200m individual medley	Alex Baumann (Canada)	2:01.42 (1984)
400 individual medley	Alex Baumann (Canada)	4.17.41 (1984)
4×100m medley relay	USA	3·39.30 (1984)

Women

100m freestyle	Barbara Krause (GDR)	54.79 (1980)
200m freestyle	Barbara Krause (GDR)	1:58.33 (1980)
400m freestyle	Tiffany Cohen (USA)	4:07.10 (1984)
800m freestyle	Tiffany Cohen (USA)	8:24.95 (1984)
100m breaststroke	Petra Van Stevaren (Netherlands)	1:09.88 (1984)
200m breaststroke	Lina Kachushite (USSR)	2:29.54 (1980)
100m butterfly	Mary T Meagher (USA)	59.26 (1984)
200m butterfly	Mary T Meagher (USA)	2:06.90 (1984)
100m backstroke	Rica Reinisch (GDR)	1·00 86 (1980)
200m backstroke	Rica Reinisch (GDR)	2:11.77 (1980)
4×100m freestyle relay	East Germany	3:42.71 (1980)
200m individual medley	Tracy Caulkins (USA)	2:12.56 (1980)
400m individual medley	Petra Schneider (GDR)	4:36.29 (1980)
4×100m medley relay	East Germany	4:06.67 (1980)

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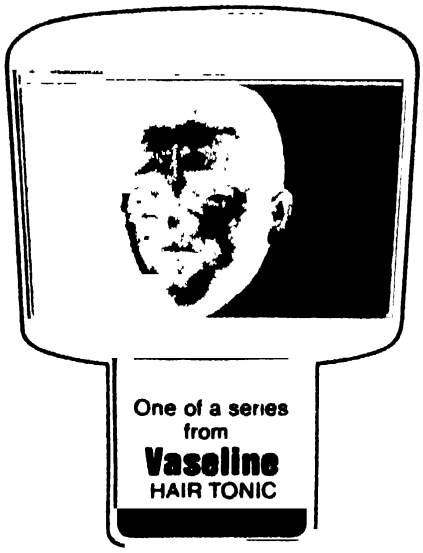
FERENC PUSKAS was born in Budapest, Hungary, the son of a footballer. His father was, for three years, the centre-half of a club called Kispest.

Puskas Junior became one of the greatest attacking players in the history of soccer .. thanks to the help he did *not* receive from his father.

'My debt to my father is a lasting one,' he recalled recently. 'And not the least part of it was all the coaching that he refused to give me!'

'Hungarian boys learn to control a football almost from the time they can walk. Father packed me out to play football whenever I felt I wanted to. But he never favoured teaching me and filling my mind with technical advice. His theory was that while a lad was growing, he should be free to develop his own style.'

PUSKAS



Communist take-over

Puskas's great friend in his teens was his next-door neighbour Josef Bozsik, later to become right-half in the great Hungarian team that annihilated England twice. Bozsik played with him in the Kispest Junior side. When they were 16, they graduated into the professional ranks.

The Communists were tightening their grip on Hungary, and Kispest, the best team in the land, was taken over by the Army and re-named Honved. The players became second lieutenants in the Army, though their only duties were to train and play football.

Honved won the national championship five times in seven years. Nine of their players were internationals. Puskas, who was not interested in politics, had the honorary rank of major conferred on him after one memorable goal-scoring performance.

His shooting feats were extraordinary—all with his left foot.

Unbeaten record

'My right foot was solely for standing on,' he joked. In 1953, the world got to know about Puskas and his scoring capabilities when Hungary appeared at Wembley Stadium to meet the might of England.

England were unbeaten at Wembley, and had never been beaten in England by a Continental side. They were the invincibles. Hungary's forward line that day was Budai, Kocsis, Hidegkuti, Puskas and Czibor.

Hidegkuti was a deep-lying centre-forward. Though he wore the No. 9 shirt, he rarely appeared at the head of the attack. This flummoxed England's centre-half, Billy Wright.

These were the days when England's players came together only a couple of days before an international, ran round the pitch a few times and then went out and played without any tactical plan.

The Hungarians brought a new conception of the game to Wembley. Their 4-2-4 system was based on immaculate first-time passing by players who ran hardest when they were nowhere near the ball.

Scored two

England were routed 6-3, with Puskas scoring two of the goals. 'For most of us, that was the achievement of a lifetime,' he said later.

That defeat started a revolution in English football. After 90 years supremacy, England had been forced to concede that another country could play the game better than they could.

Next year England went to Budapest to try and put into effect what they had learned from the 'Magical Magyars,' as they were dubbed.

This time their disgrace was even more humiliating. They lost 7-1—and, again, Puskas scored twice!

Big offer

In 1956 the Hungarian Revolution flared and Puskas fled to Vienna. Real Madrid, holders of the European Cup in the first two years of its inception (1955-56 and 1956-57) made him a big offer and he joined them.

On his first season, Puskas was Real's leading scorer. Other great players like Didi and Kopa had been imported to Madrid at great expense but had failed to hit it off with the great Di Stefano on the field. There was only one King at the Bernabeu Stadium—Alberto Di Stefano.

Puskas, who never liked hogging the ball, fitted in with Di Stefano because he was willing to let the maestro have his glory. All he wanted was to score goals, and together they scored hundreds.

In 1962 Benfica beat Real 5-3 in the European Cup final in Amsterdam. Puskas and Di Stefano were slowing up. Puskas invested his money in a sausage factory and early in 1963 announced his retirement at the age of 36.

Today he still coaches. But he says the great players have their talent in them. They cannot be taught.

Puskas had that talent in abundance. He also had what was arguably the best left foot in the game's history. The most prolific anyway!

Steve Douglas

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Dress your own hair. Vaseline Hair Tonic for real looking hair.

Naked Ambitions

Ball game

IT is disappointing that practically the only sport unrepresented at the Olympic Games is nude volleyball. Last year the first European Championships were held in the sport of nude volleyball, in which three men and three women must be on court at all times. Even Britain sent a team and came third.

Competitors at the Championships included top division players from Denmark and Germany, from the clothed version of the game. There was also a German international who took part.

Tribal Hunt

Getting it back

A NATION wide search has been launched to recover the medals of Louis Tewanima, the small wiry Hopi tribesman who won an Olympic silver in the 10,000m in Stockholm in 1912.

Many medals, trophies and other honours were earned by him following that. But most of them including the Olympic silver medal have disappeared because Tewanima gave them away as gifts to friends or sold them.

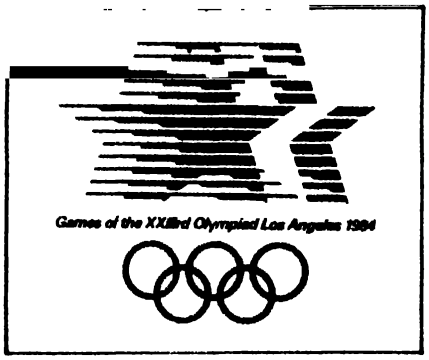
Now Tewanima's family and the Hopi tribe would like to get them back.

Disappear

Maintaining rights

EVERY female competitor at the Games had to undergo a sex test. But the IOC agreed that in case any athlete failed the test, they would not be disgraced but would instead 'quietly disappear' from the Games.

Prince Alexander Dr Merode of Belgium, the Chairman of the IOC's medical committee said the IOC had taken precautions to ensure that results would be kept secret 'out of respect of the rights of the individual'.



Everlast KO'ed

BBC hit out

ALL advertising material had to be removed from the boxing ring before the bouts began and could be televised to Europe.

The BBC had threatened to cancel their broadcast unless the tradename (Everlast) was removed from the corner posts.

The BBC pointed out, quite rightly, that no kind of advertising material is allowed to be displayed at Olympic venues.

The hoardings were on display during the opening programme in the morning and early afternoon but were removed before the evening session began.

An Organising Committee spokesman said that the display of the tradename over the ring was an oversight. 'We removed it as soon as it was brought to our notice.'

Zola Again

Over and out

WHEN Zola Budd, the controversial South African born British athlete, arrived with the British team at Los Angeles she learnt that she had officially lost her South African citizenship which she had renounced in order to have a shot at an Olympic gold.

Her name followed by that of her father, Mr. Frank Budd, appeared at the top of a list of 18 people who have either renounced or have been deprived of their South African citizenship, which was published in the *Government Gazette* issue in Pretoria.

However interestingly the list did not include her mother, Mrs. Tossie Budd. The *Gazette* notice states that Zola and her father's renunciation of South African citizenship became effective from May 30.

Good Example

Inspiration by example

AUSTRALIA's Olympic athletic team manager Miss Wendy Ey, 45, believes in inspiration by example.

One of her country's sporting greats in the Fifties, she trained harder than ever among the young athletes she took to Los Angeles. And it produced results for her.

In the veteran's 200m sprint of the South Australian Athletic Championships, held before she went to LA, she set an Australian record in the women's 45-49 age group by winning in 26.6 secs beating the 27-second mark she had set earlier.

In the open 200m sprint she finished fourth in 26.2 secs equalling the world record for her age group. She also qualified for the open 100m final in a veterans world record time of 12.8 secs.

'That to me was my greatest achievement, especially as I last ran in an open championship just on a quarter of a century ago,' Ms Ey said.

Like the great Wendy Hayes, Ms Ey was in the same class of stars as Betty Cuthbert and Marjorie Jackson in what was then a golden era for women's athletics in Australia.

A silver medallist at the 1958 Commonwealth Games, Ms Ey held many Australian sprint and hurdles titles before retiring at the age of 21. She was the assistant manager at the Moscow Games and she became the first woman manager when she was given the job at the Brisbane Commonwealth Games in 1982.

Ms Ey sees her continued desire to compete important for an official. A lesson for India, for we sometimes send managers who have never even played a particular sport. According to Ms Ey the participation 'makes me feel closer to the athletes because I understand how they feel before a race and during training.'

Asked how long she intends to compete, she said: 'My grandmother is 101, so if this is any indication I've probably got a few more years left in me.'

Fatal Call

NEW YORK: During the course of a base-ball game, the umpire happened to glance at the spectator stands and saw a woman being carried out on a stretcher. Walking over to the manager-coach of one of the teams he asked, "What happened? Heart attack?" The man whose team was losing, snarled: "No, you called one right and she fainted!"

Test Your Excuse

ATLANTA: Georgia lawmen held a contest for the best excuse when caught speeding. One fat motorist claimed he did it to lose weight as the faster he drove the more scared he was of getting caught, and the more calories he burned. Another winner stated that he has a glass eye and so cannot watch the road and the speedometer at the same time. The best excuse came from the wife of a speeding driver who said. "My husband ain't speeding, officer. I always make him drive slow when he's drunk!"

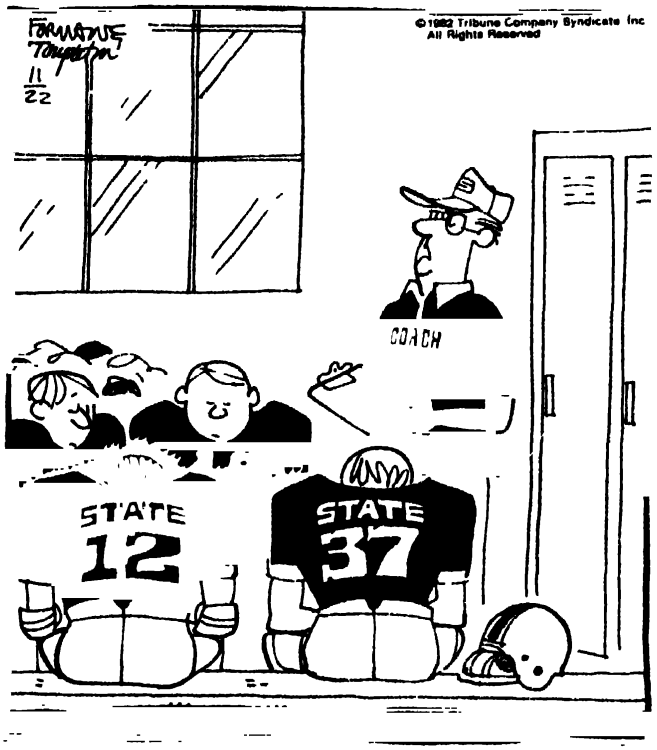
Golfer's Lament

"To put is to place a thing where you want it; to putt is a vain attempt to do the same thing."

Bernie Tellis



MATH MAJOR.



FELLAS, I RESPECT CANDOR AS MUCH AS ANYBODY, BUT I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU STOPPED REFERRING TO ALUMNI LOCKER VISITS AS "PAYDAY"...

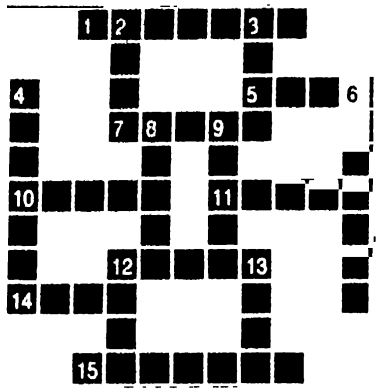


WE'RE BULLS AND YOU'VE PUT US IN A FOURSOME WITH TWO BEARS!

CROSSWORD

Mudar

250



ACROSS

1 American gymnast at the Olympics is 'lively' to start with (7)
5 Indian athlete Sumariwala who was left behind (4)
7 Gold winning swimmer at Montreal who was one of the persons to carry the Olympic flag into the stadium during the opening ceremony (5)
10 A ball generally preceding the first one in children's cricket matches (5)
11 'Dimensional feature' for England's new opener (5)
12 What an athletic Calvin and a tennis playing Stan share between them (5)
14 Baseball 'great (4)
15 Unlikely name for the winner of the longest race at the Munich Olympics (7)

DOWN

2 A cricketing Lal, but not Madan (4)
3 The covered wheel in the cycling event of this year s Olympics
4 What John McEnroe was of Peter Fleming at this year s Wimbledon (7)
6 A billiards great ends in alcohol (7)
8 Indian hockey player, the hero of the country s triumph in the '75 World Cup, finishes before noon (5)
9 This tennis is popular in China, coming up (5)
12 'Coloured Zimbabwe cricketer (4)
13 A short of run one would take in a game of rounders (4)

Excellent: 16-15 Good: 14-13, Fair 12

OLYMPIQUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 Which winner of women s javelin throw gold was so humiliated at finishing only fifth in the next Olympics that she shaved off all her hair and refused to wear a scarf to hide her shame?
2 Who was the first black athlete to win an Olympic gold medal?
3 Which Olympic gold medallist was arrested for drug-smuggling but died in prison before coming to trial?
4 When, for the first time in Olympic history, were all three medals in a women's track event won by athletes from the same nation?
5 In the 1956 Olympics two throw event gold medallists were involved in a romance and were later married too Who were they?
6 On being presented the gold medal, an ecstatic Olympic sculling champion jumped up and down with joy and in the process dropped the medal in the water, never to be found again Could you identify him?

ANSWERS

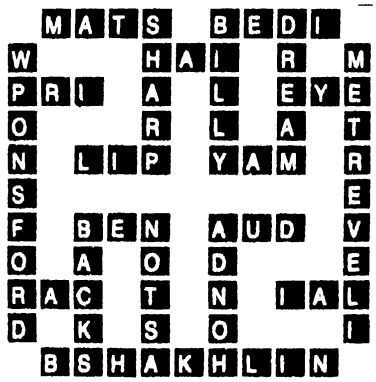
1 Elvira Ozolina (Soviet Union) who won in Rome but slipped to the fifth place in Tokyo
2 John Taylor of the USA s 4x400m relay quartet in 1908 Games
3 Humberto Marles Cortes of Mexico who won the gold medal in Equestrianism (jumping, individual) in 1948
4 In 1980 when Nadezhda Olizarenko, Olga Mineyeva and Tatyana Providokhina of the USSR finished the 800m race in that order
5 Harold Connolly (USA), hammer throw gold medallist and olga Fikotova (Czechoslovakia), women's discus throw gold medallist
6 Vyacheslav Ivanov (USSR), winner in Single Sculls in 1956

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

World champions make mistakes like anyone else, though perhaps less often

SOLUTION 249



Still, you have to go a long way to find a more inept display than occurred on this encounter between the USA and Pakistan

	♠ 7 ♡ Q J 7 4 ◇ Q J 9 8 5 2 ♣ A 7	
♠ 9 6 ♡ K 6 5 2 ◇ A K 7 ♣ Q J 8 4	N W E S	♠ Q 4 2 ♡ A 10 9 8 ◇ 4 3 ♣ K 10 9 2
	♠ A K J 10 8 5 3 ♡ 3 ◇ 10 6 ♣ 6 5 3	

West was the dealer and neither side was vulnerable This was the bidding when the Americans were North-South

South	West	North	East
Meckstroth	Masood	Rodwell	Mahmood
	1NT	2♣(1)	dble
4♠(2)	pass	pass	dble
pass	pass	pass	

(1) This was a somewhat unorthodox use of the Astro convention Two clubs indicated hearts and a minor suit
(2) A trifle optimistic, perhaps South has several losers
West led the ace of diamonds (normal nowadays from ace-king) and East dropped the 4 This had to be from a doubleton, or possibly singleton, and West should surely have attempted to drive out the ace of clubs Instead, he led a trump and South scored an unexpected 590
But you ve seen nothing yet! This was the bidding at the other table

South	West	North	East
Nishat	Levin	Nisar	Arnold
	1♣	3◇	pass
3♡	pass	4♡	pass
4♠	pass	5◇(2)	dble
pass	pass	pass	

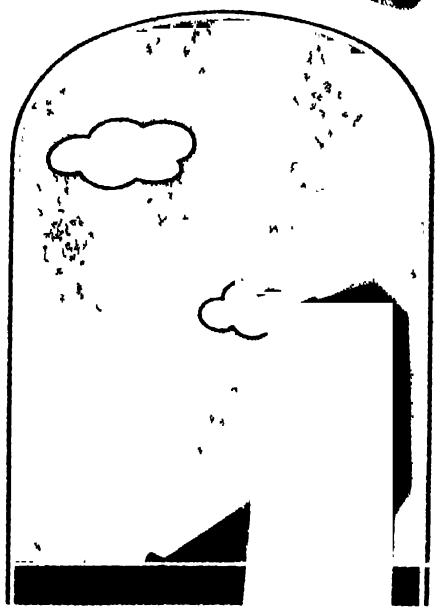
(1) South tries of bluff his opponents out of a likely game in hearts, but a direct four spades would in all probability achieve the same object
(2) Concluding, no doubt, that his partner was being funny with diamond support, but let partner rescue himself!
The Americans gained a further 700 for a swing of 15 match points
This week's problem. How should West play six clubs against a trump lead on these hands?

West	East
♠ 4	♠ A Q 10
♡ K 6 5 2	♡ A 7 3
◇ K 7 2	◇ A Q 3
♣ K Q 10 5 2	♣ A J 9 7

Answer. Don't think too long about spade finesses or ruffing the fourth heart The surest line is to ruff two spades in hand, playing a reverse dummy.

SPORTSWORLD WEEKLY 22 August 1984
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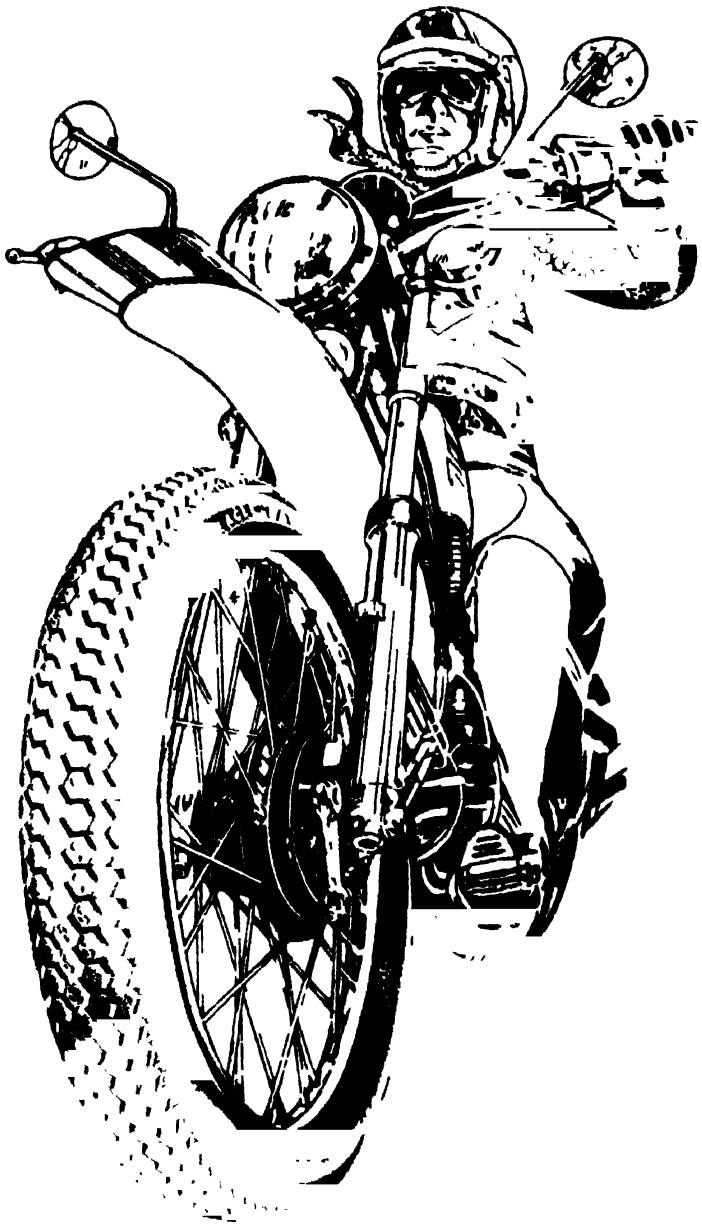
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Sportsworld

29 Aug—4 Sept, 1984

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6
The Daley Dazzle
Freeze the Games forever in your memory. Here is an exclusive photo album on the Los Angeles Games from Nikhil Bhattacharya

13
Was LA a success?
Yes, says George K. George, detailing the obstacles the organising committee had to face in staging the greatest show on earth

Special features
16 Report on the Olympic closing ceremony
18 Was ABC biased?
27 Focus on the LA athletics
35 Analysis of India's hockey failure
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Cover transparency of the Olympic closing ceremony by Nikhil Bhattacharya

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A serious matter

WE are terribly distressed at the performance of the Indian squad at the Los Angeles Olympics. Except P.T. Usha none of the others attempted valiantly to get an award for our country. Our hockey team started off extremely well but failed most miserably when they were required to fight it out. More tragic that, from the first position, we are down to the fifth spot.

A strong explanation must be sought as to why the authorities are putting our nation to great shame by sending players who are almost underserving to face international competitions. These officials, trainers and players must be strongly punished for acting irresponsibly and not taking the Olympics with utmost seriousness.

DR. PRAHLAD GHOSH,
Calcutta.

Indian trend

INDIA's failure to reach the semi finals of the Olympic hockey is quite disappointing. There is, again, the ignominy of finishing fifth.

From India's performance, it can well be concluded that this debacle is due mainly to the defence line. The forwards performed well, though not adequately. But the 14 goals scored against the nine conceded is an index of the trend.

P. V. L. N. SWAMY.
Orissa.

Usha, the sprint queen

INDIA lost a golden opportunity to win her first medal in the 23rd Olympiad at Los Angeles when her sprint queen missed a medal by a whisker.

We hope we will encourage her to participate in more international meets.

It is an open question whether the male sprinters in India can better her mark in 400m hurdles.

S. AKHILESH KRISHNAN,
Madras.

Beg to differ

WITH reference to the article 'McEnroe and Navratilova will rule the world' by David McMahon, I must say that I do not agree with him when he says that McEnroe is going to dominate the world and further, that he has set standards unlikely to be matched by mere mortals.

ARTA MISHRA,
Cuttack.

County cricket

THERE was vast coverage of county cricket in your July-August issues. However, it fails to give any mention of the memorable knock of Derek Underwood for Kent.

In an interview on TV, Underwood expressed his desire to score a century and now has fulfilled his life long ambition. Underwood's 111 really saved Kent from a disaster.

C. K. SUBRAMANIAM,
Madras.

Pakistan's trump card

HATS OFF to Pakistan for their magnificent come back. At a time when many hockey experts thought the fight was over, Pakistan came back to pull off a great win.

Hassan Sardar's opportunistic goals carried the Pakistanis right through the hockey championship. Surely, he is their invaluable trump card.

RUDOLPH VANCE,
Calcutta

The mental barrier

THE West Indies have started dominating the game of cricket to such an extent that their defeat seems to be beyond imagination. Though cricket is an uncertain game, the West Indies have proved in no uncertain terms that they are the masters.

It has reached such an extent that, from now on, all teams playing against them will be under tremendous psychological pressure. But, it is upto the teams themselves to break this barrier and beat them. All the best to the teams playing against them.

SIMANTA BHAGAWATI,
Gauhati.

Thank you

YOUR magazine has certainly improved in quality and quantity. The new get-up, selection of articles and its presentation are definitely a great improvement over the earlier ones. I am simply thrilled by some of your past issues.

Accept my congratulations.

SRINIVASAN UMASHANKAR,
Nagpur.

4

ATHLETICS



Edwin Moses



Valerie Brisco-Hooks



Daley Thompson

Men

EVENT	HR	MIN	SEC	NAME & COUNTRY	YEAR
100 m			9 95	Jim Hines(USA)	1968
200 m			19.80	Carl Lewis(USA)	1984
400 m			43 86	Lee Evans(USA)	1968
800 m		1	43 00	Joaquim Cruz(Brazil)	1984
1500 m		3	32 53	Sebastian Coe(Britain)	1984
5000 m		13	05.59	Said Aouita(Morocco)	1984
10000 m		27	38 35	Lasse Viren(Finland)	1972
Marathon	2	09	21.00	Carlos Lopez(Portugal)	1984
110 m hurdles			13.20	Roger Kingdom(USA)	1984
400 m hurdles			47 64	Edwin Moses(USA)	1976
3000 m steeplechase		08	08 02	Anders Garderud(Sweden)	1976
4×100 m relay			37 83	USA	1984
4×400 m relay			2 56.16	USA	1968
High jump	2 36 metres			Gerd Wessig(GDR)	1980
Long jump	8.90 metres			Bob Beamon(USA)	1968
Triple jump	17.39 metres			Viktor Seneyev(USSR)	1968
Pole vault	5 78 metres			Wladyslaw Kozakiewics(Poland)	1980
Shot put	21 35 metres			Vladimir Kiselyev(USSR)	1980
Discus throw	68.28 metres			Mac Wilkins(USA)	1976
Hammer throw	81.80 metres			Yuriy Sedykh(USSR)	1980
Javelin throw	94.58 metres			Miklos Nemeth(Hungary)	1976
Decathlon	8797 points			Daley Thompson(Britain)	1984

Women

EVENT	HR	MIN	SEC	NAME & COUNTRY	YEAR
100 m			10.97	Evelyn Ashford(USA)	1984
200 m			21.81	Valerie Brisco-Hooks(USA)	1984
400 m			48.83	Valerie Brisco-Hooks(USA)	1984
800 m		1	53.43	Madezda Olizaremko (USSR)	1980
1500 m		3	56.56	Tatyana Kazankina(USSR)	1980
3000m*		8	35.96	Maricica Puica(Rumania)	1984
Marathon*	2	24	50	Joan Benoit(USA)	1984
100 m hurdles			12.56	Vera Komissova(USSR)	1980
400 m hurdles*			54.61	Nawal El Moutawakil(Morocco)	1984
4×100 m relay			41.60	East Germany	1980
4×400 relay		3	18.29	USA	1984
High jump	2.02 metres			Ulrike Meyfarth(W Germany)	1984
Long jump	7.06 metres			Tatyana Kolpakova(USSR)	1980
Shot put	22.41 metres			Ilona Slupianek(GDR)	1980
Discus throw	69.96 metres			Evelin Jahl(GDR)	1980
Javelin throw	68.40 metres			Maria Colon(Cuba)	1980
Heptathlon*	6390 points			Glynnis Nunn(Australia)	1984

* new event

IODEX puts you back in action

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—the rub that heals

NOW that the world's almost greatest show is over, and the captains and kings departed, one wonders what kind of lasting impression these Olympics have left with the Indian spectator. The grandeur of the Games, the precise power of Moses, the dominance of Lewis, the grace of the gymnasts (as well as the inadequacy of judging them) or the performance of the Indian contingent. Perhaps, a bit of all and some more.

Strangely to many of us the least vexing aspect has been, apart from the rare individual effort, India's dismal but altogether expected showing. Having quite patiently, and at length considered the attitude of those responsible for the conduct of Indian sport, and this also now includes the government, one is convinced that India should not participate at all unless she can produce athletes who have a genuine chance of reaching the finals.

The usual "excuse" that our athletes cannot improve unless given international exposure has no validity. International exposure will only demoralise and even embarrass those who obviously do not have the capability to compete at levels way beyond their means. It would be more realistic in the long run to emulate the Russian policy of 1948 when they abstained from participating but sent a number of expert (expert being the operative word) observers and four years later won 22 gold medals.

This is by no means to suggest that India with a different political system will produce similar results but it will at least prevent furthering the suspicion that many entrants and especially the officials are more than happy to use the occasion for a joy ride. First produce the class, then go and win a few medals and you will be surprised how national pride will help to bring more harmony in this country than ever achieved by a hundred political speeches.

Apart from this what really concerns one is the future of the Games itself. It would be naive to hope that a spectacle of this magnitude will ever be devoid of politics. It never has been, not even in the ancient days. Let us also remember that it was the founder of the modern Olympics who ensured Germany's absence from the 1924 Paris Games. The reason given was that France could not guarantee the security: little did Coubertin realise that 60 years later the Russians would use a precedent set by him or that four years earlier Carter would feel that the boycott of the Moscow Games would not only highlight the Soviet presence in Afghanistan but might even put enough pressure on them to withdraw.



Well, as far as I know the Russians are still there but it might be pertinent here to quote the reactions of some of the leading newspapers. The Straits Times from Singapore wrote: "This would be the time to think of a neutral venue before the Soviets organise a boycott of the Los Angeles Games in 1984. "The Indian Express" had this say: "If most countries have decided to go to Moscow it is not because they all endorse the Soviet action in Afghanistan. It is a vote for keeping alive the Olympics and thereby the spirit underlying the Games." And of course, in Pravda "The future of the Olympic movement depends on how firmly the world's athletes, the international sporting federations and the National Olympic Committee's support the decision of the International Olympic Committee."

This officially endorsed one of the main responsibilities of the N. O. Cs as laid down by the IOC "that they must combat attempts at political interference and all discrimination in sport." 1984 brought a suitable and convenient change in the Soviet attitude.

Avery Brundage's efforts to dissociate the element of nationalism from the Games and emphasise instead the performance of the individual also came to nought since to the major powers medal-winning was a means of proving the superiority of their political system.

As for neutral venues, the problem surely lies in the guarantee that in a world where governments can change suddenly, and power may well be transferred to those whose ideologies differ totally from their predecessors, neutrality can hardly be taken for granted. So it does seem that the Games can survive this century only and only if their major powers do believe in the "ennobling spirit which is meant to underly the Olympics" and refrain from using it as a political or sporting battleground. This, if one is to trace the history of the Olympics, was the dream of a few noble idealists, but the movement itself has become too big not to attract the attention of those who will continue to use it for their own purpose.

In the end it is the sportsman who will suffer the most, but one has come to accept that while the sportsman may be the main actor on the stage he really is a minor pawn in the context of the whole play.



The Daley dazzle

All photographs by **Nikhil Bhattacharya**



Exulting after clinching a second successive Olympic gold



Carl Lewis, Kirk Baptiste and Thomas Jefferson after their remarkable 1-2-3 sweep in the 200m event

Footprints of Enterprise

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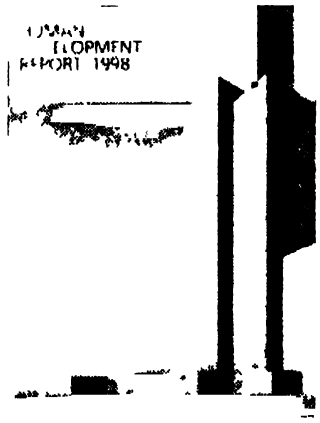


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United Nations Development Programme

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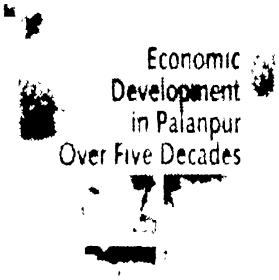
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C A Bayly

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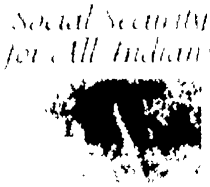


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AND POLITICAL
WEEKLY

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ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL WEEKLY
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Government Capability and Economic Reform

State capacity, defined as the capability for political management of the reform process within a democratic system, is crucial for the sustainability of the reforms even, paradoxically, of the neo liberal type of reform which aims at diminishing the role of government **2843**

Aborted Again

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Nobel Work

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There is ample material for drafting a Freedom of Information Act What is lacking is the political will and courage **2**

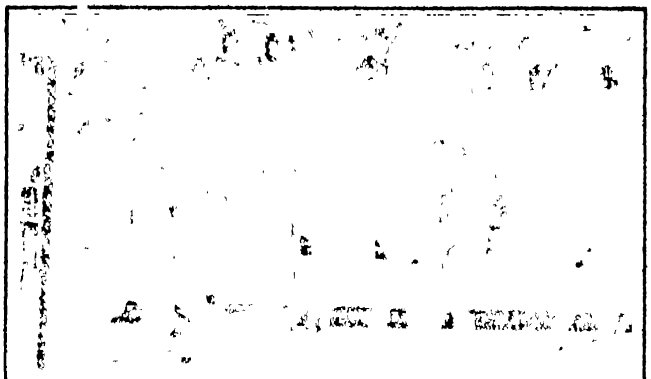


A dejected Martin Herbster of West Germany turns his back to the crowd as Japan's Akaishi Koce is declared a winner

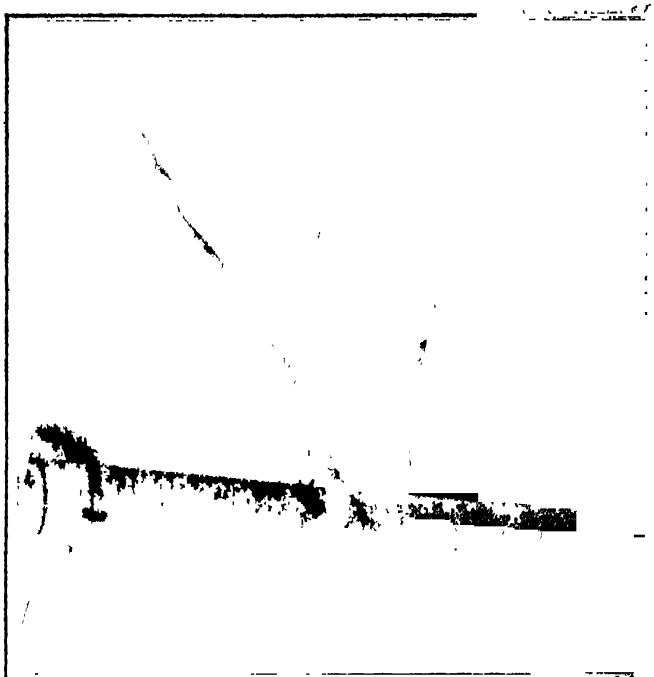


Act Three, Scene Five. Curtain.

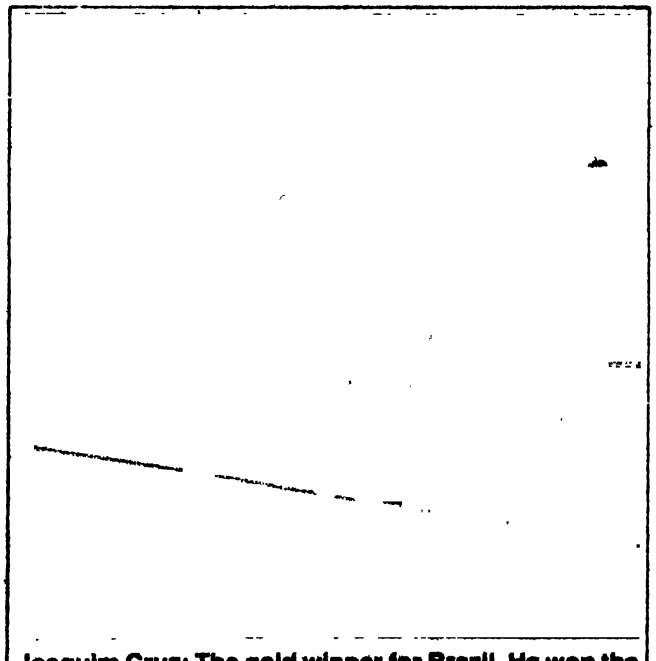
Glimpses of a 'golden' fortnight



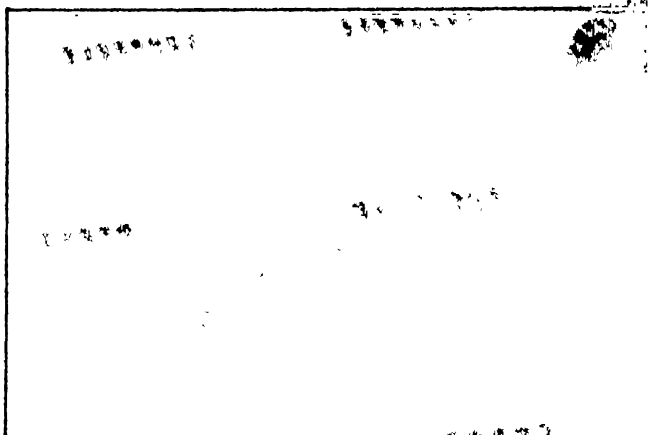
Action from the crucial India-West Germany encounter: India needed a victory to make it to the semi-final, but they failed. West Germany reached the final beating Great Britain. The gold, however, remained in Asia. The victors: Pakistan.



Hang Qun: Graceful and promising, her performance won the acclaim of most gymnastics critics.



Joaquim Cruz: The gold winner for Brazil. He won the top honours in men's 800m after a thrilling duel with the celebrated Briton Sebastian Coe.

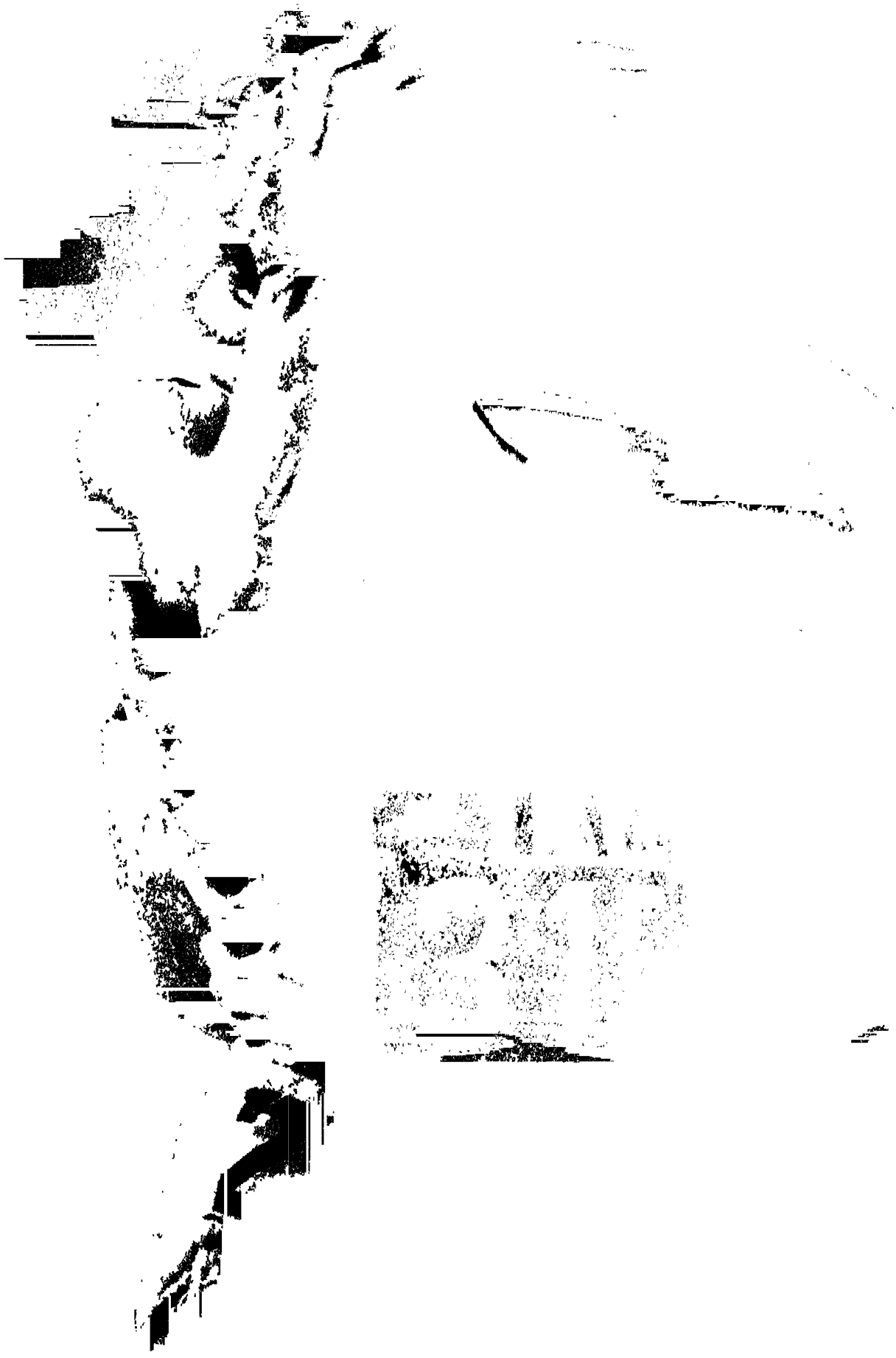


Michael Gross: The 'golden albatross' created a sensation in the LA Games by winning two golds in swimming events. Although his distrust of the media is now well-known all over the world, his ambition to become a journalist.

Kodacolor VR films

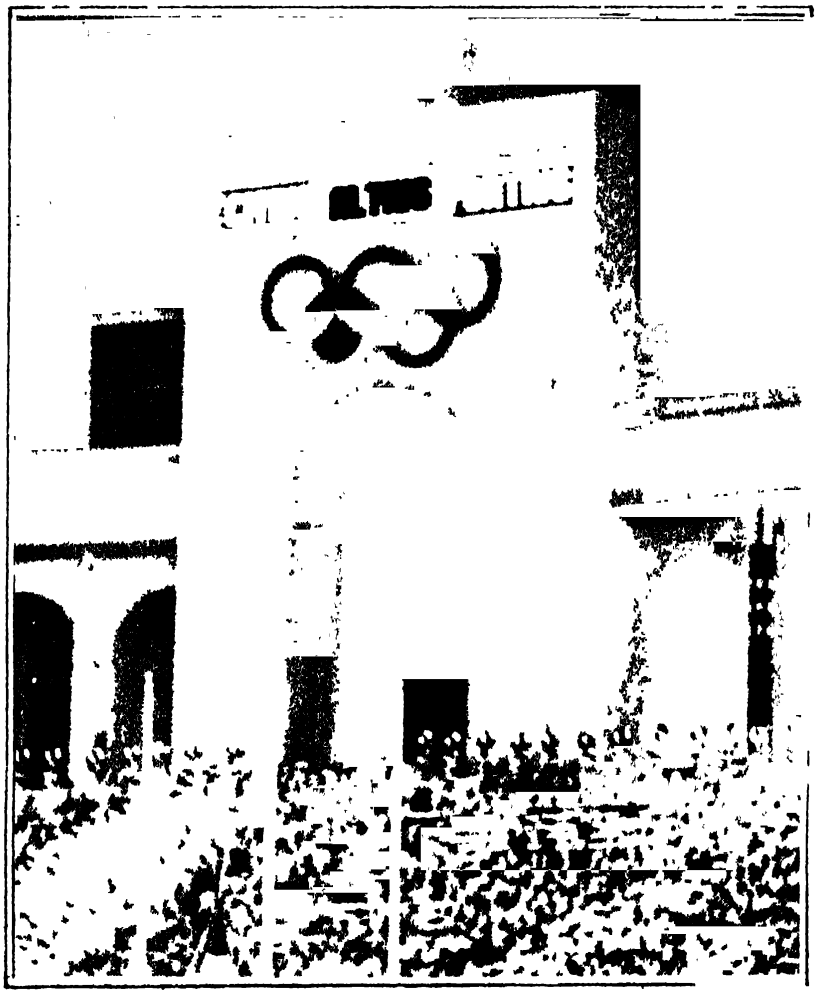
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From political casualty to a successful celebration

The International Olympic Committee president, Juan Antonio Samaranch gave it a 10 out of 10. Many may compare it to an inflated gymnastics score. Samaranch could have been polite to his hosts. But few individuals know what odds had to be overcome for the smooth running of the LA Olympics. It survived a boycott, inclement weather, major security problems and anticipated traffic nightmares. Give it a 10, not for the statistics, but for the joy it brought to the competitors and the spectators, observes **George K. George** who was present at the centre of the action





IN the beginning was the smog. And the smog covered the city of Angels. And Peter Ueberroth said, "Let there be no smog," and there was no smog. Then Ueberroth said, "Let there be no traffic jams," and there were no traffic jams. Then he said, "Let the show begin," and it began and what a show it was.

That is the only way one can reconstruct the script of this unusual success story called the Games of the XXIIIrd Olympiad.

Some called it the greatest show on earth. Some disagreed. After all, that cliche has been patented by all the circus companies around the world. It may not have even been the greatest Olympic show in history. Yet, it was a great show, the biggest production choreographed by Hollywood, the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee and corporate America. Hollywood put its stamp on the opening and closing ceremonies and the television coverage. The LAOOC contributed its organisational brain power. Corporate America helped to pay the bills.

One knew of this partnership at least four years ago. Still, as of January, everything looked very tentative and uncertain. Peter Ueberroth was under his borrowed roof made out of an abandoned Howard Hughes helicopter warehouse. He had a small army of a few hundred volunteers. Only one thing looked promising: the hot Olympic colours. Someone in his team had the good sense to suggest a youthful colour scheme instead of the originally proposed blue, red and white American colours, that would have made these Games a disaster.

Ueberroth's warehouse was decorated in those colours, blue, green, pink, purple, yellow and orange which had brightened up the old structure beyond description. That was the only sign of hope at that stage.

Even at that stage Ueberroth had come a long way from the day he took charge of the organisation of the 1984 Olympics on behalf of a private body called the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee. He was to run the biggest sports spectacle of the world without a penny from Federal, State or City Governments.

The citizens of Los Angeles said, "no thank you" to an orphan Olympics for which the only other bidder was the Shah of Iran. The tax payers of the city were not willing to pay for the Games. They did not want to pay taxes till the first decade of the 21st century as Montreal is doing.

The ambitious plan of running an Olympics on borrowed stadia and residential facilities looked difficult but realistic. Traffic, smog and housing problems seemed to be under control. Security plans were emerging clearly.

Still the problem of kindling the Olympic fire in the hearts of Americans remained a challenge. Ueberroth hoped that the New York-Los Angeles Olympic torch relay could do the trick. But charging a sponsorship fee of 3,000 dollars a kilometre from bearers of the torch created world-wide controversy.

Finally, that fatal morning in New York. It was raining as Rafer Johnson got ready to light the flame on a torch and hand it over to Gina Hemphill. The news struck like lightning.

Even a week before the opening ceremony, millions of tickets were unsold. The tickets of the major events were going for enormous prices through the scalpers. In most hotels more than 30 per cent of rooms were vacant. Security was still the main concern. The traffic nightmare was still haunting everyone. The worst smog in Los Angeles' recent history hung over the city as a symbol of doom.

Suddenly the impossible happened. The Games opened with a ceremony that was beyond everyone's expectations. ABC television took the flame from Rafer Johnson's hand and placed it in the hearts of the American public. Ticket sales hit the peak.

People who had left Los Angeles for fear of crowds, crime and congestion, came back to catch glimpses of the great show. Traffic jams, the hallmark of Los Angeles in the absence of public transportation, are a nightmare even during normal times. With the Olympics no one knew what it could be. The organisers asked people to travel to the Games by bus and by car pool to work. For the first time, Los Angeles listened. Traffic was not a problem, even on "Black Friday" when almost 200,000 people gathered at the Coliseum area for different events.

Crime was at its lowest in Los Angeles during the Games. In fact, as comedian Johnny Carson remarked on his famous show, there were no crimes except the price of the tickets. The only act of terrorism occurred the day after the Games when a policeman planted a bomb in a bus carrying athletes to the airport and then did the 'heroic' act of disposing of it only to be exposed later.

And the smog disappeared and the mercury climbed down. It was a city in pink. Thousands of flags created the festive mood all over the city. Those colours got you wherever you went.



A marchpast comprising volunteers carrying Olympic flags

Even the dull Coliseum looked bright and pretty.

Fortunately, it was not an Olympics in the red. In fact, the organisers anticipated at least 15 million dollars in profits. It could go up to 30 million. It will be divided between different amateur sports organisations in the country.

Attendance at this Olympics exceeded the numbers at Moscow. According to the organisers 5,797,823 spectators attended the Games. At Moscow the total attendance was 5,466,321, which was a substantial increase over Montreal's 3,195,170. "Never in an Olympic Games have I seen so many spectators at all sports venues," said IOC president Samaranch. The IOC is very very happy with the success of the Los Angeles Games.

The organisers also claim that more countries and athletes took part in these Games than in any other Olympics in history. It is not sure whether the final number of participating athletes did exceed the number of participants at Munich.

Forget the statistics which are not ample indicators of the success of an event like the Olympics in which the spirit and the effects matter more.

One has to admit that the quality of competition suffered in the absence of the teams from the Soviet Bloc countries. Their absence did not affect events like equestrian and synchronized swimming.

But the boycott diminished the glow of the medals in women's swimming, women's track and field, gymnastics, weightlifting, wrestling, boxing, judo, soccer, fencing, rowing, rhythmic gymnastics, soccer, volleyball and basketball.

Still, the quality of the competition was a lot better than expected. Ten world records in swimming, one in shooting and another in track and field were not a bad tally. New Olympic records were created in archery, shooting and weightlifting (one each) swimming (11) and track and field (16).

One indirect effect of the boycott was the absence of Cold War. It was a warm and friendly Games. The spectators were enthusiastic about watching the athletes from China, Romania and Yugoslavia. No one could pretend that their delight was motivated by sporting spirit alone. The L.A. Games could be renamed "Friendship Games."



Nikhil Bhattacharya

French supporters cheer their football team in the final

The L.A. Games have given a new lease of life to the Olympic movement. It proved that there could be a life after boycotts. It showed how nations can organise Olympic Games without going broke. It has proved that there could be successful Olympics in Seoul in 1988 even if the Eastern Bloc stay away due to political reasons. There is another criterion to measure the success of an Olympics: the expression on the faces of the competitors and the spectators. On that one count at least the 1984 Games scored a 10. People from all over America and abroad flocked together in a relaxed and peaceful spirit, joy written all over their faces. Anyone who has taken a walk in the Exposition Park near the Coliseum or at the Olympic Villages will never forget the joy of the people who were there. On the opening and closing days more than 30,000 people gathered around the Coliseum without tickets. They just wanted to be part of the celebration. It was not even important to watch the races and the contests. Just being there was enough.

Inflation and the Soviet boycott, limited the number of the foreign visitors. Almost 80 per cent of the tickets were sold to Southern California. It did not seem to matter. Most events were sold out. The one complaint that will be repeated about the Games is that it was a partisan affair. Don't blame the crowds for it. ABC television, the athletes who set flag-waving rituals during the victory lap and the dominance of the American athletes created that impression. Didn't the crowd boo Carl Lewis and cheer Daley Thompson? Didn't it go wild when Sebastian Coe beat the British media and the strong field in the 1,500 metres? How many times did the Romanian prodigies on the mat get the same thunderous cheer that Mary Lou Retton commanded? Didn't Kathy Horvath say she was ashamed to be an American as the crowd rooted for her Yugoslav rival?

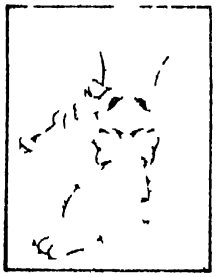
However, it was a crowd that refused to be embarrassed by its team's medal sweep. They waved the flags to turn this Olympics from a political casualty to a successful celebration.

Peter Ueberroth, the man who would have been blamed if the Games had flopped, deserves more credit than anyone else. He commanded the loyalty of an army of 40,000 volunteers in colourful uniforms. They created a colourful fantasy using cloths and pipes, dance and music, light and sound. The images they created will linger for a lifetime in the minds of those who saw it. Those memories will outlast many structures in concrete and stone.

Everything that could go wrong went wrong till the last minute. Yet the organisational genius of Peter Ueberroth and the never-say-die spirit of the Olympic Movement prevailed.

The loudest sound of music and the closest encounter of the third kind

That's what the closing ceremony was all about, says George K. George



It was America Olympic And America knows only one way of staging an Olympic spectacle celebration It was a long 16 day party by lying 5 000 athletes from 140 nations of the world members of the Olympic family were not there 11 due to the boycott one due to a last minute withdrawal That made it an incomplete Olympic Afterall there has been no complete Olympics since Munich 1972

However it was a great celebration a perfect party It was probably the biggest production by Hollywood Corporate America picked up most of the tab It was a curious combination of super human showbusiness What other means can be used to stage such a monumental event in a country where government does not hand out a penny for the organization of the largest sport festival of the world?

This was a private Olympics organized by a bunch of citizens in a city who's residents had refused to fund the Games Yet it turned out to be the biggest Olympic event in terms of number and volume Quality of competition suffered in the absence of many of the world's top talents But that did not take away anything from the lustre of this grand American extravaganza

It was pure American all the way Once the Eastern Bloc backed out, there was only one way of making it a viable enterprise doing it the American way That is where Hollywood came in handy It brought the glamour humour and emotions necessary for the occasion But the meticulous military precision of the Moscow Games was missing The overflowing spirit of joy and gladness made up for that Everyone including the athletes in the official march past could feel free to cut loose a bit and snap a few pictures and shake a few hands They



Nikhil Bhattacharya

The contestants gather around the stage for a closer look

felt relaxed to dance away with the performers and spectators at the ceremonies. The healthy indiscipline was more than tolerable.

The show began with a Hollywood extravaganza scripted and produced by one of its top producers; David Wolper, who wanted spectacular tear-jerkers for the opening and closing ceremonies. The opening show highlighted America's past and present, and song and dance. The monotonous ritual of the Olympic Opening Ceremony was adapted to the framework of a nostalgic production which contained the Gospel Music of the Mississippi Delta, the glamour of Hollywood and the immortal melodies of New York's Broadway. It had everything America could offer: performers, dancers, marching band, flower girls, pianists in white tuxedos, and even a rocket man.

It was the loudest sound of music Hollywood had ever produced.

After 16 days it was time for a universal celebration. It had to be a celebration of the future, a close encounter of the third kind. Yet, the arrival of the extraterrestrials had to be preceded by some of the most courageous mortals around the world. Bringing the conclusion of the marathon into the closing ceremonies was an imaginative innovation. The crowd of almost 100,000 people had to wait almost two hours for the main show, in order to allow the runners to finish, but hardly anyone seemed to mind.

Once the three surprise winners and three equestrians were honoured with the medals they deserved, the ritual began. Through an 11th hour decision, the International Olympic Committee allowed the organizers to accommodate all the athletes around the 500,000 dollar stage in the infield of the Coliseum, then in the stands. They charged in, following and at times overtaking the parade of flags. It took over 30 minutes to get them in place.

Speeches and rituals followed. The Olympic flag was lowered and carried away by some volunteers. The Olympic flame was put out by an employee of the gas company. Finally, it was time for the party. "Celebration and fun are about to begin," the stadium announcer declared solemnly. But who could have imagined that they were in for a Spielbergean encounter of the third kind.

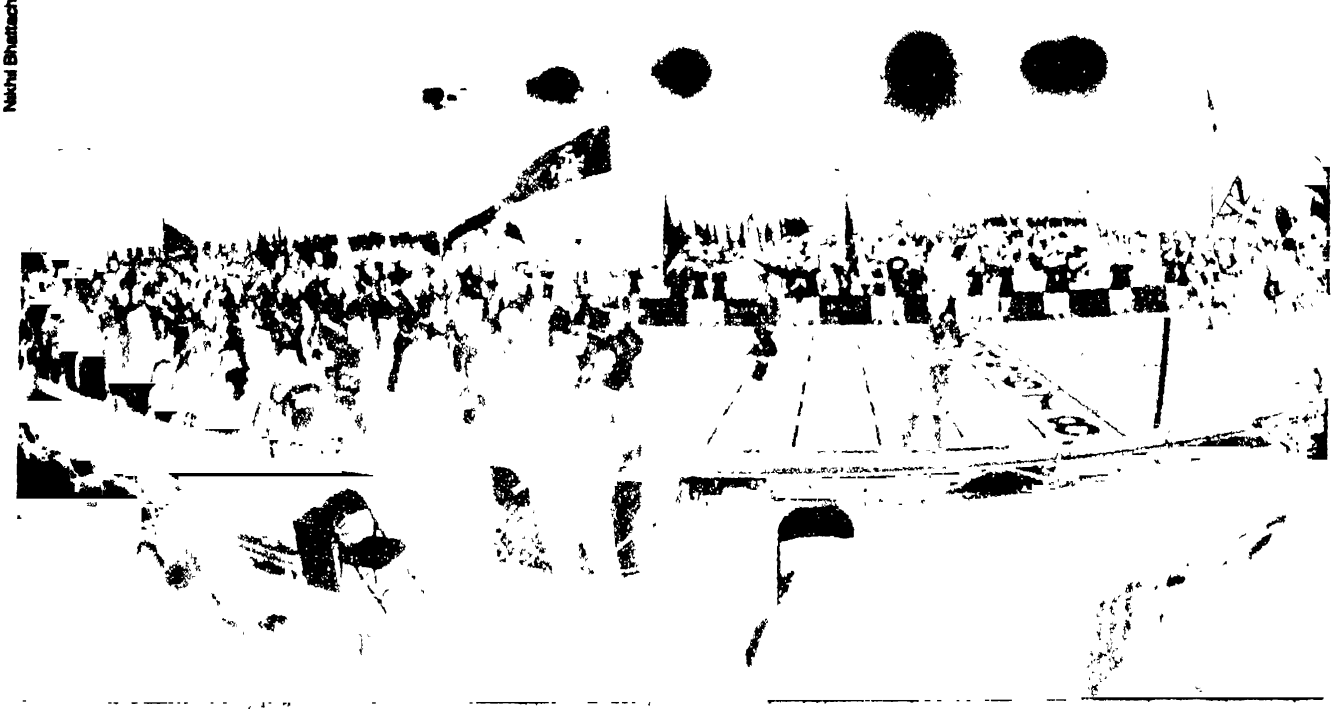
Even when the stadium lights went off and the spectators were asked to turn on the flash lights kept under their chairs, they were only expecting another card trick or some trivial stunt like that. Little did they know that the flashing of almost 1,00,000 lights was inviting the extraterrestrial. In the darkness appeared the spaceship. And communication through light and sound began between the earthlings and the aliens. It was just awesome. The ship landed, laser beams pierced the summer sky, the alien appeared at the base of the torch stand and greeted the humans and disappeared in a flash.

Fireworks followed. Each number paid tribute to a former Olympic site. The craftsmanship of the American, Chinese and Japanese firework experts made it a unique display.

Now the moment of tears. At the opening "Reach out and touch somebody's hand' swept everyone off their feet. This time pop singer Lionel Richie led 200 breakdancers to swing to his tune of "All Night Long" in the midst of the fireworks emanating from the centre stage. It would have gone all night long. But it did, until the stadium announcer ordered athletes off the stage. As at the opening, they just did not want to leave.

It had ended as it had begun 16 days ago, with gladness in the heart and tears in the eye. It could be a passing illusion of humanity's harmony, yet it was worth experiencing the magic that made this world a better place at least for a while.

Nikhil Bhattacharya



The athletes go beserk as they enter the stadium

Was the ABC biased?

"Thanks America for a good Games and a great time," said the line on Daley Thompson's T-shirt at his victory lap. The cameras of the American Broadcasting Corporation almost froze on it. Star anchorman Jim McKay read the line with glee. But the back of the champ's T-shirt had another line, "But what about the TV coverage?" The cameras and McKay conveniently ignored it. That tells one side of the tale of the ABC's controversial coverage of the XXIIIrd Olympiad. **George K. George** examines both sides of the issue.





BEFORE he was handed the biggest flag displayed by an athlete on the victory lap, Daley Thompson, the tongue in cheek hero of Los Angeles, pulled a light blue T-shirt on himself. In front it read, "Thanks America for a good Games and a great time." The ABC cameras and anchor Jim McKay caught it instantly and focussed the viewers' attention to it As Thompson took the turn, his back was to the camera At the back was the question, But what about the TV coverage?" The ABC cameras did not zoom in or even pause to capture it

Jim McKay, the veteran of 20 years of Olympic coverage didn't seem to notice it either Thousands at the Coliseum and the attentive viewers at home saw it It was a strong statement which the ABC had to ignore to save its own face

It was ironic that Thompson wore that shirt He was one of the top half of a dozen athletes who got maximum coverage from the ABC The network had given extensive footage for his classic duel with West Germany's Jurgen Hingsen and to his 400-metre relay appearance There was also an impressive profile of the best all round athlete of the world Yet, Thompson was reflecting the world opinion, in his typically humorous style. It was louder than hundreds of newspaper articles and letters on the issue

As the Games progressed, complaints kept coming from the athletes and coaches of the visiting teams, foreign journalists and broadcasters as well as a good number of Americans themselves Before one knew it, the International Olympic Committee (IOC), the Los Angeles Olympics Organising Committee (LAOOC) and the ABC were involved in the melodrama It had three acts and no climax

Act I The IOC president, Juan Antonio Samaranch's letter protesting the partisan coverage of the Olympics by the ABC reaches Peter V. Ueberroth, president of the LAOOC. Mr Ueberroth reveals the main contents of the letter at a Press conference. He also makes it clear that he personally did not agree with the view. However, he says that on behalf of the IOC he has requested the ABC to consider giving better coverage. The nine-member executive committee of the IOC is said to be unanimous in making the complaint.



Action from the football final between France and Brazil. In spite of the large crowds, football only got 28 minutes on the ABC network

Act II The IOC president Mr Samaranch and executive director Monique Berlioux go to the ABC centre to discuss the issue with the Corporation executives headed by Roone Arledge Then they issue a statement which expresses satisfaction with certain phases of the coverage by the ABC. The letter does not even mention the American focus of the ABC telecast. It seems they accept the ABC's assurance that it was providing neutral coverage of the competition to the broadcasters abroad

In the meantime, the text of Mr Samaranch's letter is released It says "Many complaints have been transmitted to me regarding the coverage by the ABC of Olympic events. The coverage should be of an international nature, particularly for the victory ceremonies I, therefore, insist that you take the necessary action to have the situation rectified, as the Games belong to the whole world." No official response from the ABC

Act III. Day three of the melodrama. The whole world is waiting to see the ABC's reaction. It came from Mr Arledge, the president of the ABC Sports, himself. He described the complaints by the IOC as a 'bum rap'. According to him, there were two reasons for the misunderstanding and the complaints. The foreign athletes and coaches had seen the coverage provided for the American audience. The television feed sent to foreign countries was more international in nature

The world feed to foreign broadcasters was being sent from the International Broadcast centre at Hollywood. 2,500 members of foreign radio and television were sending that feed to 100 countries all over the world, according to the ABC

Mr Arledge said that in the past Games, the foreign feed used to be shown at the Olympic villages. This time too it was done and the athletes who saw the American version misunderstood the ABC's coverage for their home audiences.

He also indicated that the executive committee of the IOC had brought pressure on Mr Samaranch to write the letter to Mr Ueberroth. A copy was not sent to Mr Arledge or the ABC. He made it very clear that the IOC or the LAOOC had no control over what the ABC broadcasts in the United States. However, the IOC does require that the separate world feeds be neutral, favouring no country Mr Arledge insisted that the feed has been neutral.

Nothing more happened and the ABC continued the coverage exactly as it had been doing during the first week. Now comes the question. How biased was the ABC's coverage and why did it adopt a heavily Americanised version of the Olympics ?



'Despite the American razzmatazz, the biased television coverage, the blatant patriotism and the eccentric judging in the boxing, the Games were great'—Britain's *Sun*

The first thing that has to be made clear is that the ABC is one of the three major networks in the US. Its main revenue comes from advertisers for whom it runs commercials. Advertisers prefer to advertise on networks which have a higher percentage of audience, so the ABC was competing with the other two networks even when it was telecasting the Olympics.

It had to win an American audience large enough to please the sponsors and advertisers who were spending up to $260,000 for 30 seconds. If the audience percentage was lower than the 40 per cent of the viewing audience promised by the ABC, the advertisers would pull out, wrecking the finance of the network.

The ABC had made a big gamble in dishing out $225 million for the rights of covering the Olympiad. The payment was supposed to be $30 million less if the Soviet bloc pulled out. It had marshalled an army of 3,500 employees to cover every event of the Games for a prospective 2½ billion audience. It expected to generate $435 million from its 180 hours of domestic telecast. That would give it an approximate profit of $70 to $75 million. That number may look gigantic, but regular programming at other times bring more than 75 per cent of that amount in profits.

The ABC had suffered serious financial setbacks after the coverage of the Winter Games in Sarajevo. The time difference between the two countries destroyed the efficacy of the coverage as most of it had to be done after the events were over. Here was a unique opportunity of doing mostly live telecasts for a home audience.

120 television monitors brought feeds into the ABC control room. From those, the most appealing and interesting items had to be selected in fractions of a second to be televised in the United States. It was a tough decision, especially when the other networks were running daytime drama serials (soap operas) and evening situation comedies and thrillers.

The ABC had to work on the basis of the psychology of the American audience. After the Soviet bloc boycott, there was only one way to save the Games and the television coverage: exploiting the patriotic feelings of the Americans.

America loves winners and heroes of her own. The general knowledge about the rest of the world is extremely limited. In the event of a showdown between the Soviet bloc teams and the US teams, they would be interested in more coverage of other teams. That was not to be. Hence, it had to be pure Americana.

The Corporation knew who was paying the bills for the Olympics. It couldn't care less about the feelings of the IOC executive committee members. It had a game plan and it played according to it. The result was a tremendous success. The network is going to pay $309 million for the 1988 Calgary Winter Games. The organisers of the Summer Games in Seoul are asking for $750 million for television rights. The ABC or its two rivals may not be able to come up with that figure.

The ABC covered the events that Americans would like to see. There was very little coverage of soccer, the biggest box-office hit of the Games. There were no updates on the results of events, unless it favoured the Americans. The exciting matches of men's hockey was dumped, but the matches involving the American women's team were shown extensively.

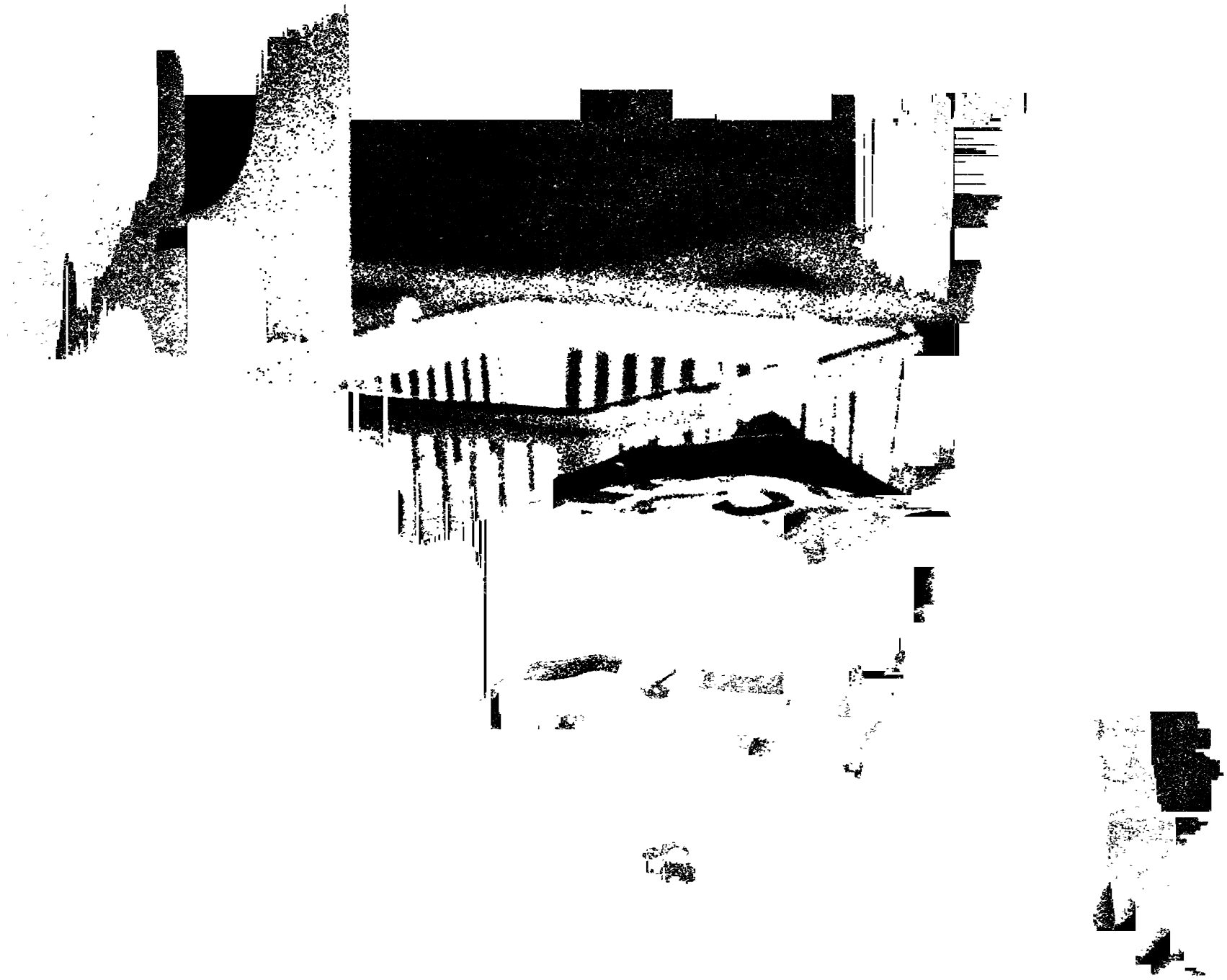
That trend is understandable under the circumstances. The real killer was the bias of the expert commentators, most of whom were former athletes. They almost always spoke in first person plural about 'our team' and 'our victories.' That took away the journalistic credibility of the reporting.

In terms of broadcasting, the ABC did a marvellous job. The technical quality of the production was excellent. The super slowmo, a new technique was very effective to portray close finishes. Many of the 100 features injected between the events were delightful.

Above all, the ABC succeeded in one thing the torch relay and all the publicity could not achieve. It created the Olympic fever in the American public. Millions of tickets were unsold till the ABC set the flame in their minds with the opening ceremony telecast. It tied at least 44 per cent of the nation's television viewers to their television monitors.

However, it missed the unique opportunity of showing the American public a little more of the world that had come to the city of the angels. The public's loss could very well be the ABC's gain in ratings and profits.





Bonanza for women

The main beneficiaries of the Los Angeles Games were the women. For the first time they stole the limelight in an Olympics and produced as many stars as the men, says **George K. George**, summing up the performances in different events of the XXIIIrd Olympiad



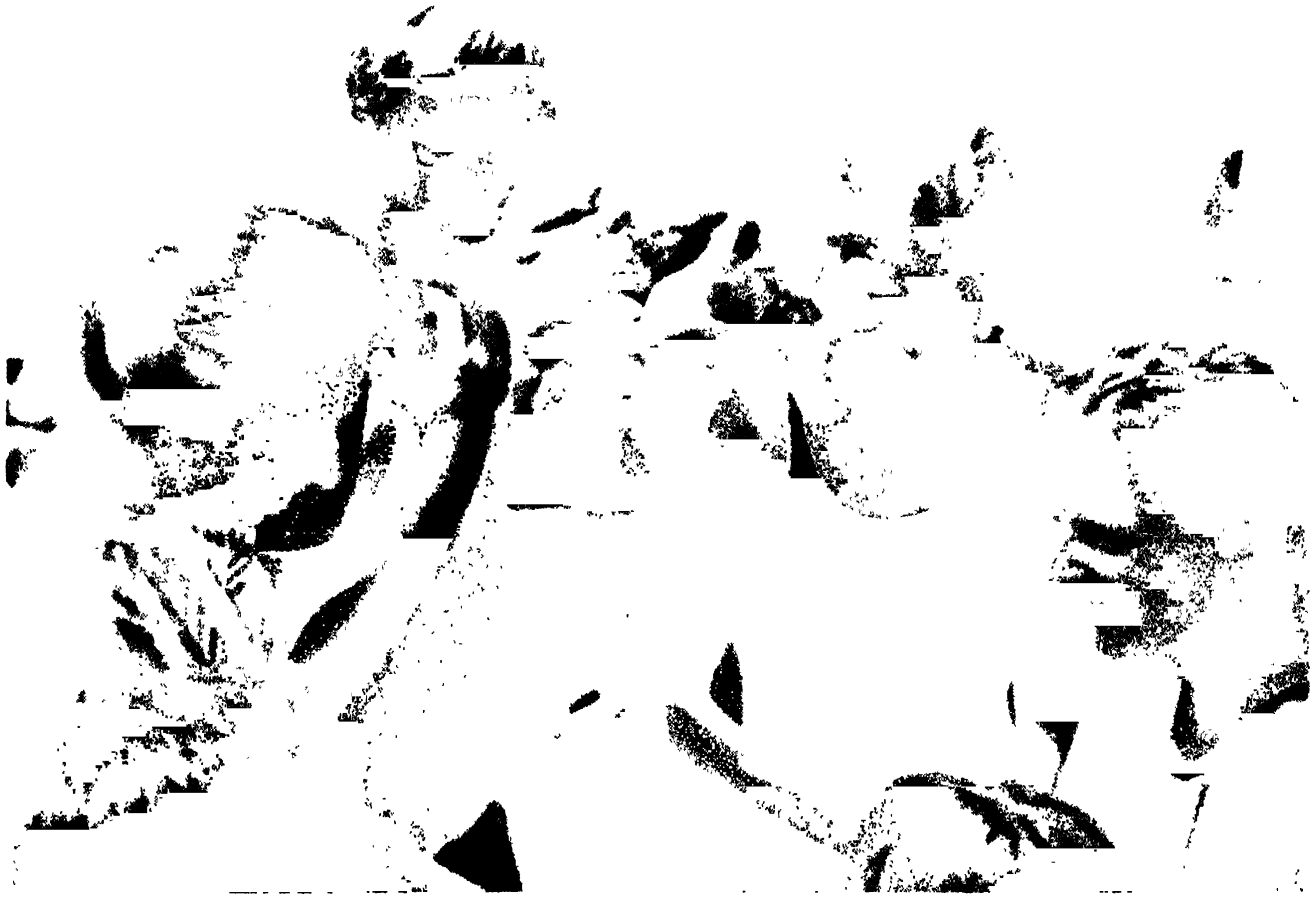
FIFTEEN days of human drama followed the opening ceremony of the 23rd Olympiad at Los Angeles. It was time for sweat and tears, smiles and laughter. The competitors spread themselves over 23 different sites in Southern California, for another kind of fun competition.

An overdose of nationalism fostered by television was unbearable at times. Carl Lewis added to that by his flag waving during the victory lap. Then it became a ritual for every athlete who won a medal. Still, it was a friendly Games. There were no chills of cold war in the sunny, hot arenas of Southern California.

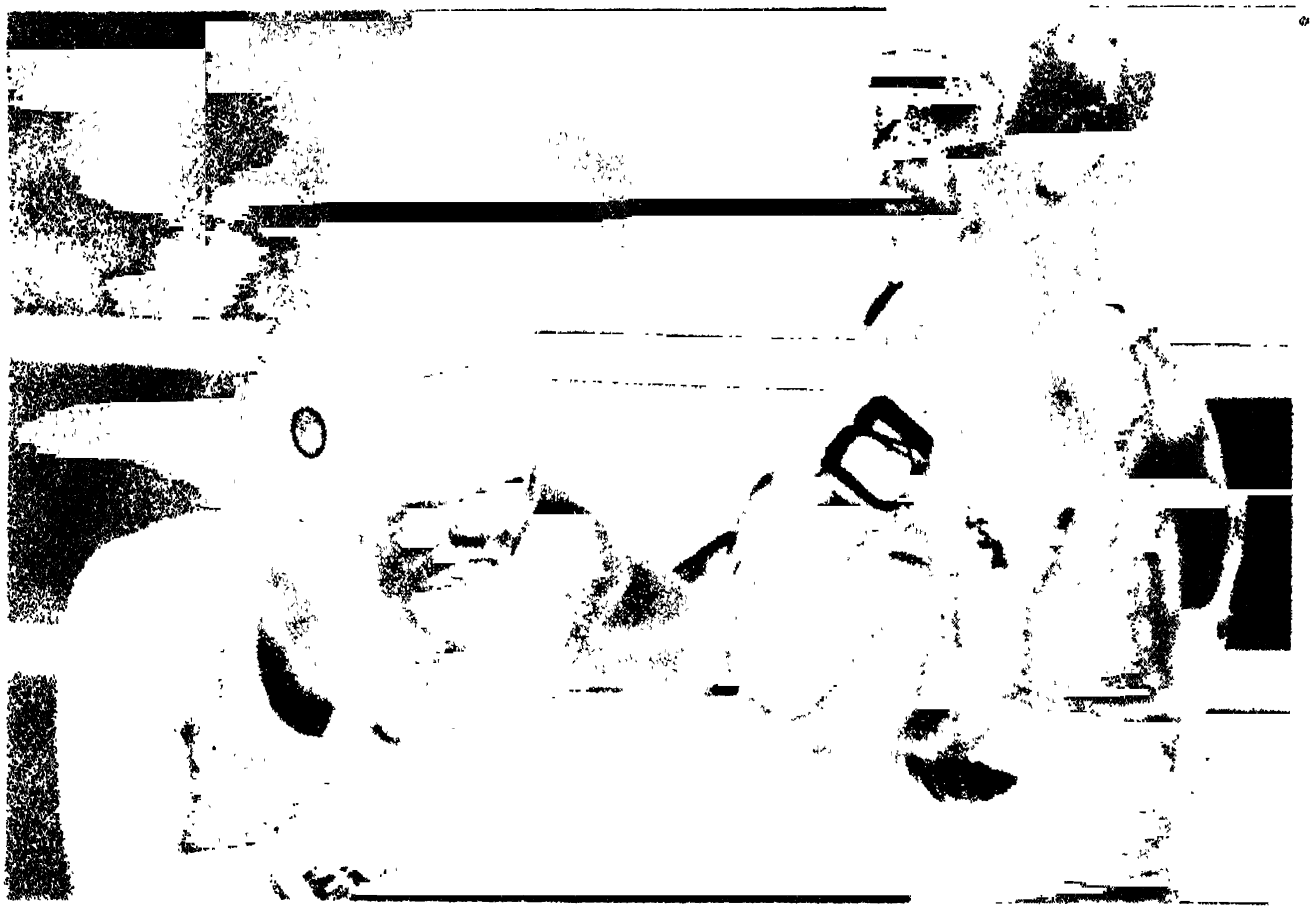
It was mostly sport and very little politics.

The first day of competition was a clear indication of what was to follow. It began with the big splash in the pool, announcing the second coming of a bunch of champions who had missed the boat to Moscow four years ago. Tracy Caulkins, the uncrowned queen of the swimming world and the unorthodox Steve Lundquist set the pace.

Michael Gross, the albatross from West Germany would herald the presence of the rest of the world through a world mark. The 16-year-old Carrie Steinseifer would split a gold with her veteran room-mate and close friend Nancy Hogshead to serve notice about the impending upsets.



Princess Anne has a chat with the British divers



USA's Mark Breland's golden bout against South Korean Young Su An

The Chinese inaugurated their return to the Olympic arena by winning the very first medal of the Games through a fertiliser salesman named Xu Haifeng who was the best performer in free pistol shooting.

Alexei Grewal, who was reinstated to the American cycling team hardly 24 hours before the road cycling race beat favourite David Phinney who was trying to emulate wife Connie's gold winning performance to lead an array of surprising winners in the Games.

And the surprise of surprises, the US men's gymnastics team led the world champions China at the end of the day. Little did the world know that it will be one of the many firsts for the United States in team and individual sports.

The action began in the pool and it continued till the closing day diving spectacle by Greg Louganis of the United States. Ten world records in swimming by the American and Canadian men and Michael Gross kept the momentum created by the glamorous opening ceremonies.

The splash in the pool gave a semblance of class competition to the whole Games. Just two other world records would be created in the coming days, one in shooting and another in the 1 × 100 metre relay record that would crown Carl Lewis' long-awaited quadruple gold effort.

America has to thank the mysterious Michael Gross for setting the pool on fire. After the initial American sweep of medals which began with Lundquist's world record performance in the 100 m breast-stroke, the Games seemed to lose its international perspective altogether.

In came Gross with an improvement on his own world record to stop the American sweep. He did a bigger favour to the hosts, who were beginning to blush about their gold rush, by stealing a world record and the gold from favourite Mike Heath. Alex Baumann and Victor Davis of Canada would set three world records of their own to add to Gross's effort to save the world from the Americans.

As if that were not enough, the 17-year-old Jon Sieben of Australia stunned the 'albatross' in his favourite event through the biggest upset of the first week.

The Americans swept 21 of the 29 gold medals and set four world and 13 Olympic records. A bunch of men and women, who were heartbroken after the 1980 boycott, led that sweep. A number of them like Caulkins, Hogshead and Rowdy Gaines had given up swimming altogether. Still, the call of an Olympics in their backyard could not be ignored and they came back. Lundquist, Heath, John Moffet, Jeff Float , Matt Gribble, Cynthia Woodhead, Tiffany Cohen, Mary Wayte and the great Mary T. Meagher were the leading names of the 1980 list. Moffet and Gribble fell victims of tragic injuries during the Games.

The wave of the pool at the University of Southern California was strong enough to reach the steps of the Pauley Pavilion at the rival University of Los Angeles, California. The gymnastics competition at the pavilion was probably the most balanced competition of the entire Games. It turned up a bunch of true champions from China, Japan, Roma-

nia and the United States. It was a class act on the part of the competitors, who impressed the world with their mutual respect and admiration, which, of course, did not prevent them from neck to neck competition.

The U.S.A.'s upset of the world champions China in the men's competition and Romania's narrow victory over the US women in the team events were electrifying. Japan's Koji Gushiken (27) and U.S.A.'s sweetheart Mary Lou Retton took away the all-round titles from Li Ning of China and Ecaterina Szabo of Romania, who were by far the most accomplished performers of the competition.

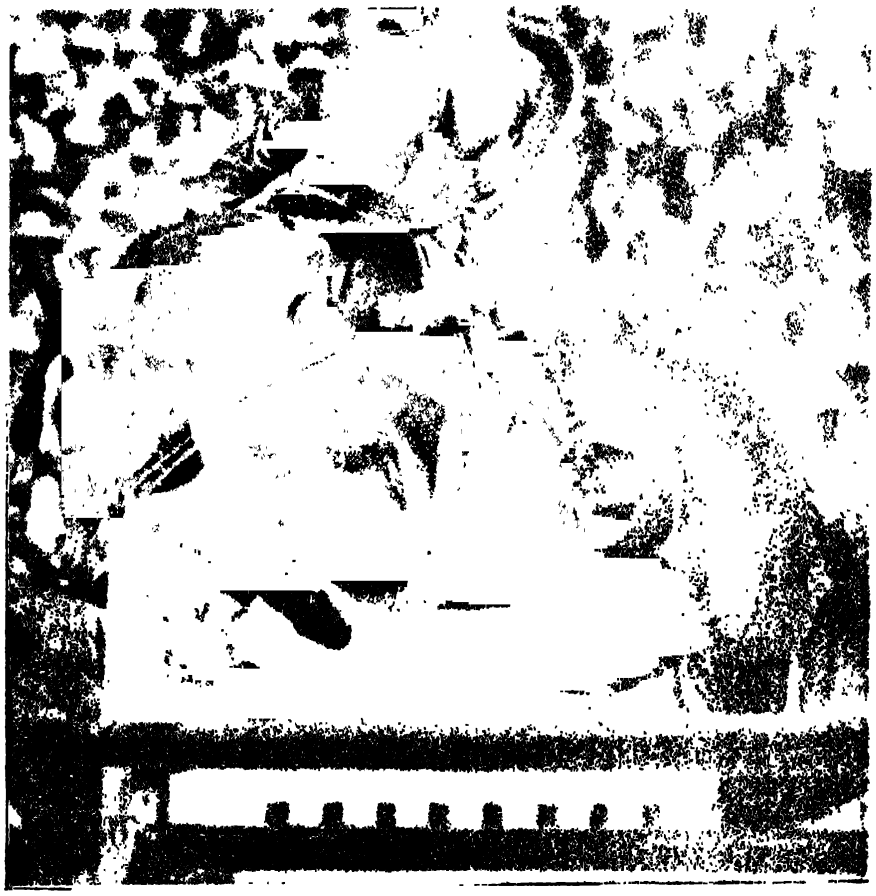
But they had their due reward in the individual competition. Who could ever forget Ma Yanhong of China and Simona Pauca and Laura Cutina of Romania and the US veteran Kathy Johnson who came up with spirited performances.

THE focus shifted from the gym to the track and field which provided more upsets and heartbreaks than Olympic and world records. The main event of the fare was the Jesse Owens show by Carl Lewis. But spectators, who paid 60 dollars a ticket or even double that amount to scalpers, would settle for nothing short of a Bob Beamon act. The result: boos from the crowd to Lewis who passed his jump.

Carl's refusal to meet the media was bad enough publicity. His prepared statements and audiotapes made it even worse, especially after he denied his controversial statement after the long jump event: "If someone had jumped further (after he passed his chances after his second jump), I would not have come back."

Eventually Lewis survived a strong challenge from team-mate Kirk Baptiste and won the 200m and then lined up with rivals Calvin Smith, Ron Brown and Sam Graddy to run the 400m relay in world record time. Even that moment of glory was not as bright as Carl had expected. He had already lost his lustre and, perhaps, half his commercial value. Contrast that with the single gold by Edwin Moses in the 400 metre hurdles and you understand what class is all about.

Mary Decker Tabb lost another round with destiny as she was bounced off the track by Zola Budd's bare foot to bring the most publicised event of the whole Games. Zola's disqualification and subsequent reinstatement may bring a gold mine for her and Decker in future, but the latter's Olympic dreams might continue to be a nightmare for ever. Seoul in 1988 is too many metres away even for Decker's golden feet.



USA's Joe Fargis on Touch of Class takes a jump in the individual event

Other veterans fell too. Steve Ovett, Steve Scott, Steve Cram, (1500 metres) Greg Foster (110-metre hurdles), Henry Marsh (300-metre steeplechase), Rob De Castella, Toshihiko Seko and Alberto Salazar (marathon) and triple jumper Willie Banks were some of the casualties. China's world record holder Zu Jianhua's jinx in international competition continued as he barely made the bronze.

The fascinating new faces included Dietmar Mogenburg (high jump: West Germany), Pierre Quinon (pole vault: France), Said Aouita (5,000 metre race: Morocco), Julius Korir (steeplechase: Kenya) and Al Joyner (triple jump: U.S.A.). All the three marathon medallists led by Carlos Lopez of Portugal also were interesting changes. Joaquim Cruz of Brazil led them all by finishing way ahead of silver medallist Sebastian Coe of Great Britain in the 800 metres. He was certainly the most promising young athlete on the track.

Thank you Great Britain for Sebastian Coe and Daley Thompson. Without them the track and field competitions of the Olympics would have been dead. Thompson celebrated his shootout victory over perennial rival Jurgen Hingsen with a T-shirt attack on the American television coverage. Though he missed the world record by one point, a consecutive title was quite enough for this charismatic clown and the crowd.

Coe, who became the first man in history to win the 1,500 metres race in two Olympic Games had a unique victory gesture—a pointed finger at the British Press in the stands.

The women's track and field events suffered in the absence of the Soviet Bloc athletes. Destiny took the triple gold dream of Evelyn Ashford and forced in an unknown Valerie Brisco-Hooks, to become the only other woman besides Wilma Rudolph to win triple gold in the track. She also

achieved the first Olympic double in 200 and 400 metres, both in Olympic record time.

The 400m relay gave her and Ashford additional gold medals. Joan Benoit's effortless finish in the women's marathon was the sign of the times.

Salute Nawal El Moutawakel of Morocco, who stole the gold and the limelight from India's P.T. Usha with a thunderbolt at the beginning of the 400 metre hurdles, and Italy's 1,500 metre champ Gabriella Dorio. These two tiny women compensated, at least a little, for the absence of the East Europeans.

Boxing ended with a sweep by the Americans, who won nine out of 12 gold medals along with a silver and bronze. Ugly controversies marred the competition in the wake of a series of doubtful decisions by the judges and the jury. Most of them went in favour of the Americans. The South Korean team which performed gallantly even threatened to quit at one stage.

In the meantime, the US coach Pat Nappi was driving to the airport to go home, protesting the interference of professional trainer Emmanuel Stewart. Disqualification of America's Evan Holyfield for not stopping his assault on the opponent at the referee's call, satisfied the other teams' cry for justice.

The wrestling competition was dominated by European teams. Japan and Korea also fared well. The US had two surprise gold medals in it. The most distinguished winner was former cancer patient Jeff Blatnick, who was elected to carry the US flag in the closing ceremonies. Judo was dominated by Japan and Korea.

Weightlifting was almost totally dominated by Romania and China. The performance of the Chinese was the real surprise of these contests. The fencing events mostly went to France, Germany and Italy. The honours in archery went to the American men and the South Korean women.

The United States dominated the synchronised swimming through Tracie Ruiz, who won the individual and pair event. The American monopoly in women's diving was shattered by Canada and China. Silvie Bernier of Canada beat Kelly McCormick and tradition on the spring board. Kelly is the daughter of Pat McCormick who won four gold medals for the US in two Olympics. The platform event went to Zhou Jihong of China.



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Carl Lewis—LA's hero

However, Greg Louganis warded off a very strong Chinese challenge to win both diving gold medals in the men's event. America's water polo team was all set for the gold. But ties in the last two matches against West Germany and Yugoslavia gave them only the silver. Yugoslavia took the gold.

Canoeing at Lake Castistas was dominated by New Zealand. Sweden and Canada were also true to their reputation. In the women' events some of Sweden's glory was shared by Romania. The US team sprang surprises to take three out of seven gold medals in yatching. It also won four silver medals. Canada and New Zealand were the other top performers.

The fancied Great Britain was in for a shock in the elegant equestrian events at Santa Anita Park. Lucinda Green watched Mark Todd of New Zealand, Karen Steves of U.S.A. and Virginia Holgate of her own team win the three-day invididual event. The US rode away with three golds and two silvers.

The US sprang another surprise in the cycling events, winning three gold medals ,and two silver medals and a bronze. The Italians proved themselves the masters of the modern pentathlon contests.

The team sports were more or less dominated by the favourites, except in baseball and tennis. These two demonstration sports were introduced by the US, but the Americans lost both. The US did not even have a medal in team handball which was claimed by Yugoslavia.

While basketball was a no-contest item for the US men and women, volleyball and soccer provided maximum thrills, much to the surprise of the organisers. The US women lost to China, whom they had beaten in the group match, opening a floodgate of tears at the end of the women's volleyball tournament.

However, the American men took the title beating Brazil which had inflicted their only defeat in the tournament.

Soccer made history at this Olympiad by drawing the three biggest crowds at a soccer match on the US soil. 101,799 people at the finals and a total of 1,421,627 for 32 games. The FIFA President who had ignored the US application for the 1986 World Cup must have been shocked to see it.

Brazil beat the rough and tough Italian team to enter the semi-finals, while France got past the unbeaten Yugoslavs, whose top three players were suspended from the match. They played for the bronze too without them and won over Italy. France blew away Brazil after a defensive first half to add the Olympic title to their European crown.

Hockey, though ignored and neglected as the cheapest item of the Olympic menu provided its own thrills. Where India bowed out on a lower goal average, Pakistan entered on that strength to make the finals and the gold. Fortune favours the brave, doesn't it?

The final analysis, the main beneficiaries of this Olympiad were women, the Americans and the Chinese, in that order. For the first time women became prominent in an Olympics. Through the arduous road cycling race and marathon, they proved that they can do a lot more than they were given credit for. Thirteen of 17 Olympic events introduced at Los Angeles were for women. They produced as many stars as the men.

The pride of LA

Lokesh Sharma looks back at the track and field performances



JESSE OWENS shattered Hitler's myth of Aryan supremacy by winning four gold medals in the 1936 Berlin Games and now Carl Lewis has made Konstantin Chernenko's decision to boycott the Los Angeles Games less agonising with his glittering performances in the same events

Lewis got able support from Great Britain's middle distance runner Sebastian Coe and decathlete Daley Thompson compatriot Edwin Moses and Valerie Brisco Hooks in sprinkling stardust over the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum and maintaining the glitter on each day of the competition

The first part of the Lewis four part blockbuster got off to a rousing start on the second day of the competition with the easiest 100m win in Olympic history The only opposition to Lewis came not from his brash team mate Sam Graddy but from the notorious swirling winds of California Graddy faded away at the halfway mark when Lewis got into top gear and finished at 9 99 sec

Lewis, who collects fine silver and crystal obtained his second gold in the long jump with his first leap of 8 54 metre He fouled his second jump and passed his next four efforts much to the chagrin of the 90,000 strong crowd, some of whom had paid as much as $100 to see him perform They felt the sum was too much for just one jump and expressed their displeasure by booing the superstar

His next two golds got him one Olympic and one world record In the 200m, he eclipsed the 16 year-old record of Tommie Smith He clocked 19 80 to improve the record by three hundredths of a second It was a great opportunity for Lewis to improve the spoilt relations with the crowd and this he did with a big grin and a victory lap with team-mates, Kirk Baptiste and Thomas Jefferson, second and third, respectively

Three golds in his kitty and Lewis glorious moment came to emulate the legendary Owens—in the 4×100m relay As anchorman he carried home the baton in a world record of 8 94, fastest-ever by man, to improve the record of 37 86 sec to 37 83 An interesting thing about this race was that all the runners of the top three finishers—USA, Jamaica and Canada—were blacks

Lewis had to duplicate Owens' feat to become part of history but the Joyners—Al and Jackie—were the first to rewrite history, when they became the first brother and sister to win medals on the same day

It was an emotional reunion for the two athletes after their respective finals were over Al was a surprising winner in the men's triple jump and Jackie was a narrow loser in the women's heptathlon—finishing just five points behind Australian Glynis Nunn's winning total of 6 390 points

Anyway Jackie was satisfied with her silver and the fact that her brother had put aside the predictions of the media and experts by finishing ahead of team mates Mike Conley and Willie Banks Al commented afterwards "Before I came to the track I was watching the ABC network which flashed Mike's and then Willie's picture I thought they would flash mine But they didn't I thought I was an American I thought I was a member of the team I decided to make sure they found out who I was"

Everybody found out his identity with his first jump of 17 26 metres, which won him the gold medal Others, who still did not know him, came to know him when he ran inside the track rooting Jackie all along the way in the last 100m to go faster For all his encouragement she ran six hundredths of a second slower to miss the gold

Sebastian Coe of Great Britain looked over his right shoulder after stopping the clock at 3 32 53 in the 1,500m as if telling the mediamen I am not yet over Gentleman Coe, however denied this at his Press conference later Some newsmen must gracefully swallow their predictions of the Chelsea runner's fate in Los Angeles after two great races



Nikhil Bhattacharya

American Alonzo Babers in tears after winning the men's 400m gold medal



Italy's Gabriella Dorio displays the thrill of victory in the 1500m

[illegible] best half miler [illegible] failed to win the [illegible] 800m [illegible] Yugoslav from [illegible] Britain Seb Coe and Spain's Jose [illegible] round [illegible] Yugoslav kept behind the field [illegible] seconds This is [illegible] wanted somebody to do for [illegible] 800m Cruz took [illegible] to lead with 300m to [illegible] Scott Britton who [illegible] with Brazilian fell [illegible] kicked in the final [illegible] Cram moved Cuban Albert [illegible] Olympic mark of [illegible] Coe was [illegible] and American Olympic [illegible] winner Earl Jones had to be content with the third spot in 1 43 83

The fast 800m races took a heavy toll on the participants Britain's Olympic champion Steve Ovett collapsed in the semi finals and many others including Cruz had to withdraw from the 1 500m due to insufficient recovery

Coe maintained himself the best with some superb tactical races where he did not do more than was required to qualify for the finals

After the 800m everybody knew the 1 500m would be a hard race But it turned out harder than anybody expected The first two laps were pretty slow American Steve Scott stepped up the pace after this in an effort to ensure that he was not beaten by somebody in the home strait But Scott was in for trouble he was overtaken by Cram, Coe and Spaniard Jose Abascal before the bell Abascal led the field till 300m and at this distance Cram changed gears but not swiftly enough to overtake Coe

At the last bend Cram again tried to go up but the reigning Olympic champion Coe looked at him blankly before taking wings Cram said afterwards that he had a chance till this stage But all hopes were shattered when Coe coming into the final straight once again kicked to open daylight between him and Cram World champion Cram finished second ahead of Abascal

If Cram missed the feat of holding the World European Commonwealth and Olympic titles at the same time Coe became the first 1 500m runner to retain his Olympic title

This whole year has been as much a mental battle as physical To make a comeback within a year is something but to do it in an Olympic year—with all the pitfalls that go with it—I am elated said Coe

Coe feels that this is not his last Olympic competition and hopes to be back in Seoul probably in the 5 000m The change will however depend on his performance in the 1 500m However, he was giving up the 800m event for good as he was too old to compete with runners like Cruz

The 10 000m almost slipped into the sluggish pace of the world championships except for some acceleration by Finland's Matti Vainio in the second half Vainio did not quite pull it off but he gave it a great shot

Cova always placed at the Finn's shoulder kicked away from the pack which had meandered for 24 laps With a last lap of 59 seconds, he finished over 15m in 27 47 54 ahead of Vainio Britain's Mike McLeod was third The Finn, however was found guilty of drug abuse and his silver medal was withdrawn

Mamade, who had improved Henry Rono's world mark recently dropped out after the 14th lap, when the pace was almost pedestrian in comparison to his record pace of 27 13 81 "He is a very strong man but psychologically he is not prepared for big competitions," Cova said of Mamade

The 1,500m and 5,000m finals fell on the same day and Said Aouita of

Morocco, fastest man in both the distances this season, had to drop out of one. He made an intelligent move by opting out of the already star-crammed 1,500m.

The small Moroccan set an Olympic record of 13:05.59 and also carried five others under Brendan Foster's 1976 record of 13:20.34. Portugal's Antonio Leitao and Ezequiel Canario set the early pace. Canario led the race for the first 1,000m and then Leitao remained in front until he was overtaken by Aouita and Swiss Markus Ryffel.

The men's marathon proved to be the biggest surprise with favourites Robert De Castella of Australia and Japan's Toshihiko Seko falling back around the 35km, a result of the fast early pace set by the Kenyan and Tanzanian runners in the field.

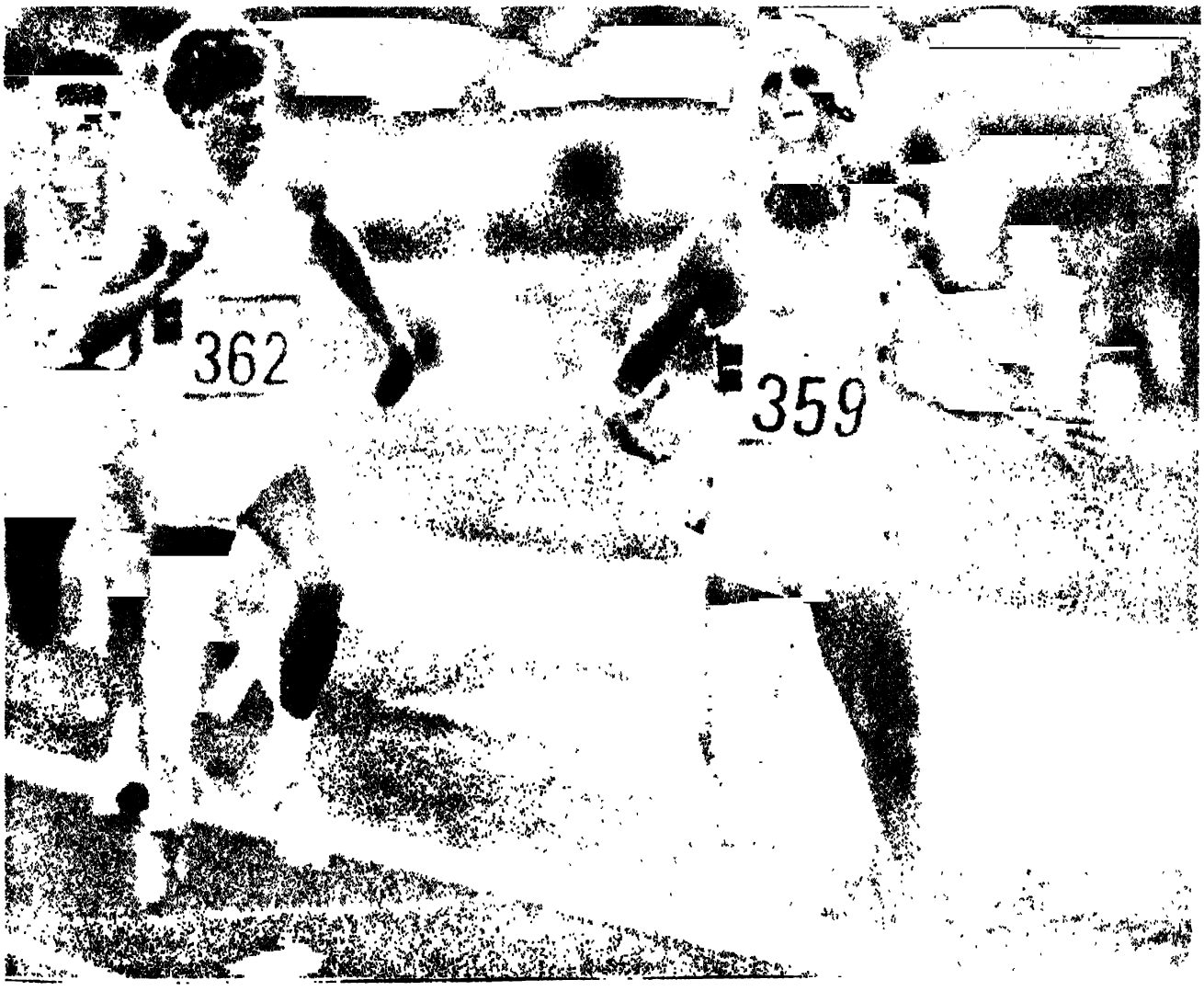
Carlos Lopez had planned to break at 37km to break Seko and De Castella. Although the two fell back much earlier the Portuguese decided to go ahead with his initial strategy and broke clear off Ireland's John Treacy, running his first marathon, and Briton Charles Spedding. Lopez, who thinks he has one more year of competitive running, finished about 250m ahead of Treacy in 2 hr. 09m 21 sec. In the run to the finish, Treacy broke clear of Spedding. World champion De Castella finished fifth and Seko fourteenth.

Edwin Moses once again proved the maestro he is. He won his second Olympic gold and 105th straight race. Team-mate Danny Harris had been consistently voluble about what he can do to Moses. But in the race there was one winner and that was Edwin Moses.

Moses, running in lane six, pulled alongside the outside lanes by the second bend and remained ahead till he crossed the finish in 47.75. Arch rival Harald Schmid of West Germany conceded a right to chaperone Moses to Harris, who clocked his second best performance of 48.13. Schmid, third in 48.19, protested that he was blocked by Harris over the last hurdle but the jury of appeal dismissed it.

The standard of the women's competition was admittedly affected by the withdrawal of East Bloc nations, who have always provided the winners in this section. But few would have expected nine Olympic records including three in the newly-introduced marathon, 3,000m and 400m hurdles, in the devalued competition.

One woman, Valerie Brisco-Hooks, who was not even mentioned when America was picking her stars of the Games, hogged all the limelight. She



Seb Coe breaks the Olympic record in the 1500m. He is shown beating Steve Cram into second place



What a victory! Portugal's Carlos Lopez thrashed the top contenders in the marathon, the last event of the Olympics

won the 200m and 400m to become the first person in the Olympics to complete this double. She won a third gold medal in the 4×400m relay, which interestingly enough was also an Olympic record like her previous two victories.

Brisco-Hooks, who returned to the track last year after a gap of two years, regained her national record from favourite Chandra Cheeseborough in the 400m with a timing of 48.83, which lowered East German Marita Koch's record of 48.88. Brisco-Hooks became the fourth fastest woman quarter-miler and Cheeseborough moved up to the sixth place with her second place timing of 49.05. Great Britain's Katherine Cook was third. Brisco-Hooks, the only American woman to win three gold medals in one meet after Wilma Rudolph, just exploded in the home straight of the 200m final to catch team-mate Florence Griffith and win by almost two metres in a record timing of 21.81. Marlene Ottey-Page of Jamaica took the bronze in 22.09.

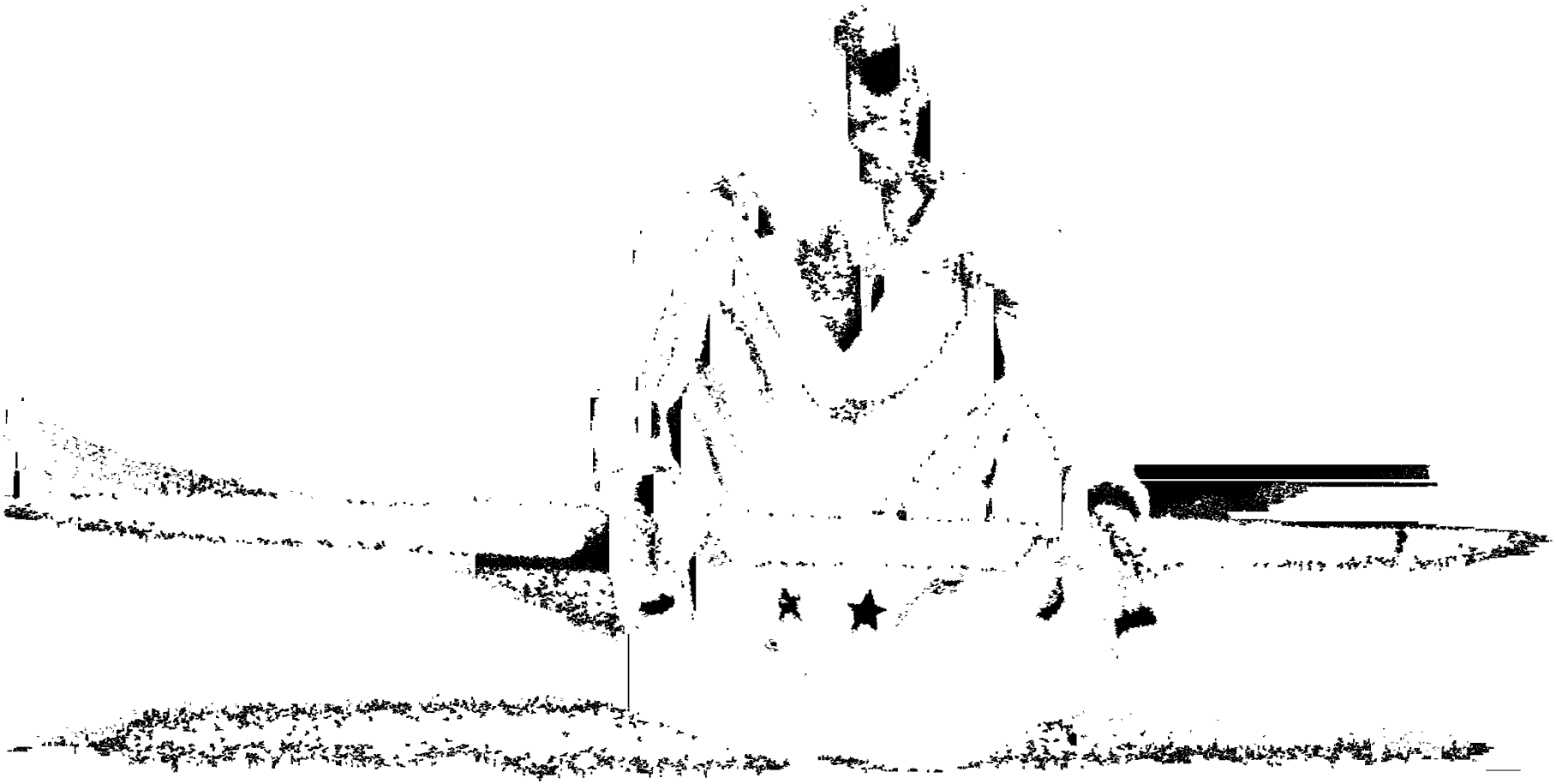
Brisco-Hooks got her third gold and Olympic record in the relay, in which she ran the third leg. The American team clocked 3:18.29 to improve East Germany's eight year-old mark of 3:19.23.

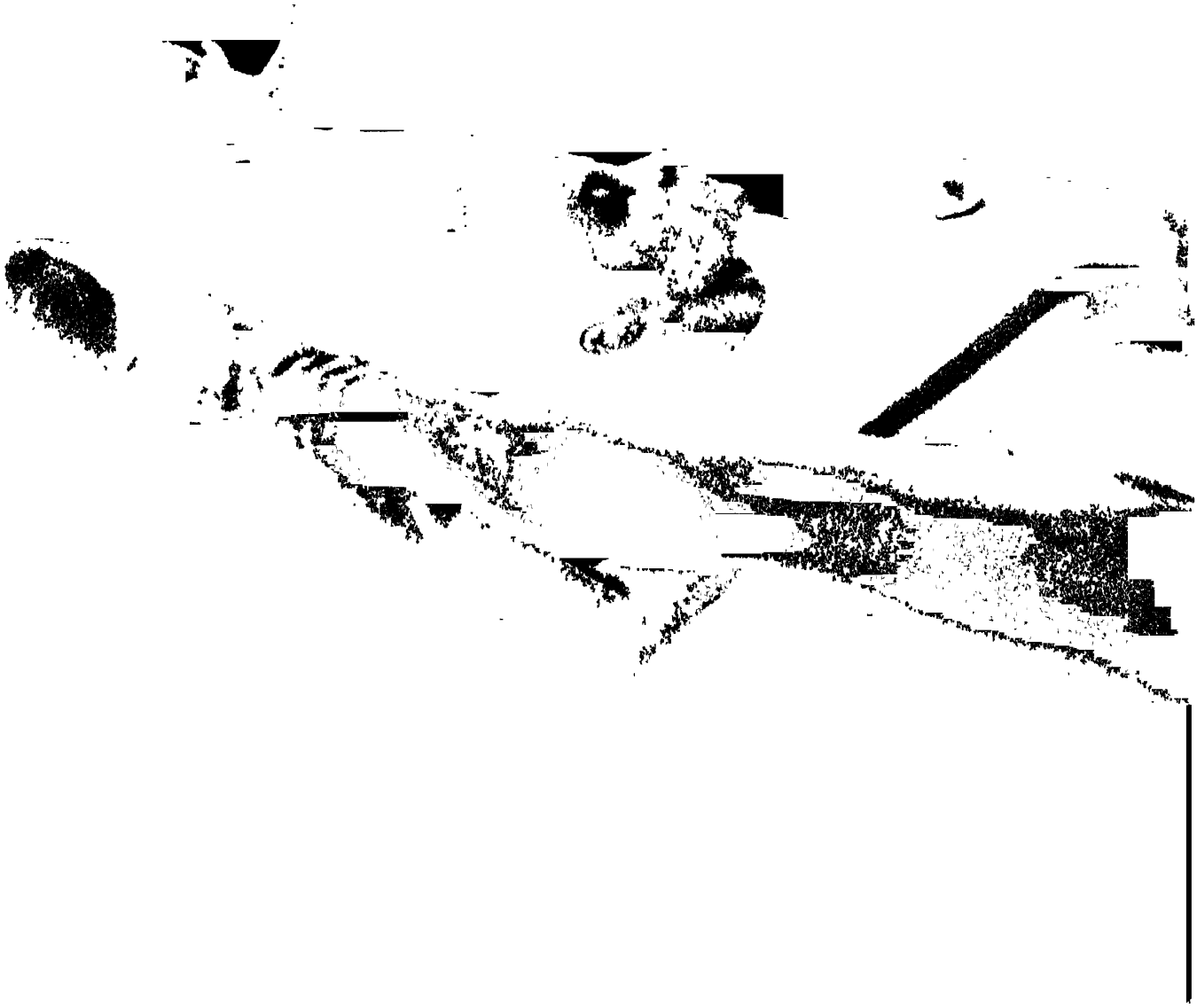
It's a great competition for the 24-year-old teacher, who took up competitive athletics after her brother was killed by a stray bullet during a track workout. This resolved her will to succeed. And she did.

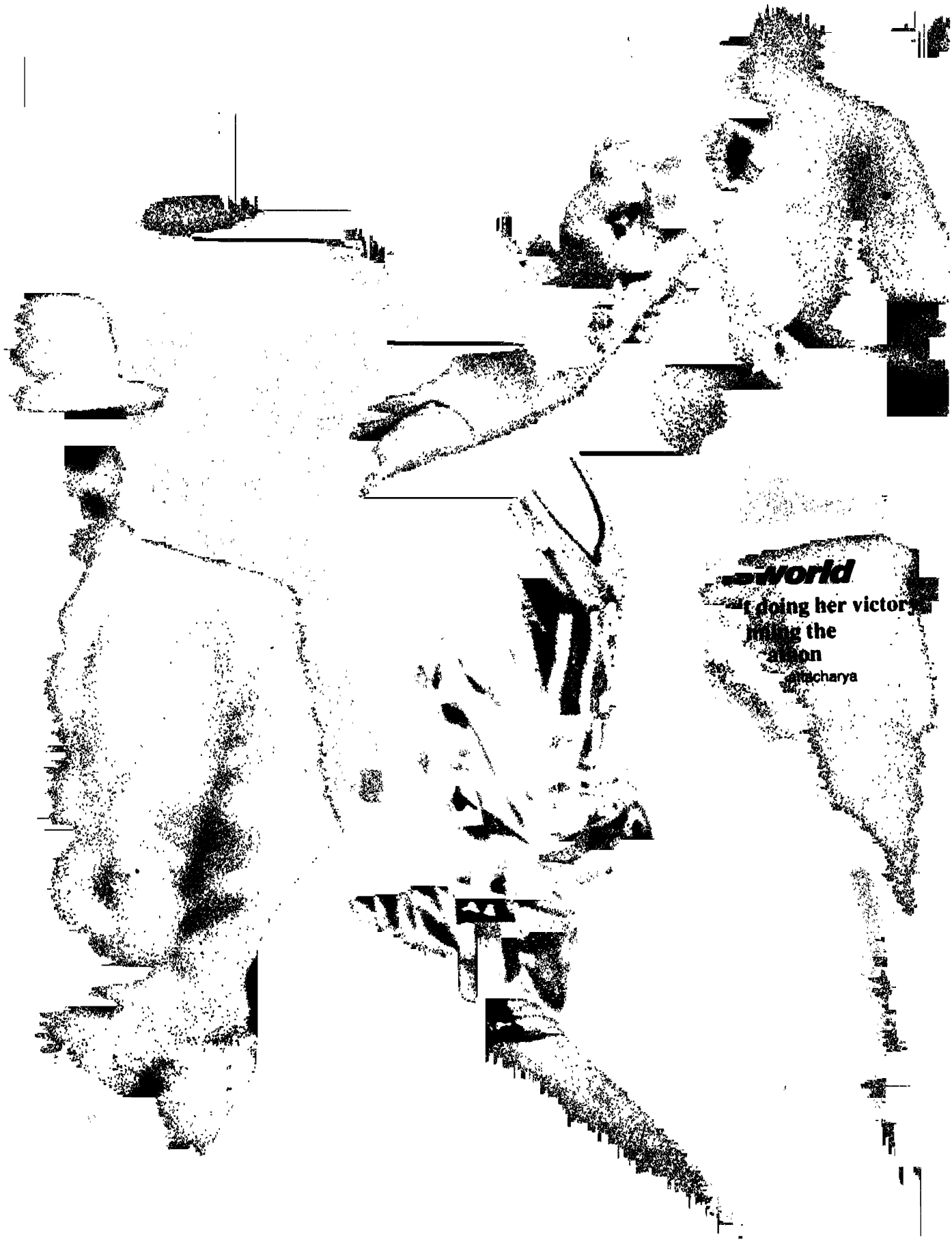
Briton Daley Thompson has always said one is his lucky number and this invited little contradiction. You name a title and he has it. European champion, World champion, Commonwealth champion and twice Olympic champion. Only Robert Mathias of America has won the Olympic title twice before him.

Decathlon is the toughest competition and if you can win so many titles without losing a single then you are really great. Thompson has always aspired to be remembered as the greatest decathlete and it is unlikely that he wouldn't be. He is better than Mathias as the American won his golds in the Olympics immediately after the World War, when people did little training.

Thompson was not pushed by world record holder Jurgen Hingsen of West Germany. The pressures are a lot greater today. Thompson won easily and missed Hingsen's record by just one point, scoring 8,797. Hingsen scored 8,673 for the silver, followed by team-mate Seigfried Wentz who secured 8,412. However, Thompson is assured of the record once the year gets over. From next year a new scoring table will come into effect and his score will be revised to 8,846. Hingsen's record, however, will only increase to 8,831.






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Surprise, surprise!

Ajay Kumar reviews the topsy-turvy hockey tournament



PAKISTAN had no business to win the hockey gold at Los Angeles. The team that won the country its last Olympic gold, in Mexico 16 years ago, had all-time greats like Akhtar Rasool and Islahuddin. In contrast, this team had only six players from the team that won its last major title—Moinuddin, Qasim Zia, Manzoor Hussain, Hassan Sardar, Kalimullah and Hanif Khan—the Asian Games gold less than two years ago.

Youth has a premium in any sport but in the rough and tumble of hockey today the inexperience that goes along with it can prove to be crucial. Or so Australia reckoned. They had all the right reasons for tipping themselves for the gold. First was experience: four members of the squad have been playing together for the last 12 years—Ric Charlesworth, Trevor Smith, Craig Davis and James Irvine. Not many teams can claim they have 48 years of international experience spread out among the crucial back line (Craig Davis, Jim Irvine), or the forward line (Trevor Smith), and all over the field (Charlesworth).

Then was motivation: the only goal that kept this team together was the dream of an Olympic gold. In Montreal, New Zealand stunned the world by holding off the Australians and Jimmy Carter took care of Moscow. For this overage Australian team, the Olympic gold was seen as a favour that destiny owed them. Such a mental attitude can lop off a few years of anybody's age.

Australia started off at Los Angeles as the world beaters they were expected to be. After brushing aside Malaysia and Spain unceremoniously, they broke away from the stranglehold that Germany had placed on them to win by three goals. Charlesworth enhanced his reputation as the one exceptional player by creating all the three goals and Terry Walsh established himself as the top scorer of the tournament and the opportunist par



Hassan Sardar (second from right) and Kalimullah were Pakistan's saviours against West Germany in the hockey final. Here, Kalimullah receives his medal



The Australian custodian goes down to foil Charanjit. India lost the match

excellence by converting all the chances that his captain created.

Then came the match against India. Australia were surprisingly lack-lustre in the first half but no sooner did India equalise than they launched two swift and successful counter-attacks and sealed the match with two goals in a brief stunning three-minute blitz. Again it was Charlesworth who called the shots but Colin Batch, their outstanding right out, Terry Walsh and Trevor Smith were as much in the spotlight.

Everyone was hitting peak form. Neil Snowden in the goal had been formidable, Craig Davis was always a threat off a penalty corner and Jim Irvine, his pre-tournament rib injury behind him, was as sound as ever. Nigel Patmore on the left flank was proving as fast and skilful as our own Zafar. There wasn't a weak link: Why, their reserve player Grant Boyce also came off well in the match against India.

Pakistan took off sluggishly. New Zealand gave them a real scare when it pulled back from a 3-1 deficit in the first match to equalise with two Peter Daji goals in the last five minutes. Kenya only conceded three goals to them. Their worries remained. Their forwards were clicking well but the defence, where only Qasim Zia had international experience of length,was still shaky. No top side can be complacent if it concedes two goals in a final blitzkrieg.

They next played Holland in the match billed as one that would decide the seedings in their group. American media pundits, not too conversant with hockey, had tipped Holland as the silver favourites. And Holland seemed to be proving them right as they led by one goal throughout the match and continued to lead with only a few minutes to go.

And then Pakistan showed that youth also has one ally,that too much play might stale a never-say-die spirit. They got a goal in the dying minutes of the match and not only drew the match but gave themselves something they had been lacking till then: the belief that they could win this tournament. This match was like a qualifying examination to pass. This would place the world at their feet.

So it proved in their crucial match against Australia. The Aussies had played functional hockey to beat U.S.A. 2-1 in their last match while Pakistan had been held goalless by Britain. Pakistan had come through fire, making it to the semis only because they demolished Canada 7-1, and ended up with a goal average that proved too difficult for the Dutch to catch up. Australia had virtually cantered to the semis beating India hands down. And the triumph probably made them a little too overconfident.

The Aussies, however, will never admit this but India's captain, Zafar Iqbal, had a point when he said later that Australia had become too complacent. With all their experience and motivation they had had two other plus points in their favour: they had dictated the terms in all their matches and no other team could quite match their body play and they had a good record to back them: in the last five years they had not lost to Pakistan.

Yet, Pakistan stunned them 1-0. How? One, because of Hassan Sardar. The goal he scored was a real beauty—the type that he can cite innumerable numbers of, to back his claim of being the most dreaded centre-forward in the world. Manzoor Hussain sent him a long pass at the beginning of a Pakistani counter attack. Hassan Sardar chased it, got

to it along with an Aussie defender, evaded that defender and seeing Neil Snowden rush out, placed it on the wrong side of the goalie with a scoop-cum-drive from the top of the 'D'.

Two, because the Pakistanis played just as much with their bodies as the Australians. The Aussie coach Richard Agiss, who had failed to notice how rough his team had played hitherto in the tournament, was positively non-plussed when he asked later on: "It was a rough game, wasn't it?" and then added: "They played much tougher than we had expected and they put us off our game." It is a sad commentary on what hockey has come to, but such words are sweet music to any opposing team.

Three, they won because they raised their game to its peak at the right time. When the chips were down, all their pride as a young nation known worldwide only as a hockey power came to the fore. And nowhere was this more evident as in the defence which was suddenly one impregnable wall. The Aussies admitted later that they lost because they could not capitalise on two crucial chances towards the end. They hadn't lost such chances in the tournament earlier, so why the jitters now? The fact is,the Pakistanis gave it to the Aussies as good as they got.

There's a good reason why one dwells at such length on what was merely a semi-final. It was this match that decided the gold. The Germans or the British, who played the other semis, did not have the skill that the combatants here had. The difference between top international teams is now only as marginal as between the top tennis players (John McEnroe excepted). But grittiness and athletic ability can only take you so far.

So it proved in the final. It went into the extra time as the Germans refused to give up once they had got so far,but Pakistan had territorial superiority all throughout. And when Kalimullah got the crucial goal in extra time the team expected to win. They duly did.

What of India? They beat Holland comprehensively in their best display of the tournament to take the fifth spot but it was quite a come down for a team which took the Olympic title four years ago and left the country's shores believing that it had only the Aussies to beat to get the gold.

The team had good reason to be confident. Apart from a little tentativeness in the goal it had no visible chink. In Vineet Kumar it had a penalty corner expert of the highest order and a sound defender who was settling down in his new role as a sweeper. In Topno it had a sound back who was equally adept at tackling as he was in creating moves. In centre half Hardeep Singh it had possibly the most complete hockey player in the world who has all the skills of the greats of yore and the tenacity of the modern player. In Zafar, Shahid and Mervyn it had a forward line that had dash, skill and unison.

At the helm it had in coach Balkishen Singh and manager Nundy Singh two thinking, informed and motivated men. It was Balkishen's idea that they should adopt the sweeper system, a move successfully adopted in football more than a decade ago. It was also Balkishen's perception that recognised that positional hockey was dead: like total football, introduced by the Dutch, it was now total hockey.

India was not in awe of any team or unaware of any manoeuvre. They brought a team that had earned the jealousy of the probables in the other



Hasan Sardar gives Pakistan the equaliser in the final against West Germany. Spurred by this success, Kalimullah went on to score the match-winner

disciplines with the special diet and staying facilities that they had enjoyed. For the first time they had been put up in air-conditioned rooms in their training camp. And the players were grateful. They acknowledged that such little graces gave them the assurance that the nation was behind them.

So, what happened? Nundy Singh and Balkishen Singh have said that India was knocked out of the medal hunt on "technical grounds". They almost made it sound as if India had been cheated by some stipulation they were not aware of. They feel that the present league system which lets goal aggregate decide the issue is not as fair as the earlier system, followed till Montreal, which called for a play-off in case of a tie. They feel that in such a system the performance of the weaker teams can be crucial to the fate of your side.

Here is where they say India was unlucky. The draw, in which India played the weaker sides first before it took on Australia and West Germany and was reckoned as a favourable one ("if only India had to play Germany before it took on Australia it would have been a perfect draw," said Balkishen Singh and Nundy Singh) actually turned against them. When India played the weaker sides, the latter gave it all they had because they thought they still had a chance.

So India won by a small margin, but when they came up against Germany, which played them later, they were already out of the reckoning. Thus Malaysia lost heart when Germany got two goals against them and did little to prevent a 5-0 sweep. And, remember, Germany pipped India because they had an eight-goal difference as against India's five goals.

They also say that India suffered from different interpretations of the rules of the game. Not only did the umpires allow far more body play here than umpires in India but they also allowed goals which would be ruled out in India. This was most noticeable in the match against Spain in which the latter got three goals, one of which traced a parabola over a prostrate Romeo James. Such goals are disallowed in India.

And then there were the complaints against umpiring. They did not take names but the object of their criticism was Egyptian umpire al-Mohandis who awarded Malaysians a goal when the latter contended that the ball had gone off an Indian defender from a penalty corner. Balkishen says that the slow motion replay had shown that the ball had not touched any Indian player. The same umpire also ruled out a goal claimed by Zafar Iqbal in the match. And one Spain goal which was scored by a forward diving full length, they claimed, was no goal at all because the player had not got his stick to it. All this added up to the Indian humiliation. If all this makes Messrs Balkishen and Nundy Singh sound like whiners that is less than fair to them. To their credit, they also have the ability to analyse their team objectively. Question them a little more closely and they will tell you the real reasons for the Indian team's poor result.

First was the inability to score when the opportunities were created. Even against Germany they got



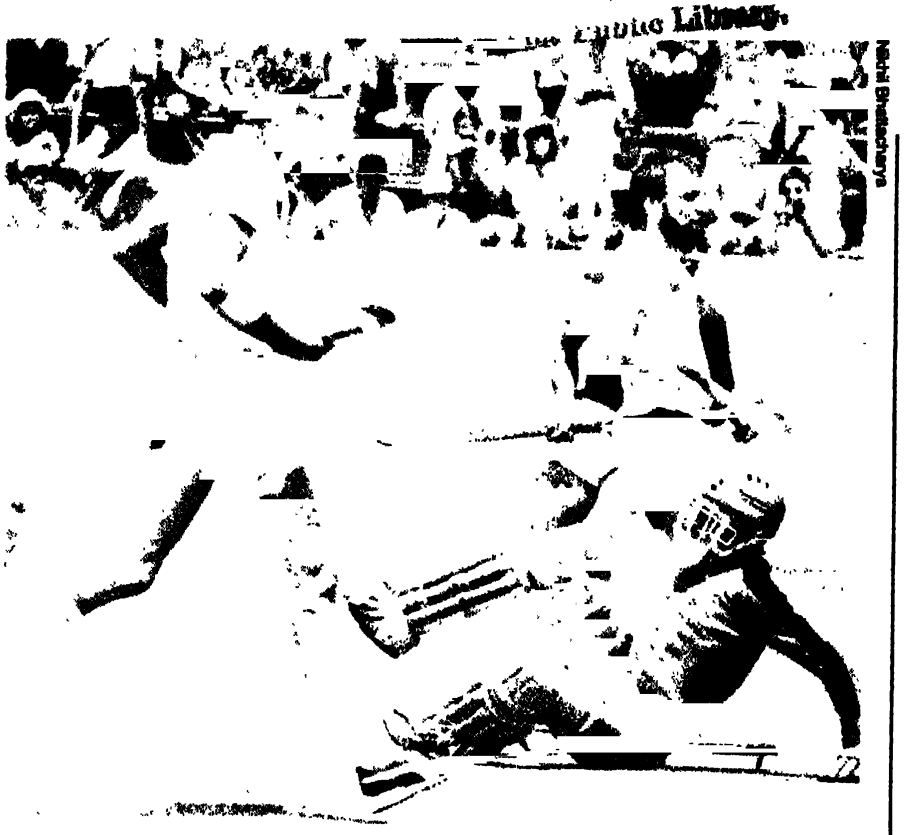
West German Blocher being attended to by teammates after sustaining an injury in the match against India

several chances, none more juicier than the one that Zafar Iqbal fluffed five minutes before the end. Two, the inadequacies in the players. Nundy Singh admitted after the match against New Zealand that India's goalkeeping was far from sound. Balkishen Singh pointed out that Indian players had yet to learn to dive to get to a ball: the length of one's body can greatly add to a player's reach.

Indian forwards still have two shortcomings: they do not yet know how to tackle and they do not fall back as often as they are needed to. It was this lacuna that proved costly for India against Australia when the latter got the two vital goals against India. It can even be said that India lost out in the battle for a semi-final berth in those crucial three minutes.

Then there were other failures like the inability of Vineet Kumar to change his method of taking a short corner in the match against West Germany. The Germans, thorough as ever, had specially studied how Vineet Kumar took the shots and brought in their reserve goalie Frank Yobias instead of Christian Bassemir for the match. Vineet did not change his method, and Yobias foiled all five penalty corners that India got by rushing ahead as far he could and then diving laterally a few yards from Vineet Kumar to take the ball on his body. He got a three cm gash on his chin for the heroics but the plan worked. Nundy Singh said later that he had asked the Indian players to take an indirect hit but Vineet played as if it was a personal duel between him and Yobias which he must try and win.

Nundy Singh also admitted later that it was their poor (only 5-1) score against the USA which worked against them later. What the officials and Zafar Iqbal do not admit is that the real failing with the team is that it found itself unable to use imagination against the defensive strategy of the Germans. With nine members of the team always in the German half, the Indians were badly outnumbered in attack and they just could not penetrate the defence. That is why their performance against the Germans looked so patchy. In contrast, the Australians played to win and thus allowed the Indians to play their natural attacking game. In fact, the best Indian display in the preliminary matches was against the Australians, particularly in the first half, the eventual result notwithstanding.



Pakistan goalkeeper Moinuddin foils West German Blocher's attempt in the final

The Indians played their best match against Holland, when the pressure was off. The Pakistanis played their best against Australia, when they were under pressure. The conclusions are obvious.

Every gathering of top international teams presents an opportunity of evaluating the new developments in the game. Los Angeles was no different. It is now clear that the difference between top international teams is so little that in any tournament, especially if played on any artificial turf, any of the top six or seven teams can upset the other. Britain's dramatic performance here had to be seen in that context: their finishing at number three spot here is a bit like India winning the World Cup in cricket. Just as India was thrashed 5-0 by the West Indians in a one-day series soon after, Britain could well be beaten soundly by any of the top seven teams any time.

The finer points of the game—the stickwork, the trapping, the short passes, the body feints—are no longer the monopoly of the Indians and the Pakistanis. A Colin Batch or a Heiner Dopp run down the flank can be just as exciting as Zafar Iqbal's or Kaleemullah's and could well be topped by a reverse flick in the best subcontinental tradition.

Body play is here to stay. In this, hockey is headed in the same direction as football. Umpires have become more lenient and even the players are protesting less frequently than they used to.

That's not the only similarity that is emerging between football and hockey. The days when forwards only scored goals and stayed always in the rival half are gone: the forwards of all teams fall back. In fact, most teams here played with only one genuine forward who rarely fell back in defence: Pakistan's Hassan Sardar, Australia's Terry Walsh and Britain's Sean Kelly are those that come readily to mind.

The accent is not on attack any longer but on swift counter-attacks. The comparison with football is not quite accurate here because hockey has always been a much swifter game and because defensive hockey has not quite become the vogue as defensive football had become in Europe.

But the success of Britain is a good pointer the way the game is develop-



Holland's Norman Hughes steals the ball from Britain's goalkeeper Ian Taylor during their league match

ing All that Britain had was an excep tional defence and one good forward, Sean Kelly In virtually all their matches against the stronger teams most noticeably Pakistan, Holland and Australia, the rival enjoyed territorial superiority but the British either beat them or held them

For all the reasons listed above, there is now a greater premium than ever before on players with greater athletic ability who can run up and down the field for all the 70 minutes of play Beyond that if a player can be as effective a tackler as a dribbler and an opportunist then so much the better In future every team will have many more players like Charlesworth, or Hardeep Singh or West Germany s Michael Peter

The heyday of great penalty cor ner experts like Ties Kruize or Craig Davis are over Now that the ball has to be stopped with the stick and that all goalies have begun to dive laterally their effectiveness has been reduced Already as many penalty corners are being converted into indirect hits as are taken directly This trend will grow and penalty corner converters will be called upon to be more and more imaginative

Of the 192 players on display there who caught the eye? Among the forwards Hassan Sardar Terry Walsh, Sean Kelly and Mervyn Fer nandes All of them not merely exhi bited opportunism but also displayed great skill Of them, the pick was Hassan Sardar who top scored with ten goals

Of the halves, Hardeep Singh and the two Pakistanis, Mehmood Ayaz and Naeem Akhtar, were the pick Of them Hardeep is easily the best He is a good schemer he is as good as a forward and he is quick to fall back to strengthen the defence

Of the defenders, German Michael Peter was easily the most impressive He was never flustered, never in a panic, and was always in the last line of defence No matter how swift or deep the attack, he never resorted to hasty clearances but instead always gave a sure pass to a colleague and he never engaged anybody in a tackle that he was bound to lose Compari sons between him and another great German player, Franz Beckenbauer, would not be odious Manohar Topno also showed flashes of greatness he was just as pugnacious in his tackles as he was confident in creating and sometimes even carrying out attacks He is bound to become a complete player if his potential is allowed to develop

In the goal it was Britain s Ian Taylor who stood out He took a great amount of pounding and he came out with flying colours Neil Snowden and Moinuddin were the other two who impressed

But if there was one player who was outstanding no matter what he was doing, it was Charlesworth He was the schemer, he was the defen der, he was the inspiration He did not score any goals but ask any player who was the one player they dreaded most and the answer would probably be Charlesworth

The tournament also revealed that contrary to hitherto common percep tion, the captain does have a role to play in hockey also Charlesworth's contribution is, of course an example but perhaps even more significant was the role of Michael Peter In the final Peter was playing like a full back almost till the end but in the closing ten minutes as Germany strained to equalise he just as effectively became a forward There is still mileage to be gained by leading by example Zafar Iqbal, who had the tendency to lapse into inactivity, can gain by studying Peter

What then, is the prognostication for the Indian team? Was it a mistake to set so much store by this team? Nundy Singh and Balkishen Singh still say that this was the team that should not have lost, this was the best team that we have had in years

They are right There is nothing greatly wrong with this team that cannot be set right by more practice The coaches know the lacunae They and the boys have to work at them

What is specially heartwarming is that the team has not lost confidence in itself Zafar Iqbal said after their win against Holland "The boys are natur ally disappointed that they could do no better But they are not in the dumps. They have the confidence that they can beat any side Those days are gone when the mention of Holland or Australia or Pakistan could get us a bit nervous "

It is most important that the nation understands that the hockey gold is not our birthright that others usurp. The pride of other nations is just as linked to their performance in the hockey field. We only learnt the game from the British. We did not give the game to the world.

The Knight and the Crusader



The American public had anticipated one showdown at the Los Angeles Olympics for years—the basketball final between the US men and their Soviet counterparts. They would have paid any price for that. American victory in this hate match would have been the culmination of the XXIIIrd Olympiad.

The US had chosen a Knight in shining armour to lead the American boys to war. His real name is Bobby Knight. His regular occupation, basketball coach of Indiana University. However, he is not the most popular coach in the land. In the past, he had even tarnished America's image by rude conduct at the 1979 Pan-Am Games in Puerto Rico.

He has a track record for fighting with officials in the games at home. Still America designated the militant Knight to lead her troops against the mighty Soviets, who had shocked them in the last two seconds of the Munich Olympics in 1972. It was time to regain the crown. It was time to re-establish the United States' superiority in a game invented and patented by the nation.

The Knight was offered more than three dozens of college basketball stars from all over America. He picked his dozen and began what many call his torture sessions. He had only one thing in mind—beating the Soviets.

But the Soviets did not come. Bobby Knight was left alone with his shining armour and loyal army, ready to take over the world. Unfortunately, there were no armies, just windmills and herds of sheep. And the great Quixotic act began.

It was demolition all the way.

Canada claimed that it was the only team which could beat the Americans. The world did not take them seriously because they had in their team the likes of Bill Wennington. Now who is he? Good question.

Bill is a member of the basketball team of St. John's University in New York. As a Canadian citizen he was eligible for membership in the Canadian team. Well and good. The only problem is that his team-mate Chris Mullin was representing the United States.

There is no comparison between the talent and performance of these two young men. However, Chris Mullin was not even a starter of the US team. The US colleges and universities could give Knight at least a hundred players more talented than Bill. That gives us some idea of the resources of the US team at Knight's command.

Canada was one of the early victims of the US team. It was rumoured that Italy, Spain and Moscow gold medallists Yugoslavia could give the Americans a hard time. There was no evidence of it from Italy and Spain in the early round. Even before the tournament began, the Italian coach had said, "I'm telling everybody we have to give gold to the US right away. No play: they can stay home."

The women's team had its leader playing as a star. Cheryl Miller won the gold for the US almost single-handedly. It was hers all the way. US coach Pat Summit herself was a member of the American team which lost to the Soviets in Montreal. She is also known to be demanding like Knight

Canada shocked the Italians 78-72 in the quarter-finals to win a re-match with the United States. Spain turned off Australia 101-93. Unbeaten Yugoslavia took care of Uruguay with a 28 point margin. West Germany was just another casualty of the Knight's army. But the margin of victory was an unimpressive 11 points. Now Canada began the talk about beating the Knight's men in the semi-finals. That was nothing but a grand illusion. The US took care of her neighbours once again: 79-59 was the score. Centre Patrick Ewing of Georgetown University, not one of Knight's favourites, led the US to the comfortable victory.

The real shocker of the semi-final was the loss of Yugoslavia to Spain. The Yugoslavs led 40-35 at half-time, but the Spaniards ended up with a 74-61 score at the end. The team which won the gold medal at Moscow and beat the Soviets 14 times out of 21 in the past seven years just had a bad day. The result was tragic to say the least.

Canada repeated the Montreal tale by finishing fourth at LA

Drazen Dalipagic scored 32 points to give Yugoslavia a 88-82 victory. The main remnant of the 1980 team hit 16 of his 25 shots from the floor. The final was just another clinic by Michael Jordan, the star of the US team. It will take pages to write enough about his performance in this tournament. However, the star of the team in terms of media attention was the Knight with the big mouth, even in the US win over Spain (96-65).

In contrast, the women's team had its leading player as the star. Cheryl Miller won the gold for the US almost single-handedly. It was her show all the way. US coach Pat Summit herself was a member of the American team which lost to the Soviets in Montreal. She is also known to be demanding like Knight.

But the focus was all the time on Miller, the Crusader of women's basketball in the United States. She was performing in front of a home crowd and she delighted everyone with every possible trick in the book. She scored 16 points, grabbed 11 rebounds and had five assists in the final against the courageous South Korean side to give the US women their first-ever gold in Olympic basketball.

Like the men's event, this was another one-sided affair. There was no competition to challenge the talented American team. Miller was talking about the absence of the Soviets after every game. She has two more years at the University of Southern California and another two year's wait may not be too long. But the million-dollar question is whether the Soviets will be at the XXIVth Olympiad in Seoul to take on the Crusader.

George K George in Los Angeles

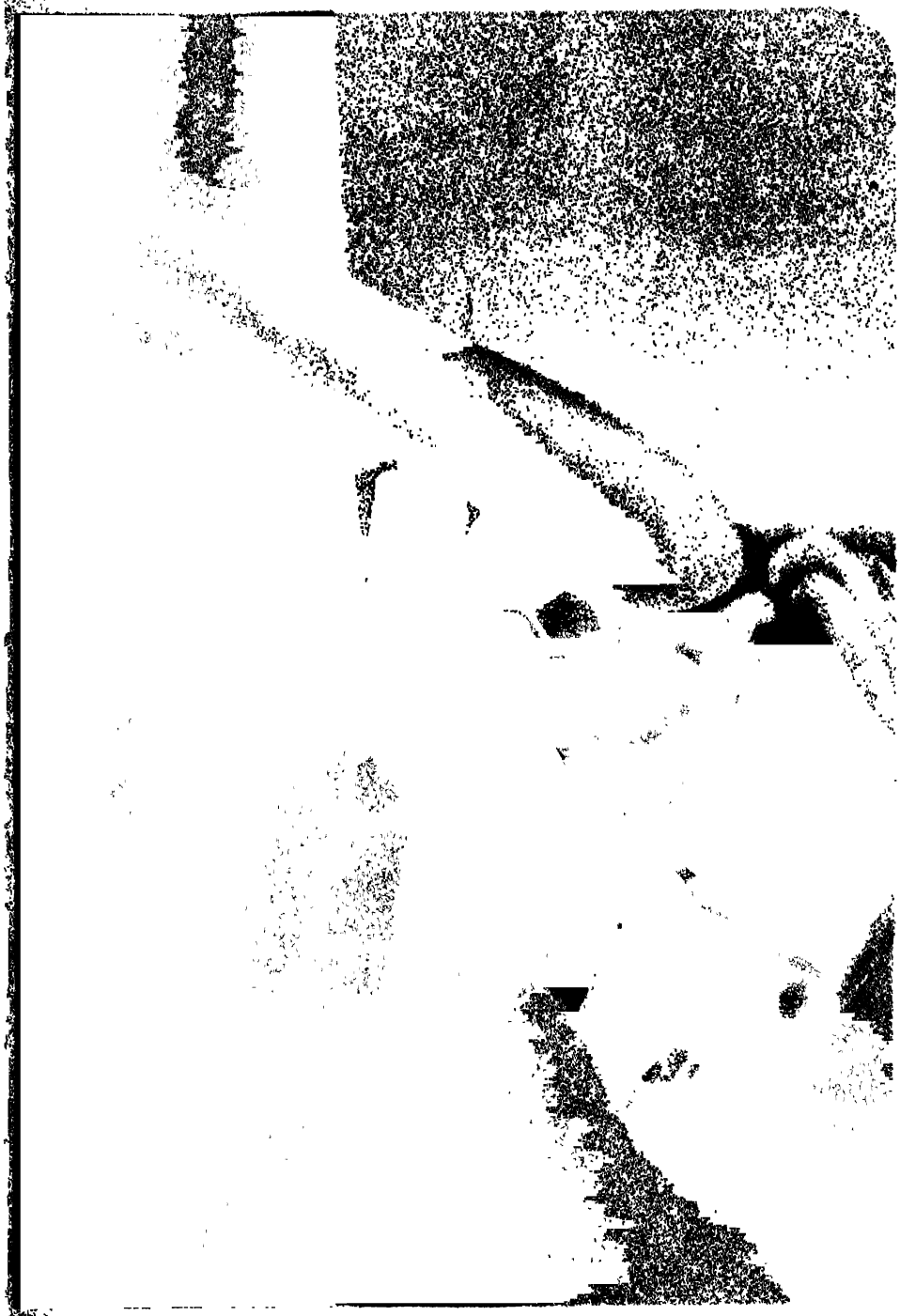
When two dreams were shattered





The Decker-Budd clash: clockwise from top—Mary Decker falls onto the side of the track; Budd passes an injured Decker and Decker grimaces in pain. This clash will go down in Olympic history books as one of the most controversial ever

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Soccer wins a gold at LA

Football attracted the largest crowds at the Olympics, yet it didn't get adequate media coverage. **George K. George** witnessed the last stages of the tournament



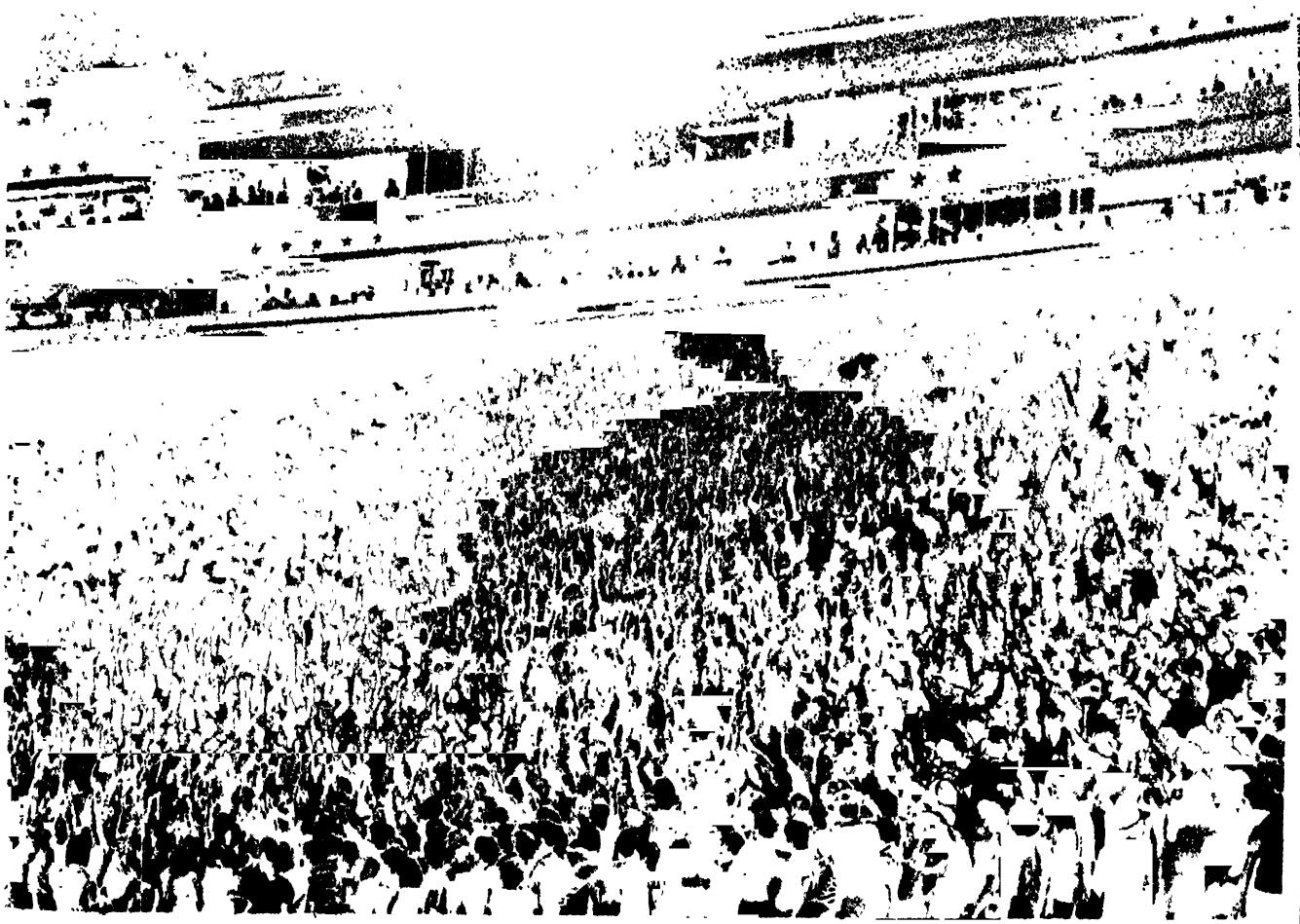
Just 28 minutes in 180 hours of Olympic coverage. Look at another statistic. 1.4 million of the 5.6 million spectators of the XXIIIrd Olympiad consisted of soccer fans who flocked

JUST 28 minutes for the last three matches, that is how ABC television covered the most popular sport in the world at the Olympics. Most of it was not even live telecast.

to 32 matches at four different venues.

It was a gold medal victory for the game of football, which they have inappropriately named soccer in this part of the world. As the tournament progressed into the semi-final round, the attendance record for a single soccer game in this country was being broken with every match. 97,451 gathered to watch the semi-final duel between France and Yugoslavia. The Brazil-Italy encounter had 83,642 spectators. The bronze medal match and the finals had 100,374 and 101,799, respectively. Till this tournament, the biggest crowd drawn in a single soccer match in the United States was 77,691 attending a match between the world famous Cosmos Club against Fort Lauderdale in 1977.

The soccer mania of the American public would have shocked the World Football Federation (FIFA) president Joao Havelange, the man who had dismissed the U.S. application for hosting the 1986 World Cup with utmost contempt. The human wave created by the screaming fans at the finals might have certainly changed his



The spectator turn-out at the football tournament was far above expectations, in fact unbelievable. Compared to it the TV coverage was negligable



French goalkeeper Albert Rush takes the ball off Brazilian forward Oliveria's feet in the final

perspective of American soccer It certainly looked like another World Cup final The crowds were there, the electricity was there and the quality of the competition was hardly affected by the absence of the Soviet Union Czechoslovakia and East Germany After all none of those teams had made the finals of the European Cup anyway.

All the four teams which entered the semi-finals had come prepared for a kill Brazil, supported by thousands of her natives, was bent on re establishing her lost superiority. Italy wanted to add the Olympic gold to the glitter of the World Cup. France, popularly known as the Brazil of Europe was eager to add another major title to their recently won European Cup Yugoslavia was here for their first medal since 1960. Who could have fancied a stronger pool of competitors for this majestic encounter?

Yugoslavia had swept past all the teams she met in the round robin matches and in the quarter-finals, and looked the favourites to win the tournament Even though France was unbeaten in her fixtures, the margin of victory was comparatively small. The ejection and suspension of her leading players led to the downfall of the defending champions.

France took an early lead with two splendid goals by Dominique Bijotat and Phillipe Jeannol in the seventh and 16th minute, respectively The first one was a brilliant solo effort by Bijotat who worked with a pass from the midfield. Jeannol got the ball after a free kick outside the penalty area and he skilfully shot through a cordon of five defenders.

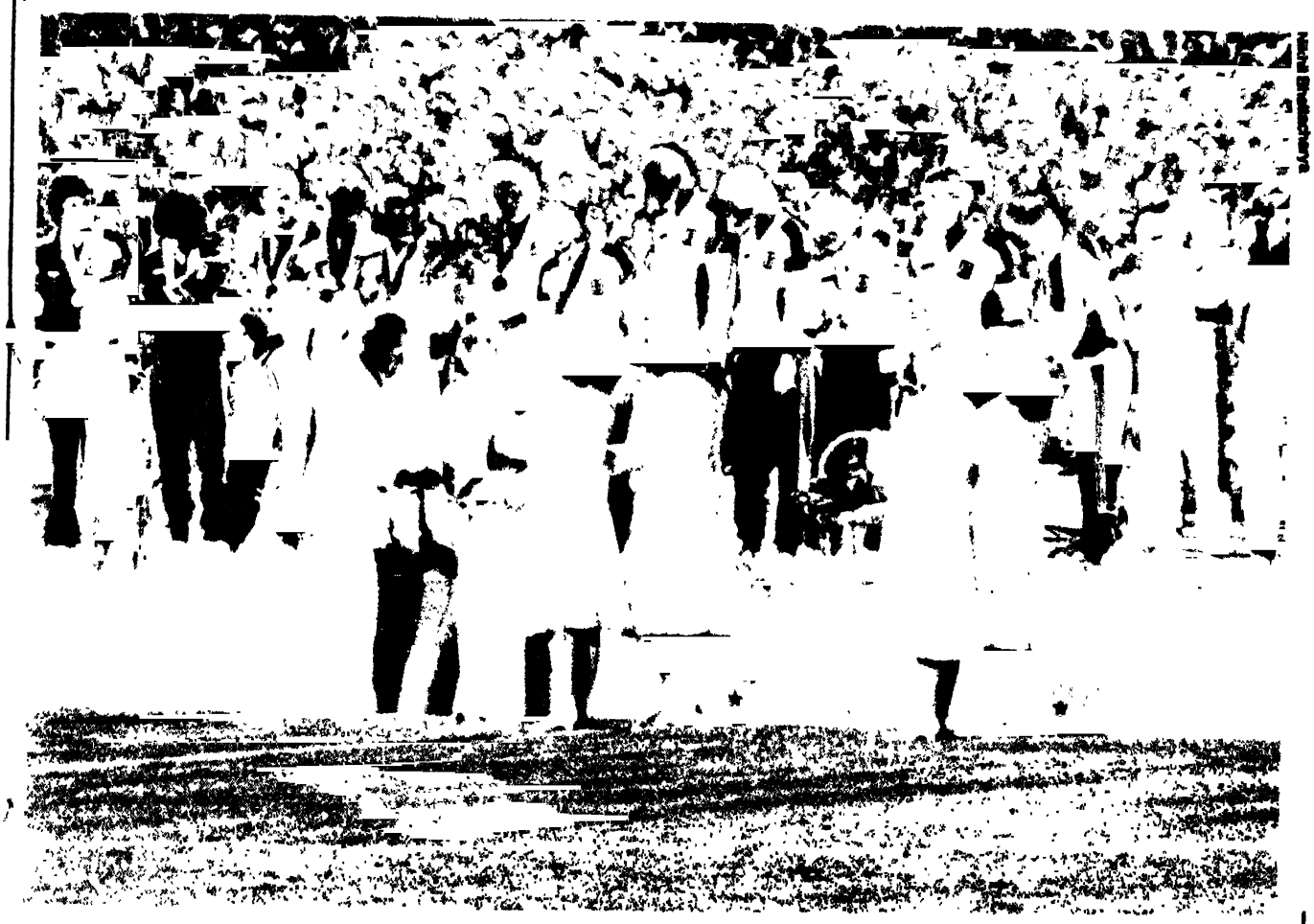
Another blow for the Yugoslavs came in the fourth minute of the second half. The Mexican referee Marquez Ramirez threw one of them out for kicking French defender Rohr However, the remaining 10 men went to work with Borislave Cvetkovic, the top Yugoslav scorer of the tournament, leading the charge. He scored in the 63rd minute Then he set up a scoring opportunity for Deveric and the game was all tied

Rohr was fouled again This time the culprit was Cvetkovic himself. He was also tossed out by Ramirez The Yugoslav team held on with the support of their fans who outnumbered the French in the stands France could not capitalise on the advantage until the sixth minute of the overtime.

Italy's loss to Bright was a blunder in strategy So far in this tournament, Italy had played a rugged and defensive game that had made them quite unpopular, but had won games for them. In this match, they just opened up from the word go. Brazil could not have asked for anything more. Italy was playing their trademark wide open game. The openings provided several scoring opportunities to Brazil, yet the Italian defence held on.

In the first half of the overtime, Brazilian striker Augilmar Olivera began to assert himself. Gilmar, as he is fondly called at home, gave Brazil the lead in the 52nd minute Italy struck back in less than 10 minutes Even the heroics of the Italian goalkeeper Frano Tancredi was not sufficient to withstand the mounting pressure of the speedy Brazilians. A goal by Rinaldo Silva decided the issue in favour of Brazil.

Yugoslavia went into the bronze medal contest without her best three players, all of whom were suspended. Besides Nikolic and Cvetkovic, the leading forwards of the team, defender Mitar Mrkela also was on the sidelines. Yet, the Yugoslavs played like a complete team. Italy scored first



FIFA president Havelange distributing the football gold medals to the French team

through a penalty in the early half. But it was Yugoslavia all the way, and it seemed to be only a matter of time. Mirsad Baljic headed a free kick feed to tie the score in the 59th minute. Yugoslavia dominated the game completely in the second half, as they had been doing in the other matches.

The decisive goal came from Stejepan Deveric, his fifth in the tournament. It gave Yugoslavia an Olympic record. They had won the gold in Rome and bronze in 1948, '52 and '56. No other team has won five Olympic soccer medals. The gold was so close after 20 years, but with the star strikers off the field it remained just a dream. What a way to finish an Olympics.

The final was a real showdown. Tens of thousands of Brazilian soccer fans marched into the Rose Bowl, the 70-year-old football stadium, to watch their team beat France. The French had hardly 200 fans on the other side of the turf doing their best of cheerleading. Brazil had nothing to lose. Even in a loss, she was going to win her first Olympic soccer medal.

Twenty-six years ago, these two teams had met in the semi-finals of the 1958 World Cup. A 17-year-old youngster called Pele led Brazil to a 5-2 victory on that occasion.

Brazil had a strong team of professional soccer players. Seven of their leading performers came from the International of Porto Alegere Club. A few from the Youth World Cup team added fresh blood to the team. France, the winners of the recent European Cup two months ago, had a bunch of very talented young professionals who play superb defence.

Brazil went all out from the beginning. The French defence held back. There was hardly any shots at either goal in the first half. The French rarely got into the Brazilian goal area. But they displayed perfect teamwork. Everyone played almost equally well. There were no particular stars in their line-up.

In the second half, the French began to raid the Brazilian goal. In the meantime, the Brazilians had been becoming a little impatient. The French, however, waited patiently for the right openings. Their first goal came in the 55th minute through a collective effort by Guy Lacombe, Jean Rohr and Brisson who headed the ball into the net.

Brazil panicked a little at this stage. Their game became a little wild. That swung the tide in favour of the French forwards who began to come out more and more. A Dominique-Xuereb combo added to the margin to give France their second Olympic medal.

Some of the American media heralded it as France's first-ever Olympic soccer medal. If only they checked the record, they would have seen a silver against France's name, won in Paris itself in 1900.

This was France's second major title in recent years. The ultimate test will come in Brazil, two years from now, in the World Cup.

They are young and eager. Watch out for them.

Ugly Australians, indeed!

The Australian cricketers get the rough end of the stick from the press, complains **Rodney Marsh** in his book 'Inside Edge'. This is the second extract from the book published by Lansdowne Rigby International and priced at £5.95

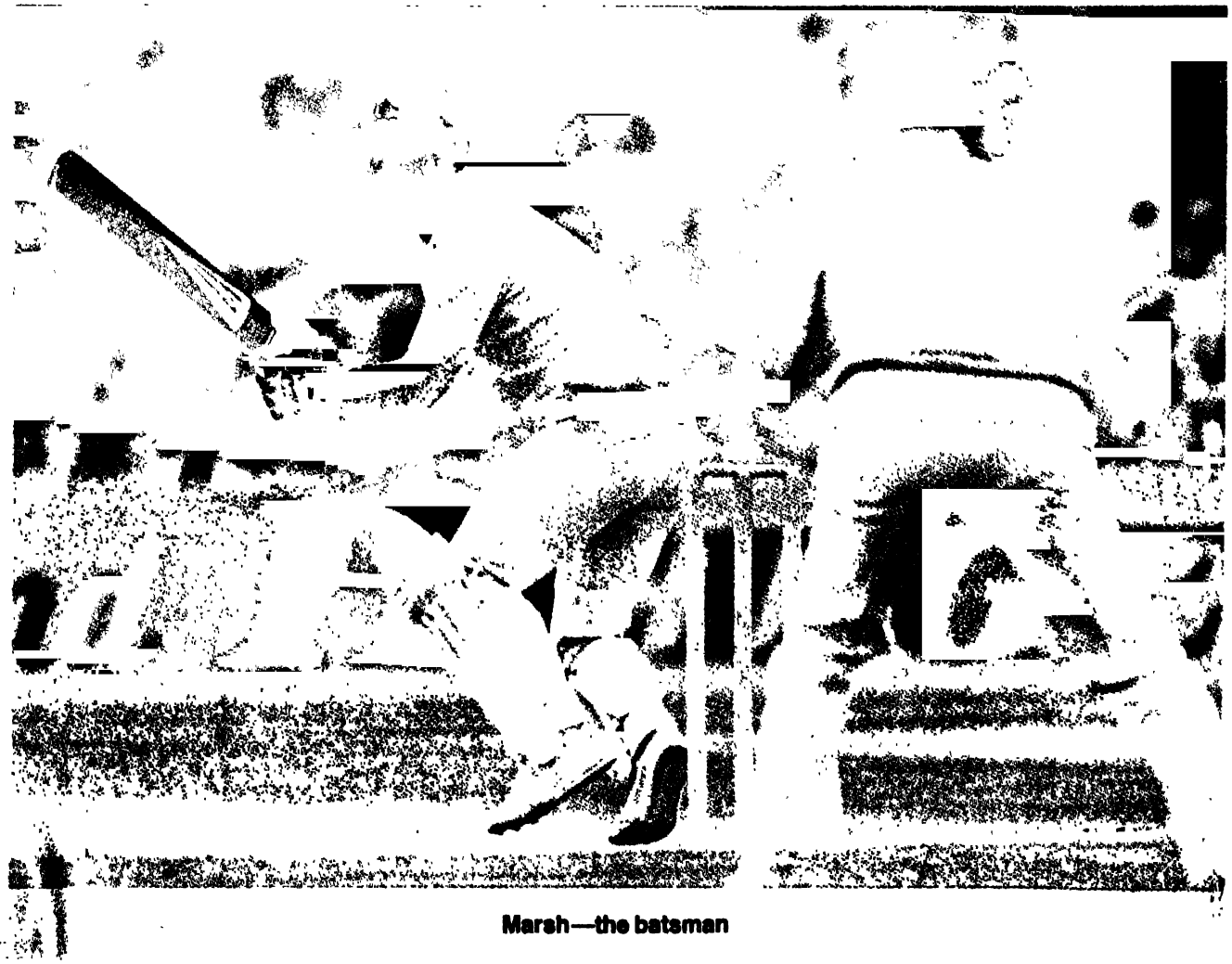
BOB WILLIS described England's 1982-83 tour of Australia as one of the most sportsmanlike series he had played in. Glenn Turner likened New Zealand's summer here to a tour of duty in Vietnam.

So who do you believe—the gentleman Pom or the enigmatic Kiwi? Willis gets my vote. I think he summed up the international season neatly and accurately. Sure, there were a few on-field incidents, but nothing that would do any more than raise an eyebrow.

The so-called sledging, the hate-campaign against Turner simply did not exist. Turner insisted it did and went on record in the New Zealand Press as saying that he was "getting fed up with the constant abuse" from the Australians. The most charitable thing I can say about that is Turner must have been hearing things.

My recollection—and I was behind the stumps every time he batted against Australia in the one-day series—is that only once did we speak to him at all. That was in the Adelaide game on January 31 and I'll take responsibility for starting (albeit unintentionally) the verbal skirmish.

Jeff Thomson bowled a no-ball, Turner edged it and I accepted the catch. I didn't hear the umpire's call and only when I noticed that Turner hadn't moved from the crease did I



Marsh—the batsman

realise that it was, in fact, a no-ball.

All I said was, "You arsey so-and-so!"

You could scarcely describe it as a tirade of abuse and it wasn't really directed at the batsman It was simply an expression of disappointment and I didn't give a damn whether Turner had heard it or not

He obviously had, because his over-reaction was to turn around and wave his arms like an orchestra conductor. His own little way of drawing the crowd's attention to the fact that I'd said something

I played second fiddle and the game went on Thommo was bowling very well at this stage and causing Turner's partner, Bruce Edgar, a good deal of discomfort Edgar had played and missed several times and Thommo showed his disappointment in typical Thommo fashion

"When are you going to edge one, you arsey so-and-so?" he said Again, hardly a barrage of vile invective Certainly not "sledging" in the accepted sense of the word But enough to offend Glenn Turner's overdeveloped sense of decency.

Apparently, regarding Edgar as neither old enough nor big enough to take care of himself in such roughneck company, Turner bought into it. He spoke to Thomson, who responded by inviting him to get up the other end and face the bowling And if he did, Thommo suggested, he (Turner) might just get his head taken off

As repartee goes, it was not top quality and it degenerated when the pair of them began to discuss their respective IQs. According to each, the other had been AWOL when brains were being handed out

I was just standing there, gloves on hands, listening to the exchange and Turner lost me when he resorted to one of the oldest insults in the book "If brains were dynamite they wouldn't blow your hat off," he told Thomson

I couldn't let such corny stuff go unpunished so I told Turner I was six years old when I first heard that gag and that it was appropriate that he should be cracking it at his age In other words, he was behaving like a six-year-old.

The debate ended there and we went about the business of playing cricket again.

But the incident should have been left where it had happened—on the field. I really don't see how Turner could complain about "abuse" If what Thomson and I had said offended him, he should have remembered that he gave as good as he got And it wasn't even his argument in the first place

As far as I know, though, those were the only words spoken to Turner on the field by Australian players for the entire series

He wasn't one of our favourite opponents—maybe because he's such a bloody good batsman—and we certainly didn't go out of our way to say "good morning' or "lovely to see you again" when he came to the crease But sledge him we did not

At one stage of the season, Turner was quoted as saying that he was no longer worried by the abuse from the Australian players or the taunts from the crowds. I suggest he have a look in his own backyard before he starts criticising crowds elsewhere

The Kiwis are among the noisiest, most bigoted cricket barrackers in the world. I've played in front of them often enough They didn't worry me. Short of a riot or other actual physical violence, I'll happily cop anything any crowd cares to dish out A rowdy crowd is better than no crowd at all

I suspect Glenn Turner is hypersensitive He was probably a bit dark on us following the incident in Melbourne earlier in the series when Greg Chappell refused to allow him a substitute fieldsman

Turner had been in doubt for that game because of injury, but he batted very well and ran between wickets like a startled hare He didn't look crook to us

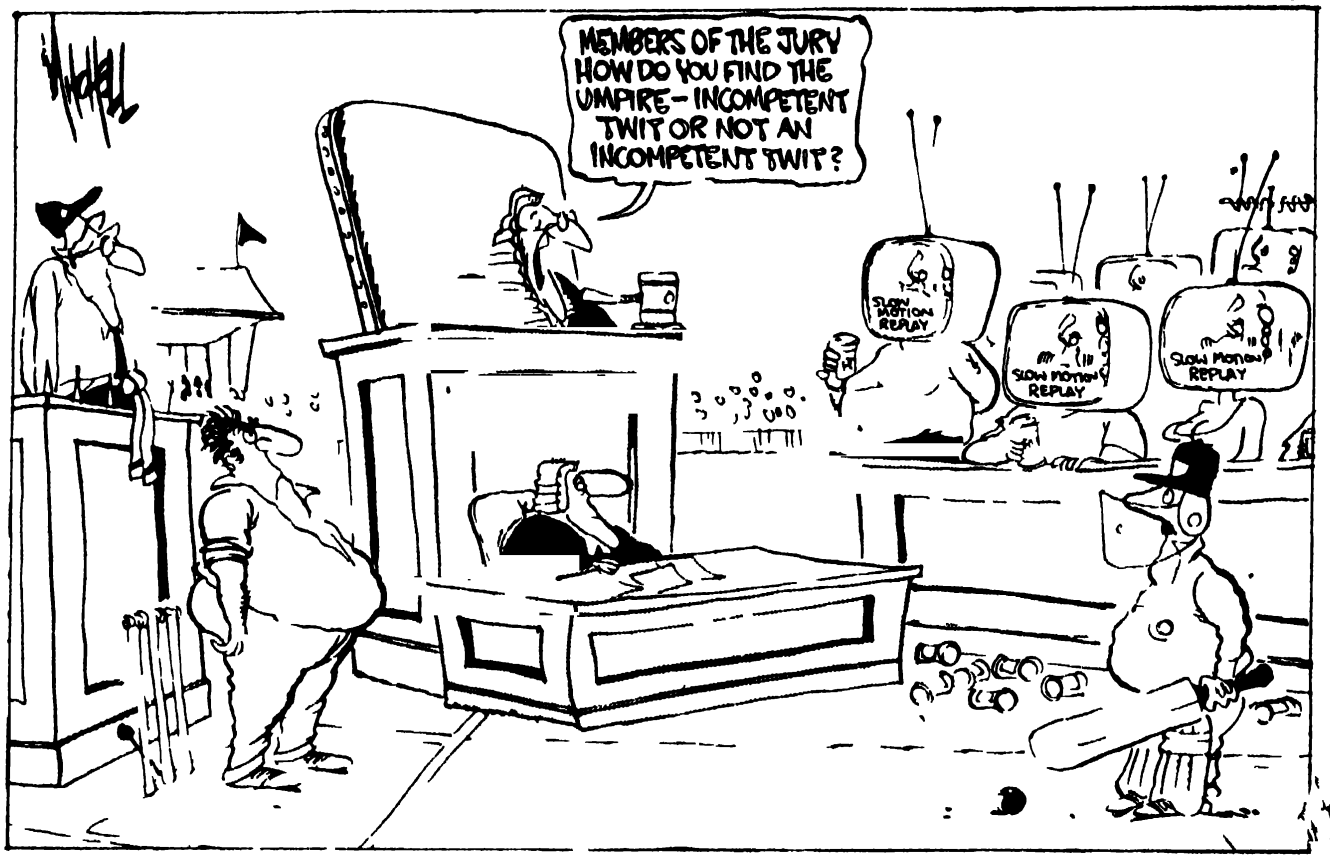
Then, when our turn came to bat, he found himself unable to field and called for the 12th man Greg was having none of it—and quite rightly so The laws are that if you go into a game carrying an injury, you wear it.

Turner eventually won his point—and a replacement—by saying it was a different injury But the incident probably didn't endear us to him



Patrick Eagar

Marsh—a picture of concentration behind the stumps



'What with cameras, close-ups, microphones, replays, slow motion, video screens.. it's damned difficult to belch on the field now without letting half the world in on the secret'

The Turner business flared again in Perth towards the end of the season and Kim Hughes must take the blame for it For some reason at a Press conference before the Perth games, Kim fired a broadside at Turner for not playing Test cricket He said he knew why the New Zealander loved one day matches—because the ball never got above stump high!

It was an extraordinary outburst, quite uncalled for and, in my book, in poor taste As captain Kim should have known better He'd had enough to do with the Press to know they'd grab his quotes with both hands and make a big deal out of them Which of course they duly did It served merely to give credence to Turner's claim that we were waging some sort of vendetta against him Which was nonsense

We conducted ourselves with such decorum during the 1982-83 season that the visiting cricket writers had to stretch their imaginations to the limit to justify the "Ugly Australians' tag they had bestowed on us several years earlier

It's funny but they only call us that when we're winning never when we're losing It also amazes me how they can deplore things we do yet let similar deeds by the opposition go unmentioned

A case in point was the John Dyson Richard Hadlee incident in the first one-day game in Melbourne Hadlee gave John a hefty shove as he was setting off for a single I think maybe Hadlee was acting within his rights because John was in his way and preventing the possibility of a run-out

As it happened umpire Tony Crafter told John later there was no way he'd have given him run out, because his progress had been impeded

That didn't really concern me What did worry me was that the incident went virtually unreported, whereas there'd have been hell to pay if positions had been reversed and it had been Dennis Lillee or Geoff Lawson pushing, say, Glenn Turner around "Foul!" they'd have cried

Ah yes, the Ugly Australians I'm afraid we're stuck with the image whether we deserve it or not And I figure we don't

Maybe our critics resent the fact that we enjoy our cricket more than other teams and are seen to enjoy it

Maybe they resent our exuberance on and off the field Maybe they resent the fact that such exuberance brings us together and develops such a strong team spirit

In short, maybe they resent our success Maybe, they're jealous··

Loud and Clear

I suppose I should be grateful for being "let off the hook" for one misdemeanour during the summer

I said "F————it" during the Perth Test and the on-field microphone picked it up and boomed it all over Australia

Strangely, it went unreported (as far as I know) in the Press Maybe the scribes were too embarrassed to put the word on paper

I'm no saint and I'll even confess to swearing at home—sometimes under my breath, mostly out loud I swear if I hit my thumb while I'm hammering in



"If the positions had been reversed and had Dennis Lillee...pushed, say, Glen Turner around, 'foul!' they'd (the press) have cried"

a nail, or if I spill the Weeties on the table while I'm helping with the kids' breakfast. My wife knew she wasn't marrying a parson.

I'm not suggesting that there's a constant stream of bad language out there on the field, but there's plenty of it—as there is in most sports, I guess.

The advent and development of the permissive society seems to have considerably stepped up the use of four-letter words in most walks of life and this may well apply to cricket. Several past players I've discussed this with have disagreed. They say these words flew just as thick and just as fast in their day.

The ever-increasing involvement of television with cricket has inevitably exposed the language and other "unsavoury" byplay out there in the middle and brought them into the loungeroom.

What with cameras, close-ups, microphones, replays, slow motion, video screens...it's damned difficult to belch on the field now without letting half the world in on the secret.

But really it's up to the directors handling the telecast. It's up to them to decide which passages are replayed. Unfortunately they tend to compound the felonies by dwelling on the seedy and the sensational. And as for these new-fangled video screens, surely they would better serve the public by replaying the great shot or the brilliant save rather than, as in Botham's case, the mouthed obscenity.

I realise the innocent have nothing to fear, but the fact of life is that we're no angels.

Nobody likes to be caught in the act of swearing and put on public display and I was unaware at the time that my Perth boo-boo had gone Australia-wide. It happened when Geoff Miller swung down the leg side. Miller missed it, I missed it and the ball went for byes.

I had committed one of wicketkeeping's cardinal sins—I had allowed byes.

"F————it"! I said.

I've said it before in moments of extreme disappointment on the field. I'll very likely say it again.

Next time I hope the microphone lies and it comes out as "damn". I mean, it's not very good for my image.

But as long as cricket is played, cricketers will swear. I see little harm in it, unless the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury happens to be batting.

Apparently, I put a few armchair spectators in the doghouse by letting fly that afternoon at the WACA.

Imagine the scenario: Hubby's sitting there watching the cricket, the missus is nearby, sewing, knitting or what have you—and suddenly that unmentionable word is dropped loud and clear.

I've heard of at least three viewers who swear their respective wives blamed them.

One bloke says his wife didn't speak to him for days.

To them, I apologise. And let me assure the wives that it was indeed Rodney Marsh.

Kapil Dev to be sacked?

The grapevine has it so, says **Premen Addy**

UNDER the azure blue of a warm English summer's day, West Indies did what no other team has ever done nor is likely to do in the near future. They beat England five nil in a Test series on English soil. The Australian Warwick Armstrong had achieved a similar feat in Australia in 1920-21.

Each West Indian victory was decisive. They won by an innings at Edgbaston and Old Trafford, nine wickets at Lord's, eight at Headingley and by 172 runs at The Oval. It was a whitewash.

Gomes, Greenidge, Dujon and finally the out-of form Haynes, scored heavily. West Indies barely missed Richards, who after an explosive start to the summer, faded out of sight. Nevertheless, his early contributions had been crucial as most of his colleagues were still finding their touch. Without Richards then, West Indies might have been struck devastating blows which could have blunted their confidence for the rest of the season. Sport, after all, is as much about psychology as skill.

In the first Test England were outplayed from the opening hours. In the other matches, however, there were moments when they caught tantalising glimpses of the Promised Land only to discover that they had beheld a mirage.

In 1951-52, Australia crushed a West Indian side boasting the three legendary Ws and Keith Miller, one of those that caused them most havoc, wrote later in his book *Straight Hit*, that had some batsmen struck anchor early that year, the big guns would gradually have found their feet. Nobody did and early defeats for West Indies ended in a total collapse of team morale.

'Bowlers win matches' is the quintessence of cricketing wisdom. Garner, Marshall and Holding captured 68 wickets between them at 18 runs apiece. Although the last two were forced to miss a Test each on account of injury. Which is where the true secret of the Windies' success lay

Without Richards, West Indies might have been struck devastating blows which could have blunted their confidence for the rest of the season. Sport, after all, is as much about psychology as skill.

It is unlikely that we shall again see Clive Lloyd play in a Test in England. His courtesy, sportsmanship and good humour have won him many friends on and off the field and English cricket writers were unstinting in their praise of this most likeable of men. The whole series was played in a friendly spirit and we were spared the 'incidents' that have unfortunately become a part of the modern game.

After such high drama, the remainder of the summer carries the whiff of an anti-climax. It is much like a move on to a light hearted one-act play after seeing Macbeth or Othello. The Sri Lankans, for one, are better able to produce fireworks in their own country than here. The crowd should not greatly exceed the few hundred who make the Sri Lankan High Commission staff and the usual band of Lord's loyalists who would come to watch even Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher in a double wicket competition.

At a more serious level, the County Championship moves inexorably towards a pulsating finish. Essex and Nottinghamshire are running neck and neck, producing enthralling cricket as they near their climax. There are no other contenders in sight. Twenty points or to put it another way, a single victory, separates the two sides with Essex having played one game more.

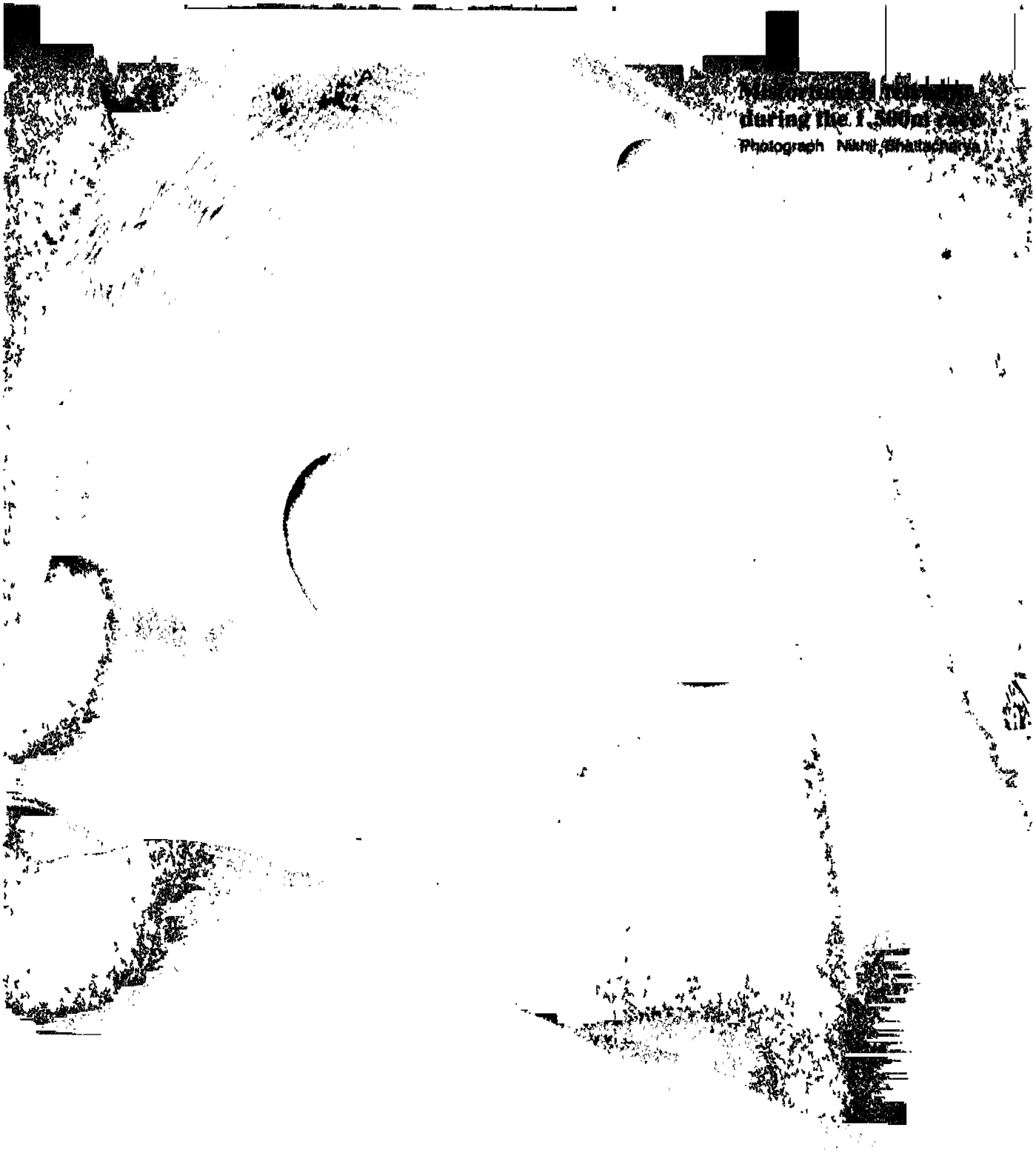
Nottinghamshire made up some of the leeway when they spanked Middlesex, thanks to a superlative 210 not out by Richard Hadlee, who came with the score at 17 for four, and promptly blitzed his way to a double hundred. His shell-shocked opponents were then subjected to the famous Hadlee pace and were routed.

Essex, however, surged ahead by beating Somerset by 85 runs. They owed their success principally to the fast left-arm bowling of John Lever whose five for 54 and five for 62 gave him match figures of 10 for 116.

And so to the semi-finals of the Natwest Trophy. Kent took on Warwickshire at Edgbaston, emerging comfortable winners by six wickets. On a hot steamy day, the Australian seamer Terry Alderman extracted prodigious swing and movement off the ground and but for a truly superb 86 from Alvin Kallicharran, Warwickshire would have collapsed in a heap. However, their total of 224 was not good enough, particularly as they lacked the services of Willis, and Kent coasted home to victory with Mark Benson making an undefeated 113, which won him the Man of the Match award.

The tie at Lord's was a tamer affair. Northamptonshire scored 226 for six in their allotted overs. Robert Bailey, a 20-year-old, who is being hailed as one of the most promising youngsters in the land, hit an impressive unbeaten 56. But the Northants attack was too weak to cause Middlesex any discomfort as they raced to their target with 228 for two on the board with Wilf Slack (the Man of the Match) scoring 79 and Mike Gatting making the victory stroke on 88. The final will take place on 1 September at Lord's, with Clive Lloyd as the match adjudicator.

One item of news coming through the grapevine is the possible sacking of Kapil Dev by Worcestershire. Kapil has simply not produced the goods either with bat or ball and the County is apparently trying to persuade Malcolm Marshall to join them as his replacement.



during the 1,500m race

Photograph Nikhil Bhattacharya

Book bargains

Raju Mukherjee leafs through three books on the Olympic Movement published recently

OVER the past few months books on the Olympics, appropriately enough, have been displayed very prominently on the shelves of booksellers. Books on statistics are a necessary bore whether they be of cricket, of soccer, of tennis, of the Olympics or, for that matter, any other sport. But if the ingenuity of the writer can blend the statistics with interesting text, then it certainly makes for compelling reading. It is precisely in this context that three of the 'Olympic' books stand out. For me the pick of the lot is *The Complete Book of the Olympics*, published by the Penguin Books.

As the title extols, the 628 pages between the stiff-cover paperback trace in great detail every single event that has taken place in the modern Olympics, both the Summer as well as the Winter Games. Not only does the statistical survey provide the name, the nationality and the timing (or whatever) of every medallist but also gives the relevant data on every finalist.

However, the real essence of the book is the excellent text that accompanies the statistics on every page. The author is David Wallechinsky, a brilliant analyst and meticulous researcher who, I am certain, has done his renowned author-father Irving Wallace proud by his detailed study of the Olympic Movement.

In order to maintain the chronological continuity of every event, each discipline has been given a separate chapter, and not the usual trend of going from one Olympic to another. However another novelty of the volume and also one of its chief contributions is the coverage of events and disciplines that have been discontinued. Thereby providing the reader with the information that cricket was played at the Paris Olympiad of 1900; that live pigeons were used for target shooting; that an obstruction race was held in swimming; that there were high and long jumps in equestrian events; that golf and tennis were once a part of the programme.

In the best tradition of Penguin Books the proof-reading has been extraordinary, especially for a volume of such magnitude, where accuracy of facts and figures is of paramount importance. The print, too, is easy on the eyes. To say that at Rs 113.30 the book is excellent value is only an unnecessary reminder.

The Olympic Games, Athens 1896 to Los Angeles 1984 is the title of a book which complements Wallechinsky's. The author Peter Arnold has begun with a short history of the Greek Games of antiquity leading on to the architect of the modern Olympics, Pierre de Coubertin. In the thought-provoking introduction he has raised the important contemporary issues: the financial burden of staging the Games, the ever-increasing politicisation, and the declining standards of behaviour of modern sportsmen. Like Wallechinsky, Peter Arnold wonders if American university scholarships for talented athletes and the coaching clinics in the communist countries qualify sportsmen as amateurs in the strictest sense of the term. Undoubtedly, a very pertinent observation.

...it provides the reader with the information that cricket was played at the Paris Olympiad of 1900; that live-pigeons were used for target shooting; that an obstruction race was held in swimming; that there were high and long jumps in equestrian events; that golf and tennis were once a part of the programme.

The hard-bound volume of 250-odd pages has at the end a complete list of all the medal winners of the modern Olympics. Published by Optimum Books under the copyright of The Hamlyn Publishing Group Limited, the volume has been very reasonably priced at Rs 129.60. An excellent book, an ideal complement to David Wallechinsky's marvel.

The third book which has caught my fancy is not one exclusively devoted to the Olympics but a volume whose 115 pages cover a panorama of outstanding sports personalities of the Twentieth Century.

"*Great Moments in Sports*" is basically in the mould of a scrap-book of the sporting heroes, to use a cliche from archery to yoga. Well-illustrated with colour pictures and short descriptions of star performers and their highlights, this hardbound book will certainly interest the young sport enthusiasts who are in an age-group when people should devote more time to active participation rather than pore over the details of the performances of others.

He has divided the chapters into decades one dovetailing into another, and has introduced Thorpe and Owens, Gonzales and Laver, Bradman and Compton, Pele and Eusebio to his readers. But although he has done justice to the broad base by including various sporting disciplines and their leading personalities, yet unfortunately he has kept too close to Britain in his choice of subjects. This has certainly taken away some of the appeal. For a book of this nature without the names of Tenzing Norgay and Edmund Hillary is certainly a shame.

As the book includes figure-skating, ice-hockey and similar sports which have not yet developed mass following in our country, the young readers may still unfurl a healthy interest in sports other than the usual diet of cricket and football that they are served with. To this extent the short write-ups are bound to inspire the young minds and help to guide them into the finer aspects of various sports. Purnell Books, the publishers, have done an excellent job. The book is being sold at Rs 114.10.

The Complete Book of the Olympics (Penguin Books)—David Wallechinsky.
Olympic Games: Athens 1896 to Los Angeles 1984 (Optimum Books)—Peter Arnold.
Great Moments in Sports (Purnell Books)—Norman Barrett

When Gate Dancer opened up

"I'M LEAVING the earmuffs on him so he won't be embarrassed by all the talk about him," said trainer Jack Van Berg at Pimlico's "Alibi Breakfast" on the day prior to the 109th running of the Grade I Preakness Stakes, second oven in the American Triple Crown series.

Van Berg's facetious comment was in reference to one of the various pieces of equipment he had tried on Gate Dancer in an effort to cure that colt's habit of lugging-in, while running next to other horses during the stretch runs of races ranging from California to Kentucky.

Alibis became irrelevant approximately three hours after Van Berg's one-liner when Gate Dancer smashed the Preakness and track record for the 2000 metre trip, coming home in 1 minute 53 3/5 seconds and put a dent in Kentucky Derby winner Swale's two-week-old credentials as leader of the three-year-old colt division. He did this while maintaining a marvellously straight course when it counted most, and brought owner Kenneth Opstein and Van Berg their first classic victory each, as well as claiming $243,600 of the gross purse of $338,600.

Embarrassment might have had something to do with Gate Dancer's run into the record books, but it is more likely that a major factor in the new, improved Gate Dancer was another new piece of equipment added by Van Berg between the Derby and Preakness: jockey Angel Cordero Jr.

There were four starters in the Preakness who had not run in the Derby, including two local horses, S.S. Hot Sauce and Pac Soldier. The former is a Sauce Boat colt who had earned $155,600 coming into the Preakness having recorded three stakes wins against Maryland competition.

The other Marylander in the field was Pac Soldier, trained by Bill Boniface, longtime Turf writer and editor for the Baltimore Sunpapers. Bill, trained 1983 Preakness winner Deputed Testamony. Pac Solider was stakes-placed in Maryland-bred company and had shown some consistency in his nine career starts but had not faced weapons of the calibre he would be seeing in the Preakness.

The out-of-town shippers included one old face and an intriguing new one. The familiar one, Wind Flyer, and the new kid on the classic block was Play On, a handsome son of Stop the Music, who had faced the starter only four times prior to the Preakness. The question with Play On, obviously, was whether an inexperienced youngster could get by on class and courage and the careful training of an excellent horseman.

The betters' fancies for the Preakness were Swale, Swale, and Swale. The Derby winner attracted more than a third of all the money bet in the win place, and show pools on the Preakness, and was sent off from his number five post position as the 5 to 4 on money favourite. Interestingly, the second choice was Taylor's Special, at 4 to 1, fans evidently believing that his speed and the fast track would help him reverse the placings in the Derby with all of those who had finished in front of him there, except for Swale. Gate Dancer was at 5 to 1, Play On at 9 to 1, Fight Over at a surprisingly long 11 to 1 and the rest were all at 34 to 1 or longer odds.

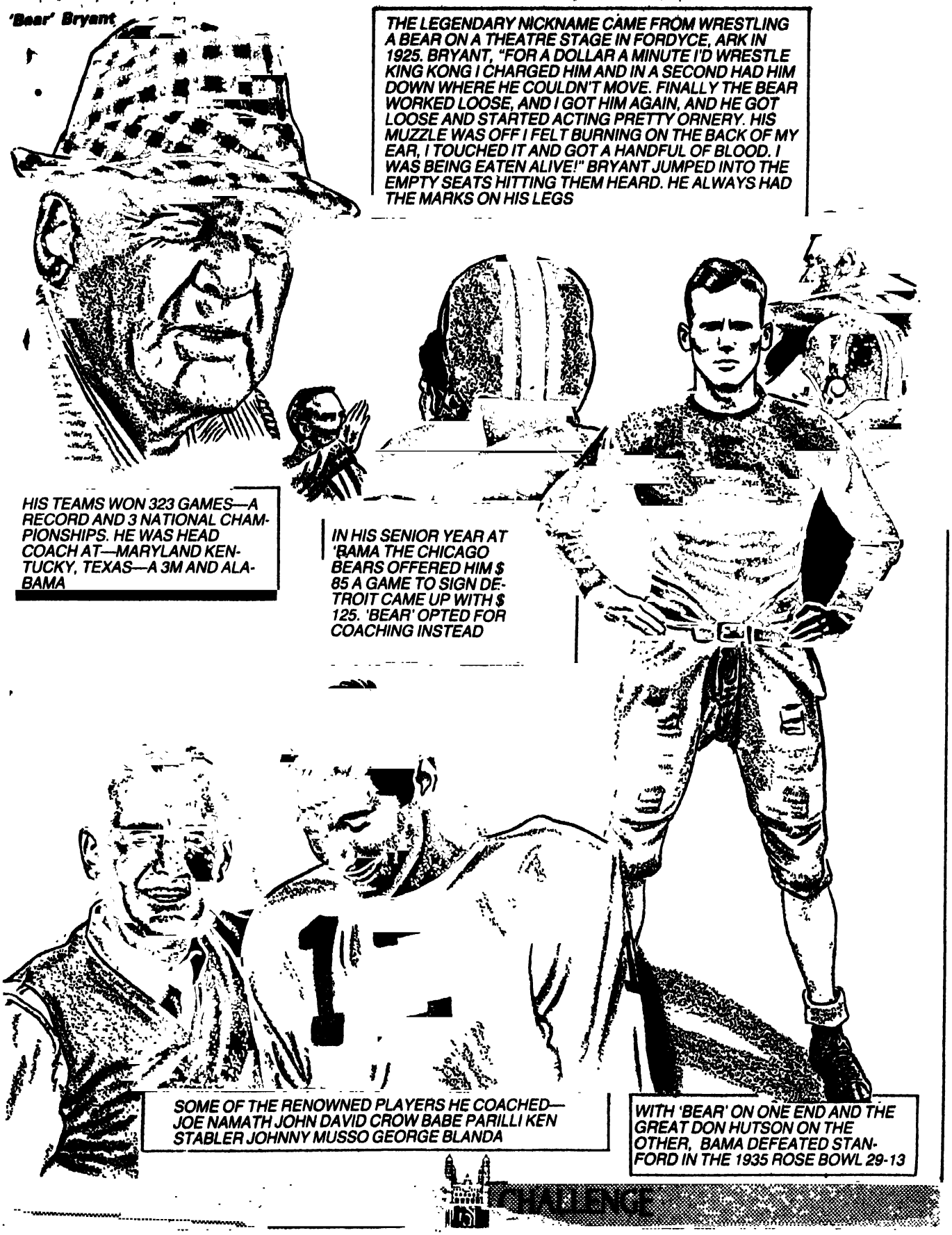
They were all tucked safely away in their starting stalls, and the gates popped open to reveal that trainer Parisella had meant what he said. Fight Over jumped into the lead before the field had gone a quarter-mile, roaring through that quarter in a quick-as-a wink: 22 2/5, sec which equalled the fastest opening quarter in Preakness history. Billy Turner had said on Friday that he expected an "honest pace" but what was going on here was downright suicidal.

Fight Over had built a comfortable 2 1/2 length lead after a half-mile, if any lead can be called comfortable when a horse has run a 45 1/5 sec half to get there. Swale was still second, running well out from the rail, but did not appear to be relaxed, perhaps a difficult chore at that speed. The order behind him was basically unchanged, and remained so until the field was nearing the end of the back-stretch. Fight Over clipped by the three-quarters mark in 1:min 09 1/5 sec, second only to the six-furlong fraction set by Bold Forbes in the 1976 Preakness.

The final turn, as is so often the case in two-turn races, proved to be the place where the race was won and lost. Taylor's Special, ridden by Bill Shoemaker, made a move to get to the leader, running by Swale in the process, but moving somewhat to the outside at the same time and opening a path for others. The others in this instance were Gate Dancer and Play On, with Gate Dancer moving fastest of all. Van Berg had told Cordero before the race that "this horse can catch anybody's horse in a quarter of a mile," and what happened was that Gate Dancer used that acceleration to outrun Taylor's Special and Play On to the spot where he could challenge Fight Over, who carried him wide coming out of the turn.

Gate Dancer got by a battling Fight Over in the early stretch as they passed the mile in 1: 34 2/5, the fastest mile ever run at Pimlico, and continued on his victorious way to the finish line, although there was a slight wobble at one point when the tiring Fight Over began to bear out and came close to or touched Gate Dancer. Cordero, not risking an error now, whacked Gate Dancer once left-handed and jerked his head to the right, steadying him and riding home to a 1½ length hands and heels win over the rallying Play On, who moved to the inside in the stretch and finished strongly and courageously putting in a superb performance for a colt making only his fifth appearance on a race track.

Gate Dancer rolled under the wire in a time that took two-fifths of a second off the stakes and track record held by Canomero II, who established that record when capturing the Preakness in 1971. Fight Over, held on to be third ahead of Taylor's Special, who led Pine Circle and Wind Flyer to the wire, with Swale coming in seventh after falling out of contention on the final turn.



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STATUTORY WARNING: CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

7 August P T Usha in the quarter miler from Kerala creates history as she qualifies for the final of the women's 400m hurdles at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum

Carl Lewis gets to the half way mark of his personal target Two of the intended four gold medals are his already as he wins the men's long jump with a leap of 8.54 metre

8 August The American girl team in full cry as they beat South Korea 85-55 in the final of the women's basketball

On the volleyball court, it is the Chinese girls who strike gold as they spike their way past the American girls to win 16-14 15-3, 15-9

9 August The fifth and final Test between England and West Indies sees the West Indies scuttled out for just 190 at the end of the first day

The entire Indian hopes are shattered as P T Usha is relegated to fourth place in a photo finish for the bronze in the women's 400m hurdles

The Carl Lewis gold medal march continues unrelentless as he bags his third gold medal of the LA Games Lewis flashes down the 200m in just 19.80 secs

10 August Pakistan keeps the Asian hopes alive as they edge their way past Australia in the semi final of the Olympic hockey championship

West Indies like the proverbial wounded tiger, come back with a vengeance to maul the English batting line up At the end of the second day, West Indies are 15 for no loss having bundled England out for 162

Daley Thompson retains his Olympic decathlon title as he notches up 8,797 points to silver medallist Juergen Hingsen's 8,673

11 August The 3,000m for women sees a lot of controversy as the favourites, Mary Decker and Zola Budd, collide midway through the race to leave Decker writhing in pain from a torn muscle

The third day at the Oval sees West Indies score 287 for the loss of seven wickets Desmond Haynes is unbeaten with 111

Olympic athletics sees Carl Lewis fulfill his dream when he and his team mates set a new world record in the 4×100m relay

Sebastian Coe strides to his first gold medal of the LA Olympics as he wins the 1,500 metres

12 August Pakistan win the hockey gold with a well deserved 2-1 win over West Germany.

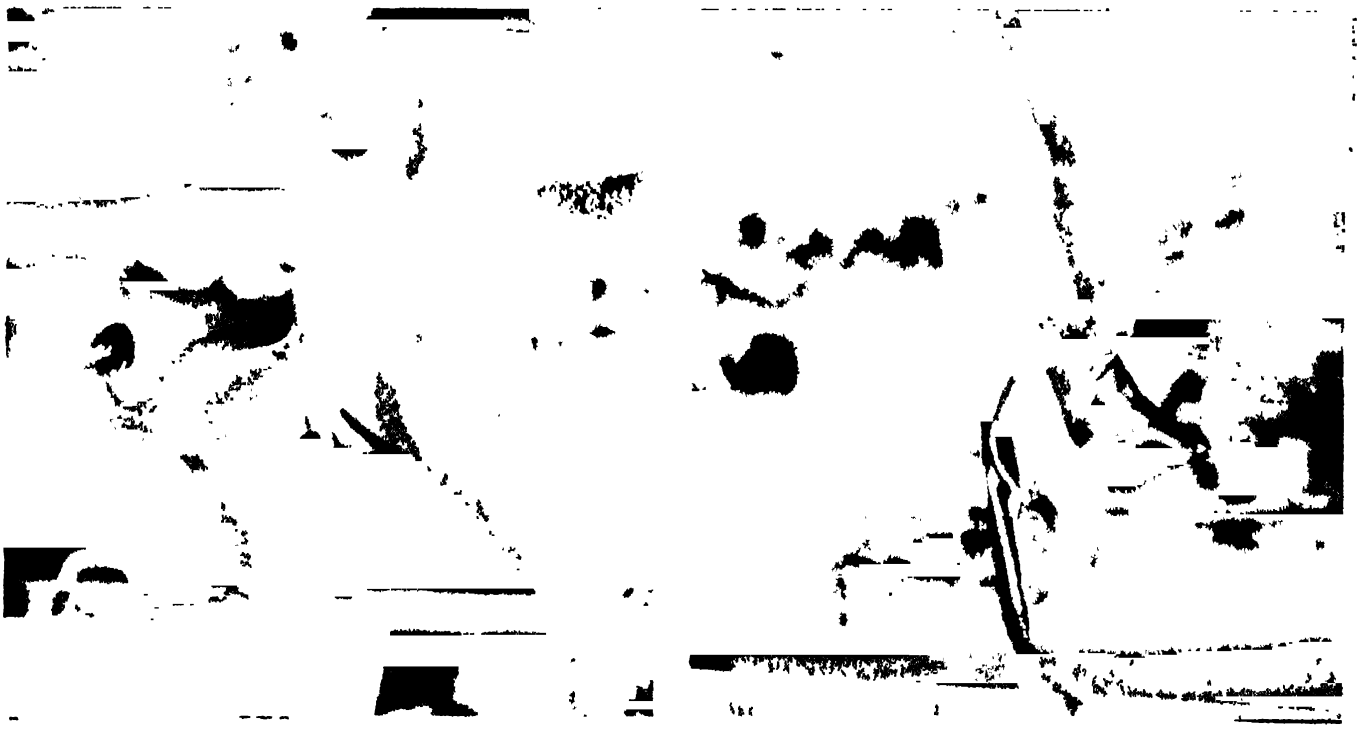
France beats Brazil 2-0 to win the Olympic football championship Francoi Brisson and Daniel Xuereb are the scorers

Carlos Lopes of Portugal wins the final event of the LA Olympics The marathon The finish of this race culminates into the extravagant closing ceremony of the XXIIIrd Olympiad

13 August Set a target of 375 for victory, England flounder at 151 for five at the end of the fourth day of the fifth Test against West Indies at the Oval

A South African business man offers a purse of $65,000 for a Mary Decker—Zola Budd rematch

14 August The West Indies win the series 5-0 as they bowl England out for 202 in the fifth Test to win by 172 runs.



Li Ning of China and Julianne McNamara of the US display the contrast between men's and women's gymnastics. With the men, there is much more emphasis on physical strength while the girls use grace, speed and poise

King of the ring

Boxing's biggest personality

IT was round seven when a battery of punches ripped through George Foreman's guard, smashed against his jaw and sent the Champion toppling to the canvas for the first time in his illustrious career.

The count was a formality. At the age of 32, Muhammad Ali had become only the second man to regain the world heavyweight crown. In doing so, he finally convinced many of boxing's remaining doubters of what Ali had been proclaiming so loudly and for so long: that he was indeed The Greatest.

Born Cassius Marcellus Clay, in Louisville, Kentucky, in January 1942, he first came to international prominence as an amateur when he won the light-heavyweight championship at the Rome Olympics.

Young Clay soon realised that boxing skill alone was not enough to draw the crowds. He looked for gimmicks and soon found a winner: he decided to boast. 'I'm the greatest,' he would shout, whenever he could find an audience.

The Press named him 'Gaseous Cassius' and 'The Louisville Lip'. Soon fans were turning up in their thousands in the hope of seeing his loud mouth closed by a solid puncher.

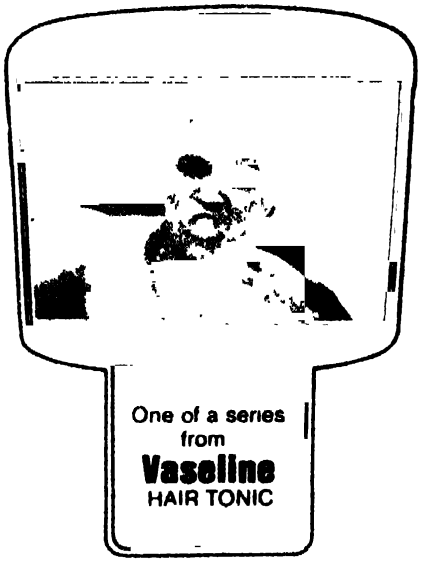
Rhyming forecasts

As he added experience to his skills, Clay began clowning in the ring and reciting eve-of-fight verses about his opponents, forecasting in which round the contest would end.

The boxing world sat back in smug anticipation of a hiding to come when, at the age of 21 and with only 19 professional fights behind him, he challenged the 'invincible' Sonny Liston for the world title.

Liston, a mean fighter with a lethal punch, had disposed of the previous champion, Floyd Patterson, in the first round in each of their two contests. Sonny summed up boxing's view when he said of Clay: 'If they make the fight, I'll be locked up for murder.'

MUHAMMAD ALI



Clay coined his famous boast that he would 'float like a butterfly and sting like a bee', but most fans thought he would fall like a sack of potatoes when Liston hit him.

Clay was the 7-1 underdog when he went into the ring to keep his promise to 'whup that ugly bear'. But Liston found his murderous punches hitting the air where the speedy Clay had been a split-second before.

After round four, just when the fans were preparing themselves for the upset of the century, Clay screamed that he was 'blind'. Some caustic from a cut on Liston's face had got into Clay's eyes. He pleaded with his seconds to cut off his gloves, and had to be pushed back into the ring when the bell sounded.

But the sensational fight took another fantastic turn when Liston failed to come out for the seventh round and was counted out on his stool!

Next day, February 26 1984, Clay told a still-numbed sports world that he was a member of the Black Muslims and was changing his name to Muhammad Ali.

'Phantom' punch

Ali won the return fight with Liston even more decisively and controversially—in round one—when Sonny was knocked out by what the Press called a 'phantom' punch.

A straight right of little apparent power and which Liston never saw, hit him between the eyes. Sonny rose after a muddled count and was astonished to be told he had been counted out.

Ali successfully defended his title nine times until, in April 1967, he was stripped of the championship for refusing to be drafted into the US Army. He remained in boxing exile for 3½ years.

His comeback attempt in March 1971 failed when he was battered to defeat over 15 gruelling rounds by Joe Frazier, Ali's successor to the title.

Three months later, however, came the victory which probably brought Ali more satisfaction than any other. The US Supreme Court acquitted him of the charge of being a draft-dodger.

It seemed the end of the road when Ken Norton, a tough ex-Marine, inflicted Ali's second defeat in 43 contests and broke his jaw in the process.

But by October 1974, Ali had earned yet another crack at the title, then held by George Foreman. The venue was Kinshasa, Zaire, the first time a world heavyweight championship fight had ever been held in Africa.

How Ali won is now history. News of his triumph roared through Kinshasa like a forest fire. The city went wild with delight. At daybreak, thousands of men, women and children thronged his expected route through the city, chanting 'Ali'. Ali'. Boxing had never known anything like it.

Whether or not Muhammad Ali is the greatest heavyweight of them all, he is certainly the greatest thing that ever happened.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

Sponsorship

Seoul refuses

WIDESPREAD commercial use of the LA Games has been a sore point with the Olympic Committees of most nations. When the decision was taken by the organising committee of the Los Angeles Games to invite sponsorship for the torch relay, they came under severe fire from a number of European and Asian Olympic bodies. The most vehement protest came from Greece when the country's Olympic Committee condemned the idea as deviation from the main Olympic ideal.

But nothing worked. The Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee, headed by the now famous Peter Ueberroth stuck to their guns and sponsorship applications poured into the committee's office in Los Angeles.

Did the Americans think that their novel idea would set a trend for the future Games? If they did, they were wrong. Even before the curtain was rung down on the LA Games, word came from Seoul, the venue of the 1988 Games, that the organisers of the 24th Olympiad has promised to limit the commercial use of the Games.

Even more heartening, the Mayor of the city of Amsterdam backed his application for the 1992 Games with a pledge not to allow the Olympics to be misused for commercial purposes.

Medal boom

Thanks to whom?

CAN there be any two opinions that the domination of the medals table at Los Angeles by the United States was chiefly due to the absence of the Soviet Union? It will be hard to find a knowledgeable sports follower who would not agree to ascribe the American medal bonanza to the Soviet-led boycott of the LA Games.

But, surely, not in America. Most people there refuse to believe that the Soviet absence had anything to do with their spectacular success in the '84 Games. They ascribe it to the determined reorganization of American sports that have taken place since the Montreal Games of 1976 at which most Americans thought they substantially underperformed.

Not only patriotic laymen, who find



it difficult to think that their success has come largely by default; even well informed pundits subscribe to this view. The only difference is that the experts provide a theory and statistics to substantiate their claim.

They say that it all started with the restructuring of the US Olympic Committee into the coordinating body of all amateur sports, following the American Government's legislation of the Amateur Sports Act.

Moreover, there has been the Education act which prohibits discrimination between sexes.

They also claim that over the past eight years there has been a vast alteration in finances also. For instance, in the four years before Montreal, the US Olympic committee spent 14 million dollars in preparing the team. In the four years before the LA Games, they have spent almost 90 million dollars. And hence the success.

But still, nobody can lose sight of the fact that the Soviet Union has never fallen behind their arch-rivals USA, since the curtain came down on the Montreal Games. Two consecutive Games have failed to see the two superpowers in action shoulder to shoulder and until that happens again, none of them can claim that they have gone through the acid test.

Parochial

American meanness

AMERICAN provincialism was exposed once again when the winner of the women's 400 metre hurdles Nawal El Moutawakil met the world Press in her post medal interview. She had just become the African and the first Arab gold medal winner at an Olympics. Emotion overcame her. Her pearl eyes became as red as the Moroccan flag from weeping with happiness. Then in a broken voice she said in the English she has learnt at the Iowa university how she owed so much to her dead father.

The Press team obviously comprised people from all corners of the globe, including the media men from Morocco and other Arab countries, and as is the practice, an interpreter was present to translate Nawal's answers in a suitable language.

But there was something shocking in store for everybody. As the interpreter started translating the gold medallist's answers in French, mainly for the benefit of the Moroccan and Arab journalists, the ABC interviewer Ted Hughes was heard yelling at his colleagues: "Hey, can we cut these interruptions?" The gentleman, perhaps, forgot that these were the Olympics, not a collegiate meet. And more important, the lady's own language happened to be French or Arabic.

Problem

Posed by success

THE British hockey team was not supposed to take part in the Games at all. But they did eventually, thanks to the Soviet boycott, and sprang a great surprise by making it to the semi-final.

The British hockey board, however had never reckoned that, nor did the Federation Internationale de Hockey when they decided a few months ago that the first six teams from Los Angeles would automatically qualify for the Champions Trophy tournament at Karachi.

The first six from the Olympic Games now include Britain. But according to convention, the Great Britain team is disbanded immediately after the Olympic Games and reassembled when the preparation for the next Olympics starts.

If the semi finalists are now broken up, no other team from the British Isles has the right to go to Karachi; nor would anybody want them to, especially the organizers of the Champions Trophy, who have seen the quality of the Great Britain team.

Now the situation is rather tricky for both the British Hockey Board and the Federation Internationale de Hockey. They would have to spend considerable time deliberating over the problem to find an acceptable solution and ensure that the Britons are seen in action in Karachi.

Dressed To Kill

LONDON: Teddy Tinling who's dressed them all for play and partying, and who says you never know a player well till you've dressed one—though we always thought it was the other way around—has this to say of the female tennis stars he's had close contact with over the years; Suzanne Lenglen was an absolute beaut; Alice Marble 'first carefree'; Maureen Connolly the first whiz kid with the ideal women tennis players' body; Althea Gibson a true pioneer; Maria Bueno was dazzling and Margaret Court Smith magnificent; Virginia Wade has luminous eyes but Billie Jean King is madame superstar; Evonne Goolagong is nature's sprite and Chris Evert-Lloyd is the most gracious of the champs. Last but not least, comes Martina Navratilova the one who can play better than Lenglen did. The only way to beat her is to drive over her foot in the car park!

Paper Champs

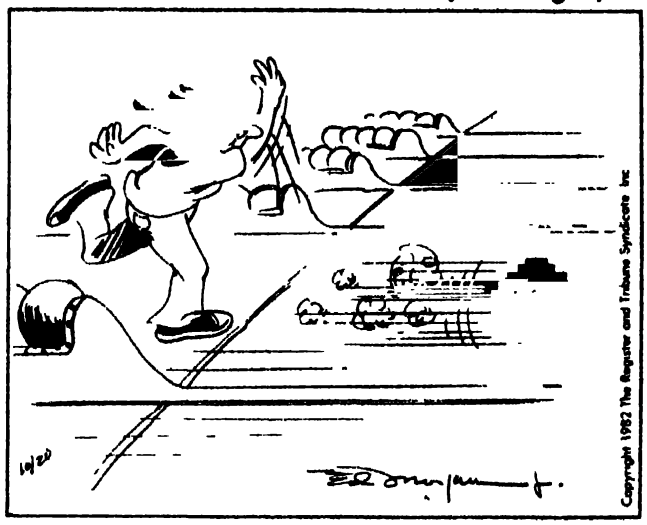
SAN FRANCISCO: Don Rose, disc jockey commenting on the disappointing performance of the Giants: "They've played on grass, they've played on astro-turf. Now they should put down a layer of paper in Candlestick Park. After all, The Giants always look good on paper."

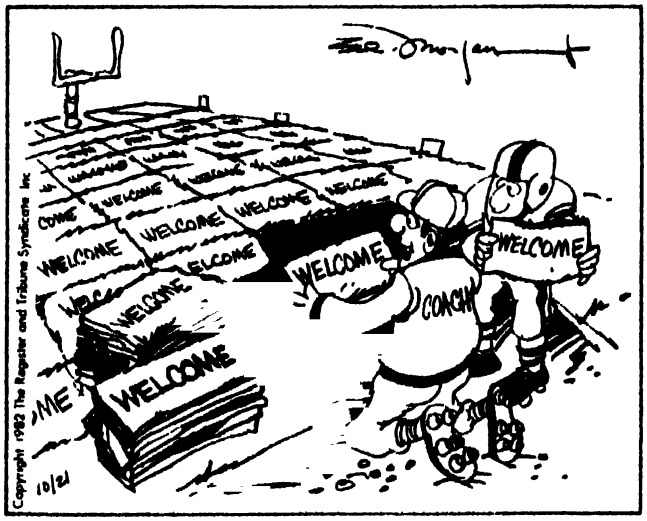
For The Wet Times

CHICAGO: The Depauw University Tiger football, basket-ball and baseball teams were undefeated at home in the past year. The basektball team had to play 24 games, they won one and 23 others were rained out. Coach Meyer who has a tradition of giving a parting gift to the senior players, and who usually gives beer mugs or books, this time presented them with umbrellas!

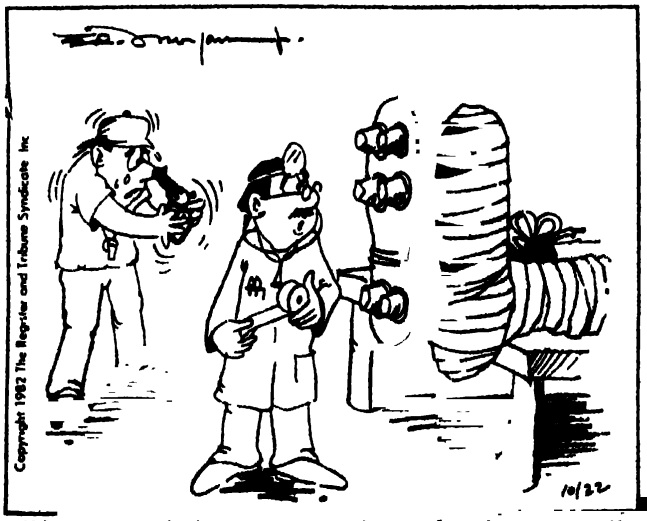
Bernie Tellis

IT'S JUST A GAME™ By Ed Morgan, Jr.

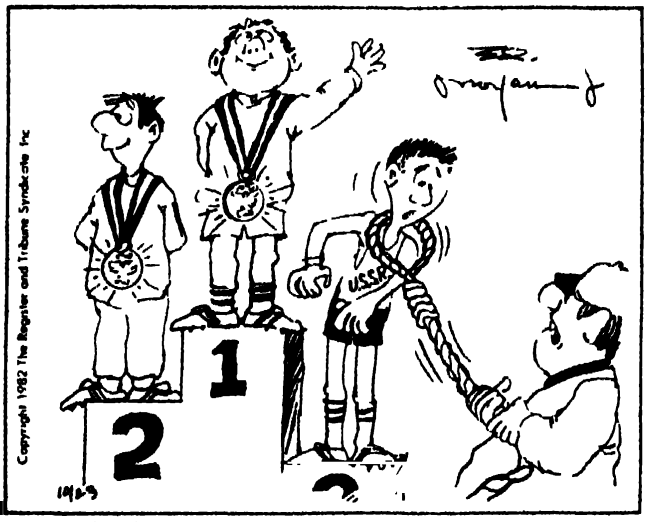




"First we gotta make money. Then we get the Astroturf."



"Sorry coach, but Big Benny's out for the season."

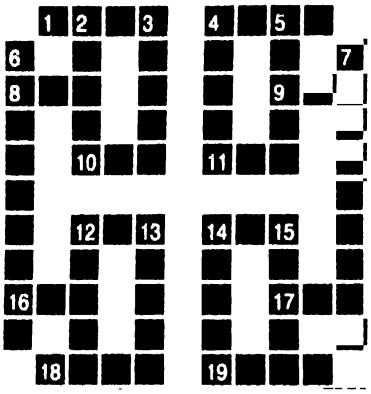


"Third place is not good enough, comrade."

CROSSWORD

Mudar

251



ACROSS

1 and 4 Japanese gymnast at the Los Angeles Olympics has a 'price rise in between (8)

8 What a Laver and a Marsh have in common (3)

9 Indian Olympic Association (1, 1, 1)

10 and 11 Country which won the most number of medals in the last two Olympics before this one (6)

12 and 14 Woman tennis player has Noah s vessel in between (6)

16 and 17 Race held annually on the first Saturday of June in England has a religious incantation in the middle (6)

18 Winner of the men s 800m at Los Angeles (4)

19 Tennis players Luis Clerc and Higueras have something to share (4)

DOWN

2 Prefix for 'wood often termed 'Deadly' (5)

3 Runner of the fastest 100m in Olympic history begins with a greeting (5)

4 Indian middle distance runner has a 'Baba to begin with He ascends (5)

5 Tennis player Marble 'freezes towards the end She comes up (5)

6 Magazine started in 1921 by Sir Pelham Warner (9)

7 American swimmer at Los Angeles ends amidst 'relatives (8,1)

12 Somerset batsman not a flower, comes up (4, 1)

13 American runner who ran the Boston Marathon and ended with hardly any signs of perspiratipn or fatigue Later it was revealed that she had hitched a lift on the way ! (1 4)

14 Founder of judo ends in the negative (4, 1)

15. Tests in the West Indies are often ended due to this (5)

Excellent: 18-16, Good : 15, Fair : 14.

OLYMPIQUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 Which Olympic gold medallist had his car numbered exactly as what he had jumped? And what was the number?

2 Which Olympic champion had married a girl named Olympiada long before he had won his first Olympic gold?

3 An Olympic bronze medallist shot-putter who came to hold also the world record in his sport, had been minus all four cartilages through football injuries Who was he?

4 Who is the last athlete to win the shot put and discus throw titles at the same Olympics?

5 Which Olympic sprint champion had been coached by his wife?

6 An Olympic 5000m champion's heart was on the right side of his chest Name him

7 Which Olympic Super Heavyweight weightlifting champion was self-coached?

ANSWERS

1 Viktor Saneyev GGA 17-39 (He had triple-jumped 17m 39 cm in the Mexico Olympics)

2 Vasily Alexeyev, Super Heavyweight weightlifting champion in 1972 and 1976

3 James Fuchs (U S A), bronze medallist in 1948 and 1952

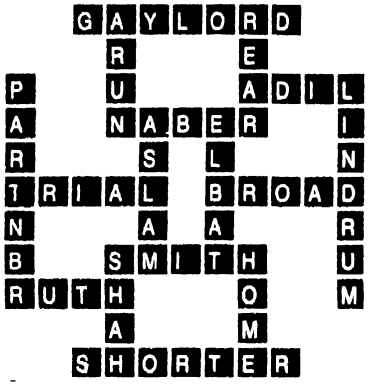
4 Clarence "Bud" Houser (U S A) in 1924

5 Alan Wells of Great Britain (100m, 1980)

6 Joseph Guillemot (France), 1920 champion

7 Vasily Alexeyev (1972, 1976)

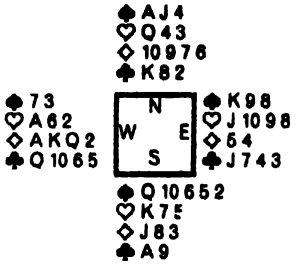
SOLUTION 250



BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

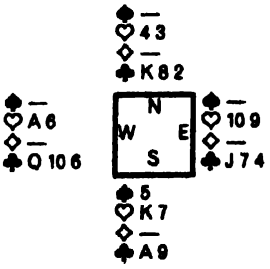
Some people say that if you don't sometimes double opponents into game, you are not doubling enough I suppose that's right in theory, but I find it difficult to sympathise when my partners do it, and I find it still more annoying when they explain learnedly that the contract could have been beaten by some unlikely defence This deal was from a team event·



Our side was vulnerable and my partner, West, opened one diamond The bidding continued

South	West	North	East
	1 ◇	pass	1 ♡
1 ♣	2 ♡	2 ♣	pass
pass	dble	all pass	

West began with three top diamonds and a fourth round, which was ruffed and overruffed South lost a spade finesse, and the jack of hearts then ran to dummy's queen It looks as though South will lose two hearts, but no, he played off a few trumps, arriving at this position



On the last trump West threw a club, dummy a heart, and I was caught in a vice squeeze.

This week's quiz: West and East hold

West	East
♠ 8 3	♠ A 7 5
♡ A K J 8 7 6 3	♡ 5 4 2
◇ 7	◇ K Q 8 4
♣ A K 6	♣ 9 5 2

West is in four hearts and North leads the queen of spades. How should West plan the play?

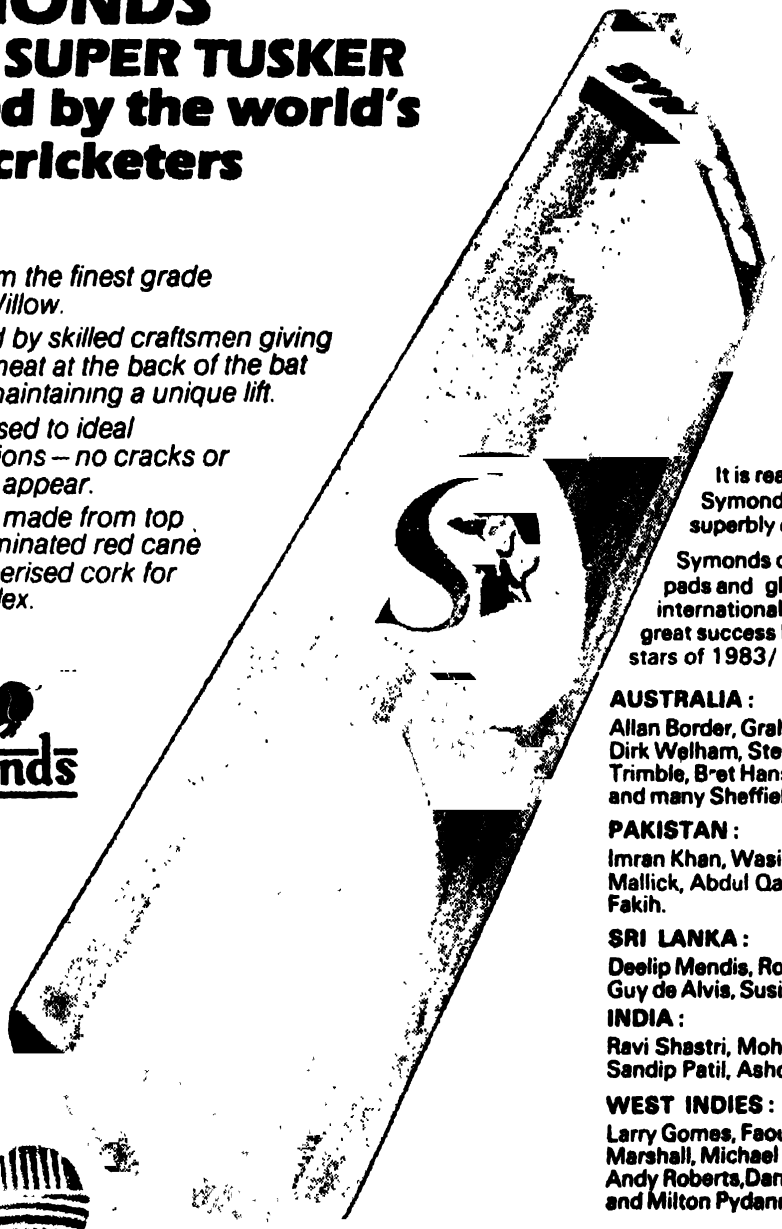
Answer: Declarer should win with ♠ A and play a heart to the jack. This gains when South hold ♡ Q 10 9 and is safe. If trumps are 2-1 because ♡ 5 will be an entry.

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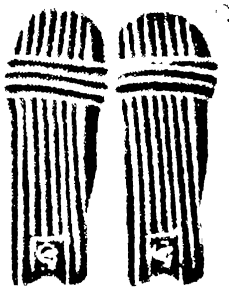
SRI LANKA :
Deelip Mendis, Roy Dias, Ranjan Madugalle, Guy de Alvis, Susil Fernando and R. Ratnakye.

INDIA :
Ravi Shastri, Mohinder Amarnath, Kapil Dev, Sandip Patil, Ashok Malhotra and Roger Binny.

WEST INDIES :
Larry Gomes, Faoud Bacchus, Malcolm Marshall, Michael Holding, Winston Davis, Andy Roberts, Daniel, Gordon Greenidge and Milton Pydanna.

Match winning figures !

Lords 1984	Gordon Greenidge	214 n o
	Larry Gomes	92 n o
Leeds 1984	Larry Gomes	104 n o
Old Trafford 1984	Gordon Greenidge	223



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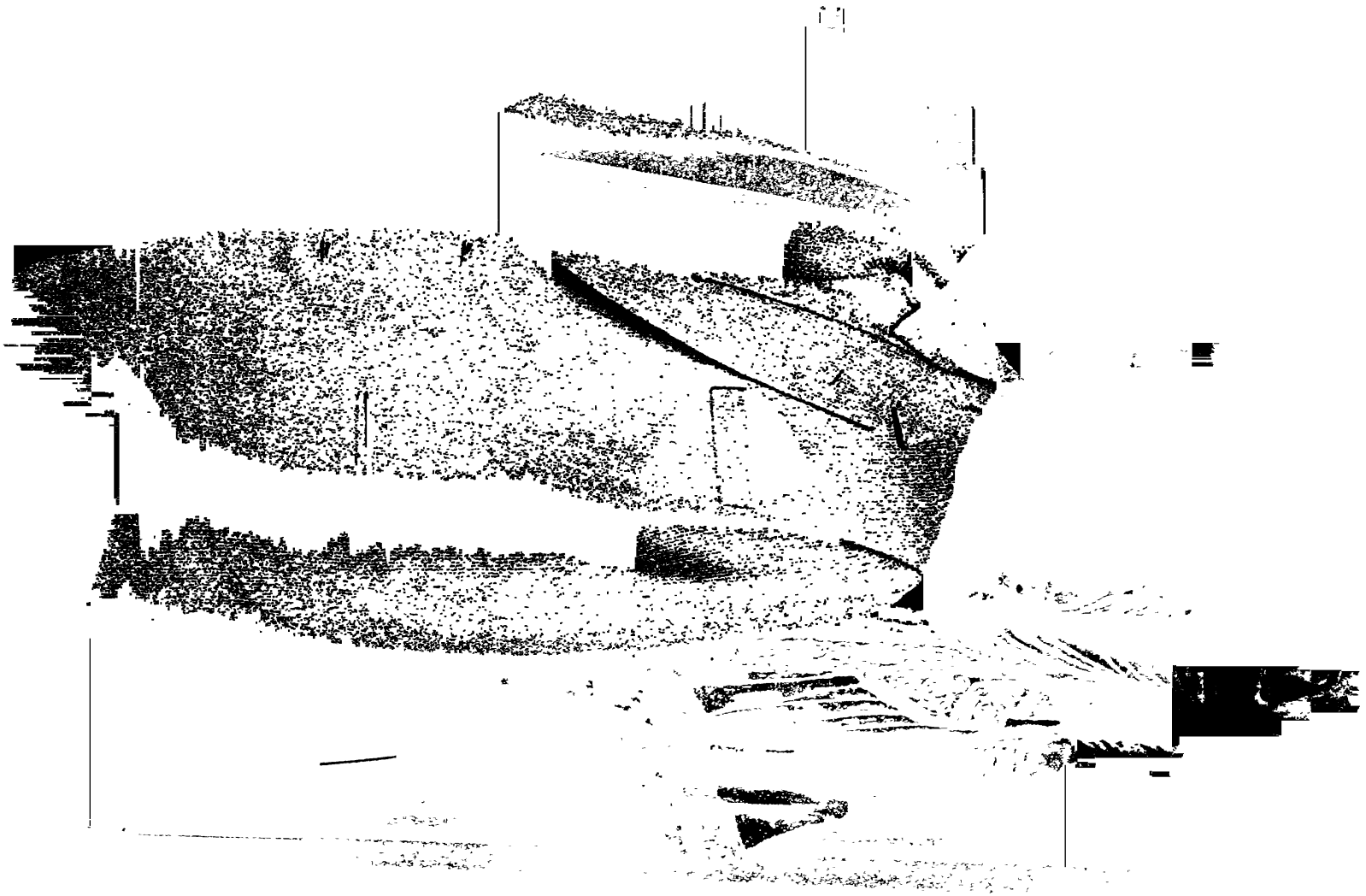
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Olympism Gets a Gold Medal



Joan Benoit, winner of the historic women's marathon, gets a bonus buss

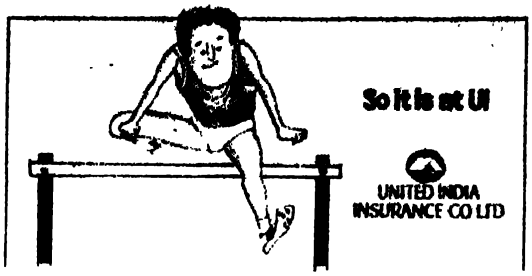
We've even covered the Olympics!

TORCH-BEARERS OF THE NATION

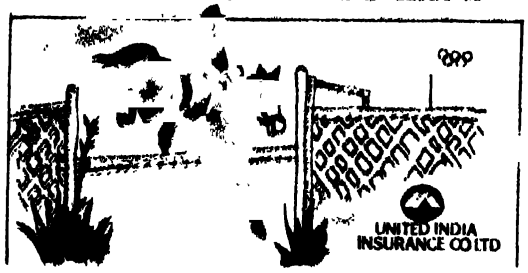


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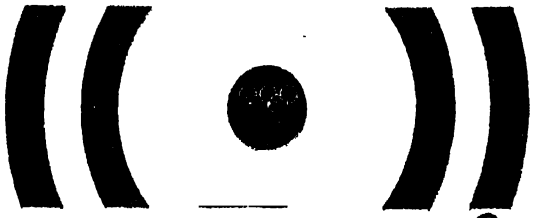
THE PACE NEVER SLACKENS



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP



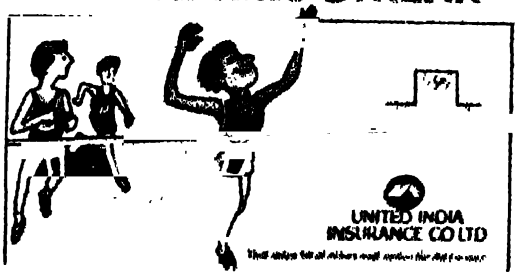
BULL'S-EYE!



On target time after time, and the scores keep mounting

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5-11 August

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

G.P 29-89

Political games

YOUR article 'LA tickets up for grabs' should be read by every sportsman and sports enthusiast in this country. Corrupt officials with political patronage are the cause of our regular poor performance in the world of sport.

It was shocking to note that the office of the Indian Olympic Association at the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium was just like a political mela. After some of the pathetic performances by the Indian sportsmen, one begins to wonder why they were sent to Los Angeles in the first place.

But, it is all too easy to blame them for their performances. The environment in Delhi just before their departure must have affected their performances because of the tremendous mental strain. Till the very last moment, many of them did not know whether they were going to be on the flight or not!

The whole exercise has become so disgusting that it is no wonder India continues to fare badly at most of the disciplines at the Olympics.
DR. ASHUTOSH D. RAO,
Bombay.

A miss is as good as a mile

ONE reason for India's lowly sports rating must be the average man's total ignorance of, and indifference to prevalent sports standards and statistics. This unhappy situation is persistently aggravated by misinformation dished out by the media, official and otherwise.

Listed below are just three of the more irritating howlers perpetrated in the coverage of Olympic athletics concerning Indian participants:

(i) The venerable gentleman reporting on the Olympics in the national English news telecast informed his viewers that Shiny Abraham had bettered *her* Asian Games gold medal winning time of 2:05.69 in the 800m.

FACT: The gold medal in this event at the 1982 Asiad was won by a Korean (Gita Zutshi came second), Shiny finishing fifth. It is remarkable that since December 1982, Shiny has cut down her best timing by more than 5 seconds, and her timing of 2:04.67 in the heats at Los Angeles is certainly the best ever by an Indian (maybe even an Asian) in international competition. But the significance of her feat could have been conveyed without resorting to a factual inexactitude.

(ii) In the English sports news broadcast from Delhi at 8 p.m., it was reported that P.T. Usha had improved upon *her* Asiad gold medal winning performance by 2 seconds in qualifying for the semi finals of the 400 m. hurdles run at the Olympics.

FACT: Valsamma won the gold medal at the New Delhi Asiad, when Usha bagged two silvers in the flat sprints. Usha took to the 400 m hurdles in early '84 and her progress in about four months has been simply phenomenal. Is public memory so short that such slipshod items creep in with impunity in the news read over the national hook-up?

(iii) On August 9, in the Bengali news at 6.20 a.m. from AIR, Calcutta, it was solemnly announced both in the headlines and news proper that P. T. Usha had failed to get a medal in the 400 m hurdles final *by only one second.* From the actual timings of the contestants, however, it was evident that Usha, placed fourth, had missed out on a medal by a mere 0.01 second.

Maybe one can shrug it off philosophically, for after all a miss is as good as a mile, but such moronic misinterpretation of decimal figures and the underlying incomprehension of the basic truth that a one-second difference in a sprint is not small but fairly wide—which was hardly the case here, a hair's breadth in fact—only reveals that we are babes in the woods when it comes to handling precision sports information.
SURANJAN ROY,
Calcutta.

India's sprint queen

P. T. USHA's feat at the Los Angeles Olympic Games is surely very praiseworthy. It was the first time that any Indian woman had made an Olympic final and if any glory was to come to India, it was on that day.

Unfortunately, Usha missed the bronze by one-hundredth of a second but for Indian athletics, it was a different story. Coming out of its state of hibernation, Indian athletics is soaring high in reflected glory from Usha's feat.
RUDOLPH VANCE,
Calcutta.

Let's Get Politics Out Of THE OLYMPICS

David Wallechinsky, the American author of "The Complete Book of the Olympics," stresses that politicians must keep their hands off the Games

AFTER successfully hosting the Los Angeles Olympics, Americans can rejoice at having been hosts to an international celebration of record-setting proportions.

With high spirits so predominant, it makes the Soviet boycott seem unimportant, even self-defeating The only ones to suffer are the Communist athletes themselves, forced by their insensitive governments to stay home Back in May, the Soviet leaders, asserting that their athletes would be harassed and endangered in Los Angeles, announced that no team from the USSR would be allowed to travel to America

They did this without consulting Soviet athletes or sports officials, thus violating the basic freedoms of speech and movement we in the West take for granted. The USSR then pressured and threatened other governments to follow its lead, callously forcing the athletes of 14 other nations to give up their Olympic dreams.

It is just such behaviour that we have come to expect of the Soviet dictatorship Such outrages could never happen in a democracy like ours—except that they did, four years ago, in 1980

Ironically, when President Jimmy Carter announced his boycott of the 1980 Moscow Olympics, he too cited the threat to US athletes and spectators. And even though the final decision was technically in the hands of the United States Olympic Committee, Carter made it very clear that if the USOC defied his boycott, he would seek legal means to prevent American athletes from travelling abroad. He also lobbied heavily and openly to persuade other nations to join the boycott

How could such a situation develop in a democracy that prides itself on its respect for human rights and the freedom of the individual? The answers provide us with a revealing commentary on how the US system works

In 1974, the International Olympic Committee awarded the 1980 Summer Games to Moscow The government of the USSR immediately began enthusiastic preparations

In 1978, these took the form of rounding up political dissidents and removing them from Moscow The well-publicised trial of Anatoly Shcharansky led some to suggest a boycott of the Moscow Olympics, but this idea quickly died as polls showed that the American public opposed a boycott

During the closing days of 1979, Soviet troops invaded Afghanistan, and talk of an Olympic boycott was revived Discussed at a NATO meeting in Brussels early in January 1980, the idea provoked little enthusiasm.

Back in the US however, Jimmy Carter, preparing for a tough primary campaign against Sen Edward Kennedy, seized on the concept of an Olympic boycott Campaigning for Carter in Iowa on January 10, Vice-President Walter Mondale tried it out on the voters

The American public, frustrated by the hostage situation in Iran, responded positively. Worried USOC officials met with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance USOC President Robert Kane warned that a Moscow boycott could lead to a retaliatory boycott of Los Angeles in 1984. His warning was ignored.

On January 20, 1980 President Carter told the nation that unless Soviet troops withdrew from Afghanistan by February 20, an Olympic boycott would be declared. He immediately sent messages to the heads of government of more than 100 nations, urging them to boycott the Moscow Olympics. The next day, Carter appealing for support during a time of international crisis, swept the important Iowa Democratic caucuses.

In the U.S., polls showed voters strongly favouring the boycott. On January 24, the House of Representatives voted 386-12 for a boycott. Five days later, Senate voted 88-4 to boycott even if Soviet troops *did* withdraw from Afghanistan. The leaders of the AFL-CIO demanded that the U.S. not only pull out of the Moscow Games but also pull out of

Today, unlike 1980, we realise that boycotts only help politicians and only hurt athletes. President Carter said on March 21, 1980: I can't say at this moment which other nations will not go to the Summer Olympics in Moscow. Ours will not go ... the decision has been made



USOC president Robert Kane warned that a Moscow boycott could lead to a retaliatory boycott of LA, but his warning was ignored. Picture shows executive director of the USOC, Don Miller, announcing the 1980 Games boycott in the presence of Robert Kane (left)

the Olympics entirely.

Ignored in all this were the athletes, who overwhelmingly opposed the boycott and wondered why, in a free country, they were being forced to bear the brunt of their government's policy.

Reminded that the Amateur Sports Act of 1978 had granted *sole* power over Olympic matters to the USOC, Carter agreed to let the committee make the final decision regarding a boycott. But on March 21, 1980, he met with 100 U.S. athletes and told them: "I can't say at this moment which other nations will not go to the Summer Olympics in Moscow. Ours will not go...the decision has been made."

The real decision was to be made at a meeting of the USOC on April 12. As that date neared, strong international support for the boycott had not materialised. Carter's proposal won early support from Moslem nations, but most Europeans were resentful of his failure to consult them. They approved of Carter's cause but not his tactics.

In fact, on March 25, the British Olympic Association rejected the pro-boycott positions of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and of Parliament. It voted to allow British athletes to compete in Moscow. Afraid that such insubordination might spread to the U.S., Carter put more pressure on the USOC.

Administration spokesmen reminded USOC executive board members that an anti-boycott vote might be considered unpatriotic and that to oppose the President would threaten national security. In case these appeals failed, the Carter Administration pressured at least 16 U.S. corporations to withhold scheduled contributions to the Olympic Committee.

On April 9, Carter officials met with Congressional leaders to discuss amending the Amateur Sports Act of 1978. The next day, Carter spoke of taking "legal action" to prevent U.S. athletes from going to Moscow.

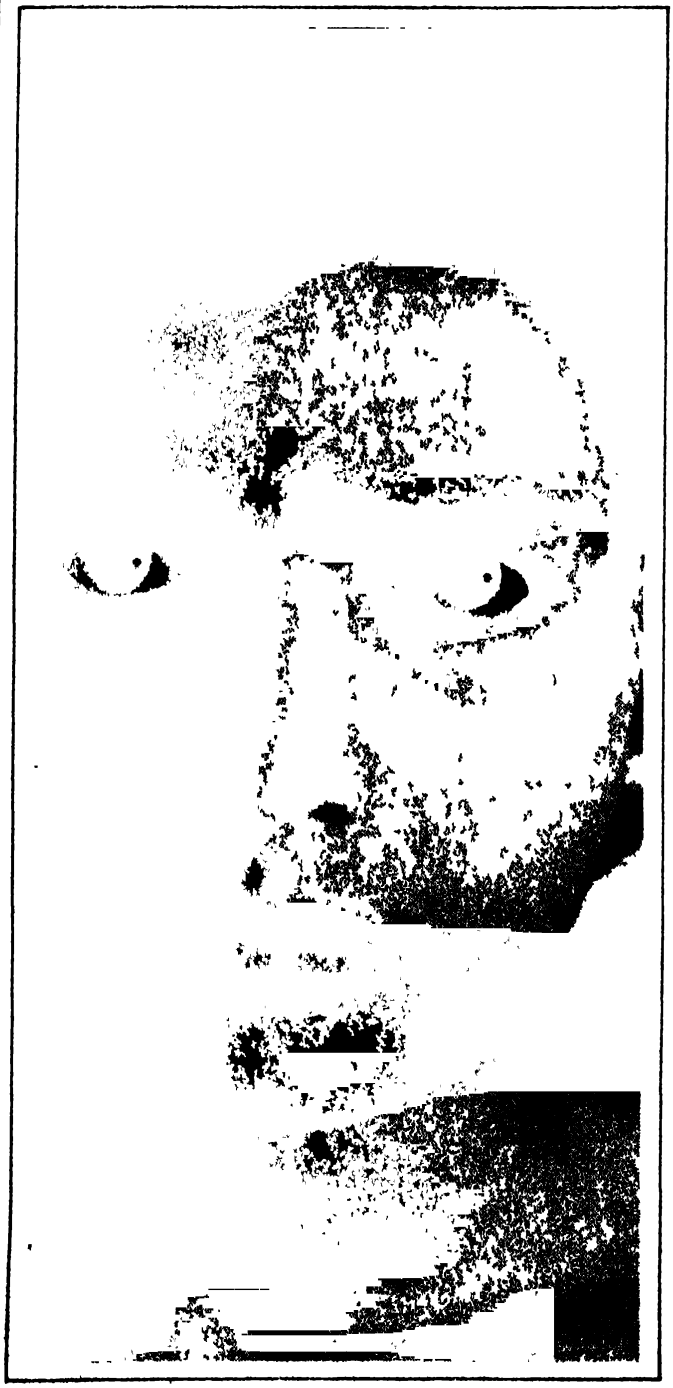
On April 12, USOC delegates gathered to make their final decision. After an angry and heated debate, the delegates supported the boycott 1604-797.

Eventually, 81 nations took part in the 1980 Moscow Olympics. Sixty-six countries did not attend, but many of those simply had no real athletes to send. As an athletic event, the Moscow Olympics were a success. The number of world records set surpassed that of the 1976 Montreal Games. The political battle ended in a stalemate. The Soviets did not get the turnout they had hoped for, but Carter failed to persuade most of the European and African nations to boycott. And Soviet troops remain in Afghanistan to this day.

If Jimmy Carter thought that the boycott would affect public opinion in the USSR, he was mistaken. Information there is so tightly controlled that very few Soviet citizens ever knew that the boycott was a response to the invasion of Afghanistan. To really reach the Soviet people, he could have encouraged Americans to travel to Moscow and mingle with the populace



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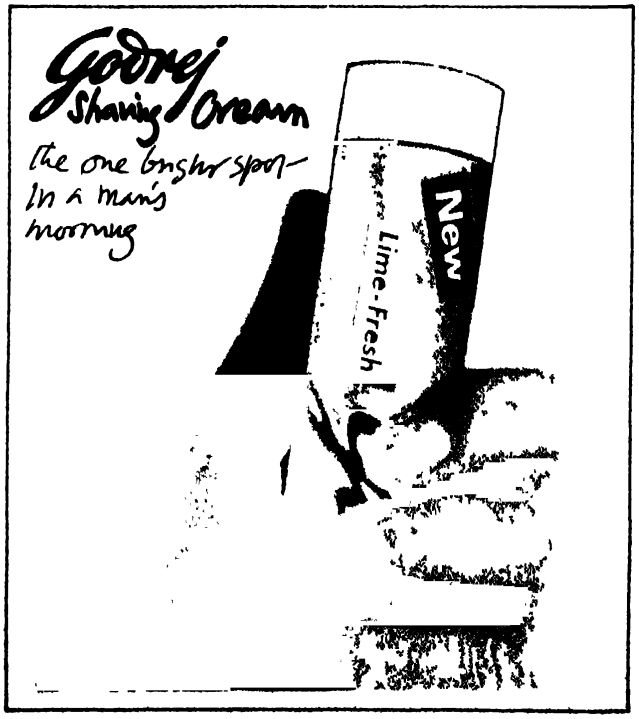


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as much as possible. In addition, U.S. medal winners could have mounted the victory platform and, after the playing of the national anthem, waved Afghan flags to the crowd.

By the time the 1980 Olympics had ended, interest in Carter's anti-Soviet policies had been overcome by increased concern about the Iran hostage crisis. In November, Carter lost his bid for re-election to Reagan.

Reagan's position towards the Moscow boycott is worth reviewing. At first, he supported it. On March 27, 1980, following the British decision to attend, Reagan said he disapproved of the boycott but refused actually to oppose it.

Pressed to clarify his stand, he told reporters, "You'll just have to let me stew about that one for a while." On March 31, he said that if the boycott failed to achieve international backing, U.S. athletes should be allowed to decide for themselves whether to compete. On April 2, Reagan changed his mind again, supported the boycott and then recommended that the 1984 Olympics be moved from Los Angeles to Greece.

This surprising suggestion was greeted with horror in Los Angeles, where preparations for the Games were under way. Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee president Peter Ueberroth reminded Reagan that Los Angeles was contractually obligated to stage the 1984 Olympics and that Greece was not a politically stable nation.

Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley criticised Reagan's lack of "pride and patriotism in this country's plans to host the Olympic Games in 1984" and pointed out that the Olympics would be "an outstanding opportunity to show America's best face to the world."

Given Reagan's early lack of commitment to the Los Angeles Olympics, it is not surprising that when 1984 finally rolled around, he, as Carter had, viewed the Games as little more than another weapon in his political arsenal.

On January 10, 1984, Presidential assistant Michael Deaver told the Press that Reagan was still undecided about how severely to limit the movements of Soviet journalists and about whether Soviet athletes would be allowed to attend Olympic sports other than their own.

On March 1, the State Department rejected the visa application of USSR Olympic attache Oleg Yermishkin, saying that he was a prominent member of the KGB. Never before in Olympic history had such a rejection occurred. This action also was an insult to the U.S. intelligence community. If we can't keep track of one spy, or even 100 spies, then why bother having an FBI or CIA at all? Reagan probably felt that, for him, the Olympics were a no-lose situation.

If the USSR attended, he would be able to preside over a truly international convocation. If the Soviets boycotted, he could accuse them of trying to influence U.S. voters against him.

Meanwhile, in California, a group had formed called the Ban the Soviets Coalition. It announced that if the Soviets attended the Olympics, they would be greeted by billboards, brochures and aerial advertising explaining in Russian how to defect. The coalition planned 100 small demonstrations at various Olympic sites. The American public didn't pay much attention to the Ban the Soviets Coalition, but Soviet leaders did.

Imagine that the Pan-American Games are to be held in Havana. Shortly before the Games are scheduled to begin, a Ban the Americans Coalition is formed and demonstrations are planned against the U.S. athletes. Surely there would be quite an uproar in the U.S. and demands for a boycott would be loud.



LA demonstrators protest the alleged support of South Africa by two members of the US Olympic Committee

When the Soviets made their announcement on May 7, 1984, it was the threat to their athletes that they stressed.

What lessons can be learned from the last two Olympic boycotts?

The International Olympic Committee must take more responsibility for choosing Olympic sites. Unfortunately, the 1988 Games are scheduled for Seoul in South Korea, a nation which not only has no diplomatic relations with the Soviet bloc but which also has a most unstable government, unpopular even among South Koreans. Now is the time to move the Games.

Even if the IOC refuses to act and the 1988 Seoul Olympics are a disaster, and even if the 1992 Games meet a similar fate, it would not mean the end of the Olympics.

The 1996 Games will undoubtedly take place in Athens to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the modern Olympics. This would give Greece the opportunity to present Athens as the Olympics' permanent site. The Olympics survived a 12-year gap from 1936 to 1948. They can do so again.

And the athletes of the world? Surely they have learned that politicians and government leaders consider them nothing more than pawns.

Most important, what can we, the American people, learn? In 1980, public opinion polls showed U.S. boycott support rising as high as 69 per cent. Four years later, only 39 per cent of the American people still believed that the 1980 boycott had been a good idea.

Apparently, we failed to realise four years ago what is so obvious today: that boycotts only help politicians and only hurt athletes.

Hopefully, we learn to be more wary of politicians, particularly in an election year. Hopefully, we will learn to be more cautious when these politicians appeal to our natural sense of patriotism and anti-communism.

And, hopefully, we will learn that the best propaganda of all for the American way of life is to expose the Soviets and others to real-life Americans, either in the Soviet Union or in the United States or anywhere else in the world.

Please, no more Olympic boycotts.

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Olympism gets a new lease of life

After the spectacular success Peter Ueberroth and his team had in staging the XXIIIrd Olympiad, politicians all over the world will now realise that the Olympics can no longer be used as a political weapon, says **Lokesh Sharma,** explaining the significance of the Los Angeles Games

THE last ten years have proved to be a very critical time for the Olympic movement and a dejected Juan Antonio Samaranch, the president of the International Olympic Committee, said at the end of the IOC session in Los Angeles that an East Bloc boycott of the Seoul Games in 1988 might prove terribly harmful for the Olympic movement.

The president, however, was a happier man after the Los Angeles Games, as one fact had emerged very clearly: the Olympics are still the most important event in the world of sport .

After boycotting the Los Angeles Games the Soviet Union led its allies to an alternative Games, billed as the Friendship Games'84 and a lot of world records have been set. But to the average sports lover, American Rick Carey is still the men's 200m backstroke world record holder. The fact that Soviet Union's Sergei Zaboltnov has bettered the mark has not yet registered in his mind. Similarly, Olga Masterpanova has not been able to erase the memories of the 16-year-old, Mary Lou Retton, not even with three perfect scores.

This is the charm and success of the Los Angeles Games.

The twofold character of the Olympic Games has remained intrinsic. While the trustees of the Olympic movement have promoted the creed of universal participation for the betterment of mankind, the nations of the world have looked upon it as an opportunity to express their national identity.

The original concept has not been rejected altogether but it has been translated to suit nationalistic designs. The Olympic spirit has been crushed under the weight of political chicanery, boycotts and boondoggles, and the sheer giganticism of it all. Mexico's student unrest, Munich's murder of 11 Israeli athletes, Montreal's billion-dollar loss and the boycotts of Moscow and Los Angeles had frightened everybody. A modern Emperor Thesodius seemed to have raised a mushroom cloud, threatening to stall the Games forever.



The opening ceremony of the Moscow Games in 1980

Added to these perils were the smog and terrorist problems of Los Angeles. Fortunately neither scored a single hit and the Games survived the onslaught of a highly-politicised and turbulent world.

If you come to think of it the Los Angeles Games have given a fresh lease of life to the Olympic movement. The Los Angeles Olympics Organising Committee has successfully shown that Olympic Games can be staged economically and the frustration of the E. Bloc athletes following the boycott has shown that it is not worth missing the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of participating in the Olympics.

The greatest opposition to the boycott has come from the East German athletes. In fact, before the Games when East German officials organised a seminar for the parents of the sportspersons selected for the Olympics, to explain to them the danger of sending their wards to Los Angeles, there was tremendous opposition. The parents, if they could have had their way, would have seen to it that their wards—who had been toiling in sports schools since childhood for that metal trinket—competed

in Los Angeles.

Most of the American athletes, who missed Moscow but were in Los Angeles, bitterly referred to the 1980 boycott as 'that stupid decision'. Now the sentiments of the East Bloc athletes are similar. Many of them have improved upon the winning performances in Los Angeles. Instead of feeling happy with their performances they are unhappy as it reminds them of the missed glory.

Although no athlete from behind the Iron Curtain has so far criticised the boycott, their behaviour, when approached by journalists, during the Friendship '84 Games, reflected the frustration simmering deep inside them.

Triple swimming world record holder Kristin Otto of East Germany hurriedly walked away and her teammate Jens Peter-Berndt gave a blank look when a journalist approached them for their reaction to the boycott.

However, the 1980 Olympic hammer throw champion and world record holder Yuri Sedykh of the Soviet Union was more outspoken and said, "I am very sorry, but I cannot change the situation."

"They may not tell you in public, but I can assure you that they are desperately disappointed. They would have preferred to be at Los Angeles," said Jan Hagelbrand, a member of the four-man Swedish delegation. "I have spoken to three East Bloc athletes, two of whom would have won medals here, and they told me they would have preferred to be at Los Angeles," he added.

The African nations who boycotted the Montreal Olympics and the 66 countries which boycotted the Moscow Olympics have realised that boycott is too big a price to pay for upholding their nationalistic ideologies.

The African nations did not voice the faintest opposition to Zola Budd's participation in Los Angeles as a British citizen and everybody, including the LAOOC personnel, was critical of Jimmy Carter's retaliation to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan Even the presence of Romania, a Warsaw Pact country, emphasised the growing ineffectiveness of an Olympic boycott as a political weapon. And in view of the frustration of the East German athletes it would not be surprising if the Soviet Union is unable to muster enough support for a boycott of the 1988 Seoul Olympics.



The closing ceremony of the LA games at the Coliseum

Los Angeles' greatest contribution to the Olympic movement has been that it has showed an economical way of staging the Olympic Games, something which had bothered all previous hosts. The president of the LAOOC, Peter V. Ueberroth, said that the account sheets will be ready by the second week of September, and he expects to come up with a surplus of a few million dollars.

This will be like a shot of adrenalin to the weary movement. Possible bidders have been keeping their ambitions to themselves for fear of undertaking a big liability after Montreal suffered a billion-dollar loss and Moscow spent almost ten billion dollars for staging their show, which undoubtedly was the greatest in terms of grandeur.

But the Olympic Games survive on the splendour of the athletes, performances and not on the razzmatazz of the opening and closing ceremonies. Even the most sophisticated and modern stadia are forgotten once the Games are over. The memory that lasts is of the brilliance of the competitors

The LAOOC adopted the typical American practical approach and did not care for the fact that just four years back their political rivals, the Soviet Union, had organised the festival in the biggest and the best stadia in the world. During the IOC session in New Delhi, an official of the LAOOC commented after seeing the Asian Games stadia that Los Angeles had nothing as grand to boast about. But mind you, he was not apologetic about it.

It was in line with this concept of an economical Games that the organisers refrained from erecting any new concrete monsters. In fact, they got the old stadia refurbished by willing sponsors and got Southland Food Corporation to build the cycling velodrome. The Corporation, in return, was allowed to associate their name with the facility.

Commercialisation has been a part of the Olympic movement for over two decades, ever since the television networks have broadcast the Games to every corner of the globe. And the LAOOC has committed no crime by exploiting it to the hilt—because it was for the benefit of sport, nothing else.

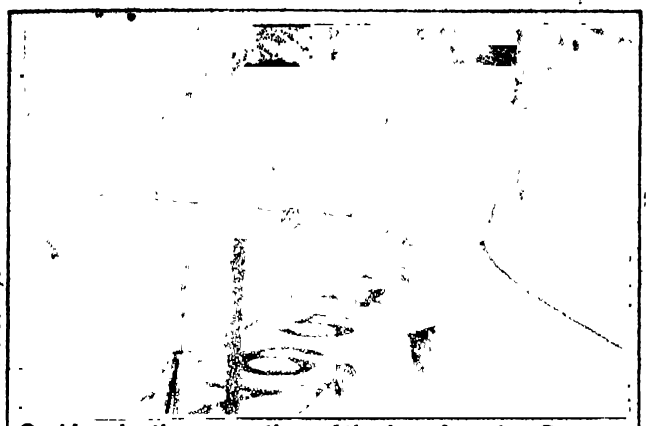
And another great achievement of these Games has been the huge television rights fees (225 million dollars) the organisers have managed to get. It is hard to believe that just eight years back the American Broadcasting Corporation had paid only $25 million for the exclusive rights and in 1980 the National Brodcasting Corporation had offered the Moscow organisers $85 million.

Now the International Olympic Committee and the Seoul organisers are trying to get an even better deal.

The LAOOC has shown that the Games can be organised in just half-a-billion dollars and if Seoul wishes to spend seven times more, it is only because they want to revive the grandeur of Montreal and Moscow. However, the fact remains that a lot of countries who could not dream of hosting the Olympics earlier can do so now.

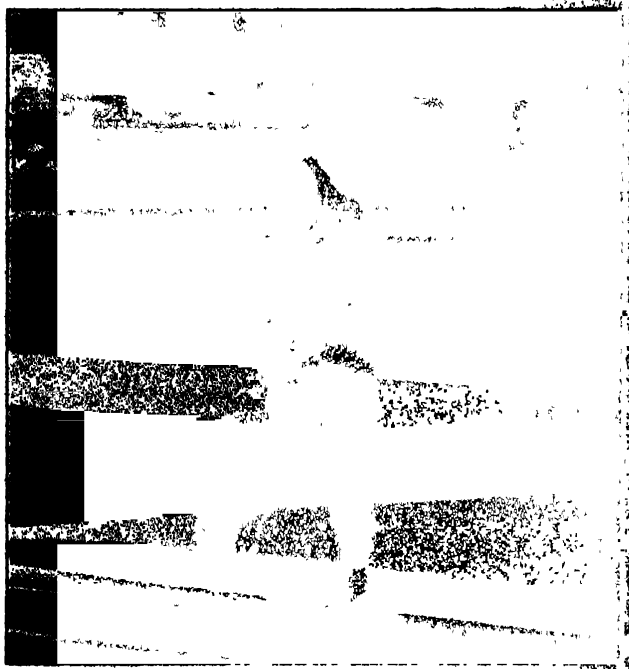
And thus, Los Angeles has given the Olympic movement a kiss of life.

The glitter of the Games

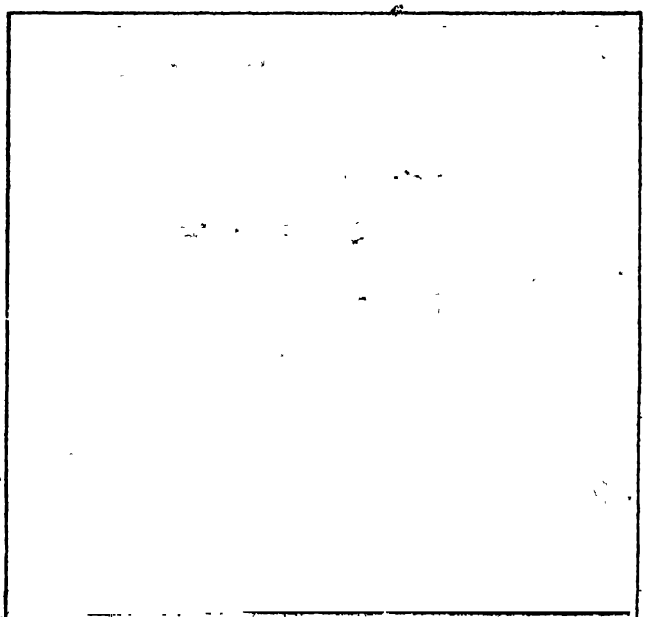


Nikhil Bhattacharya

Carl Lewis, the sensation of the Los Angeles Games, winning the 200 metres. He created history by winning four golds in the athletics events, as Jesse Owens did in Hitler's Germany in 1936. The world is likely to hear much more about this wonderman



Raul Gonzales of Mexico won the 50km walk. One of the most gruelling events of the Olympics



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Tracie Ruiz of the USA performing during the synchronised swimming event, yet another glamour show of the Games. Most people likened it to gymnastics and were enthralled by the beauty and grace of the performances

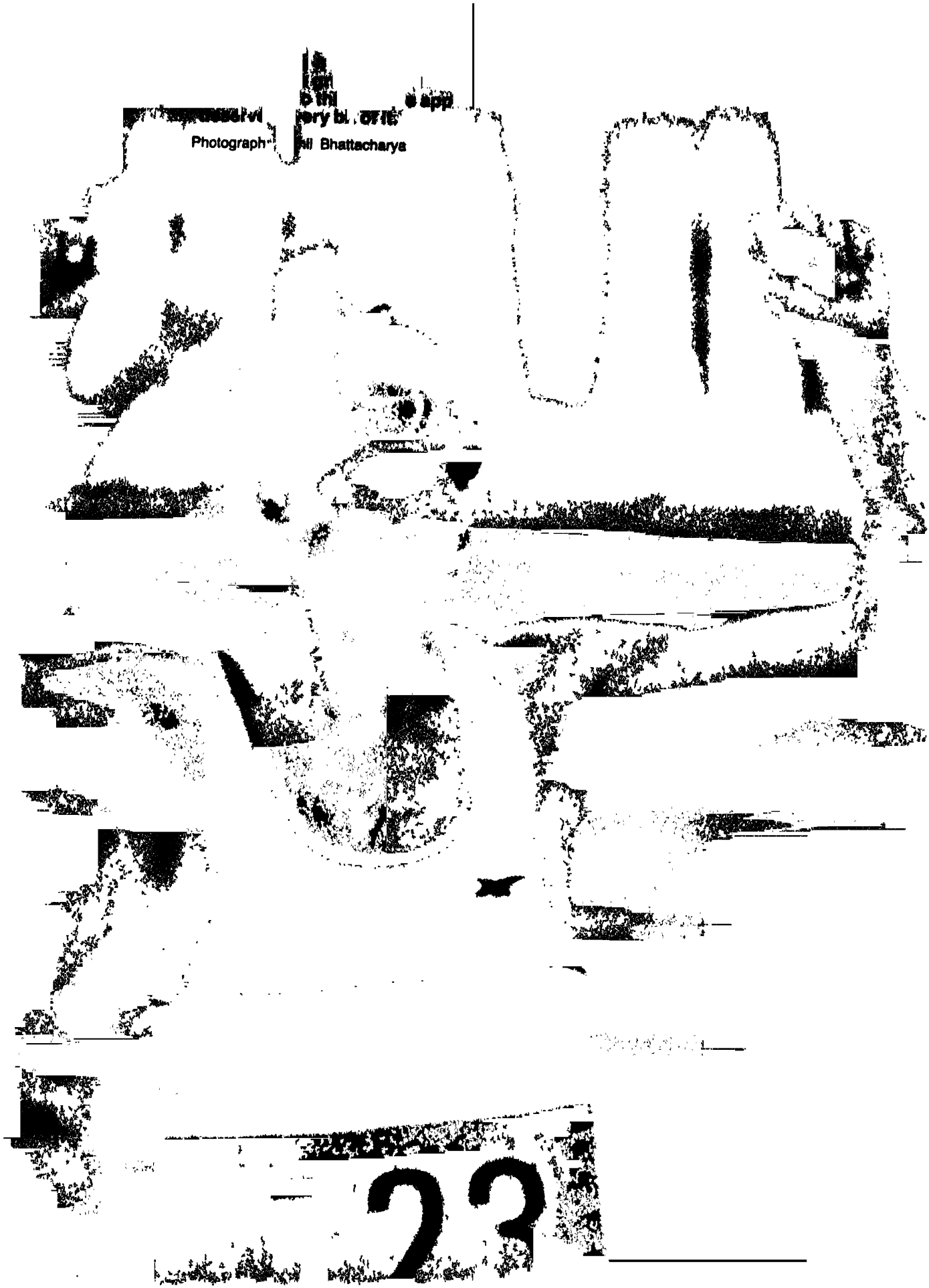


A moment from the rhythmic gymnastics show. This was one of the most spectacular events of the '84 Olympic Games. It drew large crowds and the graceful performances by the participants turned out to be a grand treat for the lensmen

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23

Scars and strife mangled banner

Politics will always rear its ugly head, so long as the IOC insists on national divisions, says **Alan Hubbard**

WE should have known better than to believe the Soviets when they said they would be going to Los Angeles It was the Kremlin's little red lie

Ever since the United States boycott diluted the Moscow Games of 1980 a Soviet absentation from America's own Olympic show had to be on the cards Yet the US organisers crossed their fingers, counted the cheques and hoped the Soviets wouldn't go away But they did, taking all but one—Romania—of their Eastern bloc acolytes with them

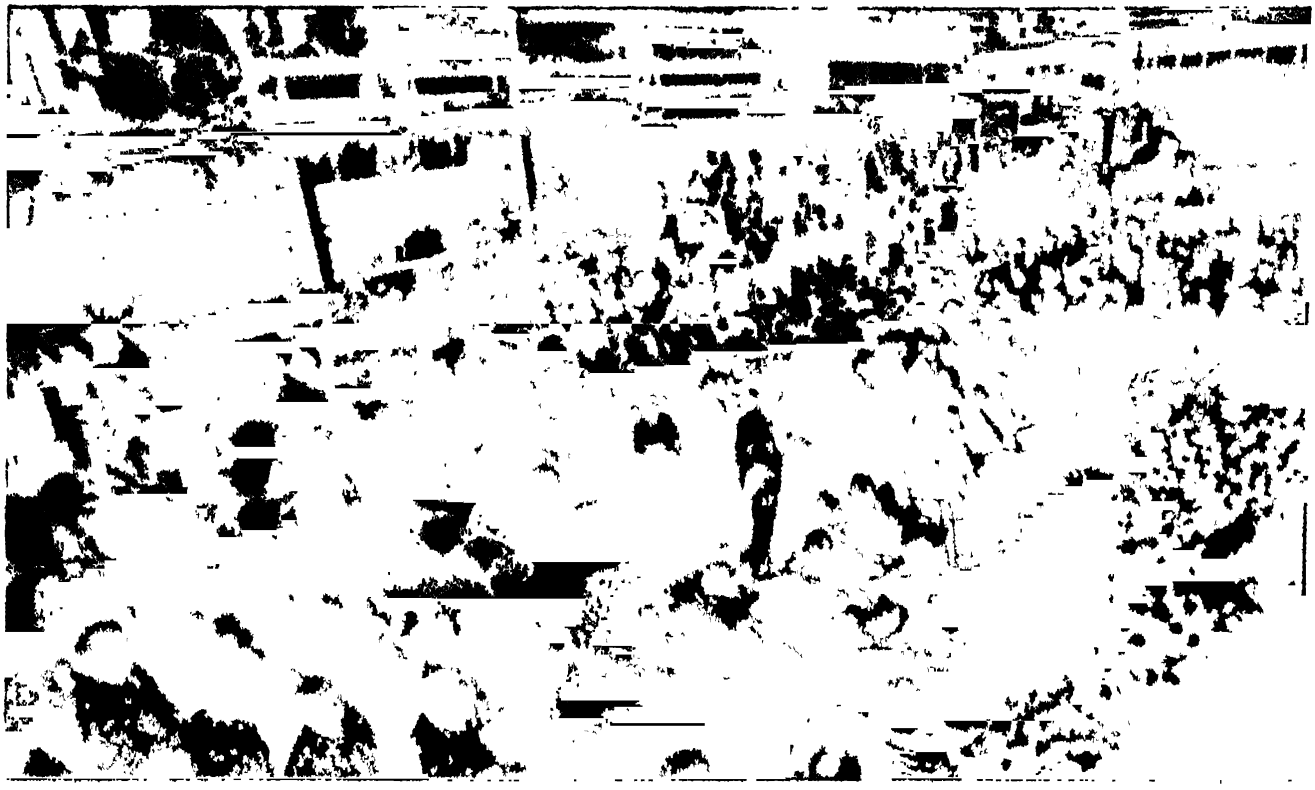
It was, say Olympic observers, the ultimate act of political cynicism in respect of the Games Yet the truth is that only a handful of the relentless four-year fortnights of athleticism since the modern Olympics were reborn in 1896 have been free of strife

Even that meeting, in Athens, when a large Greek team was challenged by a mere 21 Germans, 19 Frenchmen, 14 Americans, eight Britons and a sprinkling of Danes, Hungarians and Swiss, produced international tensions

The Greeks became angry at being upstaged by the Americans, and more so when the Germans beat their favoured gymnastics team By the time London first held the Games 12 years later, national animosities were rife and the US team, bleating that British judging was "cruel, unsportsmanlike and absolutely unfair", left in a huff, vowing never again to take part in such a 'nationalistic sham" But, of course they did

Despite this history, it is often stated that the 'intrusion" of politics into the Olympics began in a serious manner with the black-gloved, clenched fist salutes of US sprinters Tommie Smith and John Carlos in Mexico City in 1968 Smith and Carlos staged their Black Power protest while "The Star Spangled Banner" was being played during the medal ceremony for the 200 metres They were immediately banned by the IOC and ordered to leave the country by the USOC

Yet they were hardly the first to make political gestures on the victory platform During the 1936 Berlin Games, all German winners and



On the tenth anniversary of the slaying of eleven Israeli Olympic athletes, mourners gather in Munich

several foreigners as well raised their right arms in the Nazi salute. Countless American athletes have placed their right hands over their hearts during the playing of their national anthem. None of these athletes was punished the way Smith and Carlos were.

Perhaps the Olympic problems really began when the Soviet Union joined the Games for the first time in Helsinki in 1952. But despite fears of a cold war showdown, Soviet and American athletes were on their best behaviour and actually got along quite well.

In fact, the 1952 Games were so well organised that some observers suggested the Olympics be held permanently in Scandinavia.

In 1956, the Melbourne Games were stung by two boycotts. Egypt, Iraq, and Lebanon withdrew to protest the Israeli-led takeover of the Suez Canal, and Holland, Spain, and Switzerland boycotted to protest the Soviet invasion of Hungary.

On the brighter side, the IOC scored a major political coup by convincing West and East Germany to enter a combined team. This practice continued for the next two Olympics, but since 1968 the two German nations have sent separate teams.

The 1956 Olympics were also highlighted by an innovation in the closing ceremonies. Following a suggestion by a 17-year-old Chinese boy, it was decided to let all the athletes march together instead of by nation, as a symbol of global unity.

The 1960 Olympics in Rome were the last in which South Africa was allowed to take part, as the IOC bowed to pressure to punish the government for its racist policies.

In 1963, Indonesia staged the Games of the New Emerging Forces (GANEFO) in Jakarta. When the Indonesians refused to allow athletes from Israel and Taiwan to take part, the IOC put its foot down and announced that any athletes who competed at GANEFO would be banned from the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo.

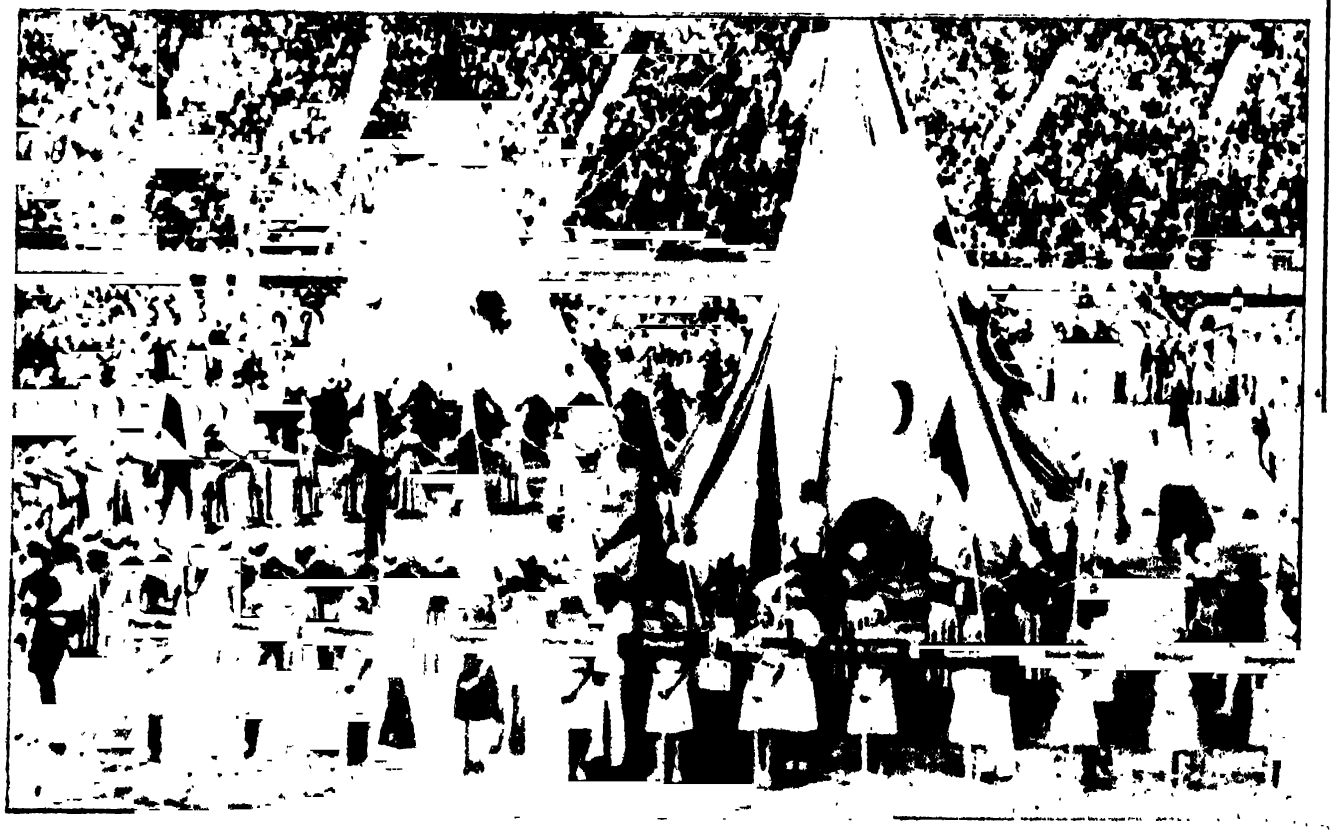
The IOC enforced the ruling the following year, leading Indonesia and North Korea to withdraw their entire teams just before the Tokyo Games began. With that problem out of the way, the 1964 Olympics went smoothly and efficiently, something that has never happened since.

The year 1968 was a highly politicised one. China was in the throes of the Cultural Revolution, Czechoslovakia's burst of freedom was crushed by Soviet troops, the government of France was almost overthrown by student-led demonstrations, and civil rights and anti-war demonstrations were spreading across the United States.

As the Olympics approached, 300,000 Mexican students and teachers were on strike. Ten days before the Olympics were scheduled to begin, government troops opened fire on several thousand unarmed students holding a rally in the city. Hundreds of young people were killed. The IOC refused to take a stand on this, declaring that the incident was "an internal affair" which was "under control."

In 1972, the West Germans, hoping to erase embarrassing memories of the Nazi Games of 1936, staged the biggest Olympics yet in Munich.

However, the Olympic movement was permanently scarred on the morning of September 5, when eight Palestinian terrorists broke into the Village and made their way to the dormitory of the Israeli team, where two Israelis were killed immediately



Nationalistic pageantry at Montreal, 1976. Need this be altered to suit the Olympic programme?

and another nine taken hostage. The terrorists demanded the release of 200 prisoners from Israeli jails and safe passage for themselves out of Germany. They got as far as the military airport, where West German sharpshooters killed three of the terrorists.

The battle that ensued left all nine Israeli hostages dead, as well as two more terrorists and one policeman. The Olympics were suspended for 36 hours, and a memorial service was held in the main stadium.

The 1976 Olympics, held in Montreal, was hit by a boycott of African nations led by Tanzania. The Africans had demanded the expulsion of New Zealand because a Kiwi rugby team had toured South Africa.

Of the boycotting nations, only Tanzania stayed home completely, while the others travelled to Canada and didn't make their final decision until the last minute. Despite the absence of the Africans (and also Taiwan, cruelly expelled by the Canadian government who wanted to protect their trade ties with Red China) the 1976 Olympics was filled with excellent competitions.

The 1980 Moscow Olympics was disrupted by another boycott of almost 60 nations —this one led by the US.

Some governments, such as those of Great Britain and Australia, supported the boycott but allowed their athletes to decide for themselves if they wanted to go to Moscow. Carter threatened to revoke the passport of any athlete who tried to travel to Moscow.

Certain sports, such as yachting, equestrian events, field hockey, and men's swimming were hit particularly hard. Yet the Games proceeded with much pomp and more world records than had been set in 1976.

Meanwhile, the Soviet spectators gave the worst impression of any host city since the Paris Olympics of 1924. With the traditional Olympic powers West Germany, Japan, and the United States missing, the Soviets took out their aggression by booing and heckling the Poles and East Germans.

The Black Power salute and the African boycott of Montreal had, one feels, some desperate reason and rationale for deprived groups. But it has gone on from there...all the way to Los Angeles.

The last pure, sporting Olympics was at Tokyo 20 years ago. The only fault, some would say, was that they pioneered worldwide, round the clock satellite television which upped billions to the value of the Games as a huge promotional vehicle for militant causes.

In this respect, they have almost superceded the United Nations. In fact, numerically the Olympics are bigger and just as politicised.

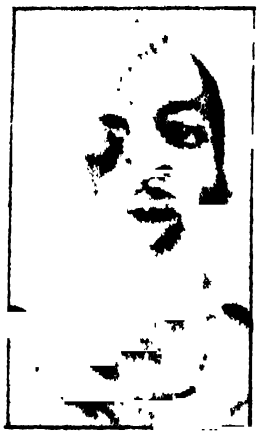
The Games have always reflected the politics of the world, from which they provide a temporary respite, and they always will. As long as the IOC insists on emphasising national divisions through the wearing of national uniforms, the playing of national anthems, and the housing of athletes by nations instead of by sport, it will continue to face insoluble political problems.



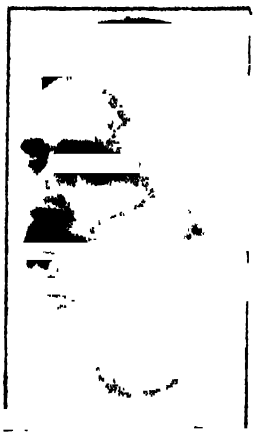
Tommie Smith and John Carlos flash the Black Power salute



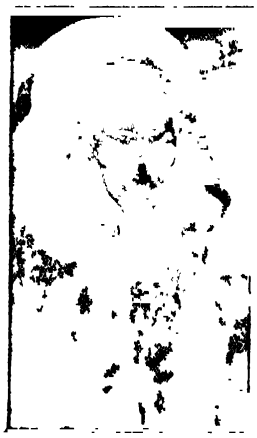
Carl Lewis



Edwin Moses



Daley Thompson



Michael Gross



Greg Louganis

THE TOP

Whom would you rate the best ?

Mary Lou Retton



Carlos Lopez



Koji Gushiken



Joan Benoit



Valerie Brisco-Hooks



EVERY four years, the world goes to War They call it The Games.

And in the overall mix of things, in the toil, tears, and triumphs, it is the men more than the details which stay in memory For the man with time to spare and an imagination—fertile, no doubt—to amuse, a selection of the ten most compelling personalities promises an interesting pastime

But, which ten? So invariably, while The Judge splits hairs there is the usual dilemma 'Cruz or Coe?' Gushiken or Gaylord?' 'Baumann or—now who else is there?'

So, the conclusion of the following ten, one must confess, cannot assume any concrete finality Basically, each one selects himself/herself on the strength of some outstanding con tribution and we can finally distil logic down to the simple common agree ment that with a greater latitude of choices less discrimination would have been effected

So here goes Carl Lewis Edwin Moses, Michael Gross, Daley Thomp son, Greg Louganis Mary Lou Ret ton, Carlos Lopez Joan Benoit, Koji Gushiken and Valerie Brisco-Hooks

'What about Cruz?' is quite an audible disembodied protest and here one must confess one's awe

Seb Coe said 'Cruz is either sup reme talent or just a little bit foolhar dy If he is both then I am a little bit too old to be playing with fire like that'

Carl Lewis had to be a spontaneous choice He took the 100m, 200m, the long jump and the 4×100m relay golds, only to hear the incessant waffle of being logged alongside Jesse Owens for his doings 48 years ago Ruth, Owens widow said just last month "If anyone deserves to equal Jesse's record, Carl does"

But ability alone never maketh a man It is Lewis' swagger, the confidence which adds to the legend He was quoted on two separate occasions "There is no way I can fail," and then "I can always run a little bit faster" Not surprisingly, he is the most recognisable figure in America, Michael Jackson included.

As for Ed Moses, with an almost Scriptural predictability for the finish, only a nuclear war could have stepped between him and the line. And who can be expected to believe that he was last beaten on 26 August 1977?

"Can I lose?" spake Moses. "I can't even if I want to."

Michael Gross' T-shirt bears the legend: "I am too fast to be timed" Fits him to a 'T'. He won the 100m butterfly and 200m freestyle events with world record timings in both.

According to an East German expert, Gross "cannot be beaten for a long time" His oxygen intake and lung volume are twice that of an ordinary man's Gross stands at 6' 8" with an arm span of 7' 7", looking more like a bird ready to take off from a lake No wonder they call him Albatross

"Gross is the prototype of an endurance athlete," Dieter Bohmer of the Frankfurt University was quoted in *Time* "His organs function perfect ly He could also be a star cyclist, rower or basketball player"

For Daley Thompson, this was his second decathlon gold in successive Olympics As the Olympic, European and Commonwealth champion, he had met Hingsen, his closest rival and world record-holder on four previous occasions and won each time

In Los Angeles, Hingsen had promised his country a gold, so it brought out a classic from Thompson "Hingsen can steal one or go and participate in another event"

For Greg Louganis, diver, the Olympics was a coronation rather than a competition He is perhaps, the greatest diver of all time, the first since 1928 to win two diving golds in one Olympics and the first to break the 700 points barrier in platform diving At Los Angeles, he beat his previous world record within three days of setting it

Mary Lou Retton has been to Los Angeles what Comaneci was to Montreal Nicknamed 'Little Dozer' be cause of her stocky and muscled appearance, Retton is reckoned to be the first of a new breed of gymnasts She waves, smiles, blows kisses to the crowd, walks with an overweening air of superiority, talks in a high contralto and cuffs the air when her showing has not been good enough She is the best gymnast in the world She knows it.

"Nadia was a butterfly Mary Lou is not," says Bela Karolyi, her coach who 'defected' to the US and had coached Comaneci earlier "But Mary is something new. She is the new one."

Both marathon winners on the other hand were suspect starters by coincidence. Carlos Lopez, the oldest out of 109 runners, had injured his leg in a car accident. No matter. Lopez kept a low profile for most of the time, broke away from the rest around the 37 km mark and came up with an Olympic best of 2.09 21.

Joan Benoit's effort was even more commendable. She experienced pain in her right knee in March while preparing for the marathon in Maine. An artoscopic surgery ruled out Olympic participation But the US trials were on 12 May "The doctors say it's going to be tight," said her coach at that time "If she can pull it off, it's a hell of a story!"

Benoit did eventually participate, was selected and ran at Los Angeles. Using an unorthodox strategy for once, she peeled away after only five kms while the distance between her and the other 49 grew great, then greater

She became the first woman marathon winner at the Olympics and still found the energy, call it enthusiasm, to do a victory lap "I don't know how I am still standing on my feet," she said

"I didn't grow older for nothing," cried Koji Gushiken after he had won the gold in the all round gymnastics event He started from the fifth place when Li Ning and Peter Vidmar seemed to be the only participants No one seemed to be taking any note of him

Then Gushiken took 10 on the vault (one of the three 10s for that day), followed it up with 9 90 and another two 9 95s to sneak to the gold with 118 7 points He had taken the lead as late as the fifth of the six optional exercises

Valerie Brisco Hooks emerged from nowhere to win three golds—in the 200m, 400m and the 4×400m relay At the start of the season she was not even among the top 10 American women athletes She ran her first sub-23 sec race in the Olympic trials for the 200m, then turned up with the third fastest time ever in the competition itself Her 400m effort was yet another Olympic record So it's a story, is the Olympics, of spiders and Bruces, of Pheidippides and the long hours

For modern revelance, it is, perhaps, a United Nations Assembly in shorts Peace and hate and more Thank God, it is only once every four years.

Which brings us back to the beginning.

"My sister Carol has always shown more masculinity than me"

Alan Hubbard of the Singapore Times profiles the handbag-toting star of Los Angeles

"FOLLOW THAT," they were gasping here as the most lavish, spectacular and expensive overture in the history of the Olympic Games unfolded before 92,000 pairs of boggling eyes in the Memorial Coliseum and a global TV audience of two and a half billion.

But follow it, they did, with a leading man in the 23rd Olympiad show who carried eye liner powder puff and orange gloss lipstick in his handbag and who is destined to emerge as the greatest athlete the world has ever seen.

The Olympic oddball from Wilmington, New Jersey, earned four gold medals and a place in history in what will be his first, and last, Games. By the end of the year he will be a model, movie star and, inevitably, a millionaire.

We grizzled veterans of the sporting scene have never encountered anyone quite like Lewis. "If he carries a handbag around here, no wonder he runs fast," growled a cynical companion who likes his machismo with beer frothing over the glass.

Thus the 18 year old feat of the greatest Olympian of them all, Jesse Owens, has been emulated, by an athlete who denies vehemently that he has set another record as the first gay gold medallist of the Olympics.

As fellow world champion Edwin Moses was taking the Olympic oath on behalf of the world's athletes assembled here, Carl Lewis was making a memorable declaration of his own.

"I am not a homosexual," he said. "I know people are saying all sorts of things about me. That I'm gay, that I'm hooked on cocaine. But it's not true. Basically, I'm just a loner, and that's what they can't understand."

He also added that he has never had much time for the macho business. "My sister Carol has always shown more masculinity than me."

Carol, who also represents the United States, in the women's long jump, dismisses the rumours that have escalated about her remarkable brother as "lies spread by jealous athletes".

And it seems highly likely that the contents of Carl's leather handbag,



Nikhil Bhattacharya

'Next to himself, his favourite subject is money. Then America'

which he says he carries because he always wants to look well-groomed in front of the cameras, indicate more about his vanity than his virility.

So might his acknowledged liking for lizardskin, cowboy boots, water beds, French renaissance art, delicate China and antique crystal.

He maintains other athletes had begun a smear campaign when he took the Helsinki world championships by storm because he elects not to stay with them on overseas tours.

"No one knows the sort of man I really am. I could be sleeping with a horse for all they know.

"They say I'm gay for the same reason they say Michael Jackson is gay, because he keeps to himself. But if I was weak-minded, God, I'd be paranoid about it. But as long as I know what I am, it doesn't matter what other people say."

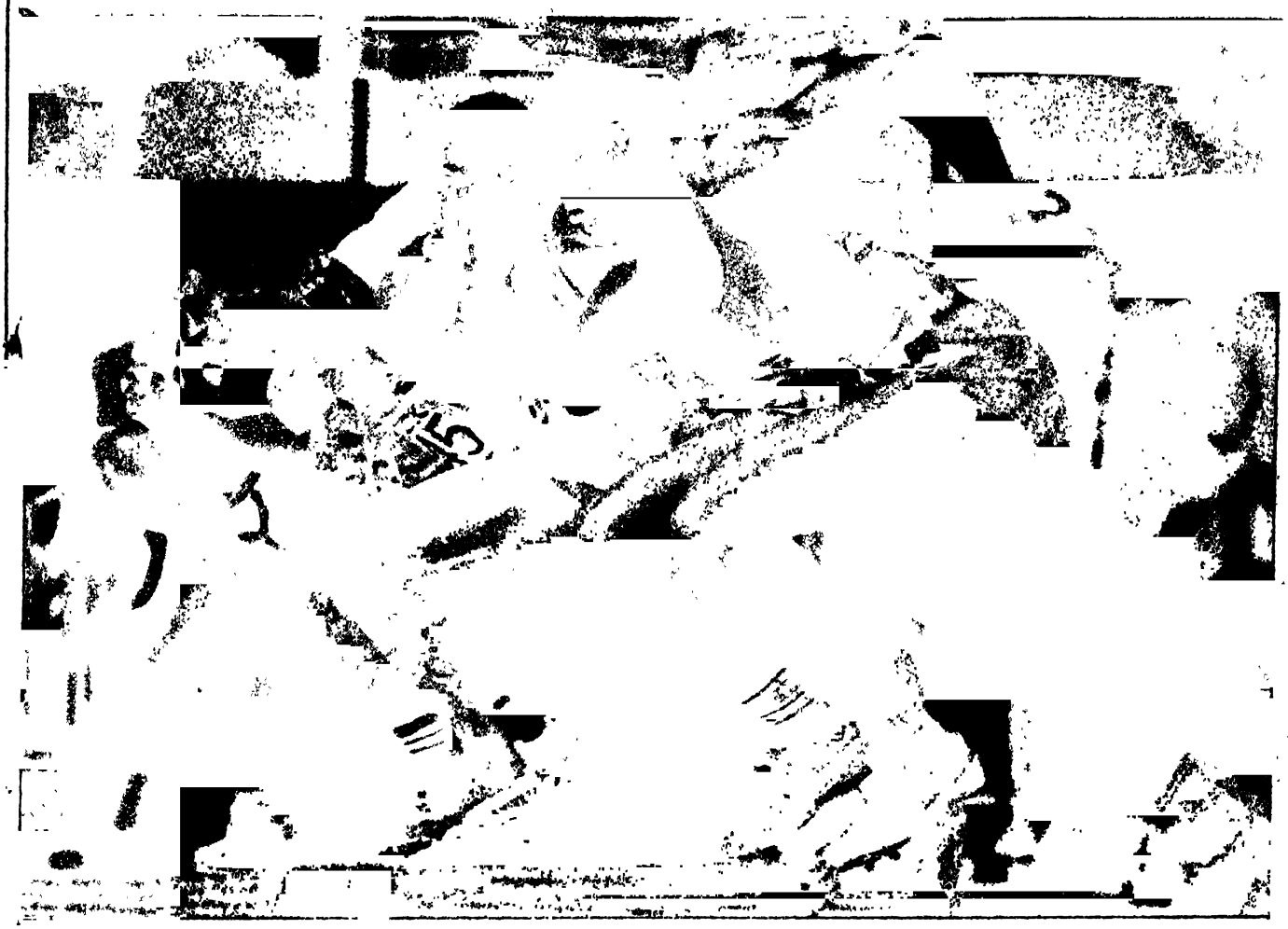
The mega-star of modern track and field boasts that he is "prettier" than Muhammad Ali ever was and is not shy about applying powder in public, even seconds after he has burst through the tape.

"My nose tends to shine and I have to look my best for TV. That's the way things are these days."

Although he has no current girl friend, Lewis did have a love affair a year ago with long jumper Tudie McKnight, who stayed for a week at his multi-roomed mansion in Houston, the Texas city where he now lives and studies at the same university as Singapore swimmer Ang Peng Siong.

Lewis' admirers say there is nothing wrong with him except a severe case of narcissism.

Athletically, he only has one rival, and he died four years ago. And Jesse Owens, the eternal idol, surely would have shaken his head in disbelief as he studied his uppity usurper.



Lewis blasts out of the blocks

Whatever else, the Los Angeles Olympics will be remembered as the Carl Lewis running-and-jumping show.

Lewis is now precociously close to being the all-time superman of sport.

What is more, none of his events were in the least weakened competitively by the Soviet boycott. Although competition among his American rivals is sharpened by the desire to take his ego down a peg or two, no one approaches anything like his talent, even less his style.

"Many people are envious because no other modern athlete has received the attention I have," says Lewis.

"Sure, it hurts when people you think are your friends start sticking the knife in. Sometimes I think 'Screw you. I'm going to win for myself, to win for America'. God has given me the talent to be the best."

In six Olympics and scores of world championship events from tennis to title fights, I have never encountered anyone in sport quite like Lewis.

He is a remarkable child of his era, carrying around a portable computer on which he calculates his financial dealings and scheduling that connects direct to his manager's home in Santa Clara, California.

Lewis is special and he knows it. His life style befits that of a once-in-a-lifetime athlete. His Victorian house in Houston has a Persian rug as a centrepiece in the living room, a jacuzzi off the bedroom, a video games arcade, six telephones (and another in his BMW) and remote-control big-screen TV and lights that switch on at the blow of a whistle.

No track athlete can command more money, or attention.

Next to himself, his favourite subject is money. Then America. Sometimes you feel he would like to wrap himself up in the US flag, such is his swell-chested patriotism.

"Wherever I go, I want to get back because this is the greatest country in the world."

With such sentiments, the US public would forgive him anything.

When we talked at LA Lewis was wearing grey running shoes, pink, skin-hugging, see-through tights, a shiny silver, monogrammed jacket, unzipped down to a shirtless chest, with gold medallion, wristchain, watch and two rings, one diamond-studded.

"I didn't put any make-up on today," he said. "I don't like to wear any when I'm in my sweat-suit."

He certainly knows how to steal the show and, despite the presence of such athletic celebrities as Mary Decker, Zola Budd, Coe, Ovett and Daley Thompson, the Games were custom-built for Carl.

And when he climbed the rostrum, four times, and put his hand over his heart as they raised the Stars and Stripes, he felt like crying for joy, but he didn't dare shed a single tear.

As he says, it might have ruined his mascara.



In Every Sport Timing Is The Winner

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The pro show under amateur rules

Rob Hughes highlights the irony in Olympic soccer

THE golden age of amateur soccer, if ever it truly existed internationally, was blown before most of us were born.

Since at least 1924, when the British refused to play Olympic soccer against chaps receiving "compensatory expenses" for lost wages, there has been blind-eye compromise at the Games.

Soccer players, for all their ills, can be said to lead more natural lives than the bulk of steroidal figures prowling around field events. Yet to call them amateur in any sense of the word is to insult them.

Take, for example, West Germany's Olympic centre-forward Dieter Schatzschneider. He was recently transferred for the second time in a year for $846,000.

He is unquestionably among the Bundesliga's highest earners, and when players at Hamburg asked for Schatzschneider and Wolfram Wuttke to be dropped, the club president exploded: "I'd rather play Schatzschneider and Wuttke alongside a bunch of amateurs than have a team meeting tell me which players to leave out."

Schatzschneider, too, had his moans and groans. He lamented that he had no time for hobbies or pastimes or for his wife and young daughter, because Hamburg were flogging their team not only in competition but around the world in matches designed to balance the books against the huge outlay of wages.

The Olympics, meanwhile, became utterly dominated by fulltime amateurs of eastern Europe. Soviet bloc countries, to whom the word professional is as acceptable as the word boycott, had won all eight gold medals at soccer since 1952, seven of the eight silvers and five of the eight bronzes.

Their absence at these Olympics opened the door for West Germany and Italy, who had failed in qualifying rounds, to bring Schatzschneider and front-line Italian internationals Pietro Vierchowod and Franchino Baresi.

By now, the definition of Olympic eligibility was sliding somewhat. Two stated criteria were that players should not have played in the World Cup (Vierchowod and Baresi travelled to the last World Cup but did not take the field) and were not professional players earning their living fulltime from soccer.

Confusion abounds. The judgement on who is and is not a fulltime soccer player is left to each national Olympic committee, and as Joseph Blatter, the FIFA general secretary, has observed: "I would like to see the national Olympic committee who declare their team ineligible."

Cameroun reportedly declared a line-up that included their famous forward Roger Milla. His recent transfer from one French club, Bastia, to another, St Etienne, does not disqualify him, though it's difficult to believe that he exists as a part-time soccer player overseas.

But unless memory plays a devilish trick, or unless there are two identical 32-year-old Cameroun centre-forwards called Roger Milla, I distinctly recall the pleasure Milla gave us at the last World Cup.

Cameroun reportedly declared a line-up that included their famous forward Roger Milla. But unless memory plays a devilish trick, or unless there are two identical 32-year-old centre-forwards called Roger Milla, I distinctly remember the pleasure Milla gave us at the World Cup

It may seem, given that so many are so blatantly abusing the Samaranch guidelines, unfair to pluck out names. As unfair, possibly, as the situation seemed to young American players last fall when it became obvious the United States were thinking of forgoing amateur principles.

"The 1984 Olympics was very important because, as a game in this country, soccer was fighting for survival," stated Alkis Panagoulis, the Greek mercenary brought in to coach America's national squad. "If we play amateurs in the Olympics, it will be like fighting a war with conventional weapons when the other teams are using atomic bombs."

Unfortunate phraseology, but Panagoulis wasn't to know that superpowers were about to use sport in round two of their cold war.

The last word, as so often, comes from FIFA president Joao Havelange: "I cannot understand," he says, "the preoccupation with the definition of amateur and professional. I know for sure that a certain track star, who twice raced in Zurich, drew US$20,000 for each appearance.

"I challenge you to prove that a great soccer player, maybe even one as great as Pele, could get US$20,000 for a guest appearance in Zurich. Yet one is amateur and the other professional."

Havelange, who once aspired to the IOC presidency, stated last winter that he and Samaranch had "achieved a parity. All a player has to show is that he has some employment beside soccer."

Their deliberation brings to mind two forgotten giants of sports administration. Sir Stanley Rous, one-time FIFA president, was assuring the late Avery Brundage, overlord of the IOC, that most soccer players in the world were amateurs.

"No doubt," old Brundage scoffed. "But none of those players is at the Olympics."

In Chandigarh, Where Boys Study, Live and Eat of playing hockey for India, how does one boy grow up to be the world famous 'one-man-cricket-team' called Kapil Dev?



Chandigarh. When Kapil first started playing cricket here, he had to compete with many things. The scorching heat, the biting cold, hockey and a sad lack of opportunity. But he didn't let them get in the way of his becoming one of the greatest contemporary all-round cricketers in the world. So great in fact, that there are only three men — Hadlee, Botham and Imran Khan — who are thought to be in the same class as him. But the corridors of cricket are breezing with hushed whispers that say Kapil is the one with the bigger guns. And what's more, thanks to Kapil, Chandigarh is quite a leading cricketing city in India today. All the disadvantages he faced — wth the possible exception of the heat and the cold — don't stand between a young boy and his cricketing dream any more. What does it take to transform a timber merchant's son, against all odds, into a cricketing thunder-bolt?

The technology that built the all-round thunderbolt.

Even though the young Kapil was an outstanding athlete, all the boys about town, knew him better as the bowler. everybody was afraid to face.

He became the school's 'B' team captain when he was only in the fifth standard. But young as he was, he realised his raw talent needed the moulding of an experienced hand. So at the age of twelve, he presented himself to D.P. Azad, an ex-Ranji Trophy player, and demanded to be coached. D.P. Azad was a stern disciplinarian. He was fanatical about punctuality. Once when Kapil came late to class, despite two previous warnings, Azad threw him out and told him never to come back. For seven consecutive days, Kapil came to the nets religiously on time, and sat on the stairs, with tears streaming down his cheeks. Azad was moved to taking him back. Training was 12 months a year. It took exceptional grit to come out and stretch the body under a sun that glared down at a merciless 44° C. and a winter when temperatures dropped to an icy 1°C. The four hour training programme was increased to 8 hours when Kapil got into the swing of things. Physical conditioning was top priority. The mornings were devoted to that purpose. Cross country running, skipping, swimming, weight-lifting, etc., being part of the routine

The training was certainly paying off as the newspapers were screaming out Kapil's extraordinary exploits on the green. Ranji Trophy followed as a matter of course. Playing for Haryana, Kapil drew national attention to himself by individually outplaying some of the toughest teams on the circuit. Surprisingly, test cricket didn't come to him as easily as all that. He was called to the Madras camp preceding the Asutralian tour of '76, but wasn't picked. Determined to fimake the selectors take a second look, he exploded into a series of superhuman performances in First Class cricket, and made place for himself in the Indian side to play Pakistan in 1978. As a matter of interest, it must be mentioned that the first test match Kapil ever saw, was the one he played in.

The record-breaking marathon of the all-round thunderbolt

The test arena has been the perfect setting for Kapil's flamboyant, crackerjack approach to cricket. Soon after his selection in 1978, more as a pace bowler, for the Indian side against Pakistan, Kapil surprised everyone by some exciting batting against the



fiery bowling of Imran Khan and Sarfraz Nawaz.

As far as his bowling went, this signalled the arrival of a 'genuine fast medium bowler' on the Indian scene and the demise of the famed spinners.

Unlike most other promising stars, Kapil had proved he was no 'flash in the pan'. During the series against West Indies and Australia, Kapil continued to grow in confidence and stature.

The 'one man team' of course completely overwhelmed the fancied Pakistanis on the series played on the Indian soil, when India etched out a memorable 2-0 victory over their arch rivals and emerged the kings of the sub-continent.

The rival skipper Asif Iqbal said "quite simply Kapil Dev is the best all rounder in the world."

His efforts during the nail biting tour of '82 earned him a pride of place as Wisden's 5 best cricketers of the year. In four innings in that series, his scores were 41, 89, 65 & 97. Every time he went in to bat, he seemed set to beat the record for the fastest century which Jack Gregory set in 1921--22 by scoring a 100 in 67 balls. Though the record eluded him, Kapil seems to have marked it down, for his taking in the future.

If Kapil was a smash hit as a member of the Indian team, he proved to be absolute dynamite as its captain. His first opponents were the dreaded West Indies. During this tour, he became only the fourth player in the world to complete 2000 runs and take 200 wickets. The came the inspired feat of captaincy that steered India, complete outsiders by everybody's reckoning, to the Prudential Cup victory.

Says Fred Trueman, "Seldom has a cricketer done so much, in so many sections, in such little time. Not for long have I seen so much cricketing ability vested in one man"

The magical elegance of the all-round thunderbolt

Kapil's attitude to cricket, is one of joyful carefreeness. And that translates itself on the green into a youthful energy that is hypnotising to watch. When Trevor Bailey was asked to compare Botham's batting to



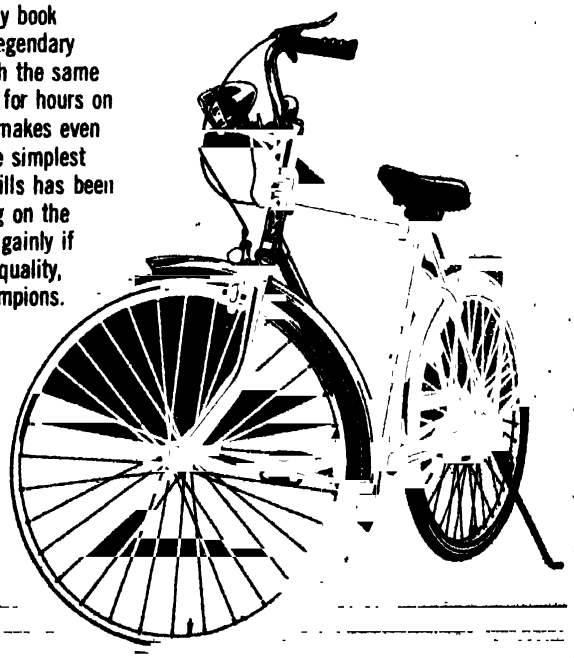
Kapil's, he said "Ian certainly batters the ball as unmercifully as Kapil, but not so gracefully." Imran Khan after Kapil's innings at Faisalabad in 1982 said "I don't remember having been thrashed so much in a day and we just couldn't stop the runs. Every loose ball was hit for a four and it was very entertaining cricket for the crowd." As a bowler, his high action is a copy book crickerter's dream. His almost legendary stamina allows him to bowl with the same balletic rhythm, over after over, for hours on end. Kapil, the perfect athlete, makes even the most difficult catch look the simplest ever. The cutting edge of his skills has been so finely sharpened that nothing on the cricket field looks difficult or ungainly if Kapil is doing it. And that is a quality, strictly, strictly reserved for champions.

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ATHLETICS

*Olympic Record
World Record
New Event

Men Event	Gold	Silver	Bronze
100m	CarLewis (USA) 9 99 secs	Sam Graddy (USA)	Ben Jhonson (Canada)
200m	Carl Lewis (USA) 19 8 secs*	Kirk Baptiste (USA)	Thomas Jefferson (USA)*
400m	Alonzo Babers (USA) 44 27 secs	Gabriel Tiacoh (Ivory Coast)	Antonio McCay (USA)
800m	Joaquim Cruz (Brazil) 1 43 00*	Sebastian Coe (Britain)	Earl Jones (USA)
1 500m	Sebastian Coe (Britain) 3 32 53*	Steve Cram (Britain)	Jose Abascal (Spain)
5 000m	Said Aouita (Morocco) 13 05 59 secs*	Markus Ryffel (Switzerland)	Antonio Leiao (Portugal)
10 000m	Alberto Cova (Italy) 27 47 54	Martti Vainio (Finland)	Mike McLoed (Britain)
Marathon	Carlos Lopez (Portugal) 2 hr 09 min 21*	John Treacy (Ireland)	Charles Spedding (Britain)
20 km walk	Ernesto Canto (Mexico) 1 hr 23 min 13*	Raul Gonzalez (Mexico)	Maurizio Damilano (Italy)
50 km walk	Raul Gonzalez (Mexico) 3 hr 47 min 26	Bo Gustafsson (Sweden)	Sandro Bellucci (Italy)
3 000m Steeplechase	Julius Karir (Kenya) 8 11 80	Joseph Mahmoud (France)	Brian Diemer (USA)
110m hurdles	Roger Kingdom (USA) 13 20 secs*	Gregory Foster (USA)	Arto Bryggare (Finland)
400m hurdles	Edwin Moses (USA) 47 75 secs	Danny Harris (USA)	Harold Schmid (W Germany)
Shot put	Alessandro Andrei (Italy) 21 26 metres	Michael Carter (USA)	Davelaut (USA)
Javelin throw	Arto Haerokonen (Finland) 86 76 metres	David Ottley (Britain)	Kenth Elderbrink (Sweden)
Discus throw	Rolf Banneberg (W Germany) 66 60 metres	Mac Wilkins (USA)	John Powell (USA)
Hammer throw	Juha Tiainen (Finland) 78 08 metres	Karl Hans Reih (W Germany)	Gramporlo Orlando (Italy)
High jump	Dietmar Mogenburg (W Germany) 2 35 metres	Patrick Sjoberg (Sweden)	Zhu Jianhua (China)
Long jump	Carl Lewis (USA) 8 54 metres*	Gary Honey (Australia)	Giovanni Evangelista (Italy)
Triple jump	Al Joyner (USA) 17 26 metres	Mike Conley (USA)	Keith Connor (Britain)
Polevault	Pierre Quinon (France) 5 75 metres	Mike Tully (USA)	Thierry Vigneron (France) and Earl Bell (USA)
Decathlon	Daley Thompson (Britain) 8 797 points*	Jurgen Hengsen (W Germany)	Seigfried Went (W Germany)
4 × 100m relay	(USA) 37 83**	(Britain)	Nigeria
4 × 400m relay	(USA) 2 min 57 91 secs*	(Britain)	Nigeria

Women Event	Gold	Silver	Bronze
100m	Evelyn Ashford (USA) 10 972*	Alice Brown (USA)	Marlene Ottey-Page (Jamaica)
200m	Valerie Brisco Hooks (USA) 21 81*	Florence Griffith (USA)	Marlene Ottey-Page (Jamaica)
400m	Valerie Brisco Hooks (USA) 48 83	Chandra Cheeseborough (USA)	Kathy Cook (Great Britain)
800m	Diana Melinte (Romania) 1 57 60	Kim Gallagher (USA)	Fita Lovin (Romania)
1 500m	Gabriella Dario (Italy) 4 3 25	Diana Melinte (Romania)	Maricica Puica (Romania)
3 000m***	Maricica Puica(Romania) 8 35 96	Wendy Sly (Britain)	Lynn Williams (Canada)
Marathon***	Joan Benoit (USA)	Grete Waitz (Norway)	Rosa Mota (Portugal)



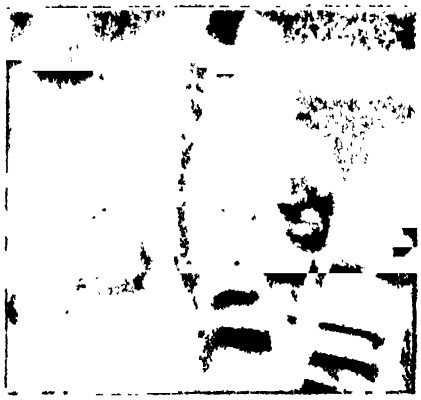
Said Aouita



Valerie Brisco-Hooks



Alonzo Babers



Anisora Stancui



Joan Benoit



Tessa Sanderson

110m hurdles	Benita Fitzgerald Brown (USA) 12 84 secs	Shirley Strong (Britain)	Kim Turner (USA) and Michelle Chardonnet (France)
400m hurdles***	Nawal El Mautawakil (Marocco) 54 61 secs	Judi Brown (USA)	Cristina Cojocaru (Romania)
Shot put	Claudia Losch (FRG) 20 48 metres	Mihaela Loghin (Romania)	Gael Martin (Australia)
Javelin throw	Tessa Sanderson (Great Britain) 69 56m	Tina Lillak (Finland)	Fatima Whitbread (Britain)
Discus throw	Ria Stalman (Netherlands) 65 36m	Leslie Deniz (USA)	Florenta Craciunescu (Romania)
High jump	Ulrike Meyforth (W Germany) 2 02m*	Sara Simeoni (Italy)	Joni Huntley (USA)
Long jump	Anisora Stancui (Romania) 6 96 metres	Vali Ionescu (Romania)	Susan Hearnshaw (Britain)
Heptathlon***	Glynnis Nunn (Australia) 6 390 points	Jackie Joyner (USA)	Sabine Everts (W Germany)
4×100m relay	USA 41 65 secs*	Canada	Britain
4×400m relay	USA 3 min 19 23 secs*	Canada	West Germany
FOOTBALL	France	Brazil	Yugoslavia
HOCKEY(men):	Pakistan	West Germany	Great Britain
" (women):	Netherlands	West Germany	USA
B.BALL (men):	USA	Spain	Yugoslavia
" (women):	USA	South Korea	China
VOLLEYBALL (men):	USA	Brazil	Italy
" (women):	China	USA	Japan
HANDBALL (men):	Yugoslavia	West Germany	Romania
" (women):	Yugoslavia	South Korea	China
WATERPOLO	Yugoslavia	USA	West Germany

Olympic Record
*World Record
***New Event

SWIMMING

Men

Event	Gold	Silver	Bronze
100m freestyle	Ambrose 'Rowdy Gaines (USA) 49 80 secs*	Mark Stockwell (Australia)	Per Jhonson (Sweden)
200m freestyle	Michael Gross (West Germany) 1 47 55**	Mike Heath (USA)	Thomas Farner (West Germany)
400m freestyle	George Dicarlo (USA) 3 51 23 secs	John Mykkanen (USA)	Justin Lemberg (Australia)
1,500m freestyle	Michael O Brien (USA) 15 05 20	George Dicarlo (USA)	Stefan Pfeiffer (W Germany)
100m breaststroke	Steve Lundquist (USA) 1 01 65**	Victor Davies (Canada)	Peter Evans (USA)
200m breaststroke	Victor Davis (Canada) 2 13 34 secs**	Gleh Beringen (Australia)	Etienne Dagon (Switzerland)
100m backstroke	Richard Carey (USA) 55 29 secs	David Wilson (USA)	Mike West (Canada)
200m backstroke	Richard Carey (USA) 2 00 23 2 secs	Frederick Delcourt (France)	Cameron Hemming (Canada)

100m butterfly	Michael Gross (W Germany) 53 08 secs*	Pablo Morales (USA)	Glen Buchanan (Australia)
200m butterfly	Jon Sieben (Australia) 1 57 04**	Michael Gross (W Germany)	Rafael Vidal Castro (Venezuela)
200m Individual medley	Alex Baumann (Canada) 2 01 42**	Pablo Morales (USA)	Neil Cochran (Britain)
400m Individual medley	Alex Baumann (Canada) 4 17 41**	Ricardo Prado (Brazil)	Robert Woodhouse (Australia)
4 × 100m freestyle relay	USA 3 19 03**	Australia	Sweden
4 × 200m freestyle relay	USA 7 15 69 **	West Germany	Britain
4 × 100m medley relay	USA 3 39 30	Canada	Australia
Women			
100m freestyle	Carey Stoinseifer (USA) and Nancy Hoggshead (USA) 55 92 secs	—	Anne Marie Verstappen (Netherlands)
200m freestyle	Mary Wayte (USA) 1 59 23	Cynthia Woodhead (USA)	Anne Marie Verstappen (Netherlands)
400m freestyle	Tiffany Cohen (USA) 4 07 10*	Sarah Hardcastle (Britain)	June Croft (Britain)
800m freestyle	Tiffany Cohen (USA) 8 24 95*	Michele Richardson (USA)	Sarah Hardcastle (Britain)
100m butterfly	Mary Meagher (USA) 59 26 secs	Jenna Jhonson (USA)	Karen Seick (W Germany)
200m butterfly	Mary Meagher (USA) 2 06 90	Karen Phillips (Australia)	Ina Bayerman (W Germany)
100m backstroke	Theresa Andrews (USA) 1 02 55	Bety Mitchell (USA)	Jolanda de Rover (Netherlands)
200m backstroke	Jolanda de Rover (Netherlands) 2 12 36	Amy Whete (USA)	Aneta Patrascolu (Romania)
100m breaststroke	Petra Van Staveren (Netherlands) 1 09 88*	Anne Otterbrite (Canada)	Catherine Poirot (France)
200m breaststoke	Anne Otterbrite (Canada) 2 30 38	Susan Rapp (USA)	Engrid Hempereur (Belgium)
200m individual relay	Tracy Caulkins (USA) 2 12 64	Nancy Hogshead (USA)	Michele Pearson (Australia)
4 × 100m freestyle relay	USA 3 43 43	Netherlands	West Germany
400m individual medley	Tracy Caulkins (USA) 4 39 24	Suzana Landells (Australia)	Peter Zindler (W Germany)
4 × 100m medley relay	USA 4 08 34 secs	West Germany	Canada



Rick Carey



Mary Lou Retton



Steve Lundquist

GYMNASTICS

Men.			
Event	Gold	Silver	Bronze
Team	USA 591 40 points	China	Japan
Overall (individual)	Koji Gushiken (Japan)	Peter Vidmar (USA)	Li Ning (China)
Rings	Li Ning (China) and Koji Gushiken (Japan)	—	Mitch Gaylord (USA)
Floor	Li Ning (China)	Lou Yun (China)	Koji Sotomura (Japan)
Pommel	Li Ning (China) and Peter Vidmar (USA)	—	Tim Dagget (USA)
Parallel bars	Bart Connor (USA)	Nobuyuki Kajitani (Japan)	Mitch Gaylord (USA)
Horizontal bars	Shinji Morisue (Japan)	Tong Fei (China)	Koji Gushiken (Japan)
Vault	Lou Yun (China)	Li Ning (China) Koji Gushiken (Japan) Mitch Gaylord (USA) Shinji Morisue (Japan)	—
Women			
Team	Romania 392 20 points	USA	China
Overall (individual)	Mary Lou Retton (USA)	Ecaterina Szabo (Romania)	Simona Pauca (Romania)
Floor	Ecaterina Szabo (Romania)	Julianne McNamara (USA)	Mary Lou Retton (USA)
Balance beam	Ecaterina Szabo (Romania) and Simona Pauca (Romania)	—	Kathy Jhonson (USA)

Vault	Ecaterina Szabo (Romania)	Mary Lou Retton (USA)	Lavinia Agache (Romania)
Uneven bars	Ma Yahong (China) and Julianne McNamara (USA)	—	Mary Lou Retton

BOXING

Division	Gold	Silver	Bronze
Light-heavyweight	Anton Josepovic (Yugoslavia)	Kevin Barry (New Zealand)	Evander Holyfield (USA) and Musthapha Moussa (Turkey)
Light-flyweight	Paul Gonzalez (USA)	Salvatore (Todisco Italy)	Keith Mwila (Zambia) and Jose Bolivar (Venezuela)
Bantamweight	Maurizio Stecca (Italy)	Hector Hopez (Mexico)	Dale Walters (Canada) and Pedro Nolasco (Dominican Republic)
Super heavyweight	Tyrell Briggs (USA)	Francisco Damiani (Italy)	Robert Wells (Britain) and Salihu Azis (Yugoslavia)
Lightweight	Parnell Whitaker (USA)	Luis Oritz (Puerto Rico)	Martin Ndongo (Cameroon) and Chil Sung Chin (S. Korea)
Welterweight	Mark Breland (USA)	Young Su An (S. Korea)	Joni Nyman (Finland) and Luciano Bruno (Italy)
Heavyweight	Henry Tilman (USA)	Willie Dewit (Canada)	Arnold Vanderlijde (Netherlands) and Angelo Musone (Italy)
Middleweight	Joon Sup Shin (S. Korea)	Airgil Hill (USA)	Mohamed Zaudi (Algeria) and Aristedes Gonzalez (Puerto Rico)
Light-middleweight	Frank Tate (USA)	Shawn O'Sullivan (Canada)	Manfred Zielonka (W. Germany) and Christophe Tiozz (France)
Light-welterweight	Jerry Page (USA)	Dhawee Umponmaha (Thailand)	Mirk Puzovic (Yugoslavia) and Mircea Fulger (Romania)



Zeng Guoqiang



Peter Bechery



Dean Lukim'

Featherweight	Meldric Taylor (USA)	Pieter Konyegaachie (Nigeria)	Oman Peraza (Veneguela) and Turgut Aykac (Turkey)
Flyweight	Steve McCrory (USA)	Redzepovski (Yugoslavia)	Eyep Can (Turkey) and Ibrahim Bilali (Kenya)

WEIGHTLIFTING

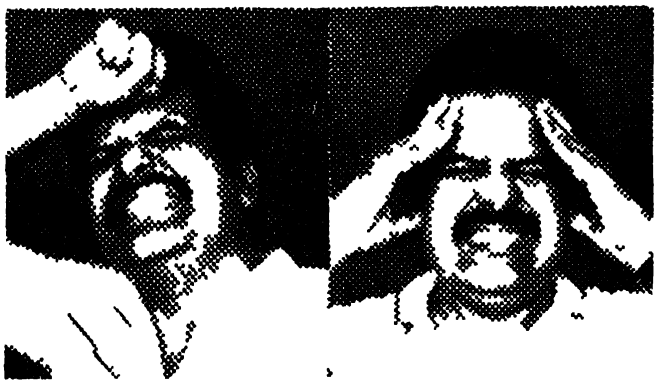
Class	Gold	Silver	Bronze
52 kg	Guo Qiang-Zeng (China) 235 kg	Peishun Zhou (China)	Kazushito Manabe (Japan)
56 kg	Wu Shude (China) 267.5 kg	Lai Runming (China)	Masahiro Otaka (Japan)
60 kg	Chen Wee Qiang (China) 282.5 kg	Gula Radu (Romania)	Tsai-Wen Yee (Taipei)
75 kg	Karl-Heinz Radschinsky (W. Germany) 340 kg	Jacques Demes (Canada)	Dragomir Cioroslan)Romania)
82.5 kg	Petre Becharu (Romania) 355 kg	Robert Kabbas (Australia)	Ryoji Isooka (Japan)
90 kg	Nicu Vlad (Romania) 392.5 kg	Petre Dumitru (Romania)	David Mercer (Britain)
100 kg	Rolf Miller (W. Germany) 385 kg	Vasili Gropa (Romania)	Pekka Niemi (Finland)
110 kg	Norbeitz Oberbeurger (Italy) 390 kg	Stefan Snadi (Romania)	Guy Carlton (USA)
Super heavyweight	Dean Lukim(Australia) 421.5 kg	Mario Marinez (USA)	Manfred Nerlenges (W. Germany)

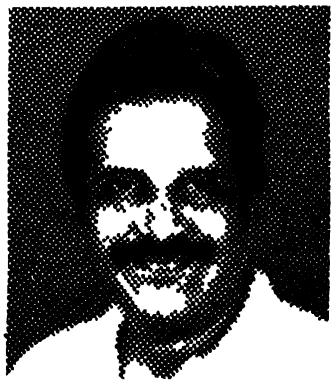












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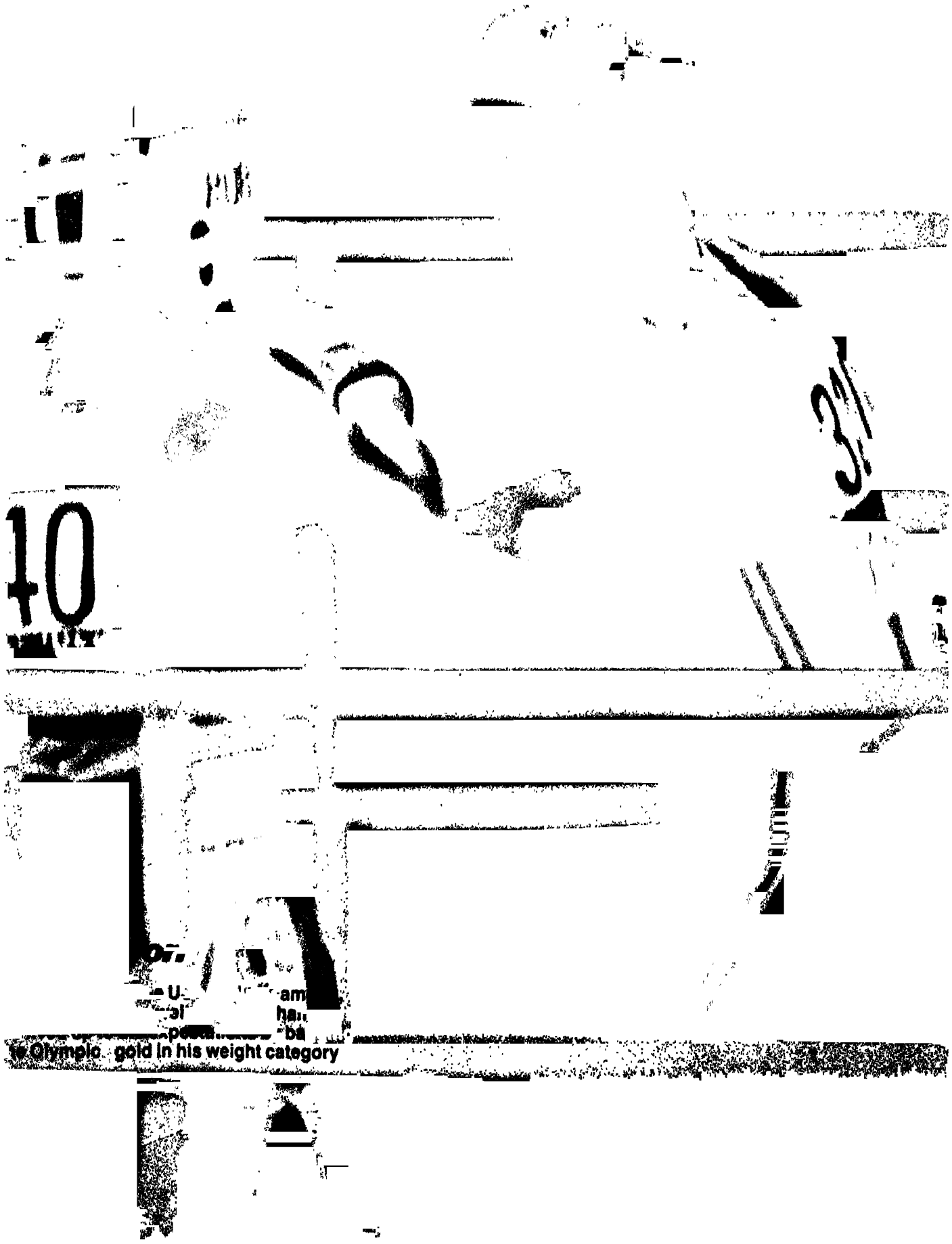
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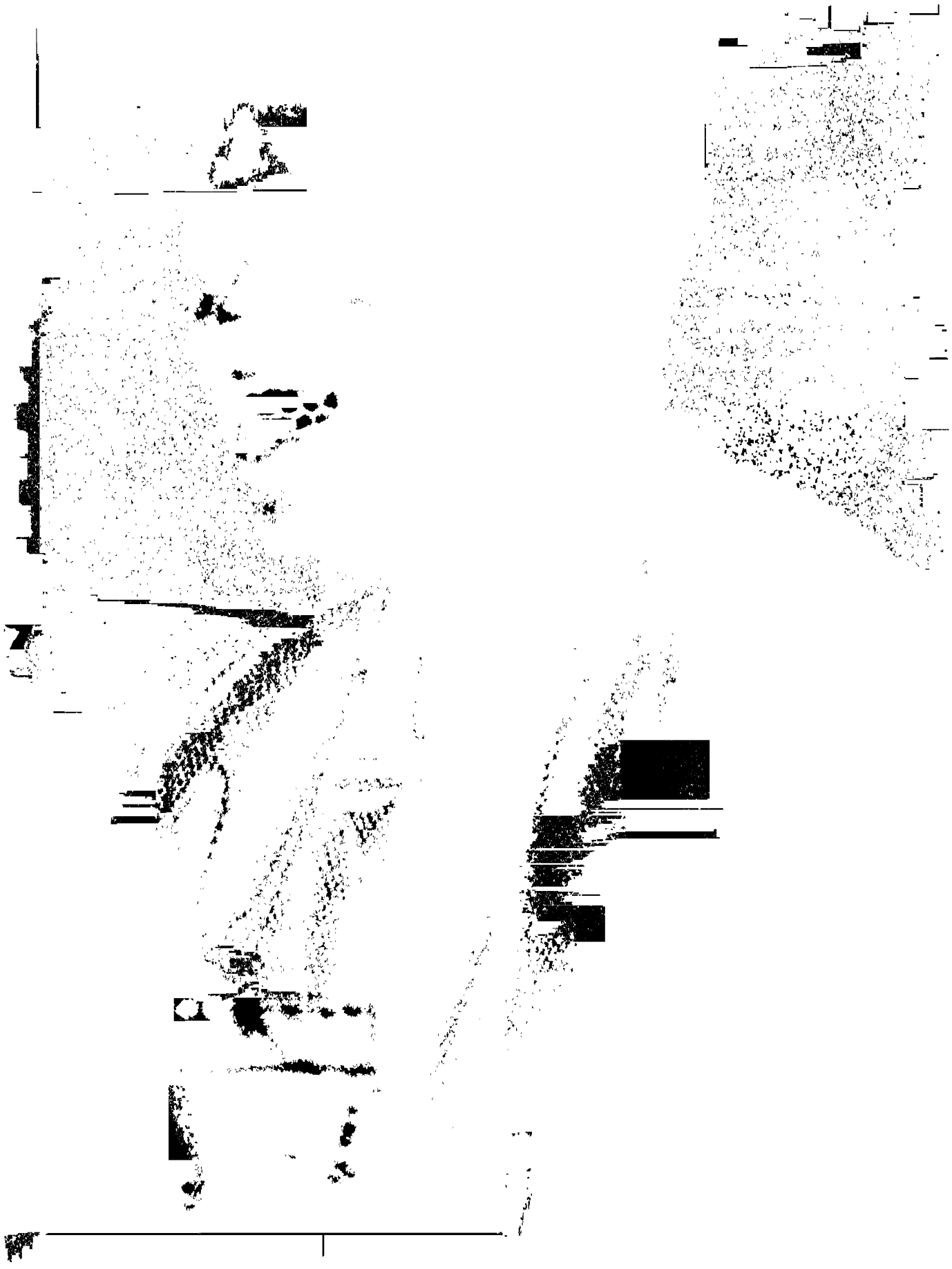
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MARC
EL MOUTAWAK









'Game, set and match' in the Olympics of life.



Courtesy Sportsweek

Game set and match shouts the umpire and the tennis champ flings his racket up in the air But who's that doing a jig on the sidelines? The champ's coach of course supremely delighted by the success of his ward

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Know LA Olympic trivia?

1 Two athletes had to return their medals after failing a drug test. Name them?

2 What is the name of the instant book on Carl Lewis that is now being published?

3 Which athlete is to be given a holiday in Greece by the Greek Government because they feel that the person embodies the ideals of the Olympic Games?

4 Many world and Olympic records were set in the swimming pool and so were many Olympic records in the track and field. Name the event in which a world record, the only one, was set in the track and field competition?

5 Who was the girl who took the bronze medal in the women's 400m hurdles, thereby depriving our PT Usha from becoming the first Indian woman to win an Olympic medal?

6 - Identify these champions by their nicknames: a) The Lunk b) The Gold Dust Twins c) Little Dozer d) The German Hercules

7 In 1982, he underwent an operation to remove his spleen because he suffered from cancer. At LA he won a gold. Name him?

8 Apart from the decathlon Daley Thompson took part in another event. Name the event.

9 How many perfect scores were recorded in the gymnastics competitions?



10 Can you identify this world record holder who disappointed at LA?

11 'They said it took four Americans to stop Michael Gross in the relay, but we only needed one good Aussie'. Thus did the Australians boast. About what?

12 We all know who won the men's 100m sprint. Carl Lewis' victory overshadowed the performances of the others. So, do you know who came second and third in the event?

13 Tennis made a reappearance at the Olympics. Who won the men's and women's tournaments?

14 It was said about one athlete who won a gold, that she liked jogging around in the nude. Daley Thompson put up a placard on her village room saying '...wins gold in the nude'. The lady's name and event.

ANSWERS

1 Matti Vainio of Finland won a silver in the 10,000m and Sweden's Thomas Johansson won a silver in the Graeco-Roman wrestling. Both had to give up their medals.

2 Carl: The story of an American hero

3 Switzerland's Gabriella Andersen-Schiess. Not because she won a gold medal but because she finished 37 in the women's marathon. She completed the race even though she was suffering from dehydration and exhaustion.

4 The men's 4x100m relay saw a new world record being set up by the USA quartet.

5 Cristina Cojocaru of Romania beat Usha by one hundredth of a second.

6 a) Steve Lundquist, the breaststroke champion; b) Nancy Hogshead and Carey Steinseifer were thus dubbed after they tied for the top spot in the women's 100m freestyle event, the first tie in the history of Olympic swimming; c) Mary Lou Retton, because she is like a small bulldozer; d) Obviously, Jurgen Hingsen the decathlete.

7 Jeff Blatnick of the USA. He won the gold in Graeco-Roman wrestling, (super-heavyweight division).

8 He ran the opening leg in the 4×100m relay quartet

9 There were as many as 51 perfect scores. Four years ago in Moscow, only five performances were awarded the perfect score.

10 Tom Petranoff. He holds the world record for the javelin throw but finished a low seventh

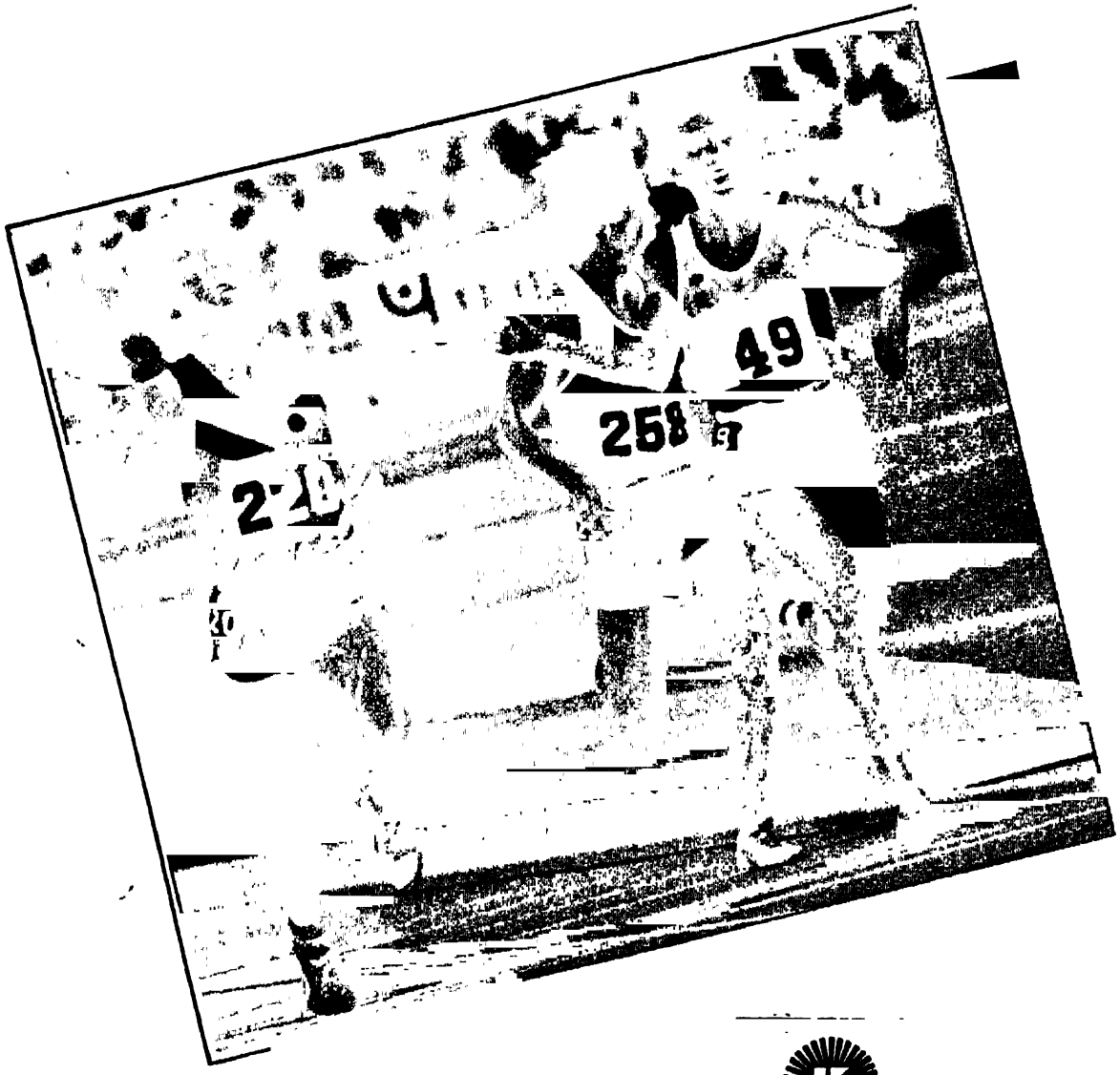
11 This was said after the Australian Jon Sieben surprised Michael Gross to win the 200m butterfly event

12 Sam Graddy (USA) and Ben Jhonson (Canada).

13 Sweden's Stefan Edberg won the men's while Steffi Graf of West Germany (remember her at Wimbledon?) won the ladies title.

14 Tessa Sanderson of Great Britain admitted to having the habit of running in the nude. She bagged the gold in the women's javelin throw.

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CALCUTTA

Cricket retirements will cause problems

Steve McMorran

THE 1984-85 season is certain to be a period of upheaval in New Zealand cricket—one which may mark the end of the nation's most successful cricketing era

National captain, Geoff Howarth, has already predicted that, in the 15-month period spanning late 1984 and 1985, the core of the team which has made the recent history of New Zealand cricket so memorable will be dissolved

Howarth predicted that, in that time, many of New Zealand's senior players will have passed into retirement Their withdrawal from the national squad would precipitate a period of rebuilding and realistically it may take years to assemble a side as successful as the one he has led over the last five seasons.

Howarth didn't mention names but clearly the players whose retirements he anticipates include Jeremy Coney, Lance Cairns, Richard Hadlee and Ewan Chatfield Cairns is the most senior of that foursome at 34 years of age, although the others follow closely.

Howarth also has no doubt that thoughts of retirement have crossed the minds of each man in recent months and it may be, he said, that, within 15 months, each will have passed out of international cricket.

The New Zealand captain carefully omitted his own name from the list of prospective retirements. He admitted happily that as long as he retained the urge to play at the top level he would make himself available That, he said, would be for a couple of seasons yet

But, having said that, Howarth dealt a heavy blow to the New Zealand side by announcing his unavailability to tour Pakistan in November and December this year His announcement was followed immediately by the withdrawal of Richard Hadlee, New Zealand's great all-rounder, dealing the touring side a crippling double blow



The New Zealanders who created history

which, it seems, they will be unable to overcome

New Zealand's selectors compensated quickly by naming the experienced Wellington batsman, Coney, to captain the side on a tour which includes three Tests and four one-day Internationals.

But they found Hadlee's withdrawal harder to overcome and, naming a skeleton side for the Pakistan tour, they elected to wait until the completion of a young New Zealand team's tour of Zimbabwe in October before naming a replacement fast bowler

Hadlee offered frank reasons for his unavailability—saying he had been unwell at the early part of the current season and that he felt he would not be up to the rigours of the Pakistan tour Howarth has refused to divulge the reasons for his withdrawal though, it appears, they may be partly financial

Questions are now being asked in New Zealand about the repercussions of Hadlee's and Howarth's withdrawals.

Both have indicated they will be available for later international engagements in the 1985 seasons, particularly the seven-nation one-day series organised in Australia to commemorate the centenary of the Victorian Cricket Association

It is possible that Coney's appointment as captain is more than a temporary measure. Howarth's batting form in recent seasons has been poor and, if Coney acquits himself well in Pakistan, he may be asked to stay on as captain in the hope that the release from pressure will allow Howarth to recapture his form

That would be a course marked by sadness. Howarth is New Zealand's most successful captain ever, leading them in recent seasons to home series victories over India, the West Indies and England, to away wins over Sri Lanka and to their first Test win over England on English soil

If Coney's retirement is indeed pending, Howarth may reclaim the captaincy. In the long term, however, it seems the young Aucklander Jeff Crowe is being groomed for the mantle of national leadership.

The future of the New Zealand team's senior member, the big-hitting all-rounder, Cairns, is certainly in doubt

The 34-year-old batsman and in-swing bowler suffered a major blow during New Zealand's tour of Sri-Lanka this year.

Cairns was drawn into controversy on that tour when he criticised Howarth's captaincy in an article in a national weekly newspaper His comments, which further strained his relationship with Howarth, earned him a $400 fine.

Now Cairns has published his autobiography. The large, glossily-presented publication entitled *Give it a heave* hit the streets this week and will have done nothing to ease old wounds.

The hero who never gave up

In the third extract from **Rod Marsh's** 'The Inside Edge', the Australian wicket-keeper talks about the old war horse, friend and team-mate Dennis Lillee. The book is published by Lansdowne Rigby International and is priced at £ 5.95

THE saddest figure at the Sydney Cricket Ground on January 11 1983, was a guy named Dennis Keith Lillee

The occasion was the day night game between Australia and England And there he was, the most successful bowler in cricket history sitting alone in a sponsor's tent watching it on closed circuit television

My wife Roslyn happened to walk past the tent She said Dennis looked very sad She had known him very well for many years and sadness was something she's never associated with him

But then it had been a pretty sad season for the man who had re written record books and looked forward so desperately to 1982 83 as maybe his last season in big time cricket Having achieved everything else, Dennis wanted nothing more than to lead the assault on his favourite prey the Englishmen in a successful Ashes series

But injury the bugbear of his career, took care of that

Sad? You bet he was said that night as he watched his mates playing England Sad because he wasn't out there doing something towards helping Australia beat England

Dennis had already overcome a back injury which would have forced a lesser athlete, a less dedicated man into early retirement and he missed the tour of Pakistan to fight another

It was his right knee this time He'd broken down three times in four Test matches and to go on like that might well have permanently crippled him

Surgery was not only desirable, it was inevitable So he had the operation in July 1982, to repair cartilage damage and clean out floating fragments of bone and gristle The surgeon found more damage than he had suspected and it was six weeks before Dennis was able to physically train By that, I mean it was six weeks before he was able to run In the interim, his training was restricted to swimming

His schedule was also interrupted by the preparation of his autobiography *My Life in Cricket* and he was a little underdone on the score of fitness for the first Sheffield Shield match of 1982 83, against New South Wales

The first time I saw him bowl after I arrived back from Pakistan I noticed something radically amiss with his delivery style He just wasn't putting the normal amount of weight on his right leg The left foot would thump down okay in the delivery stride, but he was giving way a little as the right foot followed it over

Obviously he was favouring that knee I'm not sure whether it was actually hurting him or if he simply feared another breakdown But it just wasn't the old D K Lillee action and it came as no shock to me that he broke down in Devonport after playing two Shield games and the first Test against England in Perth

Dennis had a plain choice give the game away or go under the knife again and hope to Christ it would work. Being the man he is I doubt if Dennis really considered the first option. If he did he dismissed it very quickly because he went straight from the game in Devonport to see knee specialist Dr. Mervyn Cross in Sydney Yes, it would be knee surgery again and as soon as possible

Dennis had the operation that same day, left hospital almost immediately

A Conscientious Objection

IT is worth recording that as a twelfth man, Dennis Lillee is a damned nuisance

We wondered, when he was asked to carry the drinks in that one-day game at the MCG, how he would react to it all To our knowledge it was a new experience for him certainly at international level And he'd given many twelfth men quite a bad time calling for new this, new that– a fresh headband, thank you very much We assumed that a man of such experience and stature would leave the menial tasks to the room attendant Not so Dennis went quite the other way

Could he do this? Could he do that? He did everything short of offering to polish our boots A bit like an over attentive waiter hovering over you in a cosy restaurant when you're trying to whisper sweet nothings to the girl of your dreams

He was driving us nuts. Had it gone on much longer, we'd have sacked him!



'No, I dreaded the thought of Dennis Lillee, the world beater, hanging on desperately to see the world beat him. It would have broken my heart '

and went straight to Brisbane to commentate on the second Test. He's not averse to a quid, is my old mate Dennis Lillee and if he can't make one on the field, then he'll make one in the commentary box. And why not? Who knows more about contemporary cricket?

It amazed the rest of us that he was on his feet at all. We'd mentally pictured him hobbling around on crutches. That he was able to walk so freely so soon after surgery must have encouraged him enormously.

It did not, however, inspire confidence in the critics, who had already written him off forever. Even Richie Benaud came out on backpages all round the country and said, "Well, so long Dennis. See you later, mate. You can't possibly come back from this."

But Dennis had different ideas. He came back, for a Shield game—and promptly broke down again. And everybody promptly wrote him off again. Personally, I was starting to pray that he'd see logic and call it a day. How much could he stand?

The last thing I wanted to see was one of my best mates being carted all over the park by fellows he could have bowled out with his eyes closed a season or two earlier.

No, I dreaded the thought of Dennis Lillee, the world-beater, hanging on desperately to see the world beat him. It would have broken my heart.

I'd said after his Devonport breakdown, that I didn't think he could possibly come back, but I said it tongue-in-cheek because I knew he'd want to prove me wrong. We enjoy that sort of relationship. I know that if positions had been reversed, that if I'd been injured and Dennis had publicly doubted my ability to fight back from it, I'd have set my heart on doing just that. Reverse psychology in its simplest form, I suppose.

As the season was developing, Dennis not only had to regain and prove his fitness, he had to actually convince the selectors that he was still good enough to bowl for Australia. It was an incredible situation—the highest wicket-taker in Test cricket history still having to prove something. But that's the way the season had unfolded.

Dennis and everybody else had written off his chances of playing any further part in the Tests, but there was the one-day series to follow.

Dennis had set his sights squarely on that, but would there be room for him in the Australian team?

Geoff Lawson was bowling exceptionally well; so was Rodney Hogg; Jeff Thomson was getting wickets (straying a little, but still getting wickets) and Carl Rackemann was shaping as if he might top them all.

So there were four fast men who, logically, would have been selected ahead of Dennis, a day-to-day fitness proposition who hadn't played for so long. Nobody knew that better than he. Quite apart from the physical thing, the mental strain on him was constant.

As it turned out, the way for his return to international cricket was paved for him by Rackemann breaking down and Lawson suffering a slight injury.

But still Dennis didn't know if the selectors were going to give him the nod. A lot of people were shouting that he should first prove his fitness in the four-day Shield match against Victoria at the MCG. It was up to Dennis to make himself available for that



Patrick Eagar

Dennis had a plain choice: give the game away or go under the knife

game or to pin his selection hopes for the January 22-23 one-day double-header in Melbourne on net form alone

Well, up to Dennis and a few "outside" influences

The decision was made over lunch at our Sydney unit in Lane Cove after a day night match at the SCG Present were Dennis and Helen Lillee, Rodney and Roslyn Marsh, and Kym Butler our mutual accountant Absent, but figuring foremost in the discussion was another Australian fast bowling great name of Ray Lindwall, who also happened to be a national selector

The question was quite elementary did Dennis risk a four day match at the MCG or 10 overs at the nets in Brisbane in a fitness test supervised by Lindwall?

We knew Lindy well we knew that he was a great admirer of Dennis and, as a former fast bowler who knew and understood fast bowlers' problems, he was the better bet

We weren't saying for a moment that Lindy would pass Dennis fit if he were unfit only a fool would do that and Ray Lindwall is no fool Neither would he endanger his reputation as a judge of cricket and cricketers by supposing and hoping

No if Dennis satisfied Lindy in 10 overs at the nets, then that was that There would be no splitting hairs

That lunch lasted quite some time, but only one subject was discussed It was by no means a cut-and-dried decision and the four of us changed our minds three or four times each.

In the end it was unanimous Dennis would bypass the Shield game and throw himself on the judgement—no question of it being on the *mercy*—of Ray Lindwall

The final decision rightfully belonged to Dennis himself He made the choice but I still don't know whether or not he would have decided that way without the support of his "panel of experts"

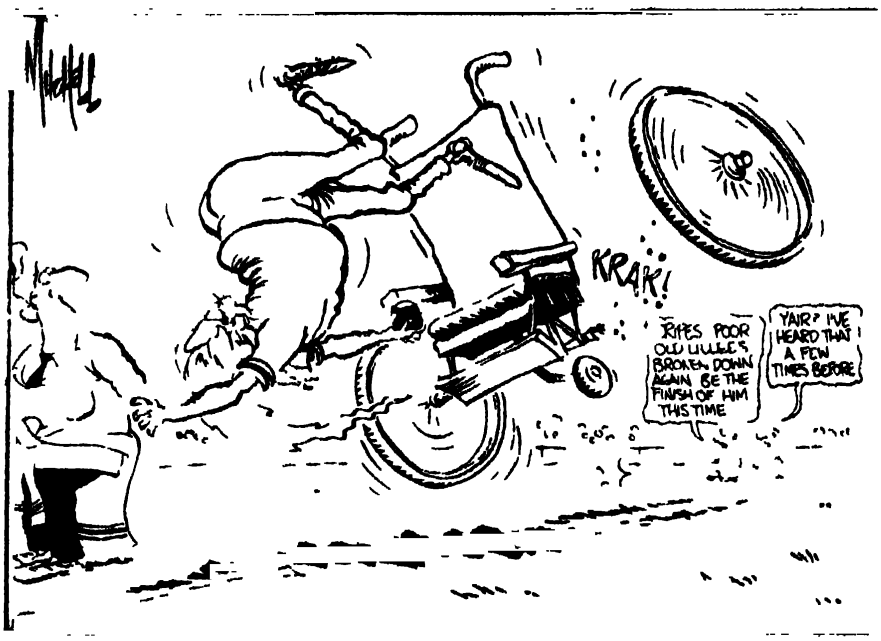
Neither do any of us know if he would have seen out the four days of that Shield game. He saw out his 10 overs in Brisbane very well, which took care of his fitness to play for Australia again. But the nagging doubt remained: would he be deemed worthy?

Dennis worked his guts out in the meantime to cement his fitness. He had been working hard since the latest operation, but with a return to the arena a real possibility again, he redoubled the efforts He was tireless at the nets and God only knows how many times he pushed up that right leg, with the heavy weights attached, in the gymnasium. That's the kind of guy Dennis Lillee is. There has got to be a better word than "gutsy" to describe him

It all paid off when Dennis was recalled for the Melbourne games I reckon a lot of people went along to that Saturday game against New Zealand merely to acclaim his comeback.



Lillee and his bandaged knee



Even Richie Benaud came out ...and said, "Well, so long Dennis"

They were to be very disappointed because he was named twelfth man.

The crowd got a little value for money, though, when their long-time hero replaced Jeff Thomson late in the game. I've always suspected Thomson took things into his own hands and left the field simply to allow Dennis on

I doubt if cricket has seen such a reception given to a twelfth man. Melbourne crowds had long adopted Dennis as their favourite son. The fact that he was from the other side of the continent mattered not at all to them. He was as Victorian as a Collins Street tram as far as they were concerned.

But if Saturday's reception was rousing, it was tumultuous on the Sunday when he opened the bowling against England. There were 71,000 people there that day—71,000 in the best cricket stadium in the world saying "welcome home" to D.K. Lillee. Even hard-bitten, weather-beaten, seen-it-all Rodney Marsh got a little misty-eyed And when he bent back Ian Botham's stumps, you'd have sworn he'd just broken Lance Gibbs' world record all over again.

It's history now, of course, that Dennis went on to play a key part in our big win in the one-day series.

Even more significant is that after a couple of doubt filled months, he was officially passed fit to tour Sri Lanka and go on to London to tackle England, the West Indies and all other comers in the World Cup.

The danger of racism

Premen Addy

AN English journalist on a visit to Dallas to cover the Republican Party convention was told by one of his American colleagues that in the light of the prevailing mood in Texas the Civil Rights era is over and it's all right to be racist again

Just as the late Jesse Owens mocked Hitler with his unique brand of athletic ism and dignity at the Berlin Olympiad of 1936 so too have the incomparable Carl Lewis Ed Moses, Calvin Smith and their Black team mates answered Ronald Reagan and his storm troopers

No, it is not all right to be racist again – at least not on the sports field if America knows what is good for it

At Zurich in a competitive meeting with the east Europeans who had boycotted the Los Angeles Games and champions from elsewhere the Black Americans caught the eye In the women's events the talking point was the clash between East Germany's Marlies Gohr and America's Evelyn Ashford the two foremost rivals in the 100 metres over the last six years Could Evelyn win and set at rest the doubts that she might not have triumphed with the Olympic gold had the German been running beside her? She brushed aside the doubts as did her rival by winning in the world record time of 10 76 seconds It was heady stuff even over shadowing the thrill of Carl Lewis's victory in the men's 100 metres in 9 9 seconds

The panthernish grace and acceleration of the pair are a joy to behold, an aesthetic pleasure which comes only with seeing great works of art Marita Koch of East Germany ran away with the women's 200 metres while the Black Brazilian Joaquim Cruz the new star in the international firmament, blazed his way to victory in the 800 metres in only 6/10ths of a second outside Sebastian Coe's world record

Coe himself had recorded forcible win in the 1 500 metres but was perhaps disappointed that he was unable to capture his fellow Briton Steve Ovett's world record Coe's time of 3 32 seconds was almost two seconds short of the target

Two horse race

THE summer is still with us and the County Championship moves inexorably to its climax It is now a two horse race between Essex and Nottinghamshire Over the week end the former demolished Hampshire by 8 wickets and stretched their lead at the top of the table by 38 points as Notts could only draw with Kent

For Essex Gooch and McEwan turned in fine performances with the bat and Lever was equally successful with the ball His left arm seam has brought him a tally of hundred wickets this season

Richard Hadlee has had an even more powerful influence on Nottinghamshire's fortunes A thousand runs and a hundred wickets today amount virtually to a Himalayan peak The New Zealand all rounder is within hailing distance of this

Surprise, surprise

IN soccer, Italy may be a world power, in cricket its reputation is not quite as exalted Indeed apart from a few aficionados one doubts that anyone knew the game was played there at all

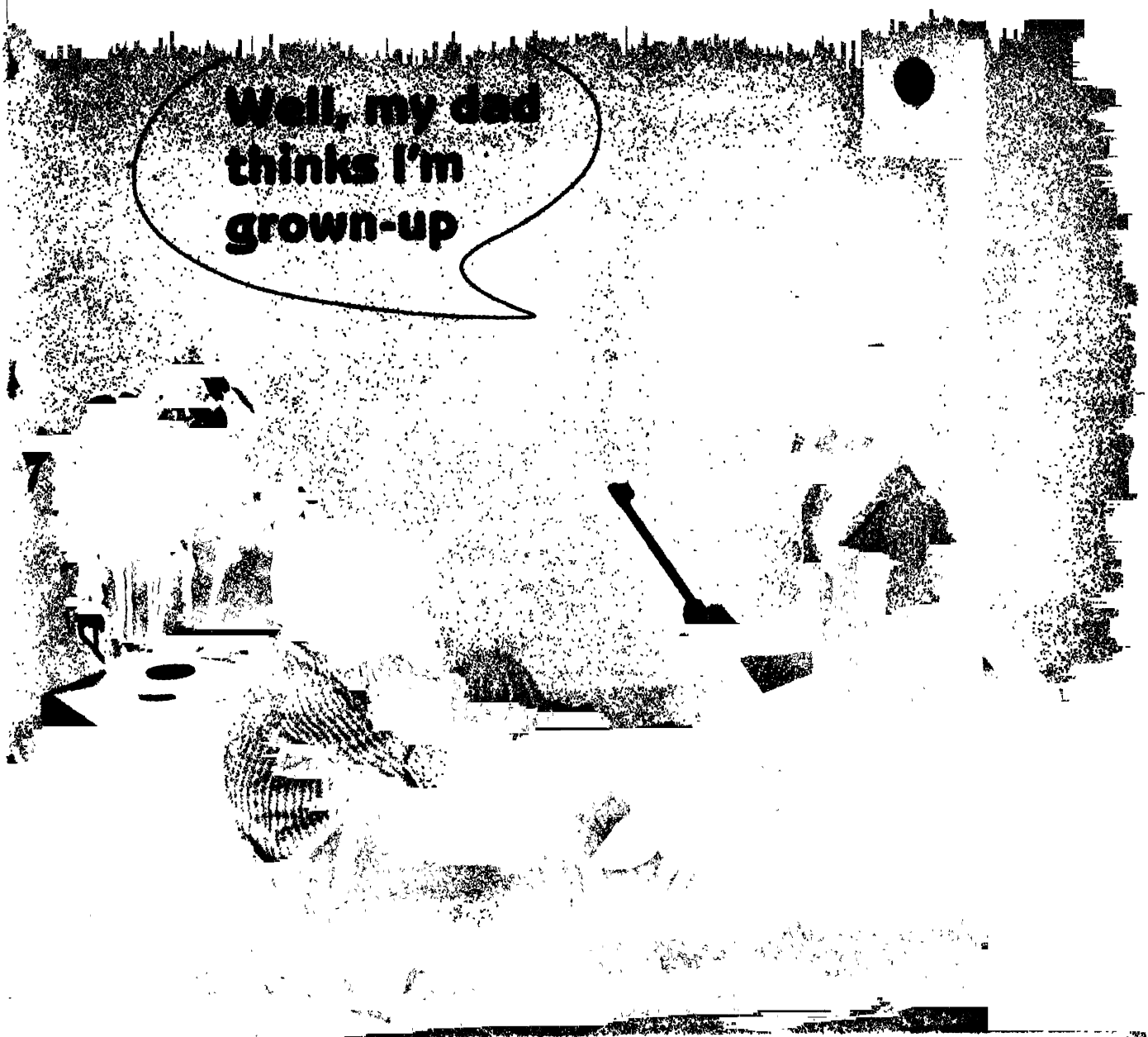
Each fresh day it seems teaches us new truths An Italian team toured the London area, playing a series of leisurely club fixtures One of their opponents was a 74 year-old who was granted an audience with the Pope for his services to Italian cricket

On the field shouts of 'pronto' were heard more often than its English equivalent But surprise, surprise, the team's captain was a Sri Lankan, the vice captain an Italian doctor of political science, the wicket-keeper a Welshman and the first change bowler a Goan

There were two other Sri Lankans, an Englishman and a Scotsman in the party of 16, of whom the native Italians numbered nine The tour constituted yet another fascinating chapter in cricket history.



Kirk Baptiste at Crystal Palace: Can America afford racism?



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Feeling Young

The old block

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It's a matter of change in life style and a restriction in the diet That is, have a diet which is devoid of elements that hasten coronary ailments

But has there been an instance of coronary cure? Yes It happened to a gentleman residing in Melbourne To day he can claim to be a crusader for health Mr Rolet De Castella, who incidentally has a son named Robert, the renowned marathoner

Rolet at the age of 60 is himself a regular participant in marathon events Just think, a man who'd recovered from acute coronary problems He is a self styled man having a lucrative position in a food firm When in school, he was an active athlete particularly in the endurance events and made a comeback to competitions at the age 42

It's unimaginable to think of Rolet having a 'resurrection' especially after he collapsed at the dining table after a long morning workout And that, too, in the presence of Robert He was paralysed briefly But grit and perseverence saw the Melbourne resident resume jogging only to suffer another heart attack nine months later and had to battle with life for 18 months He changed his diet and life-style altogether and this gave him a new lease of life

Unbelievingly, Rolet started again and is presently in perfect health He summed up by saying, "I feel 20 years younger."

Flying Start

Beating the gun

THERE had been complaints aplenty during the 23rd Olympiad at Los Angeles regarding biased judgement This aside, the commentators just howled in favour of the Americans. Anyway, that's their business.

However, one of the most glaring complaints from the pool came from the Australian side. They lodged an official protest challenging Rowdy Gaines triumph in the 100 metre free-style and this caused quite a furore But not many knew about this episode

What was the protest about? A Soviet news item states that the complaint was supported by a few others—Gaines had violated the rules That he was wrong from the start to finish, especially at the start He had made a flying start

Anyway, judgement went in favour of Gaines And you know why? Because he's an American The Soviets hit out vehemently—and also showed sympathy for the Australian lad Stock well, who finished after the American swimmer Stockwell said that he was robbed at Los Angeles The agency went on to say that "if they can change the swimming rules, why can't they change the results?"

Shamateurism

Making money

PROFIT MAKING had been a major prerogative of those who handled the biggest show on earth at Los Angeles Even athletes cashed in on this opportunity

Understandably a District Judge at LA mentioned that over a thousand legal suits concerning the Games and sportsmen were registered While business at every level was brisk the ad tycoons were in quest of those athletes who held centrestage Of course, they did not have to make much of an effort to find them Then again, some new sports good manufacturers were there to find an eminent athlete to boost sales

But how far these manufacturers succeed against the more popular brands like Adidas and Puma is difficult to gauge. If these two renowned companies approach a Carl Lewis or an Evelyn Ashford a contract is feasible, while the newcomers will find the going tough But it's the money that counts to the present star



Edwin Moses

The men's 400m hurdles prodigy Edwin Moses who sported the Adidas brand and reaped a huge profit last year knew that he had to face a barrage of questions if he won Immediately after his 105th victory, the ebonied athlete was questioned whether he'd participate in the 1988 Olympic Games Moses paused for a while before answering, "Apparently, I will have to" He is still the best and may remain at his peak till Seoul Now why did he say this? Was he hinting at the long-term contract he has with Adidas?

But sportsmen do get greedy at times Puma company had sued three athletes who violated the contract That is, they had sported the Adidas shoes much before the expiry of the Puma treaty

Has the ideal of amateur sport received its final blow?

Sporting Doc

Football or medicine

DO you know that Brazil's World Cup skipper Socrates will not be available for any domestic football even after his contract with Italy's Fiorentina expires?

The 30 year-old superstar is a qualified child specialist who was compelled to leave his country because of the political freeze At this, people may get ideas that Socrates lacks patriotism But that's not the case, as he has promised to play for Brazil if he is called to play for the qualifying rounds for the next World Cup "And I do want to play in the finals at Mexico in 1986," Socrates affirmed

Corinthians' sale of Socrates for £ 2 35 millions to the Italian club confirms that he is one of the game's top earners presently Father of four children already, Socrates is keenly interested in politics and may someday launch a political career As it is he has once asked the Brazilian Government to amend the constitution but his suggestion was ignored

Had his plea been given adequate importance perhaps he would have stayed back Since his financial position is good and he is bent on crossing the 300-marks as a goal scorer he is not thinking of his medical profession

5–0

Patrick Eagar's photographs of the fifth and final Test between England and the West Indies which the latter won and thereby beat the home side 5—0 in the series



...and the West Indies have beaten England 5—0 in the series.



A West Indian breaks through the police cordon to abuse Alan Lamb on his South African background



One that got away—Fowler escapes as Harper dives in front of Lloyd but fails to hold on

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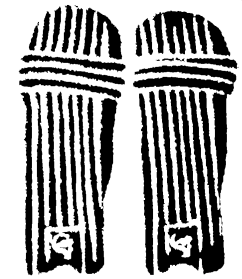
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WEST INDIES :
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Match winning figures !

Lords 1984	Gordon Greenidge	214 n o
	Larry Gomes	92 n o
Leeds 1984	Larry Gomes	104 n o
Old Trafford 1984	Gordon Greenidge	223



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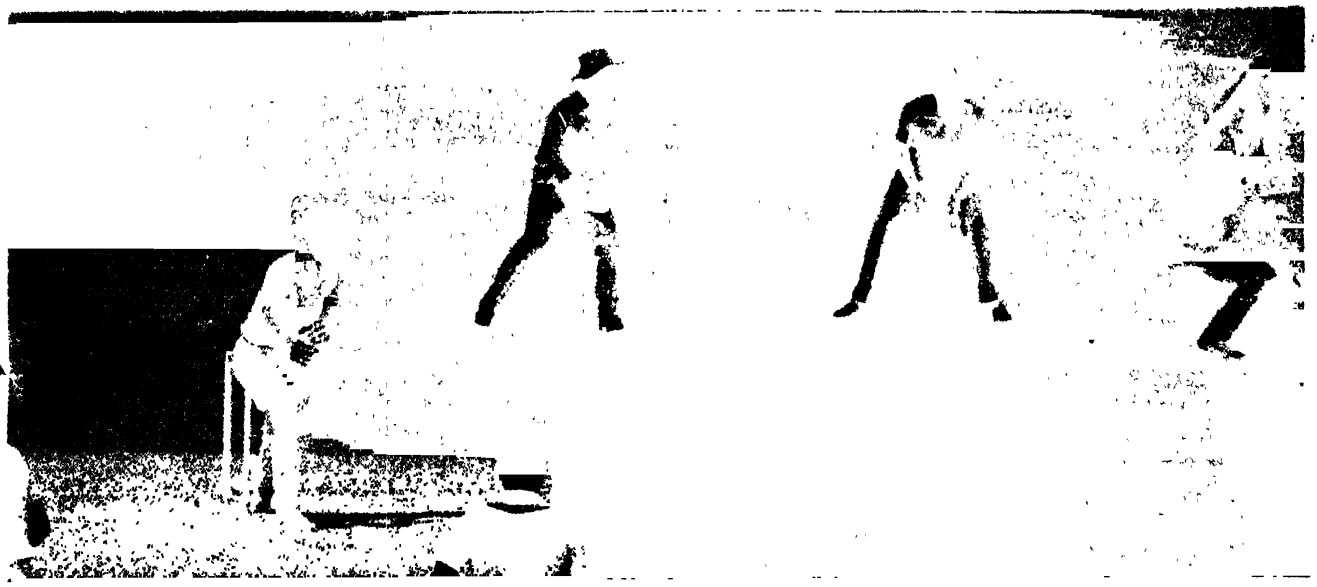
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Ian Botham takes a spectacular catch at second slip to dismiss Gomes in the first innings off Ellison



Ian Botham's 300th Test wicket, Jeff Dujon caught Tavare

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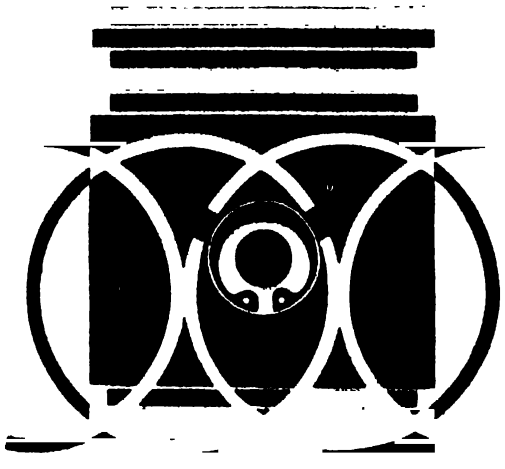
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Mohammedan S.C. falter

After Mohammedan Sporting shocked Mohun Bagan by breaking their all-win sequence in the third exhibition match of the current soccer season, some more drama seemed to be on the cards All the three big clubs were scheduled to meet some tenacious and strong junior teams and there was concern among the Big Three fans that their favourite sides might drop a few more valuable points

Their fears came true, when Mohammedan Sporting and East Bengal failed to earn full points from some of their subsequent league engagements, although at no stage did the performances of the 'small' teams rise to any great heights They were as unimpressive as ever and both the big teams had only themselves to blame for their indifferent displays

Till the time of our going to press, Mohammedan Sporting, the winners of the prestigious Federation Cup and the proud conquerors of Mohun Bagan, had six draws in the current league, which prompted many to call their victory over the would-be league champions, Mohun Bagan, a fluke. Suffering from a severe lack of cohesion in the team ever since the Federation Cup in Tiruchi in April May this year, they failed to cash in on the common handicaps of most junior clubs in Calcutta—inexperience, poor training facilities and a lack of spectator support.

No better was the plight of East Bengal. For all the training their boys got from Amal Dutta, one of the most celebrated as well as controversial personalities in the city's soccer, East Bengal had to draw as many as four matches and thus fell way behind rivals Mohun Bagan in the run for the league championship.

Mohun Bagan, on the other hand, returned to the victory trail when they beat Sporting Union 2-0 in their next engagement following the defeat at the hands of Mohammedan Sporting. But they put up a very poor show Unable to overcome the difficulties posed by slushy ground conditions, caused by the incessant rain the city has been experiencing over the last few weeks, they took a long time to settle down and got their first goal as late as the 60th minute of the game

The Sporting Union defence was never strong enough to contain the star forwards of Mohun Bagan In fact, there were a lot of loopholes originating largely from the inexperience of the Sporting Union defenders But the Mohun Bagan forwards seemed to lack the will to make quick inroads into their opponent territory and clinch the issue early

Mohun Bagan, however, got their two goals in the space of only five minutes After the first came in the 60th minute through Krishnagopal Choudhuri, Babu Mani scored the second five minutes later.

Mohammedan Sporting registered their victory over Aikya Sammilani with the same margin (2-0), though they put up a much better display. There was considerable pressure on the Sammilani defence right from the kick-off and it did not take them long to bring the game under complete control

The first goal came in a theatrical manner when Pradip Talukdar's flag kick was deflected by Jamshid Nasiri. The ball hit the crosspiece and it looked like yet another opportunity missed. But Jamshid was relentless. He darted towards the ball brought it in control and pushed it home.

It was Pradip Talukdar again who wreaked havoc in the Sammilani defence to give Mohammedan Sporting their second goal In a solo effort he cut into the the sammilani defence and sealed their fate by making it 2-00.

Rain, in the meantime, continued to be a nuisance and the performances in the maidan seldom rose to any great heights

The Calcutta league is now drawing to a close The question of league championship is no longer uncertain, with Mohun Bagan still ahead of the rest with a comfortable margin And if the monsoon persists, as it seems it would, things would grow even more lack lustre in the coming weeks. The league would once again prove to be a damp squib

Suprakash Ghoshal



Action from the Mohammedan Sporting-George Telegraph match

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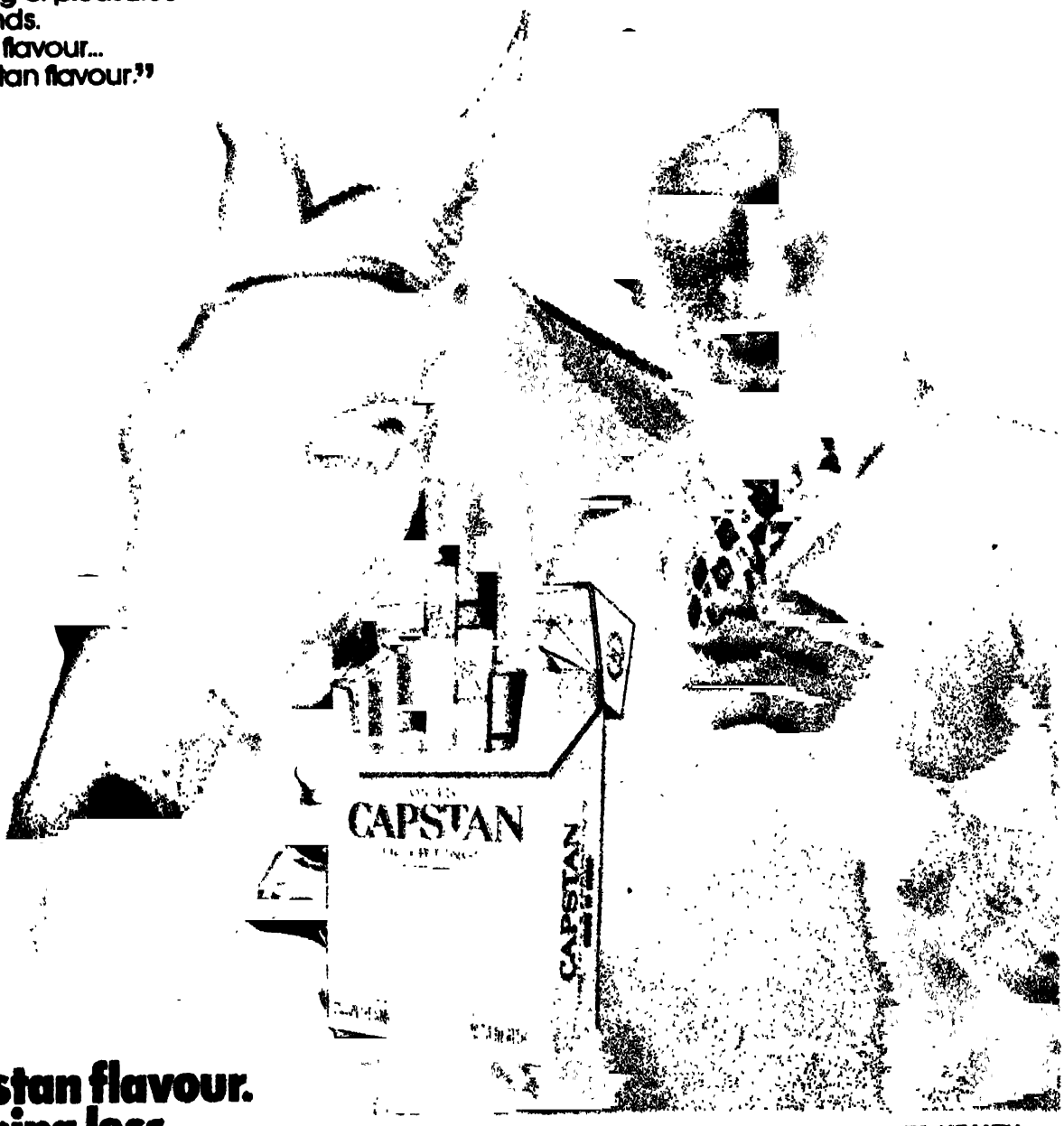
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CALCUTTA

Scrum down

RUGBY in Calcutta is hanging in a very precarious balance. The recently concluded Calcutta Cup was clear evidence of this.

To start with, rugby is played in Calcutta by just seven teams, namely, the La Martinere Old Boys, more popularly known as LMOB, who this year, are playing as LMOB Power, and their junior team, the LMOB Tigers; the Armenians, who have a long relationship with rugby; the Calcutta Police made up of a collection of lawmen; St. James' School has a team called the Jacobeans. Another team, young in match experience, is the City Old Rugger. And, the host team CCFC.

And now, with fewer players turning up each year, especially for the host team, and the games getting increasingly dirty, it is left to be seen how things turn out.

This year's Calcutta Cup was, unfortunately, decided after the very first match. The main two teams in Calcutta rugby, LMOB and Armenians, clashed on the first day and the outcome of this game decided the issue, for top spot at least. The only other team that could really upset these two was Calcutta Police but they were, as usual, very suspect.

With the Armenians upsetting the favourites LMOB Power, they had a clear run to the top. Only in their last match against Calcutta Police, were they expected to be given a tough fight. A fight it was, alright. The game became very scrappy and the 30 players on the field forgot about rugby and seemed more intent on injuring the other team.

The Armenians managed to win this game too (7-4) and won their first Calcutta Cup after a long span of time. LMOB were runners up with one loss and Calcutta Police came third with two losses. Jacobeans played very well this year and, with some more match practice, can pull of an upset or two. City Old Rugger lack the cohesion that is vital in any good team, but they are steadily improving. The Tigers, with plenty of new players this year, are yet to get into their stride. And the CCFC, but for the untiring Dada Osman, wouldn't be there at all.

PRADEEP PAUL

Tisco 'A' unbeatable

THERE was no dearth of enthusiasm in the Merchants Cup Golf at the Royal Calcutta Golf Course, in which the various company executives of the city participated.

And the Old Course is just appropriate for this tournament at this time of the year. The fairways are lush green, slippery and the golfers brave the intermittent rain and thunder and strong breeze. Toads croack and the rain drops. They love it all.

The company personnel gear up for this event. Mind you, they are all big names in this sport. When the teams are enlisted there are speculations as to which team would clinch the coveted trophy. Tisco 'A' was the best bet, having stars like national champion Alan Singh, B.S. Hundal, S.S. Nundy and D.S. Dhaiya in the side. The other foursomes vying for the title were GISI, Macneill and Magor, Caritts 'A' and Shaw Wallace, spearheaded by the veteran international Ashok Malik.

The race began with Tisco 'A' having a clear edge through Hundal's gross card of 78. But when Alan Singh entered for the next round he made certain of consolidating the lead. He returned a fine score of 73 to take a handsome 19-stroke lead over GISI, who salvaged some reputation when C.S. Singh carded a nett 62—the best nett result.

But Nundy was not satisfied with the lead and his 80 saw Tisco 'A' soar to a 27 shot lead. They not only retained the title but Dhaiya's impressive 75 saw the team bettering the previous record of 72-hole aggregate of 306 by one stroke. That was a marvellous 'gross profit' for Tisco 'A'. But the individual gross prize went to the consistent Rajiv Mohta, who carded a 70.

A CORRESPONDENT



Rajiv Mohta—best gross card

PUNE

Successful Tour

COMPRISING a mixture of Maharashtra Ranji trophy players and other local club players a new club—The Pune Sports Promotion Club has been formed. The accent is totally on giving opportunities to young cricketers. The PSPC has just returned from a 20-day tour of England where they did really well to notch up nine victories out of the ten matches that they played against various clubs there.

They started the tour with a bang and ended it with a bang.

They shot out Hayes cricket club for a paltry 107 and then made 109-5.

The next match versus Morrant Essex at Sheffield they piled up a formidable 243-4 [illegible] with bespectacled opener Prakash Wakankar scoring a brilliant century. His incidentally was the only century of the tour.

The side turned in their next encounter when, even after making 242-5 in 45 overs, they lost narrowly to London Telecommunications as their victors made 243-5 in 44 overs!

After this setback they continued their winning spree beating Kent Metropolitan, Boss Alton Cricket Club, Natwitch Club and others very easily.

Talking to *Sportsworld* the manager of the team Madhav Ranade said "The tour has definitely proved beneficial to our players and they should make good the experience of English conditions". The man who helped in creating this outfit was former Maharashtra Ranji stumper Dyaneshwar Agashe.

RAHUL CHANDAWARKAR



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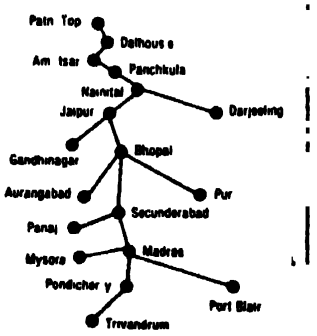
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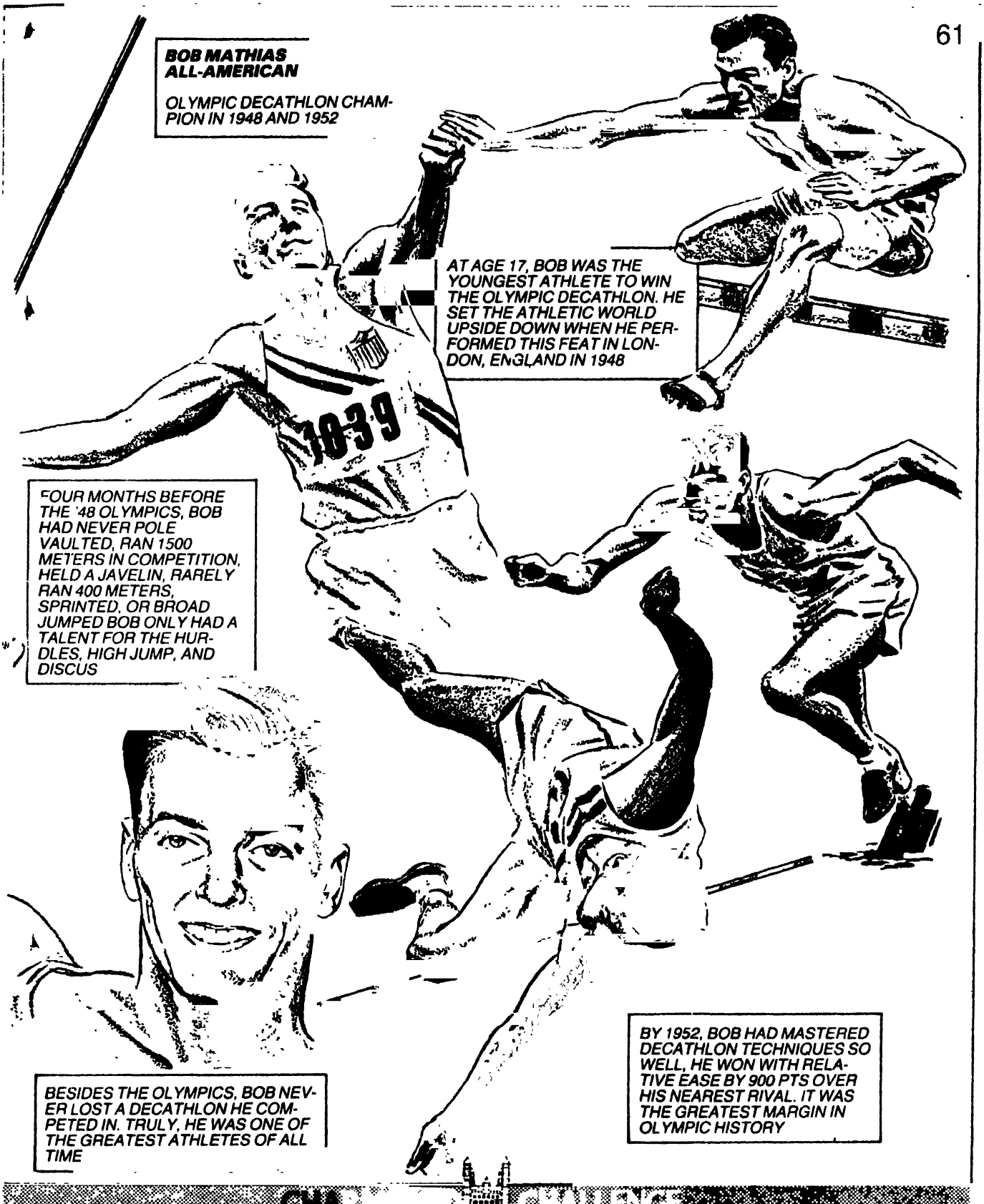


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BESIDES THE OLYMPICS, BOB NEVER LOST A DECATHLON HE COMPETED IN. TRULY, HE WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES OF ALL TIME

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Bombay swimmer Taranath Shenoy, who is blind of one eye and deaf, waves as he leaves the beach at Dover to start his unsuccessful two-way, non-stop Channel swim

15 August The Indian Olympic contingent returns home The dismal performance of these athletes is put down to lack of scientific and systematic training

Turfites celebrate Inde pendence Day at the race course where the Inde pendence Cup is won by Prudential under the able Rodrigues

16 August The Karnataka 1000 an international rally finishes at Bangalore with Kiran Modi a worthy winner

Vijay Amritraj makes his exit from the $100 000 Grand Prix tennis tourna ment being played at Col umbus Ohio Vijay loses in the second round, to Hank Pfister of the US

17 August Rob de Castella, the marathon ace from Austra lia, who finished fifth at LA this year, criticises the organisation at the LA Olympics and claims that the Games were a sham'

Two former Olympians javelin thrower Kate Schmidt and high jumper Debbie Brill, in a letter to Zola Budd urge her to learn and grow from her experience at the Olym pics

18 August The former heavyweight boxing cham pion Mohammed Ali, is endorsing a new cologne by Acardyl Products Inc The new cologne will be called *Ali*

The $450,000 Player's In ternational tennis tourna ment at Toronto gets an exciting semi final line up is John McEnroe and Jim my Connors beat Peter Fleming and Elliot Telt scher respectively to meet in one semi final In the other, Vitas Gerulaitis and Kevin Curren who beat Jimmy Arias and Scott McCain respectively, will clash

19 August The legendary Alberto Juantorena from Cuba announces his retirement from competitive athletics following his win in the 800m at the Friendship 84 Games at Moscow

Niki Lauda moves into top spot in Formula I cham pionship racing as he thun ders down to take the che quered flag in the Austrian Grand Prix at Zeltweg

The $450 000 Player s In ternational tennis tourna ment sees John McEnroe stroke his way past Jimmy Connors to enter the final where he will meet Vitas Gerulaitis who beats Kevin Curren

20 August John McEnroe thrashes Vitas Gerulaitis 6 0 6 3 to win the Player s International tennis tourna ment at Toronto

At Mahwah, New Jersey, it is the turn of the fairer sex as Martina Navratilova struggles to get past Pam Shriver 6 4 4 6, 7 5 to win the $150 000 United Jersey Bank Classic tennis tourna ment

A deaf and dumb Indian Taranath Shenoy, aban dons his attempt at a two way swim of the English Channel, halfway through his return leg due to weak ness

21 August India's track star, P T Usha, gets her highest praise when the great Edwin Moses praises her for her achievement and added to this, the Kerala government announces a cash award of Rs 1,00,000 for her in recognition of her performance

The Budapest Athletics Grand Prix sees Carl Lewis clock 10 05 secs to win the 100m dash Meanwhile, in Nice, at the Nice Athletic International meet, another American, Roger Kingdom wins the 110m hurdles in fine style

Finest fast bowler ever

Known to all as 'Fred'

WHEN John Arlott asked Freddie Trueman what title he should give the biography he was writing about him, Trueman replied: 'The definitive volume of the finest bloody fast bowler that ever drew breath.'

Arlott settled instead on the more simple 'Fred'.

There's no doubt, of course, that Trueman, in his blatantly aggressive way, was right. He was the finest fast bowler that ever drew breath. Figures say so.

His 307 Test wickets at 21.57 apiece is a record which may never be beaten, certainly not by a fast bowler.

'If it is beaten the lad that does it will be bloody tired', Trueman has said on numerous occasions. Altogether, he took 2304 wickets at 18.29 apiece in first-class cricket.

Folk hero

Had Trueman emerged 20 years later, a more tolerant society would have taken to him quicker, and perhaps he would have played in many more Tests. He was a folk hero ahead of his time.

At school, Fred was quick at picking things up and was a natural sportsman. His ambition was to be a fast bowler and his teachers gave him every encouragement.

But his career was interrupted for two years when he was hit in the testicles in a school match. He wasn't wearing a box. When he was fit again, he left school—at 14½—and started work at a newsagent.

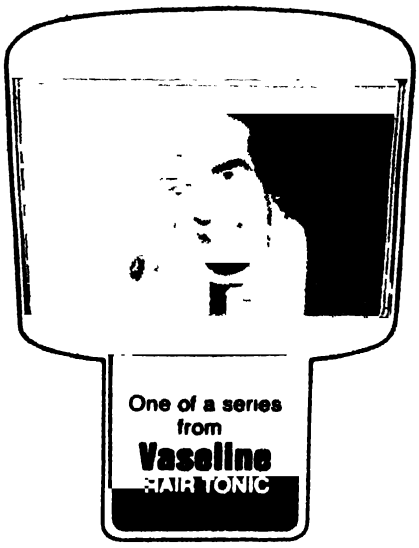
That job didn't last long. Soon, he was a haulage hand down the pits, and the tough work helped develop the finest pair of shoulders in Yorkshire.

Ideal build

In his prime, Trueman weighed nearly 14 stones (196 lb), was five feet ten inches tall and measured 46 inches round the chest and hips. It was the ideal build for a fast bowler, and in his 20 years of first-class cricket he bowled more overs than any pace man had ever bowled before.

His feats in amatuer cricket brought

FREDDIE TRUEMAN



him an invitation to attend the Yorkshire coaching sessions at Leeds. The coaches agreed that there was hardly anything wrong with his action. It was nearly perfect.

His first game for the county was against Cambridge University in May 1949.

Trueman's figures in that first match at Fenners were 3-94, but he had shown the graduates his speed on a slow, bounceless pitch. The thing that put him off most was the French menu at the team's hotel!

Later he played against the Minor Counties and took 8-70 in an innings. In that first season, he took 31 wickets in eight matches.

Norman Yardley, the then Yorkshire captain, called him 'Fiery Freddie' because of his speed and quick temper.

Yardley was well disposed towards the young Trueman, but many of the senior Yorkshire players weren't. They thought he was an upstart.

The selection committee didn't help the developing of his maturity by constantly leaving him out, even after he had bowled well. He fostered a deep resentment against this treatment and his attitude—lower jaw sticking out and an oath under his breath—was 'I'll show the so and so's'.

Four for nothing!

In 1952 the Indians were on the receiving end of Trueman's aggression. He was picked for England after taking 32 wickets in his first four matches that season for Yorkshire. Ever since Miller and Lindwall had decimated the English batting in 1948, the England selectors had been searching for a fast bowler capable of giving the Australians a few bouncers back. Now they had their man—21-year-old 'Fiery Fred'.

Headingley was packed on the Saturday as Trueman tore in to bowl. In 14 deliveries, the Indians were 0-4 with Trueman clean-bowling three of them. It was a score that had never been seen in a Test before.

Fred joined the RAF that season, missed the Second Test through injury, and terrified the poor Indians again in the Third Test at Old Trafford. His 8-31 was the finest analysis ever returned by a genuine fast bowler in Test cricket.

The Indians were bowled out twice in the one day. But Trueman's triumph was ruined when his CO sent him a cable 'Report back to unit at 8 am on Sunday'. He had bowled himself out of three days leave!

He was less successful against the Australians the following season, and his first tour—to the West Indies under Sir Len Hutton—was a disaster.

He inflamed the crowd at Port-of-Spain by hitting a local batsman, Wilfried Ferguson, in the head and not walking up the wicket to see how he was.

This was one of a series of incidents, on and off the field, which led to his good-conduct money being docked.

Steve Douglas



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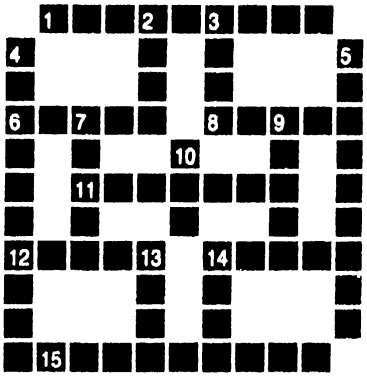
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CROSSWORD

252



ACROSS

1 Champion diver at Los Angeles ends in India s training centre for her medal hopes (1,7)
6 Ali, a competent Ranji Trophy player, but not Mushtaq or Abid (5)
8 Tennis 'great begins with this year s Olympic venue (5)
11 Calm sounding for the venue of the last Winter Olympics (1,6)
12 Leading jockey in America during the Twenties who rode 968 winners and won around 3,000,000 dollars begins and ends directions (5)
14 Indian goalkeeper during the 1928, '32 and '36 Olympics ends in a cricketing knight He did not concede any goal in the 1928 Olympics (5)
15 American swimmer comprises a strong desire when the beginning of his name is attached to the end (9)

DOWN

2 Badminton trophy contested for by ladies begins with a loop (4)
3 A popular Dutta of Calcutta s soccer world (4)
4 Bob Mathias of the modern era (1 8)
5 Heavyweight legend who met his end in a plane crash (8,1)
7 Pop singer or part of an English captain s name? (5)
9 A Sassoon, not Sir Victor, but the official hair dresser at the Los Angeles Olympics (5)
10 A round in a race course (3)
13 You must be a good swimmer to know how to——(4)
14 India's 'Sam the Eagle' for the Asiad (4)

Excellent: 16-15, Good: 14, Fair: 13.

OLYMPIQUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 Which Olympic bronze medallist eventually became the Governor-General of his country?
2 Which Olympic sprint gold medallist had received his doctorate in Political Science barely two weeks before that Olympics?
3 Who is the first man from a non-English speaking country to win the Olympic 400 metres?
4 Which woman competitor was nicknamed the "Saskatoon Lily" during an Olympiad?
5 A Borg, but not, of course, the tennis celebrity, gave Sweden an Olympic gold medal in swimming Identify him
6 Who is the only person to win two boxing titles at a single Olympics?

ANSWERS

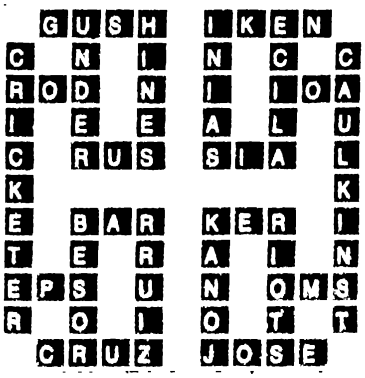
1 Arthur Porritt (New Zealand) who won the 100m bronze in 1924 subsequently became the Governor-General of his country
2 Pietro Mennea (Italy), winner of the 200m gold at Moscow
3 Alberto Juantorena
4 Ethel Catherwood (Canada), winner of the high jump gold in 1928
5 Arne Borg who won the 1500m freestyle gold in 1928
6 Oliver Kirk (U S A), Bantamweight and Featherweight champion in 1904

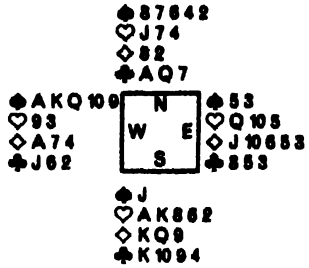
BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

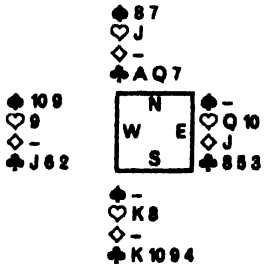
Many of the learned tomes that come my way contain chapters on deceptive play but I don t recall seeing the situation that arose on the deal below, though it cannot be so uncommon

SOLUTION 251





Both sides were vulnerable and South was the dealer He opened one heart and West overcalled with one spade As his side was playing five-card majors, North was able to raise to two hearts and South then went to game West began with two top spades South ruffed and led the king of diamonds West took the ace and played another spade reducing South to A K 8 of trumps Declarer played of the ace of hearts then followed with queen of diamonds and a diamond ruff The position was now



The jack of hearts was covered by the queen and king and all depended now on the view that declarer would take in clubs When East followed to three rounds there was something to be said for finessing the 10, but South was afraid of looking foolish and played for the 3-3 break

Where was the deceptive play, did I hear you ask? Well, it was missed Suppose that East, when♡ J was led, had played the 10 South would surely put on the king because he cannot afford to lose to the queen and be forced Placing West with three hearts, he will surely miscount the clubs and finesse the 10 on the third round

This week's quiz. The bidding begins

South	North
1 ♠	2 ♡
2 ♠	3 ◇
?	

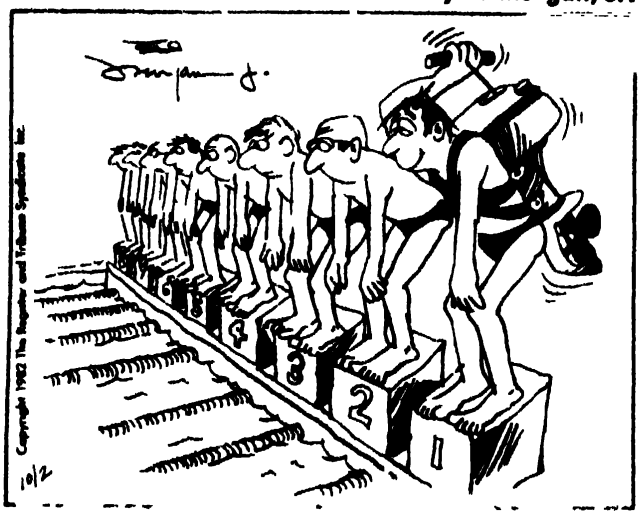
What should South call now, holding

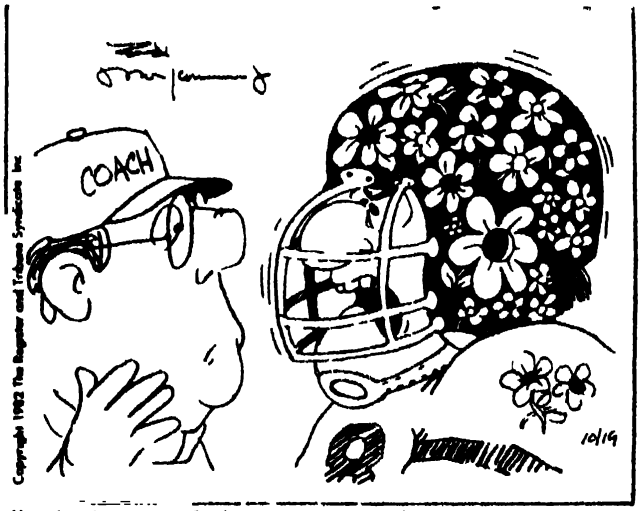
♠ A Q J 5 4 3
♡ 7 3
◇ Q 9 4
♣ A 4

Answer. Nothing is ideal, but three hearts is best, partner is sure to hold at least five and will have several alternatives now

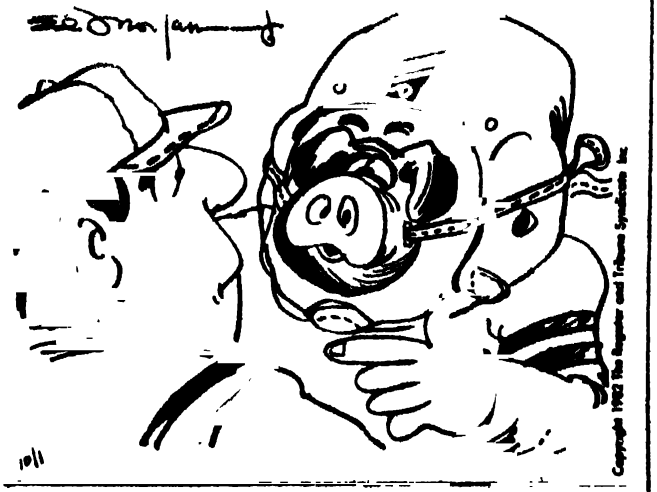
IT'S JUST A GAME

By Ed Morgan, Jr.





"I don't care if she does own the team, this time she's gone too far!"



"I'd like to see the new equipment manager about this face mask."

Sporting Inventions

NEW JERSEY And now for the sweat band (a la Borg, McEnroe et al) dotted with sensors hooked to a bread-box size monitor which in 60 secs flat can detect the kind and amount of alcohol or drug intake in the body, by detecting changes in the energy field between the cornea and the retina And a British engineer has invented a new puncture proof tyre of solid rubber suitable for wheelers and in case you're unlucky with them wheel chairs

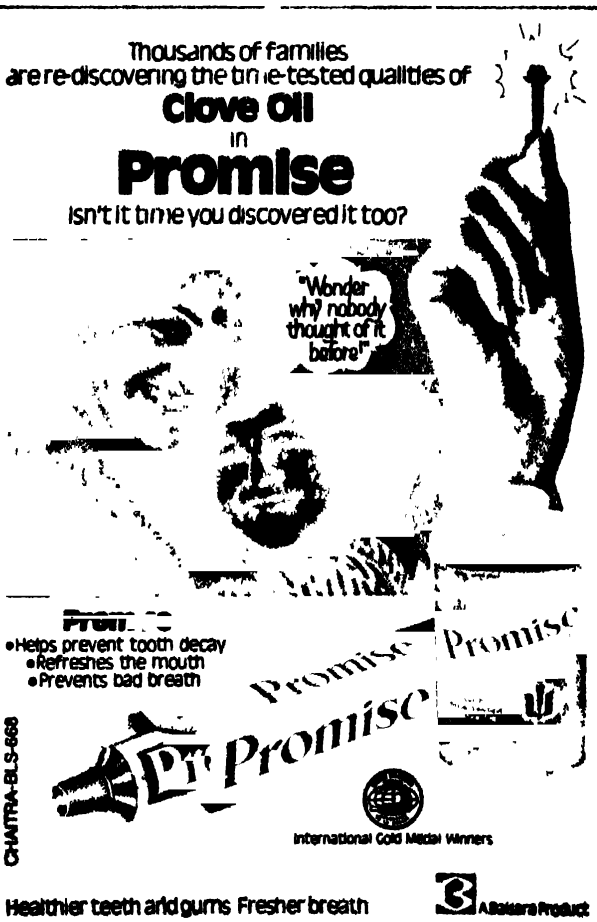
Grrrrr....!

OREGON Run Jane run with a woman's best friend Fido You can choose one at Project Safe Run in Eugene Entrepreneur Shelley Reecher has started a dog rental agency for women who want to jog without the fear of rape assault or sexual harassment She says that in the project's 2 year history there hasn't been a single attack on her woman dog team No wonder She rents out 10 hounds

Wimbledon And After

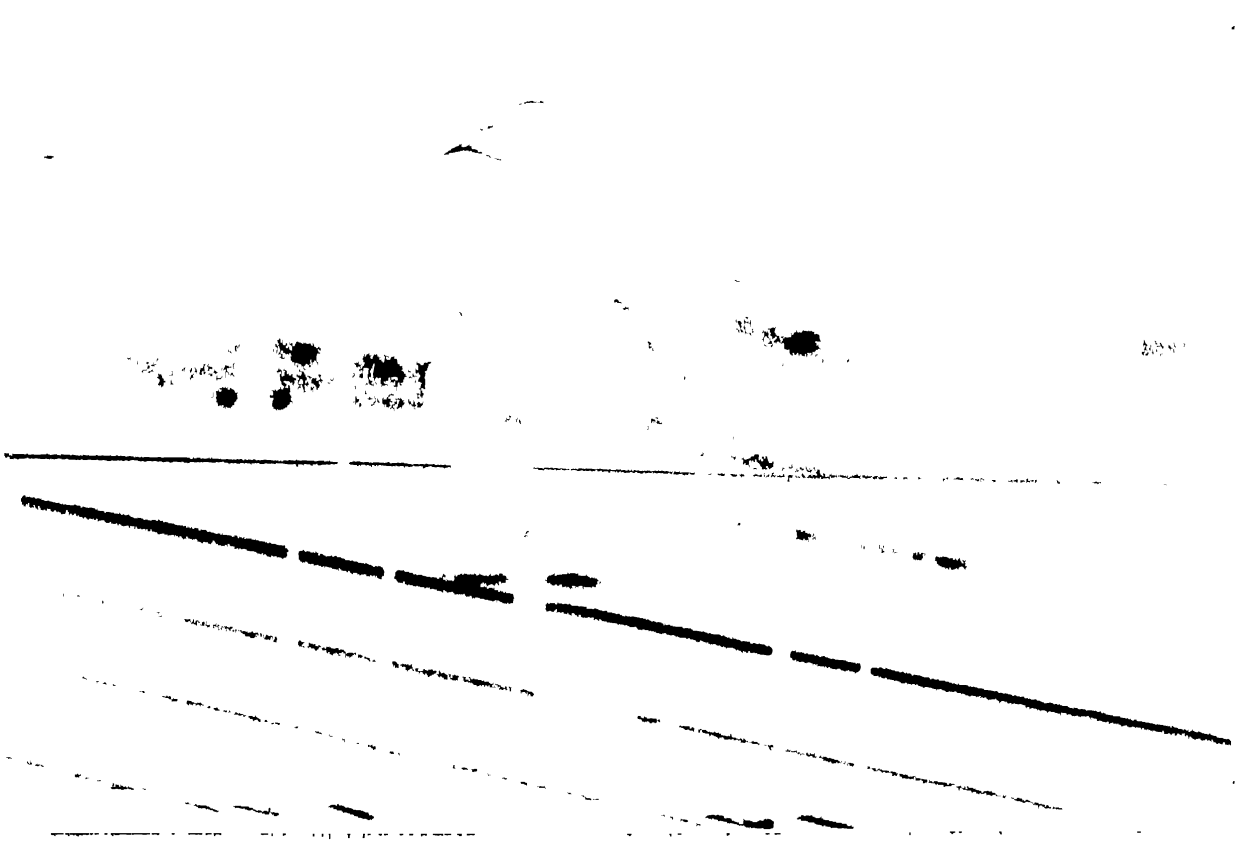
QUOTE From a Sports Illustrated reader about John McEnroe The only good reflection of himself John has at present is in Madame Tussaud's wax museum in London "

Bernie Tellis



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Sportsworld

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Adverse reports

OF late, we are hearing many an allegation concerning Pakistan's different Test venues This has been confirmed by Rod Marsh in 'The Inside Edge'

These include playing conditions, crowd behaviour, umpiring decisions and above all, accommodation of players But nobody seems to be bothered about the state of affairs And now Pakistan is to hold nine matches of the '87 World Cup

We wonder what the ICC is doing?
ARTA MISHRA,
Cuttack

Evergreen Greenidge

I CONGRATULATE the batsman who made 572 runs in the recently-concluded England West Indies series and won the 'Man of the Series' award

Who else can it be but the great Gordon Greenidge This superb opener from the West Indies has proved yet again that he is still a force to reckon with

The innings at Lord's and the one at Old Trafford showed the skill and determination which this West Indian possesses
JAYANTI MANI,
Calcutta

Good move

THE announcement of the Kerala Govt is praiseworthy The C M , in a meeting convened with a view to according reception to the Olympic participants, declared that they would pay one lakh to P T Usha, the 'Sprint-Queen' for her brilliant performance Also, they decided to make a 'synthetic track' to help and encourage the participants Such a move will surely assist the athletes in gaining perfection and skill

The award to P.T Usha will inspire not only her, but also other competitors of the State Other State Governments should also follow suit in order to improve the standard which will ultimately assist them in having good and talented persons for national and international competitions

Our State Government should also come forward in this regard
NIRJHAR DAS GUPTA,
Calcutta.

A word of praise

KUDOS to Carl Lewis for winning the four gold medals at the Los Angeles Olympiad. Special mention should also be made of Valerie Brisco-Hooks, Sebastian Coe, Daley Thompson, Edwin Moses, Li Ning, Ecaterina Szabo, Greg Louganis, Carlos Lopez, Michael Gross and many others for their outstanding show at Los Angeles It has once again been revealed that the 'Blacks' are much more proficient than the 'Whites' where sports are concerned

And it is the same old story with the Indians No medals although we are the second most populated country in the world I don't think we have any excuses to offer for the poor show.
SHAIBAL GUHA,
Calcutta

Training is primary

THE Olympic Games have ended. India's performance in this Olympics was hopeless in comparison to China and Japan though they both also belong to Asia

Both China and Japan have collected a lot of medals including a number of golds whereas India has not even bagged a single medal It really is shameful to say that, even in hockey, India were not up to the mark

So, it is now being proved by this poor result that we are still far away from an international standard in all sorts of sport It would be much better for India that, with the help of the Government of India, they should train the players and then let them participate in the next Olympics
DASS K SANDI,
Jamshedpur

Hockey fiasco

THE 23rd Olympiad at Los Angeles helped us to learn a lesson or two for the future.

The team selection showed lot of loopholes We could not make use of the substitutes in a proper way Our forwards failed to score vital goals even though they got enough opportunities in each match In the end, the 1980 Moscow Olympic gold medallists failed to reach the semi-final and obtained the fifth place with great difficulty

On the other hand, congratulations to Pakistan for capturing the coveted gold.
C K. SURESH,
Ghaziabad

EVER since the West Indies appeared on the international scene these islands, some of which are smaller than the bounds of the New Delhi Municipal Corporation, have continued to produce cricketers with exceptional ability. The reasons are straightforward. They have the physique, a total addiction to the game and many a hero to emulate. To them singing, dancing and playing cricket comes as naturally as eating Hilsa comes to a Bengali.

A vast majority of these exceptional cricketers have been black, but for many years colonial policy dictated that the captain be white. It was said that the black was not mature enough to handle the responsibility, and indeed not so long ago few would have disagreed, for they played their cricket as they lived their lives; with little thought for the morrow.

While this often produced breathtaking batsmanship or a sudden spell of devastating bowling, they lacked the patience and the consistency to beat the more professional sides from England and Australia. Nobody in the world had the power of Walcott's drives off the back foot, the ferocity of the hooks and square cuts of Weekes, or the elegance of Worrell's stroke-play.

Yet they rarely won. And then Worrell took over and as a black, in now a predominantly black side, was able to introduce a sense of pride and cohesion. He also showed them the way to win. To do this they had to curb their natural exuberance, and this they were prepared to do, for Worrell had managed to earn their respect and loyalty, which for some bordered on worship. Of course, they still succumbed occasionally under pressure, but they had tasted victory and were no longer going to accept defeat as placidly as they had done in the past.

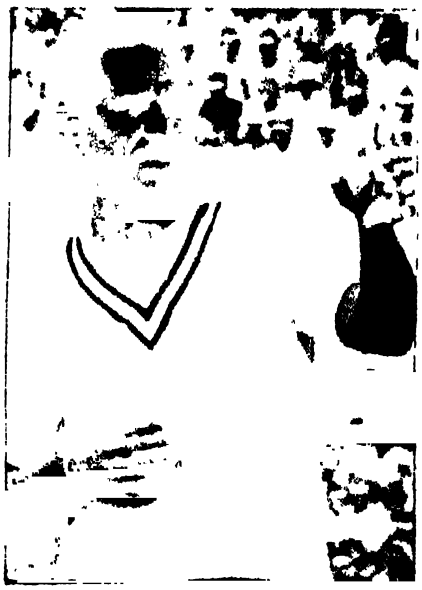
The middle Sixties and Seventies also saw a change of attitudes in a different sphere. Previously, the West Indians had adorned the major leagues of the North of England; now they began to join the Counties and came into the mainstream of professional cricket. There they soon learnt that their pay packet depended more on consistent performances than flamboyancy, though the latter did reverse the situation in unusual circumstances.

The same era saw the beginning of the decline in the standard of English cricket. In an economy beset by



inflation, a loss of interest in three-day matches which resulted in most Counties going bankrupt (this was before limited-overs matches and sponsorship saved the game) the young Englishman saw no future in a cricketing career.

Further, the two Universities which had produced some of the finest English batsmen in the period following the Second World War decided to turn their backs on sport to concentrate almost exclusively on academics. For the West Indian who was not exactly inclined towards academics and who often came from a background where



Sobers: "...the West Indies were led more by instinct than seasoned thought and they won less often than they should have."

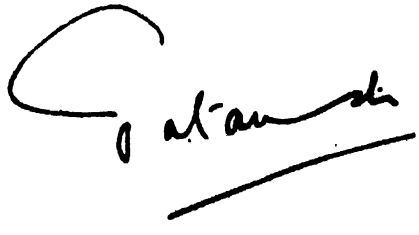
even an inflation-hit England seemed more attractive than the prospects at home (at least in cricket) this economic depression held no qualms. The cricketers came from the islands with enough regularity to ensure that no West Indian side would lack the necessary professionalism to compete on more than equal terms with the more hardened cricket playing countries.

By now Worrell had sadly passed away, and for the next few years the West Indies were led more by instinct than seasoned thought and they won less often than they should have.

And then came Lloyd and brought up in the no-nonsense atmosphere of the Lancashire dressing-rooms, he soon became a true successor to Worrell. Once again the West Indians had found a genuine leader and they were prepared to give almost as much as Hall, Kanhai, Sobers and others had given to Worrell. Lloyd wanted to win, and it did not take long to realise that a side which could boast of four fast bowlers was unlikely to lose a Test. Since there seemed to be no shortage of this commodity, Lloyd put the plan in action. And while the rest of the world, especially the batsmen, complained bitterly that this was against the true spirit of the game Lloyd merely shrugged his shoulders and kept winning. And when similar tactics were tried against his side, Fredericks, Richards and Greenidge happily hooked their way to centuries, much to the delight of the paying public.

Presently, the West Indies reign supreme. Though at the moment there is really little competition.

Lloyd's career has run its course and retirement must come soon. While there seems to be no dearth of talent, with one fast bowler replacing another, the question uppermost in one's mind is that, "Is it essential for the West Indies to have an undisputed capable leader to enthuse the necessary sense of purpose in the outcricket or are they now mature enough to take care of themselves?"

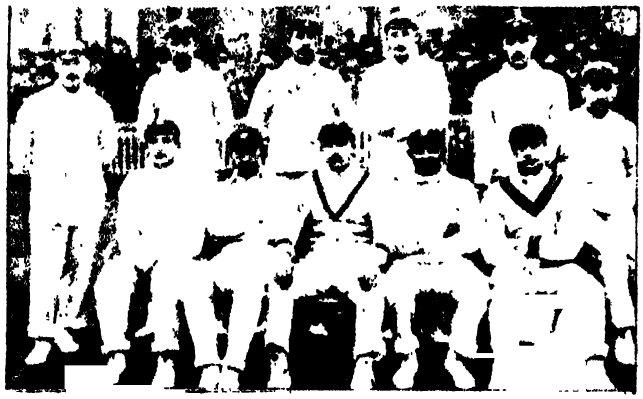


Are they the greatest Test team of all time ?

West Indies' thrashing of England 5-0 has not only confirmed their supremacy in international cricket but also aroused the debate whether Clive Lloyd's side is the best of all time. In this article, **John Arlott** casts his expert eye over the leading sides of the twentieth century



West Indian supporters sum up the series



England team versus Australia at Lord's 1902. Left to right, back row: G. Hirst, A Lilley, W. Lockwood, L. Braund, W. Rhodes, J. Tyldesley. Front row: C.B. Fry, F.S. Jackson, A.C. MacLaren (captain), Ranjitsinhji, G. Jessop.



Australian team, 1902. Back row, left to right: W. Howell, W. Armstrong, E. Jones, H. Trumble, Major Wardill, A. Hopkins, C. Hill. Middle row: V. Trumper, J.Saunders, J. Darling, M. Noble, J. Kelly, S. Gregory. Sitting: H. Carter, R. Duff.

WEST INDIES' now appreciable run of success, culminating in their unbeaten series in Australia and their immense subsequent superiority in this country, poses once more the unanswerable question, as to the finest of all Test teams. In the words of Alfred Cochrane's nostalgic poem "England, Past and Present," it is to compare the performances "Achieved by giants whom in life a century kept asunder."

Generations who produced some great cricket and cricketers used to declare that the English and Australian teams at Edgbaston in 1902 were the finest those two countries ever fielded. They read indeed like a roll of honour—

ENGLAND	AUSTRALIA
A.C. MacLaren	V.T. Trumper
C.B. Fry	R.A. Duff
K.S. Ranjitsinhji	C. Hill
Hon. F.S. Jackson	S.E. Gregory
J.T. Tyldesley	J. Darling
A.F.A. Lilley	M.A. Noble
G.H. Hirst	W.W. Armstrong
G.L. Jessop	A.J.Y. Hopkins
L.C. Braund	J. Kelly
W.H. Lockwood	E. Jones
W. Rhodes	W.P. Howell

The England side was reckoned the strongest batting side they ever put out: every member of it scored a century in first class cricket. In that match George Hirst and Wilfred Rhodes bowled out Austalia for 36, but rain prevented a finish: and in the second Test, reduced play to less than two hours.

At Sheffield, despite S.F. Barnes's 6 for 49, the batting of Victor Trumper and Clem Hill, the bowling of Hugh Trumble, Jack Saunders and, above all, Monty Noble gave Australia a win by 143 runs. The rubber was decided at Old Trafford where, in Fred Tate's only and tragic Test match, the incomparable Trumper scored a century before lunch but England lost by three runs. At the end at The Oval, Gilbert Jessop's century in 75 minutes gave England the consolation of a narrow win by one wicket.

Since then, the main candidates would be the Australians of 1921 and 1948; England in the mid-1950s; Ian Chappell's Australians; and the current West Indians. It has been argued that England, her cricket disorganised by war, was not sufficiently strong for Australia's achievement of 1921 to be rated particularly highly.



Dr Grace had played his last Test 3 years before the famous England team of 1902

Yet England had a number of highly capable batsmen and the performance of the two fast bowlers, Jack Gregory and Ted McDonald, in hustling them out and taking the first three Tests too, the spin of Warwick Armstrong and Arthur Mailey; the batting of Warren Bardsley, Charlie Macartney, Johnny Taylor, Herby Collins, Tommy Andrews and of that great fieldsman, 'Nip' Pellew.

It is difficult, though, to argue that they were as strong as Don Bradman's side of 1948 in England, which won by four Tests to nil. Again England were short of match-winning bowling; but the Australian batting, with Bradman himself, Arthur Morris, Sid Barnes, Lindsay Hassett, Keith Miller and Neil Harvey, was so massive that they made four totals of over 400 and another two of more than 300. Conclusively, Keith Miller and Ray Lindwall were a magnificent fast-bowling pair, Bill Johnston highly skilled at various paces of left-arm, with Ernie Toshack and the useful allrounder Sam Loxton on support.

When Len Hutton's side lost the first Test of their 1954-55 tour, at Brisbane, by an innings and 154, certainly, they had some ill fortune, but they looked by no means outstanding. Yet the emergence within a few days of Frank Tyson as a magnificent strike bowler and his partnership with Brian Statham trans-



Australian team, 1921. Left to right, back row: W. Bardsley, J. Ryder, H. Hendry, J. Gregory, E. Mayne, T. Andrews, S. Smith (manager). Middle row: A.A. Mailey, E. Macdonald, H. Collins, W. Armstrong (captain), C. Macartney, H. Carter, J. Taylor. Front row: C. Pellew, W. Oldfield.



Australian team, 1948. Back row: N. Harvey, S. Barnes, R. Lindwall, R. Saggers, Ring, W. Johnston, Toshack, K. Miller, D. Tallon, S. Loxton. Sitting: K. Johnson, R. Hammence, I. Johnson, L. Hassett, D. Bradman, W. Brown, A. Morris, C. McCool, W. Ferguson (scorer).

formed England.

They had, too, the outstanding support bowling of Trevor Bailey, Johnny Wardle—who trafficked in both kinds of left-arm spin—and Bob Appleyard, probably the most underestimated bowler of post-war years, in a superbly balanced attack. The batting of Len Hutton, Denis Compton, Bill Edrich, Tom Graveney and, importantly, the emergent Colin Cowdrey and Peter May gave them the next three Tests and a strong position in the rain-ruined fifth. Indeed, had Len Hutton been fit to continue in the captaincy, the side might even have grown in stature...

There came the Australian teams under Ian Chappell; combative, abrasive; with a fierce cutting edge in the pace of Lillee and Thomson. They had, too, in a fine muster of talent, the monumentally steady Max Walker; the spin of Ashley Mallett; the useful allrounder, Gary Gilmour; the hostile wicketkeeping of Rodney Marsh; the batting of the Chappell brothers, Alan Turner, the enigmatic Doug Walters, and Ian Redpath.

Their power was never more apparent than when, despite an innings defeat at Perth, they took their home series of 1975-76 by five Tests to one against an extremely strong West Indian team with Andy Roberts, Michael Holding, Clive Lloyd, Lance Gibbs, Alvin Kallicharran, Viv Richards, Lawrence Rowe and Gordon Greenidge.

All those last four teams owed their superiority primarily to their fast-bowling pairs: Gregory and McDonald, Lindwall and Miller, Tyson and Statham, Lillee and Thomson. Of course, there have been outstanding spin-bowling pairs, notably Grimmett and O'Reilly for Australia; Ramadhin and Valentine for West Indies in 1950; Laker and Lock, Laker and Wardle for England during the 1950s; but the idea of decisive fast bowling was gradually accepted by selectors and captains.

The oldest and soundest of cricketing maxims is that bowlers win matches. The pragmatists of cricket, observing the success of the great fast-bowling pairs, reasoned, clearly enough, that what could be done by two fast bowlers could be carried out even more efficiently by four. Only West Indies could consistently produce from their reservoir of talent, fast bowlers in such selfrenewing numbers.

They first put such a plan into operation under Clive Lloyd, in the first Test in England of 1976, when they went in with no specialist spinner and began their bowling with Roberts, Julien, Holder and Daniel. They brought in a spinner for the second and third Tests but used five pace bowlers—including Collis King—in the fourth and fifth; and took the rubber by three-nil.

Since then, in turn Holding, Roberts, Garner, Croft and Marshall have maintained steadily high pace, at a low over rate to keep them fresh. A series, also, of fine batsmen following on Richards, Greenidge and Lloyd have completed their strength. Briefly, in Australia in 1981-82 when they drew the series one-all, they faltered; failing to finish off their opponents, even after taking early cheap wickets. Otherwise the formula has been uniformly successful. The entire concept of a balanced team seems to have been swept aside by the use of unremitting pace. Cricket has never been historically static; but it is not easy to see where the next—different—and great Test team will be produced.



The man who started the debate: Richie Benaud

Figurative speech

By Ravikant Srivastava

Most consecutive wins by a Test side

Eight Australia beat	England 5-0 in Australia 1920 21
	England 3-0 in England 1921
Eight W Indies beat	Australia 3-0 in W Indies 1983 84
	England 5-0 in England 1984

Most consecutive Tests without defeat
26 by England from Lord's 1968 to Old Trafford 1971
25 by Australia from Wellington 1945-46 to Adelaide 1950 51
23 by W Indies from Sydney 1981-82 to Oval 1984

Clive Lloyd's captaincy record
69 Tests 33 won 11 lost 25 drawn

Ten most successful captains (Qualification: 15 Tests)

	T	W	D	L	Success%
Douglas Jardine	15	9	5	1	76 66
Don Bradman	24	15	6	3	75 00
Mike Brearley	31	18	9	4	72 58
Lindsay Hassett	24	14	6	4	70 83
Percy Chapman	17	9	6	2	70 58
Frank Worrell	15	9	3	3	70 00
Ian Chappell	30	15	10	5	66 66
Clive Lloyd	69	33	25	11	65 94
Len Hutton	23	11	8	4	65 21
Richie Benaud	28	12	12	4	64 28

The West Indies pace attack
Total wickets since 1974-75 to the present date 1293
Percentage of wickets taken by pacemen 87 08
Percentage of wickets taken by spinners 12 92
Highest percentage of contribution by a single bowler M Holding 16 16

Batting
Total number of centuries scored by W Indies since 1974-75 84
Total number of centuries scored against W Indies since 1974 75 72

Highest individual score by a West Indian since 1974-75 291 by V Richards
Highest individual score against W Indies since 1974-75 236* by S Gavaskar
200s scored by W Indians since 1974-75 Six (V Richards 2, Greenidge 2)
200s scored against W Indies since 1974-75 Three (Gavaskar 2)

Bowling:
Five wickets in an innings by a West Indian bowler 50 occasions
Five wickets in an innings against W Indies 40 occasions

Best bowling by a West Indian bowler since 1974-75 8/29 by Colin Croft vs Pak 1976-77
Best bowling against W Indies since 1974 75 9/83 by Kapil Dev for India 1983 84

Best figures in a match for W Indies since 1974 75 14/149 by Holding at the Oval 1976
Best figures in a match against W Indies since 1974-75 11/102 by R Hadlee at Dunedin 1979 80

Cumulative record of the top six batsmen who played against England in 1984.

Total centuries	63
Total runs	22 876
Total fifties	110
Total innings	525
Total zeroes	19

Nature of victories in the unbeaten sequence since 1981-82
Total won 14
By an innings five
By 10 wickets Three

Heaviest victory
By an innings and 180 runs vs England (Edgbaston) 1984

Narrowest victories
By 138 runs vs India (Ahmedabad), 1983 84
By Four wickets vs India (Kingston), 1982-83

Snippets
Malcolm Marshall 31 Tests, has yet to appear in a Test in which his side has lost

Eldine Baptiste has yet to appear in a side in which his team has not won This is a world record, beating the mark of eight Tests by J Gregory and J Taylor in 1920-21 and 1921 Baptiste has played in nine Tests



West Indian team, 1963.



M.C.C. team, 1911-12.



Strongest side of all time?

David Frith joins the discussion

THERE is no real debate as to whether this West Indies team is the best in the world today. Discussion, though, is rising on the subject of whether it is the best of all time. The age-old topic has resounded well beyond the walls of the barber's shop. We have Richie Benaud to blame for first suggesting that Clive Lloyd's 1984 combination is without peer in the history of the game. Sir Garfield Sobers then pointed to better-balanced West Indian sides, and reminded us that the England opposition of some years ago included batsmen like May, Cowdrey, Dexter, Graveney, Barrington, Milburn, Edrich and Boycott. What wouldn't England have given for Trueman, Statham, Laker and Lock on the final day of the recent Lord's Test?

Clive Lloyd believes the 1976 West Indies side was slightly stronger than this year's but let us flick the pages of history more vigorously than that and put the spotlight on an XI which for many years was thought to be utterly without equal. It took the field against Australia at Edgbaston in 1902, and it read: MacLaren, Fry, Ranjitsinhji, Jackson, Tyldesley, Lilley, Hirst, Jessop, Braund, Lockwood, Rhodes. If a heavenly aura hangs about it, it is because the figures are golden and the spectacles are rosetinted.

Too long ago? Over-rated? Impossible that they should have been a patch on today's cricketers, with all the game's modern 'refinements'? Believe that if you will, young fellow.

How about 1921? There are actually people still living who watched the Test matches of that year. Chap named Armstrong led the Australians—twenty stone of him, pig of a man. Had a pair of quickies—Gregory and McDonald—who believed Englishmen were made for knocking over. Then, while Armstrong tied them up, Mailey twiddled the rest out. Batsmen? Bardsley, Collins, a wizard named Macartney, Taylor, Pellew, Andrews. And that chap Armstrong. Plus a glorious little wicketkeeper named Oldfield.

So you believe the 1984 West Indians would have beaten Armstrong's lot by an innings? Even with Macartney belting Garner back past his right ear? Well, try some of Bradman's combinations, preferably that of 1948. Morris, Barnes, Bradman, Hassett, Miller, Harvey, Loxton, Tallon, Lindwall, Johnston, Toshack. Now there's a team to match anything in history.

No? Still not convinced? Well, take the cream of England's 1950 talent. Or do you fancy Ian Chappell's 1975 commandos? Give up? Why not agree with us that we are going to be able to prove nothing until we all meet in that Other Place. Then, Garner can measure out his run as little Macartney pulls the peak of his cap firmly down onto the bridge of his nose. Mailey can hum to himself as Viv Richards sticks his bottom out and leans over his murderous bat. Lindwall comes purring in to Greenidge. McCabe waits for Marshall. Why, we'll even have Ranji poised delicately as Lillee hurtles in to bowl. And Hammond dealing with Willis and Botham.

For the time being, one certainty persists. Thirty and fifty years from now, folk will be saying with colossal pride: 'I saw the 1984 West Indians play.'

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Opinions

Polly Umrigar: I would not call the current West Indies team under Clive Lloyd the best ever though it's a good side. I think battingwise the Windies were far more powerful when they had the three W's and later on Gary Sobers and Rohan Kanhai. That was a terrific batting side.

The strength of the present side is in its four fast bowlers. The batsman is under sustained pressure all the time. But the current side can be beaten. India had them twice in their grip but let them get away.

Ramakant Desai: It certainly is the best bowling attack the West Indies have ever had, no two opinions about that. But as far as batting is concerned, it lags behind some of the other teams.

Naren Tamhane: If you go by results, then undoubtedly the present Windies side is the best ever, but to be honest, in batting the three W's were far superior to the present lot. The opposition and the quality of wickets today as compared to the earlier times is largely responsible for the success of the present team.

M.J. Gopalan: Old timers are usually accused of showing bias in favour of players of their time. So it will come as a surprise to many when I agree that the present West Indian team is the best ever.

As one who played against the 1948-49 team that visited India and subsequently as a close watcher of the great West Indian teams of the Fifties and Sixties, I have no hesitation in saying that this is the most balanced West Indian team ever—even though there were a lot of big names in the past teams like the three W's, Sobers, Kanhai, Hall, Griffith, Alexander and others. The present team bats in depth with even the wicket-keeper Dujon and bowlers like Holding and Marshall making sizeable contributions.

The fielding is far superior to those of the past sides. But the strongest department is their bowling.

It's difficult to be emphatic

That this West Indian side is the best ever, concludes **Ashis Ray**

MIDWAY through the recently-concluded West Indies-England series, Richie Benaud, the distinguished former Australian captain, caused a minor stir in cricket circles by unequivocally branding Clive Lloyd's team as the greatest Test side ever.

Predictably, this statement led to contradictions and counter claims, not the least significant among them emanating from Lloyd himself, who felt that the 1976 side under him for the tour of England was better.

But the controversy set into motion by Benaud involves answering not only the question whether this is the best side Lloyd has led, not even if this is the finest West Indian unit of all time, but of coming to grips with the query: Is this the greatest team ever?

Now, perhaps, this discussion would never have arisen if England had not been whitewashed (or blackwashed) 0-5 in the last encounter with the West Indies. India, at home, did rather badly, losing 0-3. Australia did no better in the Caribbean, and indeed, could have lost all five, but for the weather. But the information order as far as cricket is concerned still being largely in the hands of the United Kingdom, it is only when England fare abysmally that the hooha begins about the opponents being the 'greatest'.

However, Benaud is not one to make a loose remark. His insight into the game is quite exceptional, and additionally, he is a very, very professional mediaman, which cannot be said of the majority of erstwhile Test players. In short, therefore, what he has said must be accorded serious consideration.

The record books tell us that way back in 1920-21 W.W. Armstrong's team defeated J.W.H.T. Douglas's Englishmen 5-0 in as many matches. After more than 60 years of the tangible reverse, pundits tend to classify that outcome as due to various factors, among them the weakness of the MCC side, but hesitate to describe the Australian team as being comparable to the greatest ever.

This accolade, in fact, as far as the Aussies go, is extended to the 1948 side under Donald Bradman, which eclipsed England 4-0 on the latter's soil. This team possessed, apart from the aging but still incomparable Bradman, Morris, Barnes, Hassett, Lindwall, Miller and the young Harvey. But it should not be forgotten that England, in response, did not have a single genuine fast bowler.

More disturbing, however, was the England batting. Having seen even a non-specialist like Ravi Shastri stand up so manfully against the West Indian fast bowlers, it was shocking to watch the England top order, with the exception of Gower, Lamb and possibly Botham, fail to get into line.

And finally, the team was very poorly led. Indeed, aside of the fact that Gower displayed little tactical shrewdness, his lack of involvement,



The 'dada' of 'em all: Clive Lloyd

as in the case of accepting the light offer at Lord's and not giving clear-cut instructions to Lamb, who was chasing a hundred, at Leeds about trying to avoid the follow on being the primary objective—this when an injured Terry was sent out—proved a bit of a liability

But it's pressures that extract weaknesses And in this respect the West Indians were powerful enough to do so Indeed, it is this near complete annihilation of the opposition by the Caribbean fast bowlers that galvanised Benaud to arrive at his conclusion

However, let us examine the past a little Quickies in earlier eras tended to hunt in pairs There was Gregory and Macdonald, Lindwall and Miller, and Lillee and Thomson Down Under, Larwood and Voce, and Trueman and Statham in England, and Gilchrist and Hall, and Hall and Griffith in the West Indies Of course, Hogg and Pascoe have figured in more or less the same period as Lillee and Thomson, but it would appear that at the very most only three of them played in the same match

The current West Indian revival and supremacy for eight years was like the rise of the phoenix from the ashes In the winter of 1975-76, Lillee and Thomson demolished Lloyd's then relatively inexperienced team, but from this debris the West Indians staged a great recovery They had a hard time beating India at home—2-1 in 1976, but since thrashing England 3-0 a few months later, they have lost only one series—in New Zealand—and that too in debatable circumstances

This age of ascendancy began with Roberts and the up and coming Holding at the helm, gave way to the emergence of Garner and Croft, and finally, has seen Clarke and now Marshall deliver the goods in no uncertain manner And there is still a bit in reserve in the promising Winston Davis

In 1963, Worrell could call upon the services of Hall, Griffith and the very versatile Garfield Sobers, not to mention the abundantly gifted Lance Gibbs In 1976, Lloyd had Roberts, Holding and Daniel And in 1980, he possessed Roberts, Holding, Garner, Croft and the still not-fully matured Marshall

But what has probably made the difference in 1984 is surely the exceptional form displayed by Marshall and Garner in harness, coupled with the ineptitude of the English batsmen Indeed, I would venture to say that Marshall was more threatening against the Indians in the West Indies last year, simply because he was given an unbridled run round the wicket, and unwaveringly against the batsmen's body—the most naked example of bodyline as any

However, except on more helpful wickets—and the West Indians were fed slow turners all the way—it is difficult to imagine an attack being more incisive than the present one under Lloyd The only qualification being that May, Cowdrey, Dexter, Barrington and Graveney, not to speak of the previous generations, would surely have tackled this menace more adroitly than the men under David Gower

As for the West Indian batting, a line-up of Greenidge, Haynes, Gomes, Richards and an aging Lloyd is pretty impressive But is it as good as, for instance, Bradman, Morris, Barnes Hassett and Harvey, or even Hunte, Kanhai, Sobers, Butcher and Worrell, albeit advancing in years? Indeed, the 1976 order of Fredricks, Greenidge, Richards, Rowe, Kallicharran and Lloyd is not easy to equal, let alone improve upon.

So, it is difficult to say with any degree of emphasis that the 1984 West Indians is the best cricket side ever. That is not to say that it is straightforward challenging this theory. But it is better to leave it open to discussion.



Key to success? Joel Garner

A.G. Kripal Singh: The chief reason why I feel the current West Indian team is the best ever is because it is better led Clive Lloyd is a great captain, both from the strategic view and in the manner he gets the best out of the players. Frequently he leads through personal example and this makes him the ideal captain. Also, the team is better balanced than the previous teams that visited India and the great West Indian teams of the Sixties led by Worrell and Sobers

The other reason is their battery of fast bowlers In 1958 59, for example, there was Hall and Gilchrist, and in the Sixties there was Hall and Griffith But the speed was not as sustained as it is now

A.G. Milkha Singh: On statistics alone, yes, this would certainly be the best West Indian side of all time It is not very often that one sees a side that wins one series after another convincingly, that wins eight matches in a row and that has not lost the last 23 Test matches! But I feel that the team that came under Gerry Alexander to India in 1958 59 and the great squad led by Frank Worrell in the Sixties were better balanced Those teams had a better batting line-up that started with Holt and Hunte and continued with Kanhai, Butcher, Sobers Solomon, Smith and Nurse Those teams were better all round sides while the current team hinges too much on three or four players

C.R. Rangachari: The figures of this West Indian side are impressive To beat England, 5-0 in England for example is no mean feat But I feel there is also the other angle that one must observe—from the opponent's viewpoint.

What is the kind of opposition that this West Indian team has encountered? The teams of the Fifties certainly had to face much better opposition, for England and Australia then were formidable Still, I would class the current team slightly better than the team of the Sixties under Worrell. It certainly is one of the strongest West Indian teams of all time

Interviews by Haresh Munwani and Partab Ramchand

Fishy dealings in Camelot

This week we begin extracts from the book 'Short Circuit' by Michael Mewshaw. This painstakingly documented bestseller, which successfully demolished popular myths about the international tennis circuit, created a furore which snowballed till the author actually faced physical intimidation. This extract deals with his experiences and observations at the 1982 US Open. The book is published by Collins, London and priced at £5.95

LOUIS ARMSTRONG STADIUM was said to be a stark, inhuman structure where the Deco turf shimmered like a griddle, hot enough to fry eggs during the day, and where, at night, players groped blindly, trying to follow the trajectory of the ball, while thousands of yawping drunken fans flung insults and beer cans. Seventeen hundred jets a day took off from nearby La Guardia airport and most of them appeared to be in danger of crash landing on the Stadium court. A peculiar odour permeated the place and insinuated itself into the weave of a spectator's clothing. On a fiercely hot day in late August, when the temperature and humidity hovered in the nineties one could be forgiven for thinking the smell was of broiling human flesh. Usually, it was just sizzling hamburgers. But in 1981, a garbage dump caught fire and play had to be suspended until the smokey stench cleared.

A perfect example of the architectural principle that form should follow function, the Louis Armstrong Stadium and its outlying courts were constructed for a dual purpose. For forty nine weeks a year, they are open to the tennis playing public. For three weeks, during the qualies and the main draw of the US Open, the emphasis is on tennis *watching*. Thus in the Stadium and the Grandstand there are no iron girders or overhanging roofs to obstruct the view as they do at Wimbledon. The walkways leading to the field courts are wide and logically laid out so that even on the most crowded days, spectators can move from match to match rapidly.

While social stratifications hold little sway here, it is true that there are corporate tents, clubs, lounges, and private restaurants. But unlike a Wimbledon and Roland Garros, comparable facilities are available to the public, and at prices which were more reasonable than in London or Paris. I also never ate or drank so well at any European tournament.

None of this is to claim that Flushing Meadows is a homey, much less a beautiful, spot. But like New York City, it is exciting, loud, extroverted, simultaneously iconoclastic and celebrity-obsessed, yet always saved by a sense of humour. If genial anarchy distinguishes the Italian Open, and if haughtiness and linguistic imperialism are the *cachet* of the French Open, and if implacable class consciousness and a hierarchical view of the world characterise Wimbledon, then an unrelenting democratic impulse and an unabashed commercialism are the hallmarks of the US Open.

Unfortunately, democracy can sometimes turn demagogic, and the honest give and take of commercials can be perverted into rapacious hucksterism. All tournaments are out to make a profit, but of the Grand Slam events the US Open alone has a split programme. At sundown, it clears the grounds, then sells separate tickets for a limited schedule of evening matches.

I had a final meeting with Butch Buchholz, Executive Director of the ATP, in the lobby of the Parker Meridien Hotel. As we sat in a corner under the spreading branches of a plastic tree, Buchholz composed himself in a chair, his hands clasped in the lap of his olive green suit. I mentioned the bets Ion Tiriac and Ivan Lendl were reputed to have made on Grand Prix matches. He dismissed these as minor incidents, just a matter of wagering a dinner. When I asked whether he had come to that conclusion after questioning the players, he conceded he hadn't. He hadn't spoken to either man. 'Tennis players don't have a history of betting,' he said. 'They'll tell you, "I'll bet you five bucks a guy breaks serve" or something like that. I don't think it's a serious thing. If you know differently, I'd like to know.'

I wouldn't have pursued the subject at all if it hadn't been for the Grand Prix's attitude toward the betting incident in Strasbourg. Although they claimed they couldn't crack down on infractions on the WCT circuit, I had been led to believe they would react swiftly to admissions of gambling on their own tour.

Following up on our discussions about prize money splitting, I reminded him that when we had spoken in Paris, he maintained his inquiries

had produced nothing more than vague rumblings.

'Well, you told me about it,' Buchholz replied, 'and I said to you, "You give me specific names." And you weren't ready to do that.'

Yes, but after my refusal to give him names, I had talked with a number of ATP and Pro Council officials who gave *me* names. At a time when Buchholz claimed to know nothing, his colleagues cited specific players and events.

Abruptly Buchholz changed his story. 'I shouldn't say I haven't heard something.' He mentioned a WCT tournament and two players who were rumoured to have split there.

Was any disciplinary action contemplated? I asked.

'We have no jurisdiction over there.' He insisted that if it were happening on the Grand Prix, 'we'd consider it very serious'. Then he took off on a tangent. 'Michael, I'm not sure. You know to say that I was an absolute bulldog terrier going after that thing like crazy, I did not.' But he promised he had looked into it, and the players reputed to be splitting were denying everything.

Didn't splitting constitute behaviour detrimental to the sport? I asked, as I had several times in the past.

'They could say, "It's an exhibition. I'll do whatever the hell I want".'

'Well, that brings up a question about exhibition matches,' I said.

In April I had told him about a special event in which two top players—now I identified McEnroe and Borg—were said to have had agreed to split sets. Buchholz had expressed incredulity in Monte Carlo and he did so again now. But his doubt had acquired a hard crust of pragmatism. 'I don't know whether you can prove that. I've never heard of anything like that happening before and I don't know why they would split it. But it's an exhibition. So, I mean, they can do whatever they want.'

What concerned me, I told Buchholz, was that in checking out the story about Borg and McEnroe, I had talked to Marshall Happer who stated, 'I think all exhibition matches are fixed.'

'Michael, I really believe this,' Buchholz said. 'I think you're heading in the wrong direction. I just don't believe these guys would do that. Maybe I've just got too much tennis player in my blood, but I just don't believe that happens. I'd *love* for you to have



'He swore that even if a player of John McEnroe's calibre expressed strong preference for a particular official, it wouldn't influence a supervisor'

Marshall Happer sit *right* there,' he flung his hand at an empty chair, 'and say that in front of me.'

'I'm supposed to meet Marshall on Monday, September 13th', I told him. 'Why don't you come?'

Without responding to the invitation, Buchholz ploughed on. 'I would *love* to sit there and hear him say it. There are no Grand Prix rules for it. You know, to say that a guy's going to throw an exhibition and that he might, you know, ah, tank the doubles or, I mean ' He caught himself and repeated, 'Tank the doubles?' No one had mentioned doubles. He was too upset to talk straight. 'I don't even know what they do in exhibitions. But I can't *imagine*.'

While we slapped the subject back and forth, like two players at the net exchanging reflex volleys, Ron Bookman, the ATP Director of Communications, stopped at the table for a moment. Soon after Bookman left, I mentioned that he had been among those who had told me that exhibitions were just entertainment, not honest competition.

But Buchholz wouldn't budge. There had been some reference to Borg's calamitous loss in Monte Carlo, followed by his triumph over Vilas at an exhibition in Tokyo, then his ignominious defeat in the qualifying at Las Vegas. But Buchholz refused to grant that this pattern suggested the exhibition might have been fiddled.

'Did you see the Vegas match? he demanded. 'He (Borg) just went through the motions. He was so pissed off. He was so tired and so pissed off because he had to play the qualifying, he was serving with two balls in his hand ' Thus he couldn't hit his famous two fisted backhand.

The logic here eluded me. Anxious to prove players have too much pride to make pre-match arrangements, eager to defend the integrity of exhibitions, adamant that pros always went out to win, he described Borg putting forth less than his best effort at a legitimate Grand Prix event. If with prize money and ATP points at stake the Swede was willing to waltz through a match, how could Buchholz fail to believe that some exhibitions were fixed?

He had toured the United States for ten years, he told me. 'We played for a percentage. We used to have promoters coming all the time saying, "Hey, I got a big crowd out there and I want you guys to play three sets tonight." But we'd say, "Screw you, buddy. There's no way." Nobody's going to go out there and bag it in front of 5,000 people.'

He did concede 'I don't think anyone's busting their guts' in exhibitions. 'A few years ago didn't Borg and McEnroe or somebody go through Europe and they played ten matches and I don't think Borg won once? Borg has a different mentality playing exhibitions. And also it really hurt the exhibition market in Europe for a while. But I don't think they sit in the locker room and say, "Okay, John, you're going to win tonight, and Bjorn you're going to win another night." They just don't do that.'

I saw no purpose prolonging the debate. 'You have your point of view on this. I'm supposed to meet Marshall the Monday after the tournament. Two o'clock in his office.' I said it was fine with me if he came to the interview.

Then I repeated what I had told him in Monte Carlo. Some umpires insisted they couldn't enforce the Code of Conduct because they were under pressure from tournament directors to protect the top players.

'If any Grand Prix tennis umpire's doing that,' Buchholz erupted, 'I want his ass thrown out.'

Despite this vehemence, he didn't believe it was happening. He said low-ranked players always accused top players of getting away with murder, while the stars thought they were held to a standard that wasn't applied to everybody else. Still, if umpires were making accusations, 'I'd like to know the tournament director, I'd like to know the tournament, and I'd like to know the umpire. And the umpire who's going around saying that, he has an obligation to tell Marshall Happer. He has an obligation as the umpire of being a fair person to help this sport. And he's also being paid to do a job. And he's being certified by the Grand Prix. If he's doing that'—knuckling under to a tournament director—'he's doing a disservice to his profession, he's doing a disservice to the sport of tennis and he's doing a disservice to all the players. And he is, he is...' Buchholz groped for a word vile enough to describe such an umpire,'...and he is a horrible person.'



Borg was Gerulaitis's sparring partner and soulmate

I mentioned that I had heard doubts that an umpire who made accusations against a tournament director would receive the support and protection of tennis authorities.

'You ask Marshall about that?' he said.

I had asked the Administrator, and he agreed with Buchholz. But I had also spoken with Jim McManus, and by the time I finished recounting what he had told me about umpires and tournament directors, Buchholz was speechless with dismay.

'This this . ', at last, 'this is mind-boggling. How can an umpire, how in the hell can an umpire, be out there soliciting players [to enter tournaments]? I mean, that's impossible.'

I assured him I was just relating what I had been told by one of his employees. When I added that McManus claimed umpires were not just recruiting players, but on occasion offering wild cards to those who wouldn't otherwise qualify, Buchholz insisted, 'The only possible thing is that a player might say, "If *that* umpire's there, I'm not coming there".'

When I quoted what Arthur Ashe told me about collusion between umpires and tournament directors and about the fact that some players demanded that certain umpires officiate at their matches, Buchholz admitted, 'There are guys who will say, you know, "I'd rather have Frank Hammond. Or I don't want to have Frank Hammond. Or I'm comfortable with Roy Dance. Or I'm not comfortable with him. Or I like Mike Blanchard." I mean, that, I'm sure, does happen. But no one is using it to get players, in my opinion, into tournaments. The



Connors won the 1982 US Open, his fourth, beating Lendl in the final

supervisor is the one who appoints umpires for the matches.' And he swore that even if a player of John McEnroe's calibre expressed a strong preference for a particular official, it wouldn't influence a supervisor. 'What do you think a supervisor's going to do? He's going to say, "Too bad!"'

We had reached another impasse and I could do no more than remark that 'People who are in the ATP with you or on the Pro Council with you are saying something different to me apparently than they're saying to you'. Was it possible I was getting caught in the crossfire between opposing camps? I was aware of warring factions within the ATP. Perhaps he wasn't getting accurate reports from his staff. Maybe people jockeying for positions were feeding me information which had been withheld from him.

'I will talk to McManus,' he said, then started to muse about the new state of affairs among umpires. 'It's professional breed out there now. Whether that's good or bad for the sport, I don't know. It used to be amateur. Now these guys are pros, and we're getting competitive. I don't know whether it affects the game or not.'

'Don't you think it's better if they're professional, autonomous?'

'It's better. But you're going to get situations where [an umpire] is going to say, "I want [5,000 to be the referee." And this guy's going to say, "I want $6,000." It's out of control right now. No control!'

'You mean, prohibitively expensive?' I asked.

'It could be expensive. But also, there's no rules to what a guy can ask for. Should we have career umpires? It's a big question.' He shook his head. 'I don't know.' I wasn't sure I understood the concern about compensation for umpires. Was he referring to the dubious business deals between tournament directors and umpires?

'Business arrangements in terms of they're going to be paid?' he asked.

'They have other business involvements. I know umpires in Europe are buying cars through tournament directors.'

'Umpires...buying cars through...' he spoke slowly, gravely, weighing each word until his voice died. 'I'm not so sure that's bad.' Another long pause. 'Other than the fact that somebody could say, well, he owns that umpire.' Voice full of emotion, he declared, 'You've got a situation where there's an integrity there and you cannot in any way, shape, or form have that screwed around with. You can't screw around with it.'

As I summarised a hypothetical case in which an umpire might buy an expensive car at a discount of thousands of dollars, Butch Buchholz began nodding his head. 'You agree with me then?' I asked, meaning that this was a dangerous practice.

'Absolutely. It can't be done. That's the problem, Michael. We don't have rules for that right now.' Then he said, 'Maybe I've had my head in the sand. I just think we have so many other problems in the game, no one's thinking about the officials.'

'What's a more important problem?'

'Well, I think the guarantee situation. Is it bad for the game? Good for the game?'

'Don't you think all these things are linked?' I asked. 'What I'm told is that the guarantee situation is the locomotive that's dragging along these other problems in its wake. If you give a guy $100,000, which already violates the rules, then some unprincipled people could be tempted to take the next step. If you've got that kind of investment in a guy—'

'The next step, the next investment, is the umpire to protect that player,' he finished my sentence for me. 'This is just mind-boggling to me. I can't believe it's happening.'

US Open Tennis Championships



Defending champion Jimmy Connors clashed with John McEnroe in the semis, a match that provided more fireworks than their one-sided Wimbledon final



McEnroe, still disenchanted with the world press, took care to keep a low profile during the tournament, often turning his back on cameramen and reporters



Martina Navratilova, declared the player of the year in the course of the US Open tournament, proved that the laurel was richly deserved a second time around



And Ivan Lendl, doing his best to live up to the expectations of the capacity crowds, proved fiery, brilliant, inventive and—as this picture proves—unorthodox as well

With Bradman in India!

Pearson Surita, continuing his column, writes of the time when he was raced out to Dum Dum airport to meet the great cricketer



BACK in India I soon fell into the old and now crowded routine, with hockey followed by football and cricket filling in the winter months. AIR Calcutta's fortnightly sport review seemed to have become my preserve by this time and it was a pleasant experience to be able to chat to listeners constantly about current events.

Cricketing relations between India and Pakistan had been initiated at last and the first team from the neighbouring country came to India in the winter of 1952-53. It put on show the wonder schoolboy batsman, Hanif Mohammed, who wasted not a moment in displaying his reputed talent by hitting a hundred in both innings of the tourists' opening match against North Zone, 121 in his first venture to the middle and 109 not out in his second. I had to wait until the third Test at Bombay to see Hanif and he did not disappoint with 96 in Pakistan's second innings against Mankad, Ghulam Ahmed and Gupte at their best.

In June of that year, 1953, G. T. Sastri, Station Director at the time, rang me up and asked if I would go out to Dum Dum airport and talk to Sir Donald Bradman who was in transit to London and stopping over for on hour or so. Needless to say, I was out like a flash, almost jet-propelled but the conditions for the interview were not all that I, or Sir Donald for that matter, were prepared for. We were huddled into a small waiting room and parked on a sofa and crowded round by numerous, gawking "listeners" including members of Pankaj Gupta's family and Khokan Sen's family—they had both known Bradman since India's tour of Australia in 1947-48. It was a cruelly hot and stuffy afternoon and the great man was clearly hard put to it to marshal his ideas but he said how really sorry he was that he had never come to play in India and that he wished Indian cricket all the best and that was about the sum total of the so-called interview, interruptions and all!

In November of the same year I had an experience that must be unique in the records that I was in Delhi on 15 November to give running commentary on the final of the Durand Cup Football Tournament and to hang around for two days and then start commentary on the First Test match between India and the Silver Jubilee Overseas Cricket team. Good planning, without doubt but, as I say, unusual and unique.



Sir Donald Bradman and Lady Bradman at Dum Dum airport

In the earlier issues, I had written about the Commonwealth tours to India in the late Forties. Since those visits were of great importance in putting Indian cricket on the road to international recognition a second thought is considered necessary. They were the brain-children of Anthony de Mello and Joe Birthwhistle, a Lancastrian businessman who had lived in Bombay for a great number of years.

There were no national honours at stake and the cricket was, therefore, carefree, brilliant in many respects and highly entertaining. Just run your eye down the list of superb cricketers that Duckworth used to persuade to sample the rigours and joys of an Indian winter cricket tour and you will get an idea of what I am saying. And can one doubt that in those formative years of the post-War game these tours did not have an immensely beneficial effect on building up the Indian sides that were to follow?

In 1949-50, MCC took a belated decision not to send a team to this country on a tour that had been agreed some time before. Into the void thus created was popped the first Commonwealth side, which included the incomparable Frank Worrell, alone, perhaps, a suitable replacement for the whole might of England. The team, perhaps naturally, was largely composed of Australians playing in the Lancashire League and there were fine performers in the captain Jock Livingston, that capable wicket-keeper batsman, the hard hitting Bill Alley (two double centuries on the tour), Norman Oldfield, Frank Freer, Jake Holt, the other West Indian, while George Tribe, the last of the orthodox left-arm wrist spinners, took wickets on the tour at only 17. 22 runs apiece. Worrell, of course, headed the batting averages with 1640 runs at 74.54 per appearance! Stupendous.

Worrell was back the following winter—the idea appeared to be catching on—and this time led a side which critics considered stronger than the one that England had, at the same time, down in Australia! Regrettably, one of the opening bowlers, Jackson of Derbyshire had to return home, injured early in the tour while Jim Laker, yet to make history , fell ill after a wonderful spell of bowling in the second Test at Bombay (8 for 120) and also went back to England.

Continued next week

Through the shelling and gunsmoke, bravely

David Frith talks to Graeme Fowler, England's nimble matador

EACH evening, after the day's play in the Cornhill Test matches, the sponsors generously bring players, insurance folk and the media together in a marquee known as the 'hospitality tent'.

And here, on at least three occasions during this torrid summer, there was cause to offer a heartfelt "Well batted" to Graeme Fowler, the Lancashire lad who has kept smiling through the shelling and bombing. "Foxy", the new pride of Accrington, grins his cheeky grin, acknowledges the greeting with a mixture of gratification and shyness, and goes on to say—given the chance—that he owes a lot to David Lloyd, Lancashire and England's other recent Accrington product.

Now this is odd when you consider that Lloyd came back from the 1974-75 tour of Australia with his confidence and technique in ruins, stitch-marks, courtesy Lillee and Thomson, on his body. But you can't keep a fighter down for long, and as the young colt Fowler travelled to Lancashire's matches in the co-pilot's seat of Lloyd's car he absorbed a philosophy and wisdom which had survived the shellacking of '74-75 without becoming soured by cynicism.

Batting with the veteran brought further enlightenment. "David used to speak a mixture of wisdom and humour that bordered on lunacy," recalls Fowler. The '74-75 tour was a shattering experience for him, and it could have finished him or made him think more about it. He was a great thinker, always analysing and putting it together. He dropped down the order and I came into the Lancashire side as opener. Then when Andy Kennedy went, David and I opened together for a time. He always took first ball. He reckoned you had a good chance of getting a "buncake"—one you could smack anywhere.

"In this match against Notts the first ball was a long-hop. He missed it. He square-cut the next for four, was dropped off the third and fourth balls, and missed the fifth and sixth. At the end of the over he came down the pitch and stated, 'You've got to take the chance when it's there'."

During the period when the Accrington men opened together for



"Perky? Yes. Full of guts? Certainly."

their County they agreed the most profitable approach was for Lloyd to take most of the spin bowling and Fowler the high pace.

What other profit came from this somewhat Laurel and Hardy partnership? "Well, when the opening bowlers had been seen off, Lloyd would stress that you shouldn't smash the first-change bowlers or they'd bring back the openers. That would be daft, since you'd already done the hard work in seeing them off. So you picked out a good fielder or two and whacked it to them. Runs but no boundaries. Then you'd look for a bit of concrete terracing or suchlike and hit a boundary in that direction. That scuffed the ball a bit. Later on you'd look for a pile of broken bottles or something! The theory was grand, but got a bit absurd as it progressed."

That, it seems, is what kept spirits up. But, of course, it couldn't have applied against the West Indies attack. Well, could it?

When he was hit on the head in the Old Trafford Test it was the first time for Graeme Fowler. He took the blow on the back of the helmet. His legs didn't 'twitch', as stated in one Sunday paper. He was right in line for the balls that followed. Keeping the concentration going is far more important even than keeping the spirits up. The natural perkiness helps, but intense concentration on the job of staying in for England is by far the prime force.

Fowler came into an era of protective helmets. They are as natural to him as legguards, and, interestingly, he says he finds a helmet of considerable assistance in fixing vision. The peak and 'blinkers' shut off peripheral view. He finds the grille type no use as it gets in the way when he tucks that chin down onto the collarbone as he hops into a defensive crouch across his stumps.

Perky? Yes. Full of guts? Certainly. Lucky? No, says county captain and opposition Test skipper Clive Lloyd: he is far from being the only batsman to have played and missed at fairly frequent intervals during this series.

Fowler rounded off the centenary of Test cricket at Lord's with a century, A. G. Steel, another Lancastrian, having scored 148 in the first, in 1884. But 'Foxy' may have more in common with Eddie Paynter (granted that cricketers detest being compared with past players—even heroes). Both small, left-handed, ready for a laugh, and as well-stocked with 'bottle' as Steptoe and Son.

And the thing which chuffed Fowler as much as anything as the fourth Cornhill Test began on his home ground was that, in his 14th Test, he made it onto the front row in the team photo. He has probably done enough this summer to sort out some of the doubters and to stay in that front row for a time to come.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Memories that will never fade



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Turkey's Selman Kaygusuz (in red) gets the better of Portugal's Flores Carmelo in the third round of the 62kg freestyle wrestling bout. The Turkish matman won the bout, but lost in the next round

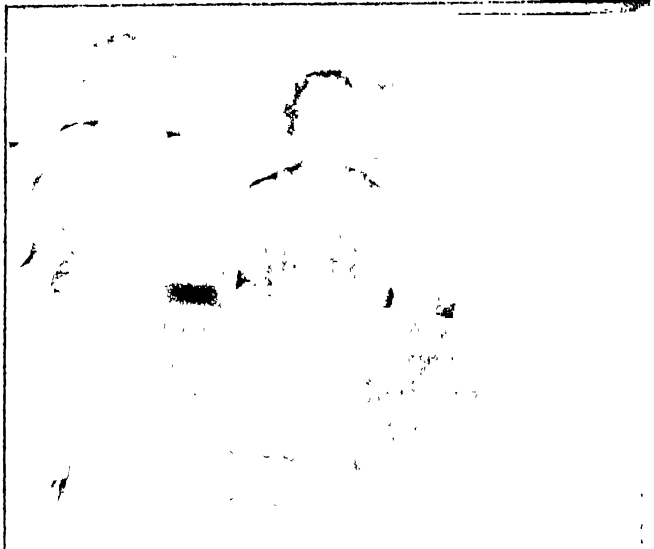


America's Judi Brown (in red) produces a strong finish to take the silver medal in the women's 400m hurdles. P.T. Usha was unlucky to loose the bronze by one hundredth of a second



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Pakistan's Hanif Khan (10) is about to make a pass but West Germany's Stefan Blocher is ready to intercept it during the hockey final which Pakistan won



Romania's Diona Melinte (315) challenges Canada's Christine Slyhte (62) in the women's 800m. Melinte eventually went on to win the gold in the event

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Rain Stopped Play (so what else is new?)

Jonathan Rice and family spend a typical summer Sunday at the cricket

EARLY in the season, we decided to head for Canterbury to see Kent play Surrey in the John Player League. The morning had been overcast, but official reports were optimistic that play would begin at the advertised time, so we loaded up the car with picnic bag, binoculars and assorted neighbourhood children and set off.

About four miles from the St Lawrence ground, the clouds gave up the unequal struggle and began a practical demonstration of the quality of mercy, as outlined by Shakespeare (W), late of Warwickshire. The gentle rain from heaven began dropping upon the place beneath, in this case Canterbury.

Undeterred by a little rain, we took our places at the ground, and established ourselves under cover at least, if not entirely protected from the cold wind that had blown up to keep the rain company. At 2 pm the loudspeakers announced that there would be an inspection of the wicket at 2.30 pm. We sat in our seats and looked bleakly at the sky.

The reason we did not about-turn and leave Kent and Surrey to their masochistic afternoon was that there were four 11-year-olds with us. They have a different set of priorities from their elders when confronted with Rain Stopped Play.

The rain presented the boys with an opportunity they had not expected when the afternoon was being planned — all 22 players in the pavilion and all theoretically available to sign autographs. The major target was Terry Alderman. Our daughter, aged eight, who had come along for the afternoon under protest, perked up when she heard there was somebody called Terry playing.

'Ooh, Terry Scott! Can you get June Whitfield's autograph too?'

This statement earned her a brotherly thump. 'It's Alderman, you wally. Not Terry Scott.'

Eight-year-old sisters are not easily discouraged. 'That's the man who does the coffee advertisements with his wife. His autograph will do.'

'Terry Alderman doesn't do coffee adverts. He's an Australian.'

'I think she means John Alderton', said my wife, whose ability to make sense out of childish statements never ceases to amaze me.

The boys rushed off into the rain. That was the last we saw of them for an hour. Two-thirty passed without the promised inspection of the pitch, mainly because the rain had meanwhile upgraded itself into a downpour. The loudspeakers promised a further inspection at 3.30. Wife and daughter were getting restive, and to tell the truth husband and father could think of better ways of spending a Sunday afternoon. To pass the time, we had the tea.

The reason we did not about-turn and leave Kent and Surrey to heir masochistic afternoon was that there were four 11-year-olds with us. They have a different set of priorities from their elders when confronted with Rain Stopped Play.

Just before 3.30 the four boys returned to base, one rather muddier than the others, who were merely soggy.

'James fell off the pavilion fence trying to get an autograph, but Brian Luckhurst picked him up.'

'Did you get Terry Scott's autograph?' asked my daughter.

'No, but I got all the Surrey players except Sylvester Clarke. We even got Geoff Arnold.'

'I missed Pat Pocock. He was in a tracksuit and he looked so old I didn't think he was a cricketer'.

At that point the loudspeaker announced that the teams were now going to take tea, and thereafter a decision about the likelihood of play would be taken. The boys rushed off again, knowing that the movement of players from changing room to tea room would give them an opportunity to capture the final autographs.

The rest of us sat and stared at the rain. To pass the time we had the boys' tea as well. Half-an-hour later came the announcement over the loudspeaker: 'We regret that no play will be possible today. The match is abandoned with both sides earning two points.' The BBC dismantled their tower and the cameraman climbed back onto terra firma with a look that said he understood why the Pope is always kissing the ground. The boys were nowhere to be seen. When I finally found them behind the pavilion, I was greeted with groans. 'Do we have to go home already?'

By now the pitch was under two inches of water and our car was the last one remaining in the car park. 'The only one we haven't got out of both the teams is Sylvester Clarke. They said he was hungry so he spent a long while taking tea.' All I can say is that if Surrey's main strike bowler spent half an hour tucking in to his tea, it was very lucky the match was abandoned before he was called upon to bowl.

I expected the journey home to be rather subdued, but far from it. Four boys had had a wonderful afternoon. 'Simon got Jack Richards' autograph twice, as it's a good swap.' 'There's one here I can't read. Is there someone called Graham something?' 'Did you get Hinks? I did.' It hardly seemed to matter that the only activity out on the pitch had been the ground staff bringing out the covers.

Cricket wouldn't be nearly so enjoyable if rain didn't stop play now and again.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

A Swale Time

It was certain over the pace who would set it how fast would be who would hit the most understanding scenarios that set the tone for the 1984 rendition of the Belmont Stakes the third leg of the American Triple Crown in concert with the debilitating heat wave which arrived a couple of days before the race and seemingly intensified with each passing moment

Even casual study of the pre race form of the 11 horses who were to contest the 1 1 2 miles of the Belmont in search of the winner s share of the record $516 700 purse made it evident to most observers that Kentucky Derby winner Swale was most likely to be on or very near the early lead and the operative question concerned who if anyone would chase him

As matters evolved no one chased the dark bay son of Seattle Slew through the early furlongs of the lengthy tour of Belmont Park s main track with anything resembling high enthusiasm and he was not pressed to add the last leg of the American Triple Crown to his already extensive bag of trophies Beyond the hardware he firmly planted his claim to leadership of America s three year old male division, something that had been shaken by his puzzling seventh place finish in the Preakness Stakes on May 19 at Pimlico when he tracked Eight Over s loser like early pace then wilted like a fat man in the tropics on the final turn

Redemption was to be his in the 96 degree temperatures that were prevalent on Belmont Day, and it was presumably the weather that caused the majority of metropolitan New York City s population to seek relief at the beaches or in air conditioned shops stores and theatres of the area and avoid Belmont Park in droves Only 17 369 people showed up for the nine race programme the second smallest crowd in more than a decade

The crowd not only bet a lot of money but made intelligent use of it noting that as mentioned earlier there was no obvious speed and translating that into good vibrations for Swale whom it made the 3 to 2 favourite

Play On and Gate Dancer, quality colts who had given it their best shots, were still driving, but to no avail. Wax Me Chad, tenth after a mile, was also trying to contend for a minor placing, but no one was threatening Swale

Seth Hancock president of Claiborne Farm in whose orange yellow silks Swale races was not at Pimlico when the Preakness was run Swale was a horse who seemed to thrive on light work and the thought was that two bullet like workouts might have taken his race out of him Alternatively he could also simply be a maturing horse one who was coming out of the Derby stronger than he went in and was working well within himself

Said Hancock after the Belmont He was a tired horse after the Preakness I told Woody (trainer Woodford C Stephens) if he bounces back we go, for the Belmont

There were signs that the hoped for rebound was happening, given the three week layoff between the two races and the more leisurely workshedule followed by the colt Stephens told reporters earlier in the week that the colt seems to be in bloom again and said after the race Time between races always helps him He worked faster than we wanted him to before the Preakness I felt he would be all right for the Belmont I m sure that s the way he wants to be trained

The 70 year old Woody Stephens who like his equine star was blooming again after a winter siege of broken ribs pneumonia complicated by emphysema general fatigue and Devil s Bag was right again for the umpteenth time in his distinguished career

The talking horse coming into the race was Play On a beautifully crafted son of Stop the Music sire of 1980 Belmont winner Temperence Hill Play On had run a splendid race to finish second in the Preakness in his first crack around two turns and gave every appearance of blossoming in the interval between the Preakness and Belmont

Derby second place finisher Coax Me Chad had shipped in from Churchill Downs for the race, and was joined by Pine Circle (sixth in the Derby, fifth in the Preakness, and running on at the finish in both) and Silent King, ninth in the Derby, as the other Derby/Preakness entrants preparing to take the toughest test of the Triple Crown series

Hope was about all that the other five entrants could have, with the possible exception of Morning Bob a light framed colt by Blushing Groom (Fr) who was coming off a rousing recent victory in the Grade II Pennsylvania Derby.

The weather people were predicting temperatures ringing near 100 degrees in some metropolitan locations but mercifully these did not turn out to include Belmont Park although no one was shivering in the 96 degree balm which surrounded the track

By the time the 11 three year olds got to the starting gate Swale was at 6 to 1 with Play On at 7 to 2, Gate Dancer at 9 to 2 Morning Bob at 6 to 1 and Exattic the local insiders' hunch bet at a surprisingly low 11 to 1 Pine Circle and Coax Me Chad, with better possibilities of staying than most were almost friendless at 25 to 1 and 21 to 1 respectively

The break was smooth and uneventful, with Play On bobbing from the number one stall into a quick lead, then giving way to Swale who raced unhurriedly into a one length lead after an opening quarter in a leisurely 24 4/5 sec

Play On, sitting on the rail under Jean Luc Samyn, was second by a head over 15 to 1 shot Minstrel Star, who in turn led Gate Dancer, closer to the pace than usual, by a length Morning Bob was fifth and Coax Me Chad sixth as they swept into the first turn and nobody was under pressure to stay in touch with Swale's pace

Lafit Pincay (jr), seeking



Swale (Lafit Pincay up) after winning the Belmont Stakes

his third consecutive Belmont victory, sat as still as a stone around the turn and into the backstretch, letting Swale gallop along in Sunday afternoon stroll fashion, waiting for some one to quicken the proceedings.

Pincay indicated after the race that he would have been willing to give up the lead early had someone shown a burning desire to be there, but would not have been so generous going down the backstretch, by which time he knew Swale was on his game.

The pair passed through a half-mile in 49.2/5sec (second quarter in 24.3/5) with the immediate order behind them altered only slightly due to Minstrel Star's having slipped by Play On into second, with Gate Dancer still in fourth. At this moment it was obvious that Swale was clipping along like a metronome, and some of the others were being niggled a bit to hold their places, reaching six furlongs in 1:min 13.3/5 sec, then getting to the mile in 1 min:37.3/5 sec. To this point he had run each quarter slightly faster than the preceeding one, and when the field reached the half mile pole, where things usually get serious, the pressure was beginning to tell on Swale's closest pursuers

The leader ripped past the first ten furlongs in 2 min:0 2.1/5 sec an above average clocking for a Belmont and he was all but home free in a scene strikingly reminiscent of his arrival at the quarter pole of the Derby. He had a 1.1/2-length lead over Play On, but was obviously the stronger horse and only needed to keep his balance and momentum to gain his second classic triumph.

Play On and Gate Dancer, quality colts who had given it their best shots, were still driving, but to no avail. Morning Bob had moved inside to go after the leaders and continued his run, as did Pine Circle, who was closing fastest of all while coming between horses in midstretch Coax Me Chad, tenth after a mile, was also trying to contend for a minor placing, but no one was threatening Swale.

The Derby winner was reminded by Pincay that this was the business end of the race on three occasions in the final quarter, and took the hints well enough to build a margin of four lengths over second place Pine Circle, who had three lengths of daylight between himself and Morning Bob. The latter colt, after reaching second in the stretch run, hung a bit but took third money by a head over Play On, who was three quarters of a length up on Coax Me Chad. This L'Enjoleur colt, again confounding those who insist that he does not belong in classic company, was 2.3/4 lengths better than Gate Dancer, who finished sixth.

The final time of the race was 2 min 27 1/5 sec, equal to the fourth fastest Belmont ever (behind Secretariat's 2:24 in 1973, Gallant Man's 2:26.3/5 in 1957, Affirmed's 2.26 4/5 in 1978, and equal to Stage Door Johnny's 2:27.1/5 in 1968). Swale delivered the last quarter in .25 sec, enough to stifle any potential threat from the rear and more than adequate to assure him of being the tenth horse to win the Derby-Belmont double

Stephens, a relaxed man who was once again on the mountain top, was the old Woody after the race and on Sunday morning. "This is great medicine, he said "and I feel fine."

Mendis and Wettimuny provided the sparkle

Premen Addy

THE crowds were thin, the money taken at the turnstiles poor the weather overcast and sultry but Test cricket's newcomers were superb They surprised the pundits, the public and, one suspects themselves Duleep Mendis, Sri Lanka's captain was honest enough to admit that his side had performed beyond his wildest dreams

The Test at Lord's saw the Sri Lankan lilliputians grow into giants while England who the script said would celebrate their escape from the clutches of Messrs Marshall, Garner and Holding, by rolling over their opponents were rolled over themselves

It wasn't only that the Sri Lankans scored 494 for seven as Trevor Bailey remarked, but it was the manner in which they did so that caught the eye Wettimuny the opening batsman was classically correct as indeed were his colleagues Perhaps he left a deeper impression simply because he occupied the crease for 612 minutes for his 190 runs the longest innings ever played on this ground His strokes, placed to every point of the compass, were elegant and cultured

Dias performed in a similar vein Twice out in the thirties, he nevertheless lasted long enough to convince us of his worth The 20-year old Ranatunge with 84 sparkling runs to his name reminded Fred Trueman of the nonpareil Garfield Sobers, whose coaching of the Sri Lankans was also a tribute to his powers of instruction

Amal Silva another left hander made an undefeated 102 in the second innings guiding his side through troubled waters when they were 115 for five and an English victory was not beyond the bounds of possibility Finally there was the batting of Duleep Mendis Stocky and muscular around the shoulders he came within six runs of emulating the immortal George Headley's feat of scoring twin tons in a Lord's Test His second innings score of 94 was compiled in only 97 balls and his 111 in the first was also made in rapid time He slammed the ball to all parts of the ground and hooked Botham in quick succession for three sixes Greenidge Richards and Lloyd would have recognised in him a kindred spirit

'Bowlers win matches' is cricket's trust wisdom as Lord's showed yet again De Mel and John were honest yeomen of medium pace and De Silva a leg spinner turned forty In two tours of England Sri Lanka have only bowled out a county side twice This weakness was sadly evident throughout

Still it says much for the current state of English batsmanship that Broad and Tavare made 49 between them in two hours from lunch to tea on the third day The selectors' dalliance with the latter is quite incomprehensible Stiff awkward and painfully slow, his presence at the wicket virtually brings all life to an end

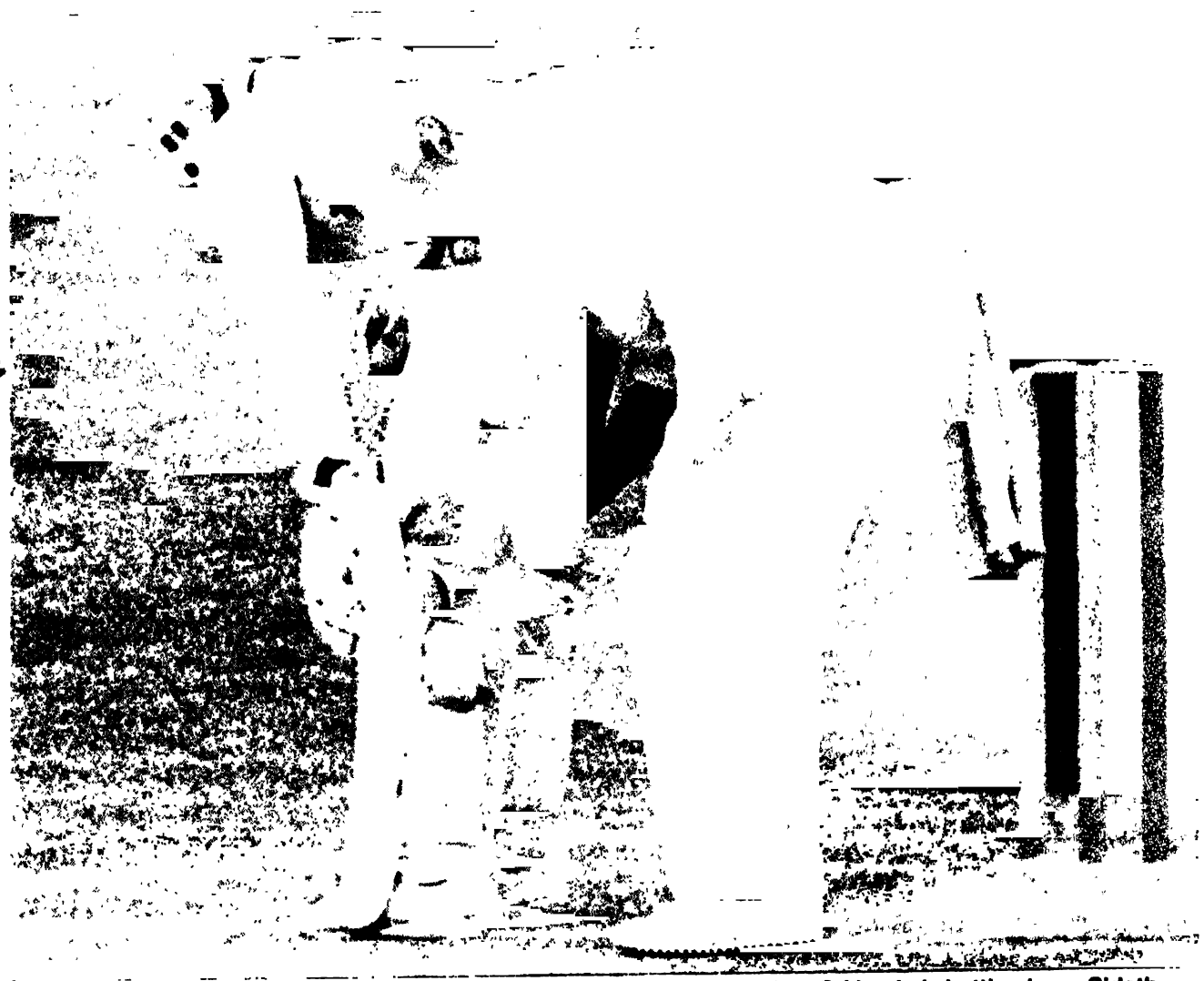
His partner tends to fret and is tempted into unnecessary risks I once saw Tavare score 41 in nearly six hours while his West Indian opponents gradually worked their way through the English batting, happy in the knowledge that the static survivor was doing them no harm by patting back half volleys and full tosses When one thinks of the true number threes such as Bradman, Hammond, Woolley, Harvey Dexter, Kanhai or Richards, it causes much wonder how Tavare is considered suitable for that position

Paul Parker and Colin Wells of Sussex and Robert Bailey of Northamptonshire are three batsmen of high pedigree They have yet to win their Test spurs but if the selectors were to display some imagination they might make their debuts in India. Touching trust in old but failed faithfuls should by now be reposed in others more deserving

But to return to Lord's At the end, Tom Graveney made Wettimuny his man of the match, a decision few



Asantha De Mel who took four wickets in the Test



Umpire Harold 'Dickie' Bird assumes the role of physio at Lord's when Sri Lanka's batting hero, Sidath Wettimuny, had an attack of cramps on the opening day of the Test

would contest. It set the seal to a memorable encounter.

Meanwhile, the county championship is causing the adrenalin to flow generously. A fortnight ago, it seemed as if Nottinghamshire's chance had come and gone. They drew with Kent (whose last pair held out) while Essex coasted to victory. The gap between the two sides had stretched to 38 points, with Notts having a game in hand. A week later the pendulum had swung the other way. Essex crashed to Kent by 10 wickets while Notts thrashed Warwickshire by seven wickets.

Essex then smote Surrey to defeat by 82 runs and with one game separating them Nottinghamshire had drawn closer by 17 points to their rivals.

In midweek, they virtually drew level as Notts put away hapless Northamptonshire in two days by an innings and 97 runs, while Essex were still locking horns with Middlesex with a day of their match to go. Nottinghamshire's remarkable performances are due in large measure to the superlative all-round skills of Richard Hadlee. As a fast bowler he would walk into any Test side, as a batsman his methods are uncomplicated, robust and devastatingly effective on his day. This season, he has achieved the rare feat of the double, taking 100 wickets and scoring 1000 runs. Not since Fred Titmus did this way back in 1967 has anyone reached this elusive peak.

In Titmus's time, the county championship consisted of 28 matches. A few years earlier it was 32. But the one-day fixture list took its toll and the number of first class games has been gradually reduced.

Hadlee's remarkable record becomes more astonishing when it is recalled that he reached these figures in only 21 games. He is, day in and day out, the best all-rounder in the business. Promise fulfilled is always more pleasing to the eye than potential unrealised.

Hadlee bowls in the time-honoured tradition of his peers. The ball is kept well up on or around the off stump with clever variations of pace, swing and seam. The bouncer is used sparingly as a weapon of surprise. It is neither overdone nor designed for purposes of intimidation. Which is, of course, in keeping with both the grammar and spirit of cricket.

All that glitters is not gold

Controversies involving the referees, judges, members of the jury, competitors and trainers marred the Olympic boxing competition in Los Angeles. At least half of the gold medals won by the US boxers lost lustre in the process. **George K. George** recounts the turmoils and scandals



MOST of them came from the ghettos of the big cities of the United States. Many were black, poor and illiterate. One of them was an ex-convict. Another was a street gangster. They came to Los Angeles in search of a passport to stardom and riches. They wanted a gold in the sport of the underprivileged. They had seen Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard turn the gold-coated metal pieces of the Olympics to gold mines. They wanted to follow that path, using the same means.

The absence of Cuba made the chances of these young American boxers even brighter. Most of the twelve young men representing the country were on the threshold of a medal. They were talented, ambitious and hardworking. They had trained four long years and had retained their amateur status for this opportunity. They wanted to do it all by themselves and in the ring.

However, most of them were destined only for a gold and no glory. The glamour of their victory has been taken away from them, just as victory has been snatched away from the powerful hands of some of their opponents. The referees, the judges and the gentlemen of the jury got into the action. They dealt more blows to the XXIIIrd Olympiad, the sport of boxing and some of the most courageous fighters than the powerful American squad did. The extent of the damage caused by them will continue to the future Games.

As if the daily miscarriage of justice was not enough, there was a boxer



Aristides Gonzales of Puerto Rico punishes Pedro Van Raamsdonk of Holland during their middleweight bout

rebellion in the American camp Then came the disqualification of an American medal prospect under rather curious circumstances Some more strange decisions on the last day of the competition brought the troubled competition to a scandalous climax

From day one of the competition, foreign competitors and officials began to complain that the judges were favouring the American boxers, who were supposed to become gold mines after the Games were over Some American boxers provided ground for these accusations by openly talking about the millions they were going to make in coming months through bouts and commercial endorsements

The predominantly American crowd also got into the action, but more often than not it booed the decisions against the foreign competitors Part of the confusion and misunderstanding arose from the public's ignorance of the rules of Olympic boxing, which is far more complicated than those of professional boxing

In the Olympics, the winner is determined by a knockout, the referee stopping the contest or on the basis of points awarded by five judges, none of whom will be from the country of the competitors However, a technical jury may overrule a 3-2 decision of the judges and of the referee The scoring is based mostly on clean punches

The US team had outstanding prospects such as Mark Breland, who is considered the best amateur fighter since Sugar Ray Leonard In the absence of the Cubans, the strong American team did not need much help from the officials But once the rumour of official bias in favour of the Americans was in the air almost every close decision provoked suspicion in the open The overturning of a few decisions by the jury favoured the US, Canadian and South American boxers

However, the first major crisis came from within the American camp itself It was almost a mutiny Three top boxers went out of the camp to receive training from a professional trainer, Emanuel Steward The American coach Pat Nappi is said to have allowed Breland to go to Muhammad Ali's gym to be coached by Steward who also trains Thomas Hearns and several other pro fighters Two more boxers, Frank Tate and Steve McCrory joined them a day later.

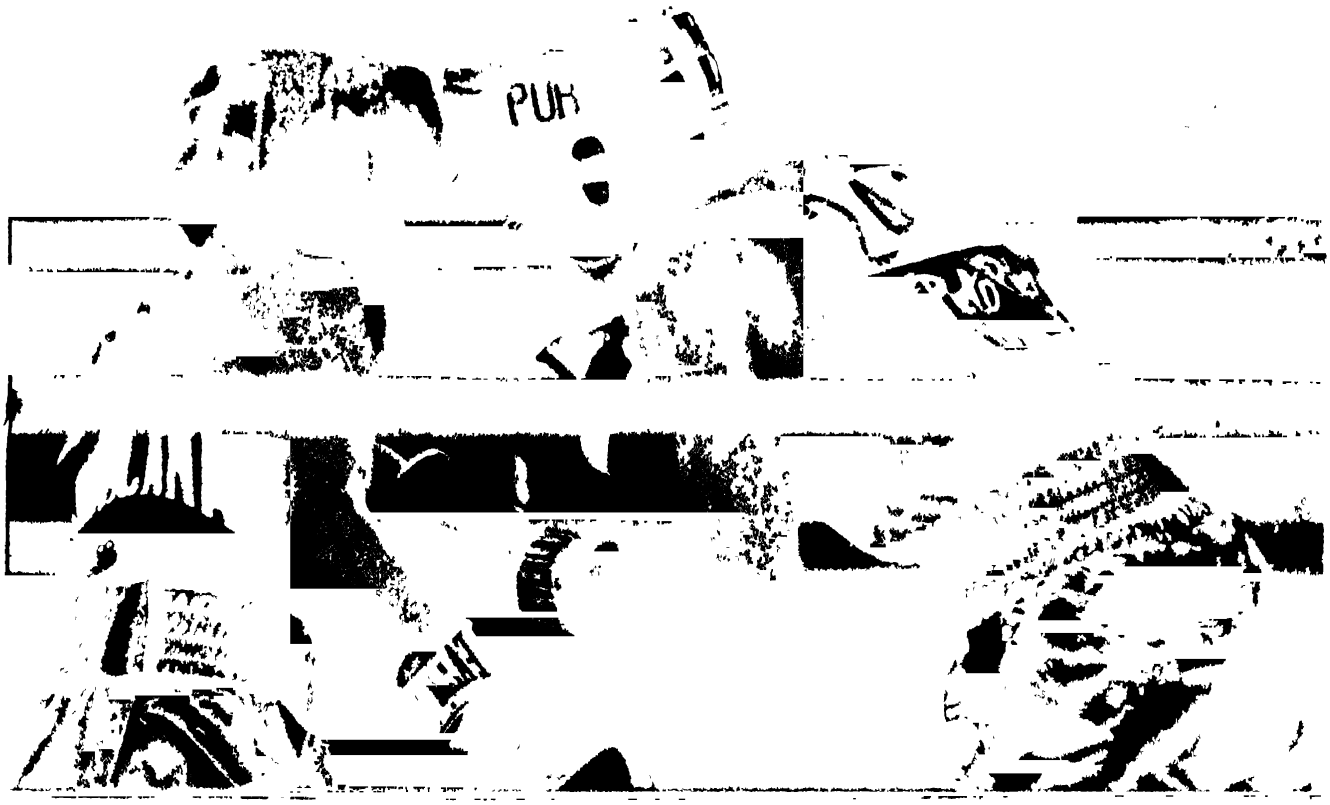
The trouble started when two reporters visited the gym and interviewed the dissident boxers who came out with a few choice words against Nappi Their quotes created headlines and Pat Nappi packed his bags and headed for the Los Angeles airport

The US boxing officials followed him and persuaded him to come back Breland and company apologised to him and peace was established. Nappi refused to make any public statement and that certainly helped to cool things down

The US team had a 16 0 record going into the fourth day of the competition But bantamweight Robert Shanon lost his bout to Moon Sung Kil of South Korea in the third round on August 5 Lightweight Pernell Witakar won a narrow decision

On the same day began the notorious streak of jury overturnings of the judges' decisions Nigerian featherweight Peter Konyeg Wachie was declared winner by the judges, but the jury overturned it in favour of Rafael Medrano of Columbia, South America.

On the following day, Willie Dewit,



NEW Straits Times

Jose Rodriguez of Puerto Rico (right) attacks Laureano Ramirez during their 51 kg class fight.

the Canadian heavyweight, was declared winner on points against unranked Bourchiche of Algeria. Most journalists and spectators thought that the Algerian had won in the ring. The charges of professional interests in maintaining the winning record of the future Canadian pro were raised.

The next day, it was Korea's turn to protest. Kim Dong Kil had won a 3-2 from the judges, but the jury reversed it in favour of Jerry Page of the United States. The Korean officials threatened to pull out their team from the competition. Later they filed a protest against the jury verdict.

No protest has been upheld by the executive committee of the International Amateur Boxing Association in the history of Olympic boxing competition. As expected the committee upheld the jury's decision.

Thus a fight which even American promoter Bob Arum had given to the Korean went to the American.

The same day the committee announced its decision. Another jury verdict went against Korea's Park Hyoeng, a featherweight. The beneficiary of the 4-1 overturn was another South American, Omar Catari of Venezuela.

That was not the end of the jury decisions by any means. The biggies were yet to come. Italy's Angelo Musone couldn't believe the 5-0 verdict of the jury. He protested in total bewilderment in the ring and cried profusely as he went out. The crowd booed the decision as long as they could, but to no avail.

Another equally stunning decision was made by the jurors in favour of Canada's Shawn O'Sullivan, a light middleweight. According to the judges, he had lost to Christopher Riozzo of France. But the jury had a 4-1 decision against the Frenchman. Only the juror from Peru had voted for him. The others from Pakistan, Algeria, Argentina, and Australia had favoured the Canadian. Once again the Press and the spectators had scored heavily in favour of the eventual loser.

Now it was time for the US to suffer a travesty of justice. Light heavyweight Evander Holyfield, who had scored effortless knockouts in his three previous bouts was knocked out by the Yugoslav referee after he had knocked down his semi-final opponent from New Zealand. Holyfield was leading on all cards as the referee disqualified him. According to the referee, Holyfield had thrown a punch after he had asked him to stop.



Another tense moment from the Rodriguez-Ramirez fight

The decision was protested by the US boxing officials, but as usual rejected by the International Association. Videotapes showed that Holyfield had thrown the punch after the referee had asked him to stop.

However, there were a few unusual circumstances. First of all, Kevin Barry, the New Zealander should have been disqualified. The referee had given him several warnings for fouls and had taken two points from him. Usually, after two warnings, a fighter is disqualified.

The US officials also pointed out that the referee issued a warning and then three cautions to the New Zealander. The normal practice is that cautions precede warning. Once a warning is given he is not allowed to give any cautions. The next step is disqualification.

The US protest also said that the crowd noise was quite high and the referee was in a poor position behind the boxers, making it hard for Holyfield to hear him. The videotapes confirmed these points.

What made the referee's decision suspicious is the fact that the other finalist was a fellow Yugoslav, Anto Josipovic. Had Holyfield won, the chances of the Yugoslav for the gold were almost non-existent. Barry had already become unfit to fight for the next 28 days, as he had been hit in the head and knocked down. That meant an automatic gold for the Yugoslav. Silver was awarded to Barry and Holyfield was given the bronze.

The real verdict came from Barry. As soon as he got up, he raised Holyfield's hand indicating that he had won the ring. It would have been more appropriate earlier in the bout.

On the last day, decisions of the judges in favour of Frank Tate and Tyrel Briggs of the United States was booed by the American crowd. Tate's opponent was O'Sullivan of Canada.

However, Canadian coach Taylor Gordon said that the 5-0 decision seemed fair to him.

Briggs, the superheavyweight won a 4-1 decision against Fransesco Damiani of Italy. Damiani could not believe the decision and was totally outraged.

The Americans finished with nine golds, one silver and one bronze. Their biggest haul to date was seven golds, each in 1952 and 1976. They had won 52 of their 55 bouts in this competition. Most of them were well-deserved. But even the glory of the worthy winners was taken away by a bunch of officials who were not Americans.



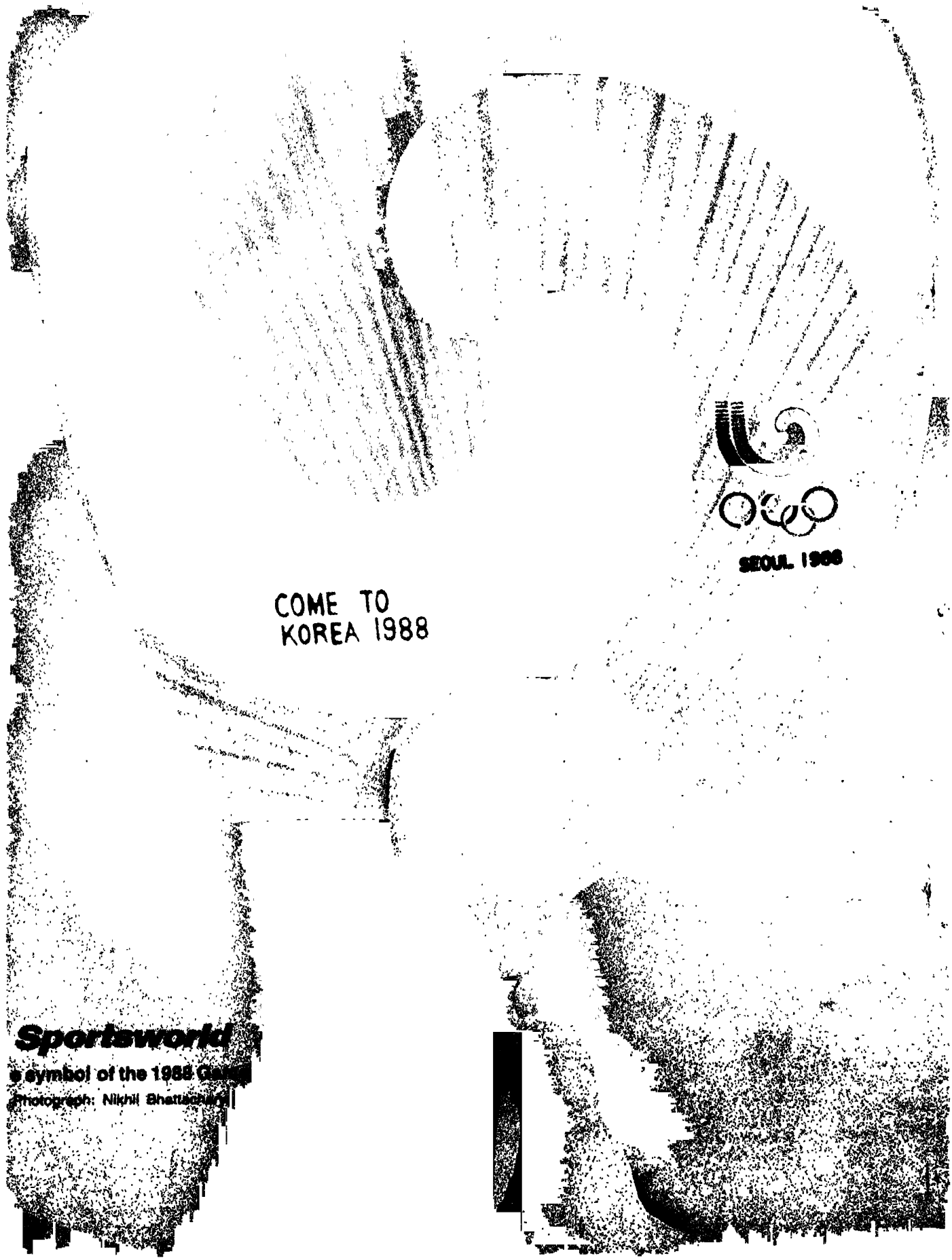

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Sportsworld

The French soccer team after their victory over Brazil in the Olympic football final. There can be little doubt now that France is an emerging force in world soccer

Photograph: Nikhil Bhattacharya


COME TO
KOREA 1988
SEOUL 1988
Sportsworld
a symbol of the 1988



For Sebastian Coe, the retention of his 1500m title at Los Angeles was more than just an ordinary victory. For one thing, Coe proved to the British press that he was far from being a has-been. And this gesture, at the finish line of the race, was directed at British journalists who wrote him off more than a year ago

Gerulaitis puts the fast life behind him

"START preading the news . . . New York's golden boy Vitas Gerulaitis is back in town and on form

The kid from Brooklyn who made it good' in the glamorous world of tennis, has put drugs fast cars and parties behind him and, at 30, is making a last ditch attempt to end his colourful career with a major title

"I've still got a couple of years at the top left in me yet," says New York's favourite son, 'I love New York and get good support from the people there so I always go into the Open in a confident frame of mind "

This year was his last realistic chance of wresting one of the major championships from the vice like grip of John McEnroe and Ivan Lendl Gerulaitis peaked at the right time, having reached the final of the Canadian Open in Toronto, to follow encouraging runs to the semi finals at Richmond, Madrid and Milan earlier in the year.

Sadly for Vitas, though, it would seem that his well-published flamboyant lifestyle and penchant for nightclubbing, expensive cars and beautiful women will always overshadow his on court achievements and tremendous talent, despite claims that he is a reformed character

"I have always enjoyed myself away from tennis but the difference between me now and a few years ago is that I am prepared to put my tennis first " he says

"My lifestyle used to get a lot of coverage in the press 'It hurt those who put so much into my tennis such as my father, who introduced me to the game, so I was determined to be more dedicated "

For the last couple of years the former Wimbledon finalist Fred Stolle has worked on the American's game but, because of increased business commitments recently, has had to break their partnership.

These days Gerulaitis travels the world with Tommy Thompson, a coach from Harry Hopman's famous tennis camp in Florida

Hopman has long been a source of inspiration to Gerulaitis "I have been going to Harry's tennis camp since I was a teenager," says Gerulaitis

"He is the sort of guy who expects at least 100 per cent effort from his players which has helped improve my attitude immensely "

Gerulaitis is New York His life reads like a typical rags to riches Broadway musical

"Broadway Vitas " as he is known now to his friends such as model Cheryl Tiegs and Andy Warhol on the New York nightclub scene, is of Lithuanian descent

He was born on July 26 1954, a year before his sister Ruta They were raised in Brooklyn and father Vitas Snr, who is now a director and teaching professional at Flushing Meadow, coached them both to world



Gerulaitis, second from left, attempts to calm the temper of Ilie Nastase, right, after Nastase got into a brawl with an unidentified man at New York's famous disco, Studio 54

class standard.

Ruta made the world's top forty until injury put a halt to her career in 1980, while Vitas, under the guidance of Hopman, became a regular top ten player.

Gerulaitis is one of the few players to have actually given back something to tennis, a game that made him not only an international star but also a millionaire.

Because of his love of the game and his love of New York, where he still lives, Gerulaitis set up the 'Vitas Gerulaitis Tennis Clinics' which are held in Central Park every summer, so as to enable under-privileged children to gain expert tuition from their idol and a team of experienced coaches.

A further measure of the man's generosity is his frequent participation with that other, not so loved New Yorker John McEnroe, in benefit concerts.

"I enjoy performing gigs with John," says Vitas. "I can play the guitar pretty well while he usually does the vocals."

In Gerulaitis, McEnroe finds someone whom he can identify with.

"Vitas is very easygoing and good fun to have around," smiles the world's number one.

Before he retired, Bjorn Borg was Gerulaitis's sparring partner and soulmate.

Although the American failed to defeat his great Swedish rival in 17 attempts, he took him to the brink in an epic encounter on the Centre Court in the semi-finals at Wimbledon in 1977.

"I'll never forget that match," insists Gerulaitis. "It was the best I've played against Bjorn and there was hardly an unforced error by either of us."

Borg won 8-6 in the final set, but Gerulaitis played with all the flair and tenacity we have come to expect from this serve and volley genius.

The following six years saw the six foot American with the long curly blond hair at his brilliant best.

He was Australian Open Champion in 1977, Italian Open winner in 1977 and '79 and WCT Champion in 1978.

In 1982 he reached the Masters final in New York's Madison Square Garden for the second time—the same year he was named in court in connection with a cocaine buying ring.

"I was cleared of suspicion but realised the effect the matter had on my family, especially my father," says Vitas.



'I was determined to cut down on the partygoing'

"I was determined to cut down on the partygoing and to take my tennis more seriously."

At first, 1983 didn't look as though it would bring any rewards to Gerulaitis, but a late spurt of form brought him titles at Basle and Kuwait and a return to the top twenty rankings.

This year at Wimbledon, he looked in better shape both physically and mentally than for three years and reached the fourth round.

"I'm now prepared to work harder than I used to, and I am certain I can get back to my form of the late seventies, before I retire," he insists.

As the song says....."It's up to you New York, New York."!

with a tennis-ball in a narrow courtyard, what makes one boy grow up to be Sunil Gavaskar?



The improvised conditions made the first rays of the sunny days come shining through The courtyard at Chikhalwadi which was the kindergarten of Gavaskar s cricketing education dictated its own set of rather unorthodox cricketing rules To play the ball against a window pane meant being declared out So Gavaskar devised a way of hitting the ball straight down the wicket and along the ground Since it was virtually impossible to get him out legitimately his team mates cooked up rules that applied only to him They even went to the extent of appealing and declaring him out by majority verdict when the ball hit his arm

What that narrow courtyard gave the world was not just an athletic youth with a good eye and a taste for cricket But a thinking cricketer who became India s batting colossus But what s the stuff that goes into making a colossus a legend a champion?

The technology of the 'Run Machine'

Technique is the core of cricket

Even Gavaskar the perfect touch artist you see today had his share of troubles in coming to terms with the technique of batting His biggest bugbear was his habit of angling his bat on the defensive stroke

This invariably resulted in him being snapped up in the slips To reinforce this chink in his armour Gavaskar put in hours and hours of practice and gave himself up to the counselling of Kamal Bhandarkar his first formal coach He modelled his batting along the lines of the legendary Conrad Hunte whose secret was a straight and high backlift and a frontfoot right up to the pitch of the ball As a matter of fact Hunte saw Gavaskar play for Bombay University in the Vizzy Trophy Though Gavaskar didn t notch up many runs Hunte was thoroughly impressed by Gavaskar s technique



The old master was quick to recognize the tremendous potential of the young artist Hunte s faith in himself as a judge of cricketing talent must've got a leg up when he saw Gavaskar play again in his first test series as a member of the Indian team on the Caribbean tour of 71 He was a whirlwind come of age The artist who'd honed his art into a science

Gavaskar s graduation from the narrow courtyard to test cricket wasn t a fairy tale climb to fame It was hard fought

He sweated at every stage and worked till his technique was good enough to gain him a promotion to the next From the anonymity of the courtyard to Shivaji Park t University cricket to Ranji Trophy and finally to test cricket was a hard run Not only did Gavaskar manage it in doing so he hit ever known batting record in the world of cricket out of sight Nothing sums him up better than the words of Don Bradman For many years I've admired his technique, attitude and dedication He s the world's greatest opening batsman an ornament to the game

The long run of the 'Run Machine'

According to Botham 'He stands out among contemporary batsmen for his durability composure and high technical performance at a time when all test cricketers face tremendous pressure" That s quite a compliment

Once Gavaskar got a start in test cricket the precision and concentration with which he set about laying the foundation of his long innings, innings after innings, match after match series after series became almost mechanical in its consistency A thousand runs per 19 innings The highest number of hundreds, the fastest thousand, the maximum thousands in a calendar year, the highest test aggregate, the only one to

hit a century in each innings thrice the only one to hit three hundreds in a consecutive innings twice the only one to it s enough to say that the Run Machine kept the statisticians on their toes At 34 with 13 years of test cricket behind him Gavaskar broke the great Don s record for the highest number of centuries It was a clear indication that though time may have spiced his hair with grey it has been unable to erode his stamina and his staying power

The greatest show on the green

Gavaskar is a pure delight to watch He has a repertoire of strokes that run the circle from third man to deep fine leg Let alone the spectators even Keith Miller one of the great fast bowlers of all time when asked where he would like to bowl to Gavaskar said Bowl? I would just like to stand in the slips to enjoy his batting And there will be no work to do The elegance of his craft the range of his strokes the power and style of his drives the almost balletic form of his footwork the purity of his technique all keep you so captivated that it takes a statistician to jog you out of your dazed admiration to tell you that another record has fallen to Sunil Gavaskar





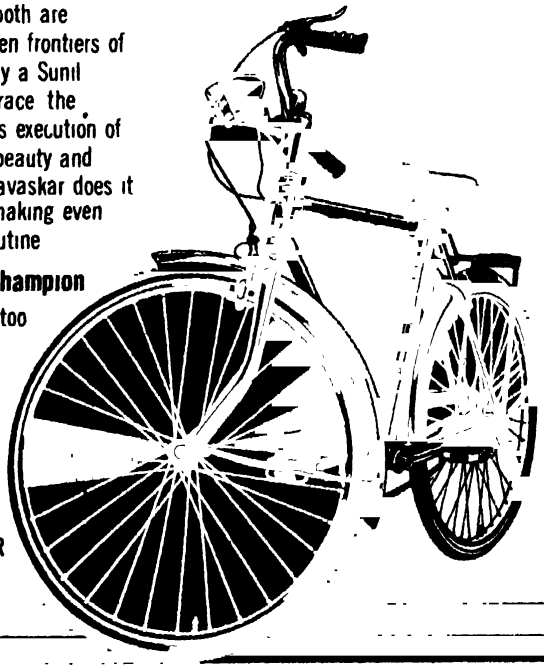


The feather-touch operation of the 'Run Machine'

It s the common feature of all the greats that they make the most difficult things look easy and effortless Of course behind that effortlessness is a lot of effort Lot of sweat patience perfection discipline When the body and the mind both are pushed to a precipice and when frontiers of tolerance are crossed then only a Sunil Gavaskar discovers the easy grace the fluidity of motion the effortless execution of strokes that dazzle with their beauty and beguile with their ease And Gavaskar does it with exceptional consistency making even this exceptional consistency routine

BSA SLR. Built like a champion

BSA SLR the sporty bike too is built like a champion Engineered with the same precision and perfection of technique Built with the same painstaking eye for quality and detail Built tough to last long And built to run smooth and effortless BSA SLR is a delight to watch too With CP spokes white wall tyres reflector pedals matching saddles and handgrips and a wide range of colours BSA SLR is the only bike available with a fork lock like powered two wheelers for added security Standing it s as moving a sight as when it s on the move



BSA SLR Built like a champion.

Charity Shield '84

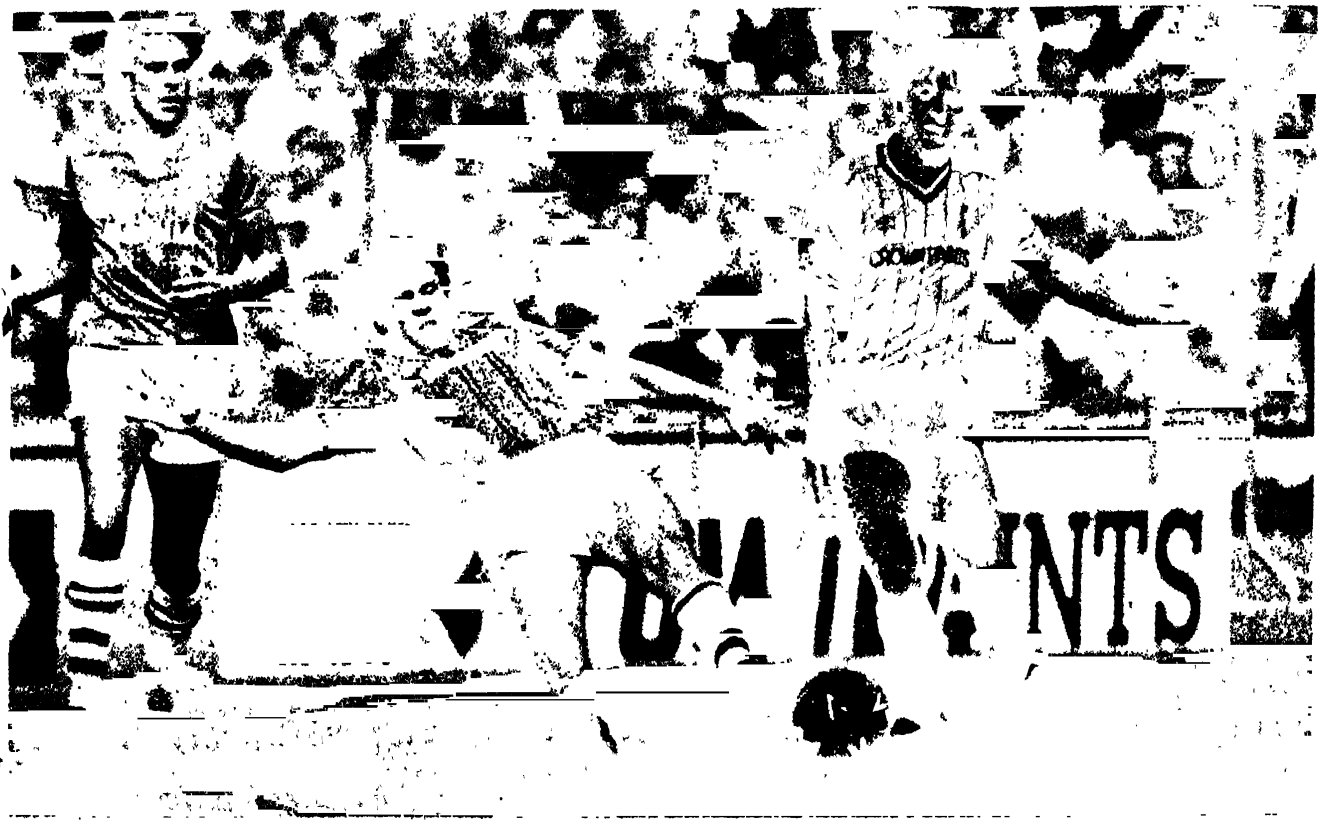
Colorsport picks up a few spectacular moments



Kenny Dalglish of Liverpool tackles Kevin Ratcliffe of Everton



(From left to right) Phil Neal, Bruce Grobbelaar , John Wask, Kevin Richardson and Peter Reid



Duel between Everton's Peter Reid and Liverpool's Steve Nicol as Kevin Richardson looks on (extreme left)

All-India and South East Asia Rugby Tournament

The yearly kiss of life to a dying game

EACH year it is said that rugby—a ruffian's game played by gentlemen—is a dying sport in the country. But each year, the enthusiasm for the sport is revived, both during the local tournaments and especially during the All-India and South East Asia tourney.

Rugby is played only in the two metropolises of Bombay and Calcutta which have their own local tournaments. All the teams from Bombay and Calcutta meet in the annual All-India affair held alternately in one of the two cities. This year not only were there teams from Bombay and Calcutta, but also seen in action was a side from Chandigarh consisting of Kenyan students studying there. There was also a side from Australia comprising Calcutta based Armenians who migrated to the land Down Under. They called themselves Armenian College Old Boys and were clearly the hot favourites to win this year's tournament at the Calcutta Cricket and Football Club, having already won last year at Bombay.

Judging from the Calcutta Cup and the entire rugby season in this dirty metropolis, there was no doubt that the standard of the game in Calcutta had dropped substantially. Not only had the standard gone down, but the attitude to the game amongst the local youth had also undergone a change.

Rugby as much at it may seem is not war. It is, in fact, a clean game requiring a great deal of thinking. This aspect seemed to have been lost in Calcutta this year. And it was thought that the seven Calcutta teams, local champions Armenians, runners-up LMOB Power, Calcutta Police, Jacobeans, City Old Rugger, LMOB Tigers and hosts CC&FC would not fair as well as they used to in previous All-India tournaments.

But if Calcutta standards of rugby had declined Bombay was worse. Playing rugby in Bombay seems to be for reasons of social status more than anything else. Bombay Gymkhana and Wilson Gymkhana who, in previous years, had teams comparable to the best in the country were a little more than pushovers in the tournament, this in spite of the fact that Wilson reached the semi final. The only improvement from Bombay were the two police teams. Greater Bombay Police won the Losers' Plate while Maharashtra State Police were edged out by LMOB Power in the second round.

With the game at such a low ebb in both the nerve centres of the game, Chandigarh Rugby Club were dubbed the dark horses. They were a new team with little or no experience and no one had seen their game. But they were the disappointment of the tournament. They lost in the first round to CC&FC who had come dead last in the Calcutta League. But what image the team from North India lost through their game they more then made up by their attitude towards it and their sporting spirit.

In spite of the lower standards seen, the tournament was a great success thanks to the organisers...

The Armenian community in Calcutta along with the Anglo Indians form the backbone of rugby in Calcutta. The local Armenian side had won the Calcutta League this year and the CC&FC side comprised many Armenian schoolboys. And they did a great job for the hosts.

The Armenian Old Boys proved that their trip from Down Under was more than worthwhile for they retained the All-India Cup, presented by the Rugby Football Union of UK in 1926, with hardly any difficulty.

The draw seemed to be a little lopsided with ACOB, the local Armenians, Calcutta Police and the dark horses from Chandigarh all in one half. The other half had LMOB Power and Wilson Gym, the only ones with the capacity to create an impression in the tournament. The draw suited former champions LMOB Power and they took advantage of this going through to the final, meeting hardly any opposition and beating Wilson 16-0 in the semi-final.

The other semi-final saw both the Armenian sides fight it out. If the Australians met any kind of resistance it was in this particular match. But the local Armenians made a tactical mistake. Instead of taking advantage of their speed they played a scrum-oriented game thus losing out to a team with far greater physical power.

The final was expected to be a thrilling encounter. But it turned out to be a one-sided, scrappy and rough affair. LMOB Power never really had any chance and they failed to use their three quarters thus eliminating any chance of a fight back. They made the same mistake as did the local Armenians in the semi-final. The Australian pack, with skipper Eddie Galstaun as its cornerstone, made use of their heaviness and barged through time and again to notch up a total of 38, while the local team could only muster three points off a drop kick by Babul McLeod.

One thing that must go against the Australian Armenians is that, in spite of being a far superior team, they resorted to unnecessary rough play. But nevertheless, they were deserving winners.

In spite of the lower standards seen, the tournament was a great success thanks to the organisers headed by the veteran Dada Osman, Harry Naidu and Dick Thomas. If not for these people, together with the CC&FC and the 62-year-old Leybourne Callaghan, who still plays for Bombay Gymkhana, rugby would be extinct in the country. But these people are still around and so rugby is still very much alive and kicking in India.

Andy O'Brien

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Playing on a quagmire

IN the last few weeks the Calcutta maidan turned into a vast quagmire. The rain gods seemed to have conspired to deprive Calcuttans of one of their greatest source of entertainment. They threw cold water on the Calcutta league to turn it into a damp squib yet again.

But the faithfuls proved unstoppable. Drizzle or downpour never did they stay away from the action, even though on most occasions they did not get their money's worth.

The talking point in the city's football fraternity over the last few weeks has been whether East Bengal would be able to clinch the second spot beating Mohammedan Sporting who had earlier been the favourites to emerge the league runners-up. Both the teams had been performing rather indifferently and the scales could have tilted either way.

Eventually, Mohammedan Sporting fell slightly behind when they drew with George Telegraph and East Bengal's chances further brightened when they trounced the same team 3-0, the club's 17th victory from 22 matches, which meant East Bengal lost 11 points as against 14 by Mohammedan S.C.

On the other hand, Mohun Bagan moved closer to their goal when they overcame a rather stiff hurdle downing Railway F.C. by a convincing 2-0.

Mohun Bagan, however, was finding it difficult to satisfy their supporters. Although largely, successful, the team was showing signs of problems, with a distinct lack of cohesion between the frontline and the midfield. The result was that both the departments functioned below expectations and had it not been for the inexperience of their unfancied rivals, they would have run into real trouble retaining their lead in the league table.

In contrast, the Mohun Bagan defence has shown considerable consistency so far. The veteran Subrata Bhattacharya, the mainstay in that department, has often lived up to his reputation and proved in no uncertain terms that he is not yet a spent force although he seemed to be so last season.

Not only in defence, on occasions, Subrata played a positive role in the frontline also, especially when the team came across a nippy side with a strong and determined defence.

This was the case when Mohun Bagan met Railway F.C. Tension began to mount when the first half ended goallessly and Mohun Bagan failed to create openings in their rival territory.

This was time for Subrata to intervene, and soon he became a catalyst in the Mohun Bagan frontline. Mohun Bagan ended up with three goals, and the hero of the show undoubtedly was Subrata.

Mohammedan Sporting's performances, however, continued to be indifferent, though they did not drop any further points, since their draw with George Telegraph till the time of our going to press. At one stage they seemed bent on giving East Bengal a stiff competition in the race for the league runners-up. But the George Telegraph debacle seemed to take the wind out of their sails. Perhaps, they accepted the fact that they would have to remain content with the third spot.

Reported by Suprakash Ghoshal



The Bariaha custodian Samir Dey thwarts a dangerous move by Mohun Bagan's Manash Bhattacharya



Pradip Ghosh of East Bengal attacks the BNR goal. One of the most promising players in the country at the moment, Ghosh has served his club well this season

Mohammedan Sporting's Shakti Mitra (left) takes a header off a centre by team-mate Amitava Mukherjee (not in picture). On the right is a Sporting Union player who fails to stop his opponent. Mohammedan Sporting won the match 2-0 and the scorers were Debashish Mishra and Prasun Banerjee





An aerial tussle between Sumit Mukherjee, the Aryans custodian, and Mohammedan Sporting's Pradip Talukdar. Trailing 0-1 at the interval, it was only a self goal by Aryans' Bidyut Kundu that saved Mohammedan Sporting from what would have been their first loss of the season

Krishanu Dey of Mohun Bagan beats two Eastern Railway players, Ranabir Das (right) and Jisu Pal to launch a powerful move. Mohun Bagan, however, could not beat their unfancied rivals and the match ended in a goalless draw



The man for the future

Suprakash Ghoshal profiles Babu Mani, the promising footballer who did not take long to win the hearts of the city's soccer fans

"So far I have managed to steer clear of the dirt of Calcutta soccer I am lucky, I think"

Not many people can do that and when the diminutive Mohun Bagan right winger was saying this, with a smile on his face, I realised that in the last few years, this young man has matured well. He has acquired the tact one needs to survive in Calcutta as a footballer.

Babu Mani came to Calcutta in 1982. The '81 league champions Mohammedan Sporting, keen on retaining the title, were looking for promising players Word came from Bangalore that a talent was blooming there, under the guidance of some veterans. He had the makings of a good footballer and the dedication too And what he needed was a break at a higher level

The boy had already played in the junior and senior Nationals for his State and made his mark there, although it was only a few years back that he was initiated into the game, when he was about 14 years of age

For a Bangalorian that was a little too late to take to soccer, for this is the only game one can see being played in this soccer city. And the boy's dad was one of those people to whom soccer is always a source of delight

Mani, therefore, should have been on the field much earlier. But then, the second son of the Mani family had the talent to make up for the delay. Now at 20 he is one of the foremost players of Mohun Bagan and a useful member of the Indian team Quite a quick climb up the ladder

After the days of backyard football, Mani joined a C division Bangalore club, Independent, to make his debut in competitive soccer Here he met his first football coach, a strange man who had a unique way of inspiring the budding footballers of the club, Mr Sadashivam, a man fanatically in love with the game At every practice session he used to turn up with a cup and announce that it would go to the side winning the practice match

But it was the same cup day after day, for win or lose the cup was never given to any side, on some excuse or other ranging from poor performance to rough play The boys clamoured in protest, but to no avail. Only, they were advised to improve their performance and get the cup deservingly It was a small cup, but it carried more and more weight with every frustrating day The boys simply hankered to get hold of it as soon as possible And the constant effort resulted in a steady improvement of their game What a way to inspire the boys!

"But I was receiving hardly any formal coaching"

"There was no programme to groom us, but I was receiving a lot of praise from the elders and some club veterans and was always feeling inspired"

The greatest inspiration however, was coming from home The head of the family Mani's father, wanted his son to be a footballer and was always trying to drive it home to Mani that he should take up the game seriously as other people do with their studies And Mani was beginning to believe that some day football can bring him his bread and butter and happiness to



Mani being hugged by a team-mate (right) after scoring against East Bengal

his parents. He was putting in more and more effort.

"But we were a very poor family and at times I worried if football would ever really help me earn my living and give us better days," said Mani. "But my father was never worried about that, he loved football and wanted me to become what he could not be in his youth—a full-fledged footballer. So, I persevered to fulfil his dream without worrying much about my future."

Meanwhile, Mani moved from the C division league to B division by joining Vinayaka Club and in 1980 got the taste of a major tournament as a member of the Karnataka subjunior team.

"I had a very good performance in the Nationals that year. That was my first outing at the national level, and I was a little unsure about myself, because despite my inexperience, I was always aware of the difference between club-level and national-level football".

Mani maintained his climb up the ladder and the next year saw him in action for his home State in the junior Nationals and it turned out to be yet another successful outing. Mani was on the threshold of stardom.

At this juncture came a very useful piece of advice from a veteran, which had a far-reaching impact on his game. All these days he had been playing as a striker and enjoying it. But the former Mohun Bagan left-out Rehman, who was watching the boy in action for some time realised that he would not make a successful striker in the long run. He had certain handicaps that a striker cannot afford, if he wants success. Mani is diminutive, rather frail and not really an opportunist.

Rather he had the qualities of a good winger—speed, good passing capacity and a good sense of the game. And of course good dribbling.

Rehman advised Mani to switch his position to the wing. And since then Mani has been playing as a winger, and the improvement in his game is there for all to see.

The young Mani was thus establishing himself as one of the upcoming footballers of the country. This was the time to make an important decision: whether to become a full time footballer giving up his studies even before he could reach college. The Manis, both senior and junior, however, did not take long to make up their mind. Football was their first love and football was bringing them joy. Then why should not the vote be cast in its favour? Mani gave up his studies and devoted himself fully to soccer.



Mani in action against BNR

But now Mani needed money. Poverty had stalked him all along since his childhood. Those cruel days now needed to come to an end.

"I had never had proper nourishment when I was a teenaged footballer and you know how badly I needed it," Mani lamented.

"During those national meets I saw how footballers were givennourishing food and I knew how important it was. The more I learnt about it, the more worried I grew about my future.There were even times when I thought my future was bleak.

"Still, at no stage, did I think of giving up football, because by then I was deeply in love with it. I was determined I would become a good footballer, come what may."

In 1980, Mani had a glimpse of the glamour of Calcutta football and a dream was planted deep in his mind. Some day he had to be part of this razzmatazz. Some day he must win the heart of this soccer city.

His dream has come true. Today, Babu Mani is a name on everybody's lips in the city. He is the hero of the Mohun Bagan fans. And Mani will never forget that golden moment when he scored for his team against their chief enemies, East Bengal.

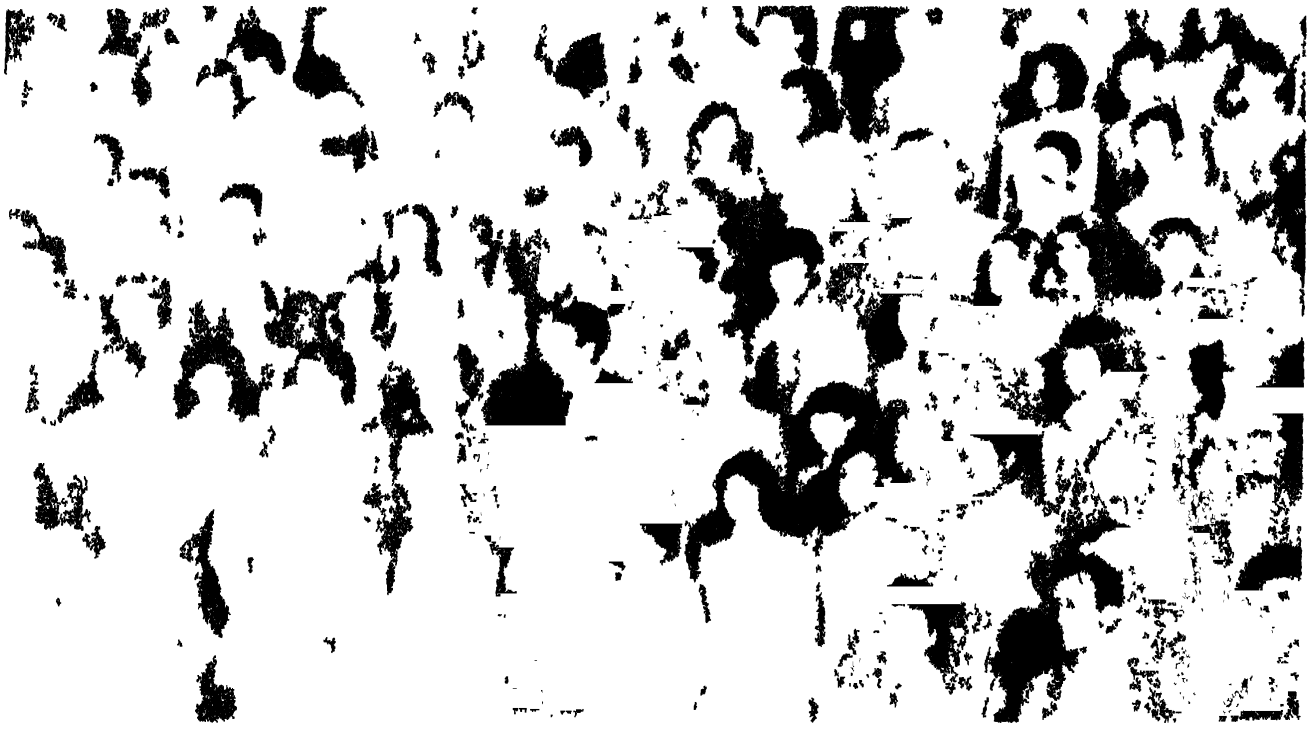
That day Mani was the talk of the town, the man who avenged Mohun Bagan's humiliation earlier in the year. And Mani's father had come down to Calcutta to see the match. He must have been a very happy man that day.

Now, Mani has become a hero in his home town too, a source of inspiration for the boys there. In fact, his elder brother, who had given up soccer, after quite a promising start, has now taken up the game again, prompted by his brother's success. "You know, he would have been a better player had he continued to play. But he gave up. I don't know why. But now he has realised his mistake and works hard to regain his skills. If he can become something, I will be the happiest man."



Former world heavyweight boxing champion. Muhammad Ali introduces a new cologne for men called 'Ali' at New York's Tavern On The Green restaurant

President and Mrs Reagan pose for a photograph with the US Olympic team during breakfast at the Century Plaza Hotel





Prince Phillip of Great Britain in action during the recent World Carriage Driving Championship. He was placed second after the second day's competition

Members of the US Olympic team receive a ticker-tape parade in New York. Two hundred and twenty-one Olympians participated in the parade



INDORE

Extension calls for scrutiny

THE extension of the terms of A. W Kanmadikar as the secretary and N K P. Salve as the president by one year in a special general body meeting, amending the constitution of the Cricontrol Board, calls for close scrutiny.

Almost a month back, A. W Kanmadikar had told this correspondent that there was no question of any extension of the terms of either Salve's or his in view of the forthcoming Ranji Trophy Golden Jubilee celebrations

When it was pointed out that the issue of the Haryana Cricket Board was still pending in court and thus, Ranbir Singh of Haryana would not be able to succeed him, pat came the reply from Kanmadikar: "There are other able-bodied persons in the Board like Bengal's Jagmohan Dalmia." But a responsible member of the Board was of the opinion that Dalmia was a weak case in his own State because of the persistent scuffles in the heirarchy of the Cricket Association of Bengal with Pankaj Roy, Dattu Phadkar and Dalmia quarrelling over trivialities.

It is these petty squabbles in the two zones, namely the East and Central, that is responsible for the existence of Kanmadikar at the helm of affairs. The man who was reckoned as harmless during his election to office as secretary for the second term is thriving on the factions in the two major zones, the East and West.

Till late, Kanmadikar, the senior Labour Judge of Madhya Pradesh, shrewdly capitalised in settling the differences in the Central Zone camp. For instance, there had been an age-long controversy between former Test stars like Mushtaq Ali, C S. Nayudu and C. T. Sarwate of the bygone Holkar era. It was because of these internal bickerings that Kanmadikar manoeuvred to induct two non-Test players into the Test selection panel from Central Zone, namely Major M. M. Jagdale from Madhya Pradesh and Raj Singh from Rajasthan.

Consequently, the weak representation to the Board from Central Zone and the growing indifference towards cricket because of business commitments of Satish Malhotra, the former vice-president of the Cricontrol Board from Central Zone, gradually enhanced Kanmadikar's reputation as the ironman from Central Zone

During his election as secretary for the second term, Kanmadikar was a pro Wankhede candidate—a protagonist of West Zone. At that time both North and East had combined together to fight against the dominance of the West in the Board. Though Wankhede was ousted at the expense of Salve, Kanmadikar managed to retain his fort. But immediately after his induction for the second term Kanmadikar made his peace with I. S Bindra, the present TTFI president, the ironman of the North Zone cricket circle and one who was the motivating force of the revolt against West Zone during the last election.

Changing sides, Kanmadikar encouraged rival factions in the West Zone with the result that in the Bombay Cricket Association a pro Kanmadikar man, former Test cricketer Polly Umrigar, began to work actively against the establishment.

Thriving on the factions of the various State and zonal associations, Kanmadikar succeeded in hiding the biggest scandal of his own State association in close alliance with H. H. Scindia, the president of the Madhya Pradesh Cricket Association. Had this financial scandal been revealed in which not Kanmadikar but the Madhya Pradesh Cricket Association, headed by H. H. Scindia, was mainly responsible, then the opportunity of manoeuvring the extension of the terms by a year of both Salve and Kanmadikar would never have been possible.

During the last one-day international at Indore against the West Indies, almost Rs. 75,000 had to be accounted for and recovered by the Madhya Pradesh Cricket Association, of which the president is H. H Scindia and the secretary is Chandu Sarwate.

But, surprisingly, in a general body meeting of the MPCA early this month at Indore, H. H. Scindia moved the proposal that the entire amount be written off! This happened just a couple of days before the special general body meeting of the Cricontrol Board at Delhi. The MPCA general body meeting was a close-circuited affair and after it was over Scindia gave vague answers to local pressman.

Scindia managed this very cleverly, flouting all norms of the general body meeting in allowing a local pressman - the blue-eyed boy of the Maharaja—to attend the meeting ever though he was not a member of the executive committee of the MPCA.

Sujit Mohanty

Venita Coelho



PUNE

Future Champ

INDIAN women's badminton definitely has a new champion coming up. She is 18-year-old Pune collegian, Deepti Thanekar, who recently won a triple crown in the Joshi Bandhu badminton tournament in Pune.

The former junior national champion, Deepti moves about extremely fast on the court and has uncanny precision and timing as far as shots go. The soft spoken girl thrashed Radhika Bose, national number two and national doubles and mixed doubles champion 11-7 11-6 in the semis.

In the finals Deepti met another national player, Hufrish Nariman of Bombay, and a fantastic match it was.

Deepti deserved to win. She was not the junior but the talented performer manoeuvreing with guile and skill to shatter the experienced Bombay player 12-10, 10-12, 11-3.

Rahul Chandrawarkar

22 August Vijay Amritraj pulls some of his old magic out of the hat to register an upset first round win over top seeded John McEnroe in the $ 375,000 Association of Tennis Professionals Player's Championship at Mason, Ohio. Vijay wins 6-7, 6-2, 6-3.

Sergei Zaboltonov of the Soviet Union sets a new world record in the men's 200m backstroke as he clocks 1:58.41 at the Friendship '84 Games at Moscow. He breaks Rick Carey's record of 1:58.93.

23 August Bjorn Borg, the tennis maestro of some years back, announces that he will be getting a divorce from Mariana, his wife of four years. Rumour has it that Borg is involved with a 17-year-old Swedish beauty, Jannicke Bjorling.

The Olympic record holder for the women's 100m, Evelyn Ashford, sets a new world record at the Weltklasse meet at Zurich. She stops the clock at 10.76 bettering her previous world record of 10.79.

Vijay Amritraj is hospitalised for treatment of exhaustion after his loss to Ramesh Krishnan in the second round of the ATP Championship. Ramesh wins 6-2, 4-6, 6-2.

24 August The second day of the first Test between England and Sri Lanka sees Sri Lanka reach 434 for four with centuries from Wettimuny and Mendis.

Defending champions, Argentina, come a cropper at the 28th Merdeka football tournament at Kuala Lumpur as they lose to China 1-2.

Ramesh Krishnan also bows out of the ATP tournament as he loses to Paul McNamee 7-6, 6-7, 7-6 in a marathon third round match at Manson, Ohio.

25 August International master, V. Ravikumar of India, pulls off an upset draw over the former world chess champion Boris Spassky in the third round of the international chess tournament at London.

The ATP tennis tournament at Mason, Ohio sees Jimmy Connors struggle to get past Stefan Edberg. Also advancing into the semi finals is the defending champion Mats Wilander who edges past John Sadri.

England finish the third day of the first Test against Sri Lanka at 139 for two after Sri Lanka declare their first innings closed at 491 for seven.

26 August Jimmy Connors crashes out to Mats Wilander 7-6, 1-6, 7-6 in the semi final of the ATP tennis tournament. Connors is fined $1,250 for his misbehaviour during the match.

The Soviet swimming superstar, Vladimir Salnikov, proves his superiority in the long swims with a fluent win in the 1,500m freestyle at the Friendship '84 Games. He swims to gold in 15:03.51 which betters the LA Olympic time.

27 August Mats Wilander retains his Association of Tennis Professionals tennis title beating Anders Jarryd 7-6, 6-3.

Alain Prost of France, driving a McLaren Tag-Porsche, wins the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort. Coming in second is Niki Lauda, also in a similar car.

28 August Sri Lanka and England end their Test at Lords in a tame draw. Ian Botham becomes the third highest wicket-taker with 308 wickets.

Richard Hadlee of New Zealand does the coveted County 'double' as he scores 1,000 runs and takes 100 wickets.



Into the final bend and it's still anybody's race.... These pigs race round an 85-foot circular track at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield as part of the merriment

Contradictions

An art form

TRUMANISM, the act of making a statement on radio or TV which is immediately contradicted by actual happening, found a place in the Olympic Games. In fact, there was a flood of Trumanism. Commentator Harvey Smith of the BBC is reported to have sounded like the Master himself, some even felt he was doing it on purpose.

However for sheer classic simplicity, Brendon Foster's effort was the best.

Commenting on the fast time set in the 800m heats by the Brazilian Joaquim Cruz, Foster said just as the final of the event was about to start, "No man can run so fast without taking too much out of himself." Rather less than two minutes later, Cruz had completed his reply - a gold medal and an Olympic record

Cricketing Renaissance

Presto

ONE has heard of Italians playing football—but cricket, never. Then one is wrong. For anyone not aware that the nation (represented by the XL Club) is undertaking the first cricket tour of England, or that cricket is played in Italy, it should be known it has been part of their culture since the days of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In fact, it goes way back to 1793

Granted, there are nine clubs only, all of which play on matted wickets. Each club is required to field seven men of Italian birth who must bowl one-sixth of the total overs. But in the team touring England—the captain is a Sri Lankan, the vice captain an Indian doctor of political science, the wicket-keeper a Welshman, and the first change seamer a Goan. In addition, there is also an Englishman, a Scotsman, two more Sri Lankans and nine Italians. All speak Italian, although on the field English is the common language. Just occasionally there are shouts of "presto"! "mazza" (bat) and "receiver" (wicket-keeper).

Last month Italy was elected to the International Cricket Conference though they are not yet good enough to compete for the ICC trophy, the qualifying round of the World Cup.

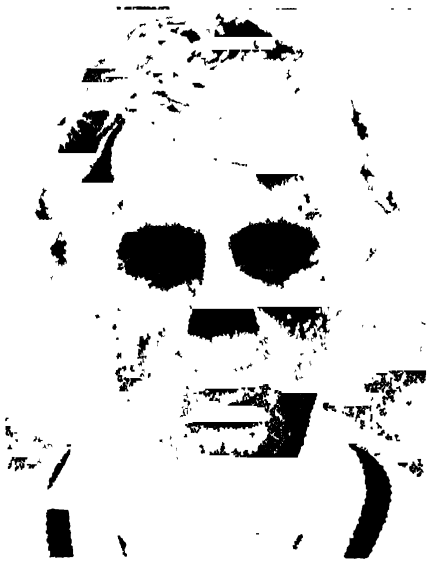
The best chance of success for the touring side will come when they play Tussmore Park, a side whose beer consumption is far greater than their runs tally

Still Alive

Only just about

THEY say even God is an English man The English are very optimistic, especially when it comes to themselves The 5 0 whitewash (or some say blackwash) of the English cricket team at the hands of the West Indians was criticised by all, even the English themselves. No matter what the colour,it was a thorough thrashing that the English received.

But, Mike Brearley, the man with a



Brearley: English optimism

degree in people, has shown his English nature in the *Sunday Times*. He feels that the 'reports of our death are greatly exaggerated.'

Says Brearley in his article, "One thing is clear, England were not disgraced this summer... we got into promising positions in all but the first Test"

But the ex-England captain admits that the West Indies "are a super side" What comes as a surprise is Brearley's criticism of Peter May's choice of captain. He feels that Keith Fletcher would have been a better choice than David Gower.

Would it have made a difference, Mike?

Unpatriotic

Dropping the baton

WHILE the LA Games in general were a great success, the ABC's television coverage has come in for massive criticism. But ABC did bungle up the patriotic coverage once

All week ABC had played up Carl Lewis' quest for his fourth gold. But on the night his fourth race was to take place ABC dropped the baton

Instead of showing the 4×100 m relay live to an enthusiastic and equally patriotic American audience, ABC showed diving preliminaries

Embarrassed, after realising their mistake, ABC officials hurried the big race on to the screen But it was late—fifteen minutes to be exact.

No explanations were given as to the delay, but the night before one ABC announcer had said that Lewis was in the 4×400m relay Perhaps they were waiting for that race to show the American public how Lewis emulated Jesse Owens

New Zico

Rising star

IN the last couple of years Brazil has discovered a succession of "new Peles" and "new Zicos", but these new stars never quite lived up to what was expected of them. Thus naming one more seems a waste of time.

But 20-year-old baby-faced mid-fielder Jose Roberto Gama de Oliveira, better known as Bebeto, is not of the same breed. He plays for Flamingo, and he has already made Flamingo fans forget about their idol, Zico.

After Bebeto's recent performances (he has scored four goals in his first 5 games) club officials have stopped talking about bringing Zico back from Italy's Udinese, to whom they sold him for $4 million. Many of his team mates say that with Bebeto around, "It's just like having Zico still here".

On a recent visit to Rio, Zico said he thought Bebeto was a fine player who is certain to became a star with a bit more experience, but he hoped that success would not go to his head and endanger his career...as it has done for several hopefuls in the past.

But that's not so with Bebeto. Says he, "I've got a lot to learn".

SPORTS CHALLENGE

DICK FOSBURY—

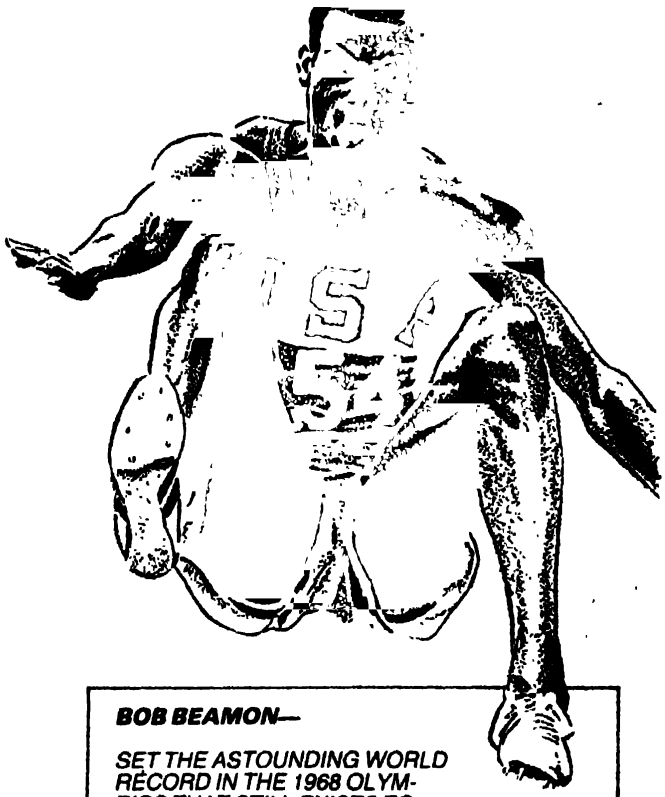


—HE ORIGINATED THE "FOSBURY FLOP" IN THE 1968 OLYMPICS WITH A THEN RECORD JUMP OF 7' 4¼"



HACK WILSON

SET A MAJOR LEAGUE MARK WHILE PLAYING WITH THE CHICAGO CUBS IN 1930 WITH 190 RBI S. HIS 56 HOMERS THE SAME SEASON IS A NATIONAL LEAGUE MARK



BOB BEAMON—

SET THE ASTOUNDING WORLD RECORD IN THE 1968 OLYMPICS THAT STILL EXISTS TODAY, WHEN HE LONG JUMPED 29' 2½"

CHALLENGE

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd., to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

STATUTORY WARNING: CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

(S) Milestones of the '84 Olympics

LOS ANGELES· You saw all those super sportsfolk break all those records on T.V. But there were funny things that happened that made folk break out into laughter, which are listed here for the record.

Some of the competitors in waterpolo wore two pairs of swimming trunks in the pool—just in case. "People will try anything to stop you," said Terry Schroeder of the U.S. team, and one must avoid naked displays of success!

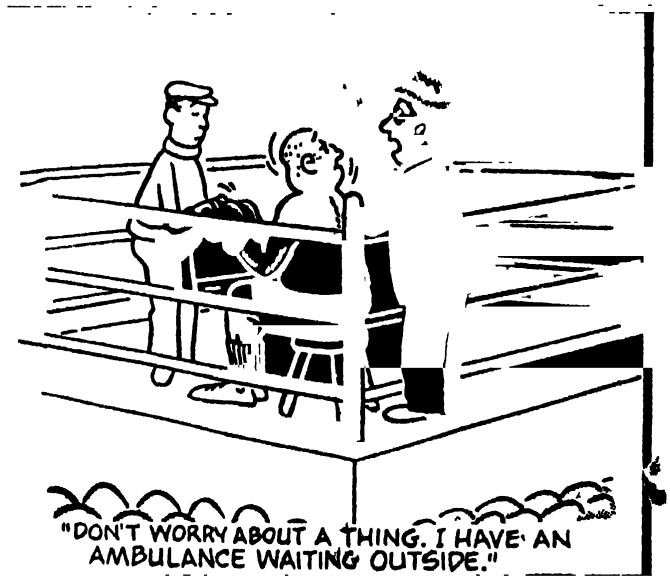
In the equestrian event of the modern pentathlon, Egypt's Ahmed Nasser drew a horse called Smooth Sailing. It threw him thrice.

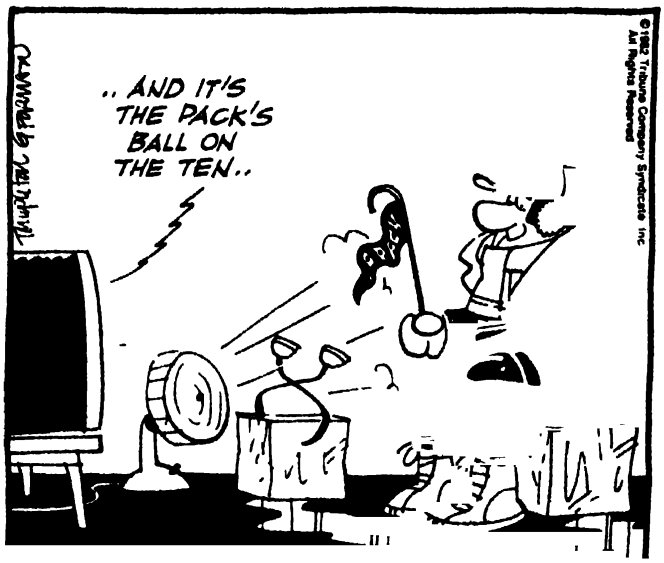
Britain's Ricky Burrell caused a stir among fellow swimmers when he showed up for practice with the outline of the Union Jack flag shaved into his hair. Mexican swimmer Sara Guido who speaks only English hired two translators just to talk to her coach who knows no English.

Americans were disappointed to miss a 'double Decker' when their track queen Mary decided to participate only in one event. When sadly, she tripped and fell, their hopes went bus(t).

Bernie Tellis







Harlow igwell, homesick Green Bay Packer fan, now residing in Palm Springs California.



The soldier with the sprint

How 'The Agony Man' trained

EMIL ZATOPEK first became known outside his native Czechoslovakia when he came fifth to Sydney Wooderson in the 1946 European Games 5,000 metres race. But he was still very much a mystery man when he came to London two years later for the Olympic Games

Experts were sceptical of his times They had heard of his punishing training schedules and his unorthodox tactics of sprinting like a 100-metre runner in the middle of a long race They dubbed him 'The Agony Man' because his face was contorted in agony every time he ran

Twenty-seven runners lined up for the start of the 10,000 metres in London on July 30 The start had been delayed by hold ups in other events The runners were glad, for by the time the starter's pistol went, it was twenty to seven and the temperature had dropped a few welcome degrees The favourite for the event was the veteran Finn Viljo Heino

The signal

Zatopek had arranged to run to a schedule of 71 seconds per lap His coach held up different coloured pairs of shorts to signify if he had gone too slow or too fast

Zatopek was in 17th position until the 9th lap when the signal came to speed up. His face was wracked in apparent pain. He looked ready to collapse. The pace killed Heino. He dropped out

So, this time the sprinting Zatopek, urged on by incessant chants of 'Zatopek, Zatopek' from the 60,000 crowd, had lapped most of the other runners and he had no idea that Heino had retired.

Zatopek won in a new Olympic record time of 29 minutes 59.6 seconds.

The track

He first started running at night school in Zlin, after doing a day's work in the chemical department of a shoe factory. He preferred to run in cross country races but was soon convinced

EMIL ZATOPEK



One of a series from
Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

that the track was the best place to attack records and get himself talked about

His record attempts were interrupted in 1945 when he was called up into the Army. But the War was over and he liked the life so much that he became a regular This gave him more time for training. He believed in training in as tough conditions as he could find because 'the track would then be a welcome relief'.

In his qualifying heat for the 5,000 metres final, Zatopek had agreed to share the pace-setting with the Swede Ahlden to ensure that both qualified without straining themselves unduly. But Ahlden broke the agreement and, near the end, raced into a big lead.

The final

Zatopek was enraged and flogged himself in an effort to catch him. He failed. Both men qualified.

Zatopek took the lead soon after the start in the final, which was run on Bank Holiday Monday in pouring rain. The effort looked to have proved too much for him for when the final lap began, he was nearly 50 yards behind Reiff (Belgium). He was beaten...or so everyone in the 80,000 crowd thought.

But Zatopek, the Army lieutenant in the red vest, suddenly launched into one of his dynamic sprints. The gap closed. There was no-one left in his seat. Could the Czech do the impossible?

In the last few strides he pulled up to Reiff's shoulder but he left it too late. Reiff won by a yard.

The following year Zatopek broke the world 10,000 metres record. A series of illnesses and accidents didn't stop him collecting a pile of European and world records in the next four years He was the unquestioned king of middle distance running.

The Olympics

On the opening day of the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki he confirmed that rating by beating the world's best in the 10,000 metres final. Gordon Pirie of Great Britain was one of the champions who couldn't compete with him. Zatopek's time of 29 minutes 17 seconds was a new Olympic record.

The field for the 5,000 race which took place on July 24 in front of 66,000 people, was even stronger than for the 10,000 It included Pirie, Chris Chataway (Great Britain), Reiff (Belgium), Schade (Germany), Mimoun (France) and Anoufriev (USSR). And of course, Staff Captain Zatopek.

Chataway was the early leader, then the favourite, Schade. Zatopek took over, then Pirie. Reiff dropped out Schade was leader once more.

In the last lap the tortured Zatopek went past Chataway and Schade. Three hundred metres from home it was Chataway. Mimoun. Chataway collapsed. And the man who crossed the line first was....Zatopek.

On the last day of the Olympiad, Zatopek entered the marathon and won that, too, to give him three gold medals.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

Karnataka-1000

A success story

IT was accolades all the way for the Karnataka 1000 which turned international this year, for it produced thrills and spills aplenty And coming through it all magnificently to take the top spot was Hyderabad's ace rallyist Kiran Mody who had D K Rao as his navigator in their modified Dolphin

Kiran Mody, who represented the Andhra Pradesh Motor Sports Club thus created history for he is the only rallyist in the country who has won the Nationals thrice He has won the K-1000 twice before

The rally which stretched man and machine to the limit, bringing out the best in them was a great triumph for the Andhra team, for the second spot went to 24 year old Baba Sitanand and 20-year-old Osmania University graduate Thirmal Roy who were in a Fiat Safari, along with the Dolphins

In consistency you cannot beat Coorg's P K Bopanna Twice winner of the Mysore Safari, he has been in many a rally, particularly the K 1000 This time he picked up the third prize with his crew of young L Shivashankar and M A Subbaiah.

Bopanna stuck to his old Ambassador and won the Armstrong Trophy plus a prize of Rs 20,000 for the best-performing Indian car This is a unique Ambassador, for he has been using it for six successive rallies and one wonders if any other car in the country can match that performance—it's either out rallying or in the work shop!

On this rally they had four punctures, broke a shock absorber and then had problems with the gearbox. But even without the third gear they limped back to Bangalore as they were sure of the Armstrong Trophy Who says perseverence doesn't pay?

So gruelling and tough was the rally especially in the second stage which took the competitors through slushy, slippery and dirty roads, that it took a heavy toll All the four imported cars two of them foreign entries from Dubai failed to make it, although the United Arab Emirates rallyists were distinctly unlucky for both went for a toss in the early stages, shattering their lights and wind screens

One was a Mitsubishi Lancer and the other a Toyota Celica Coimbatore's ace Karivardan and Pratap Jayaram, who were doing pretty well in their Ford Escort pulled out near Chikmagalur due to a leaky pump, while Vicky Chandok had mechanical problems with his Ford Escort and called it a day near Chikmagalur. The unluckiest of them all were Uday Eswaran, Murali G Ema and Vicky Murthy who were expected to surprise 'em all in their 'Mayura', a prototype car built in Coimbatore

Uday was all praise for the car when it lined up for the start But a leaky gearbox and a broken accelerator cable mucked everything up. They were literally pushed off the ramp and gave up the rally.

There were as many as 10 drop-outs in the second stage C. K. Jinnan of Coimbatore, who had built up an early lead, had trouble in the axle, and pulled out. Ravi Gupta and Dr Ravi Prakash went off the road and down a 20-foot ditch 120 miles off Goa.

The other drop-outs were Dr Saboo, the top seed, Hiriyana Gowda from Chikmagalur, Jaya Vittal, in the



Mrs. Nandini Alva, wife of Mr. Jeevraj Alva, Minister for Sports and Youth Services presenting the Mico Trophy to the winners of the K-1000 International rally

VIKRANT

THE RELIABLE TYRES

only Maruti Suzuki, Anil Jogani Chandrasekhar, Col George Kuruvilla of the Corps of Military Police, Kamlesh Patel of Madras recent winner of the Popular Rally at Cochin and the couple from Hyderabad Shaukat Khan and Sultana Khan

Bangalore-born Mohammed Harrish was with a young 20 year old Arab, Kadfoor Mohammed in the Mitsubishi Lancer Turbo from Dubai They left the Sree Kanteerava Stadium like a bomb and were ahead of the field in the first two special stages But Kiran Mody with superb driving was just 13 seconds behind them

lights were smashed but the Dubai lads drove in rain covering a distance of 1500 kms

Then came another mishap They were trying to overtake Abdul Aslam's car with no indication from the driver of danger ahead As they overtook him a herd of cows which had suddenly got up damaged their car badly, breaking the computer system

We were still determined to finish," said Harrish later, but our service got lost in the Chikmagalur Estates and since the gates were locked took it some time getting out But they were not destined to finish, for they crashed

other to handle the navigation lights and keeping track of the road, carefully watching the edge of the road

At Goa Ibrahim was given some pain-killer injections They took off from Goa, but nearing Chikmagalur Ibrahim could not stand the pain any longer and Ceegee decided to take him to a doctor, who said that the fifth bone of the spinal cord was either damaged or broken Said Ceegee in Bangalore later "He is not in any serious danger, but will have to take complete rest here for a month at least before deciding to go back "

The third leg from Ooty to Bangalore set a rousing pace for the vehicles who were given a speed of 71 km per hour But that was not a problem for Kiran Mody who roared in first followed by Baba Sidyanand, P K Bopanna, Rajiv Rai, Abdul Salam, Pestonji, Vijayakumar, Vaseem Moizuddin, Vinod Shivappa, A Shah, B N Prakash, Abdul Salam and Rajkumar Shah—only eight of them finishing the rally A jolly good show, indeed

The APMSC team stole the thunder knocking away the team trophy as well and several other prizes and when the team trophy was announced it was good to see Dinaz literally dragging team manager Ali Mohammed to take the cup Ali was in charge of the crack service team which did a superb job

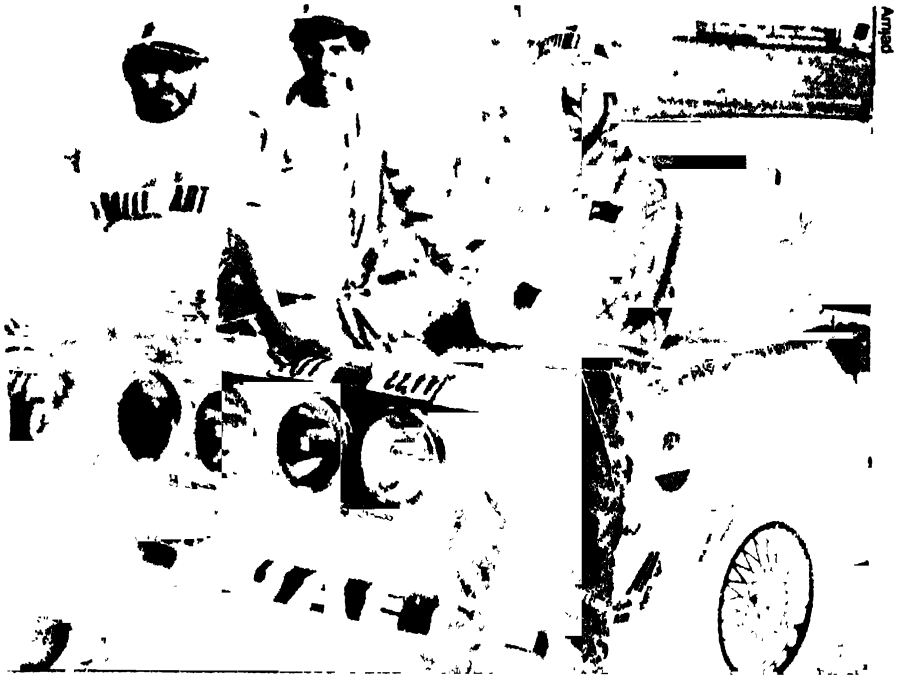
The rally brought out the tremendous part played by the service teams and we had for the first time a service team of the manufacturers—the Premier Automobiles

Kiran Mody and Dinaz were of the opinion that Indian drivers can compete with the best in the world, but, for the cars to perform at top notch, service back-up was essential And they proved their point

Mody came up with a notable suggestion He felt that the FMSCI should help Indian drivers in importing foreign cars so that they could perform as well as the foreigners

Kudos to the organisers for a grand show It is the only rally in the country which has been successfully held over the last decade

Anil Aravindam



The much-fancied Dubai team: Kudfoor Mohammed and Harrish with their Mitsubishi

closely followed by Ravi Gupta

Then came the mishaps for the Dubai cars. Just before Davangere the Mitsubishi hit a bullock cart parked right across the road after a turning and according to Harrish, it was deliberately done with the cartmen hiding behind bushes The car rolled thrice and turned turtle and it was the cartmen who helped in putting it back on the road

The windscreen was broken and the

head on against an estate jeep.

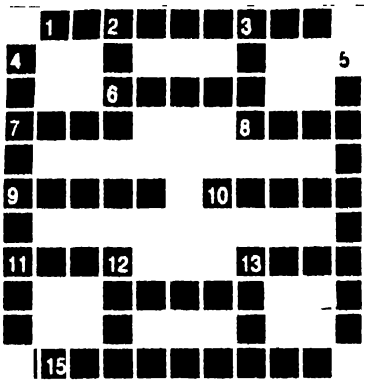
The Toyota Celica tumbled 35 feet down a slope before Davangere and lost the windscreen and lights with C G Subramanyam's co-driver Shahansha Ibrahim hurt badly But they too displayed tremendous guts as they went on to reach Goa. While Ibrahim was leading the book and looking after the petrol flow, 'Ceegee', as his teammate is popularly known in Dubai, was driving with one hand and using the

YOU CAN'T, WITHOUT VIKRANT

CROSSWORD

Mudar

253



ACROSS

1 Olympic diving champion has an exclamation of pain in the middle (1, 8)
6 England s latest call-up for bowling duty is not old (5)
7 *One More what?* an Indian spinner s yarn (4)
8 Undersea divers are also called this divers (4)
9 Priceless crockery for an emerging sporting power (5)
10 Bespectacled Japanese table tennis player has a negative ending (1, 4)
11 Competition in which even professionals are allowed to participate (4)
13 Day interspersing a Test match (4)
14 Country of origin of kho-kho returns (5)
15 Lady Fatima is no figure of worship but a British javelin thrower (9)

DOWN

2 A cricketing Qasim from Pakistan, but not Iqbal (4)
3 When Bradman got a century it was quite usual but when he got out for zero it was? (4)
4 Britain s long distance runner makes a sound like a cow in the beginning (9)
5 Man who beat Ali for the second time in the Greatest s career ends in a heavyweight (3 6)
12 Contractor whose Test career ended in the West Indies with a blow on the head (4)
13 Cereal for a South African all-rounder (4)

Excellent: 16-15, Good: 14, Fair: 13

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 The offspring of a Nigerian father and a Scottish mother won the Olympic decathlon gold Identify him
2 Which was the closest marathon finish in Olympic history?
3 Which gold medallist of Moscow Olympic was killed in a car accident in 1981?
4 Who brought Mexico its first Olympic track-and-field gold?
5 Which Olympic pole vault champion was nicknamed "The Vaulting Vicar"?
6 When did South Africa participate in an Olympics for the last time?
7 In an Olympics there was an innovation at the closing ceremony It was decided to let all the athletes march together instead of by nation, as a symbol of global unity Which was the Olympics and whose suggestion it was?
8 Who was the first Olympic athlete to use a fibreglass pole?

ANSWERS

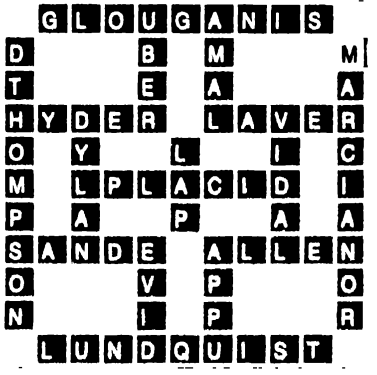
1 Francis 'Daley' Thompson (1980)
2 1920 The champion won by only 70 yards
3 Bronislaw Malinowski (Poland) who won the 3,000m steeplechase
4 Daniel Bautista Rocha, 20,000m walk winner in 1976
5 (Reverend) Robert Richards, popularly known as 'Bob' Richards, who won the title in Helsinki
6 The Rome Olympics (1960)
7 The 1956 Olympics A 17-year-old Chinese boy suggested the idea
8 Bob Mathias (in 1952 Decathlon)

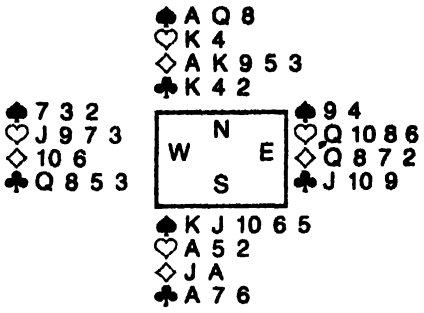
BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Here is a hand with which you may trap your friends, including those who have a good opinion of their game

SOLUTION 252





South is the dealer at game all and the bidding may go

South	West	North	East
1♠	pass	3◇	pass
3♠	pass	4NT	pass
5♡	pass	5NT	pass
6◇	pass	7♠	all pass

West leads a low spade You show the North-South cards only and state that there is no trap Trumps are 3-2 and diamonds 4-2 What is the best line of play for seven spades?
A quick analyst may attempt to brush off the question There are five trumps in your own hand, he will say, six top winners in the side suits, a heart ruff, and a long diamond No problem!
Adopting the Socratic approach, you say, 'I am sure you are right, but would you please play it out for me? Remember, a trump has been led "
Wearily, your friend puts on the 8 of trumps from dummy—and you say "Unlucky! One down!"
If you look at it closely you will see that after the 8 of spades has been covered by the 9 and jack South cannot do everything he will need to ruff diamonds with the remaining spades honours in his own hand, and a heart with dummy's queen of spades Eventually West's 7 of spades will become a master
All that is necessary is to play a high spade from dummy on the opening lead Then the rest of the play is straightforward

This week's quiz: At love all in a pairs event the bidding begins

South	West	North	East
—	pass	pass	1♡
pass	1 NT	pass	2♡
pass	pass	2♠	pass
pass	3♡	pass	pass

South holds

♠K 7 2
♡8
◇A 10 6 4 2
♣A 7 5 3

What would you bid now—pass, double, 3S, 3NT (both minors)?
Answer: At the table I doubled and collected 300, as East misplaced the cards In a pairs you have to take strong action at the three level.

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Seb Coe: [redacted] Most amazing miler

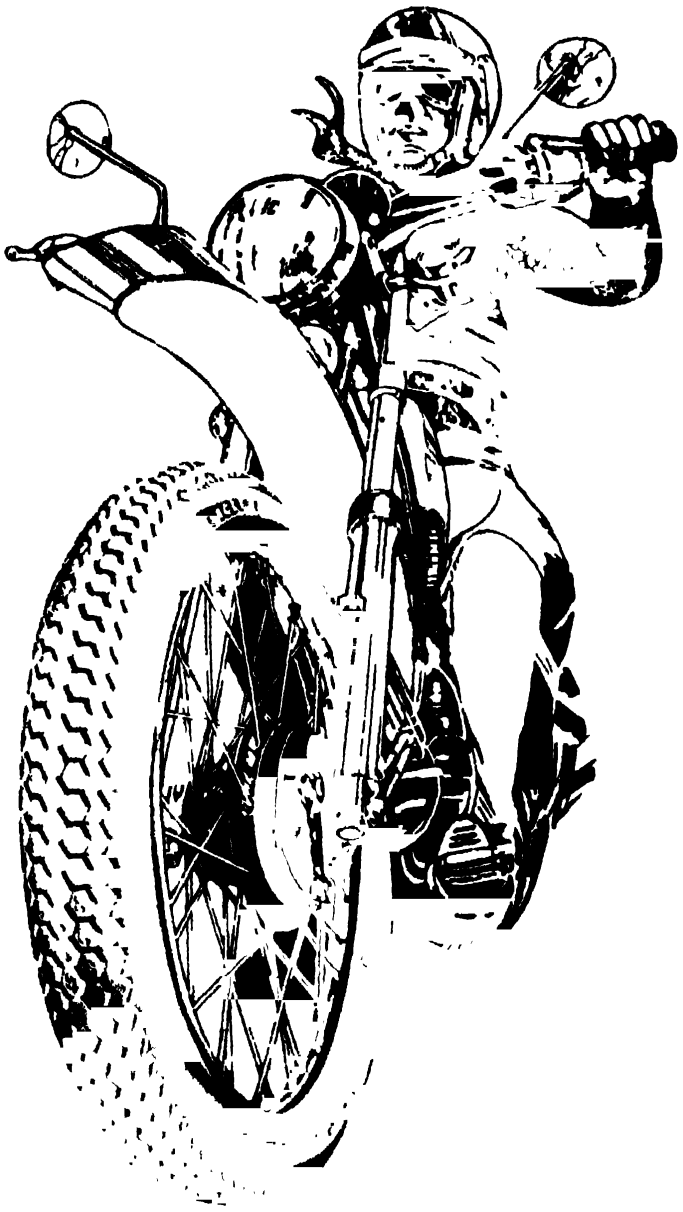
19-25 SEPTEMBER 1979 [redacted]

Sportsworld



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GOODYEAR

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VOLUME VI ISSUE 37
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RS 3 00

Revenge for McEnroe

The US Open Tennis tournament at Flushing Meadow was a rehash of this year's Wimbledon in the sense that it threw up no new faces with the possible exception of Pat Cash, and that it was dominated by John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova

Is Coe the best middle distance runner ever?

Lokesh Sharma examines Sebastian Coe's place in track history

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Uttarpara
Jaikrishna Public Library

Ironical choice

MY hearty congratulations on your magnificent coverage of the 23rd Olympiad and, in retrospect, it is better to cherish the memories of the spectacular performance of P T Usha rather than going in for an autopsy of our overall performances

Now the curtain is about to rise on the ensuing cricket season with the sounding of acrimonious arguments on the issue of captaincy Frankly speaking, the question does not even arise, considering the fact that Gavaskar led India in the Asia Cup only in the absence of Kapil Dev

It is ironical to recall Gavaskar to lead the team since it was the aftermath of the previous tour to that country which led to his removal from the post The urgent need is for sorting out the problems without harming the sentiments of the contenders Besides, did Kapil fail to deliver the goods so as to remove him now?

JAIRAM ITTEKOT,
Sultanate of Oman

Ecstasy

THANK you for bringing out such a superb issue dated August 22 All the photographs were indeed very absorbing, especially the centrespread—the Los Angeles Colesium.

But, to my mind, the picture of Evelyn Ashford, standing on the podium and waving to the crowd with brimming eyes, has captured the ecstasy of winning an Olympic gold

PARTHA SEN,
Calcutta

A dismal show

WE were extremely happy to see issues of *Sportsworld* again after a prolonged closure over reported labour trouble. One is glad to witness the revival of sportsmanship in opening the publications under the control of the ABP group.

We were very sad to look at the Indian contingent who returned empty handed. Wasting of precious foreign exchange apart, the Indian team could hardly leave any notable impression either at Los Angeles or on the future aspirants. Our defeat at the hands of Australia in hockey was extremely shocking. We conceded far too many goals and failed to convert penalty strokes. The reasons given by the team manager are far from convincing. Was the dismal show due to lack of sincere effort or absence of proper team spirit? The only exception was P T Usha who was distinctly unlucky not to get a bronze, having lost by a hundredth of a second to a Rumanian competitor. We pinned much hope on our wrestlers but they too failed to rise to the occasion

Seoul is not far off It is time our existing talents were vigorously trained in the art of learning the right technique to achieve some breakthrough. The latent talent from the rural areas and tribal areas—these chaps are full of stamina and strength—are to be tapped and trained at the grassroots to obtain the best out of them

The trainers too, need be meticulously spotted and put to vigorous training before assigning the future task A solid and strong base for the next Indian contingent sans politics has to be built anew to take the country ahead in sports

SHYAMAL GUPTA,
Burdwan

The best is yet to come

P T USHA's fantastic (by our standards, of course) performance in making the final of 400 metres hurdles at Los Angeles by winning her semis was quite favourably commented upon by two or three athletic coaches there

All of them agreed that Usha has the potential to win the event in 1988 at Seoul as she is just 20 now and will be hitting her peak at 24 then. Provided, they added, Usha could be trained in the U.S by some of the leading coaches.

According to them, Usha already has an astonishing burst of speed that would do justice to shorter sprints like the 100 metres and 200 metres, and if she could be trained right away to straddle the hurdles low (Usha right now hurdles very high over the bar, thereby losing valuable split seconds) as other world's leading hurdlers do in just skimming over the bar, then she would not only win the 400 metre hurdles but would, in the process, set a record that might stand for long.

K. K. NINAN,
Bombay.

The cancers within tennis

Michael Mewshaw explains that it is no longer rare when a tennis player deliberately loses a match. With thousands of dollars at stake, nothing is strange about this attitude to professional tennis: nor are eyebrows raised when players accept "appearance money" over and above their tournament winnings. This is the second extract from the book "Short Circuit," published by Collins, London and priced at £5.95

THE Colombia-Excelsior in Genoa, like many old fashioned luxury hotels, faces the train station. During the days of horses and buggies, parasols and bustles, the *piazza* out front must have been as serene as the hotel's facade. Then, a guest might have been tempted to lean out and look downhill to the port, or uphill at the labyrinth of streets, some as narrow as footpaths, as dark as tunnels, as steep as stairways. Now the windows had to remain shuttered against the traffic which sluiced through the *piazza* with all the shrill harmonies of a Formula One race.

The day I arrived in late February there were other disconcerting changes. Next door to the Colombia-Excelsior, a sign advertised 'Every Day Sexy Movies'. This made the films sound less erotic than humdrum. I passed up the movie and lugged my suitcases to the hotel entrance. No one rushed out to offer a hand. The bellboys were on strike. They had scribbled their demands on cardboard placards and taped them to the columns outside. They wanted more money, better conditions, and dignity for all workers.

In the lobby, it looked as though the lumpen proletariat had determined to take possession of the place until their demands were met. Sprawled on the green baize furniture, hunkered down on the double stairway that curved to the mezzanine, loitering beneath an enormous chandelier and talking loudly enough to set the cut glass quivering, these animated young men in blue jeans and sneakers, many of them scruffy and unshaven, were not, it transpired, an occupying army of disgruntled workers. They had every reason to be pleased with the conditions of their employment. Professional tennis players, they had gathered for the Bitti Bergamo Memorial Tournament, one of twenty-two events on the World Championship Tennis circuit which offers eight million dollars in prize money.

The winner here would walk away with $100,000 for a week's work—more than the Wimbledon or US Open champion carries off. Losers wouldn't fare badly either. If knocked out in the first round, they'd receive $2,000 for their day's labour, and if they cared to play doubles they could pick up another $500 for being beaten. World Championship Tennis had expected a tournament with a $300,000 purse to attract the very best players, but of the 32 entries only two were in the top ten in the computer rankings—Ivan Lendl, a hollow-cheeked, 22-year-old Czech dressed in designer jeans and a fleece-lined bombardier jacket, and Vitas Gerulaitis. Unlike the other players in their blue denim, Vitas wore what appeared to be a pair of white flannel lounging pyjamas with a purple stripe down the legs.

On the ride back to Genoa, I sat alone, profoundly troubled. Much of what I had learned that week reiterated a single theme. Life on the circuit was not what it appeared to be

At the Colombia-Excelsior, I stepped into an elevator with Vijay Amritraj, a tall, smiling Indian who was born in Madras and now lives in Marina del Rey, California. His hair is iridescent black, like the wing of a crow, and his skin is so dark, his teeth and the whites of his eyes appear startlingly bright and large. His gold neck chain and Rolex watch also seem larger and brighter. 'See the matches tonight?' I asked. Vijay went loose-limbed with laughter. 'I never watch tennis. I hate watching tennis!"

The WCT guide book says of Amritraj 'probably the most popular player among his peers on the pro tour...an articulate gentleman who is also a great ambassador for his sport

and his country.' Vijay was the lone player to commit himself exclusively to the WCT tour. He explained that he had done this with the full understanding that he would have to qualify for any Grand Prix event he cared to enter. Wimbledon was the only non-WCT event he wanted to play. Along with his brothers Anand and Ashok, Vijay owns a film production company in Hollywood which develops movies and television specials. Al G. Hill, Jr., President of World Championship Tennis, is listed as 'general partner of Amritraj Productions'. In May, Amritraj Productions would be awarded the rights to produce the 1981 WCT Highlights film.

When I asked what his reaction would be if Bjorn Borg were allowed to play Wimbledon without qualifying, Vijay said he would object strenuously. A rule was a rule and should apply to everybody, even to Borg. Oh, Borg was a great champion, but every man had 'certain minimal responsibilities to the game and to the other players. Borg contributes to tennis by playing, but in no other way'.

In his sunny, diplomatic manner, Vijay expressed displeasure with players who violated the rules of their union and misbehaved on court. He thought fines were ineffective; miscreants should be suspended for six months to a year.

Since he was scheduled to meet John McEnroe in a Davis Cup match next week, I asked if he were ever tempted to retaliate and do something dramatic to curb what he considered to be the American's chronic misconduct. For an instant, Vijay's smile vanished and he drew himself up to his full height of six feet three. 'I'd never lower myself to that level.'

Rules were rules, he repeated. They should apply to everybody. Too many exceptions were made; too often the top players received preferential treatment. For instance, Borg had a contract as touring pro with Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas and was obligated to play its annual tournament, the Alan King Classic. Since it was a Grand Prix event and since Borg had failed to sign up for ten tournaments, he would have to qualify. But on the weekend when the qualies would normally be held, Borg was committed to play exhibitions in Japan.

In other sports, the cliche holds that no player is bigger than the game. But in this case, the schedule had been revised to accommodate one man—Bjorn Borg. Vijay told me the qualies in Las Vegas had been shifted from the weekend to Monday and Tuesday, delaying the start of the main tournament until Wednesday.

Smiling ruefully, shaking his head, Vijay Amritraj wondered about the inconvenience, the unfairness, to everybody else. 'It's ridiculous. Doesn't anybody have the courage to stand up and do the right thing?'

ON Tuesday morning snow flurries fell on Genoa and the palm trees in the *piazza* tossed their fronds in a howling wind. WCT officials were shocked at how cold it could be on the Italian Riviera and worried that bad weather might keep attendance low. In the lobby I spotted Balazs Taroczy waiting for a courtesy car. Three weeks ago, the ATP office in Paris had told me Taroczy would be playing the Egyptian Open.

'Thought you were in Cairo,' I said.

'There's no money there this year. Nobody's in Cairo—only three players in the top 100. Last year,' he said, 'they had extra money at the Egyptian Open. There was a good field. This year they don't have any money.'

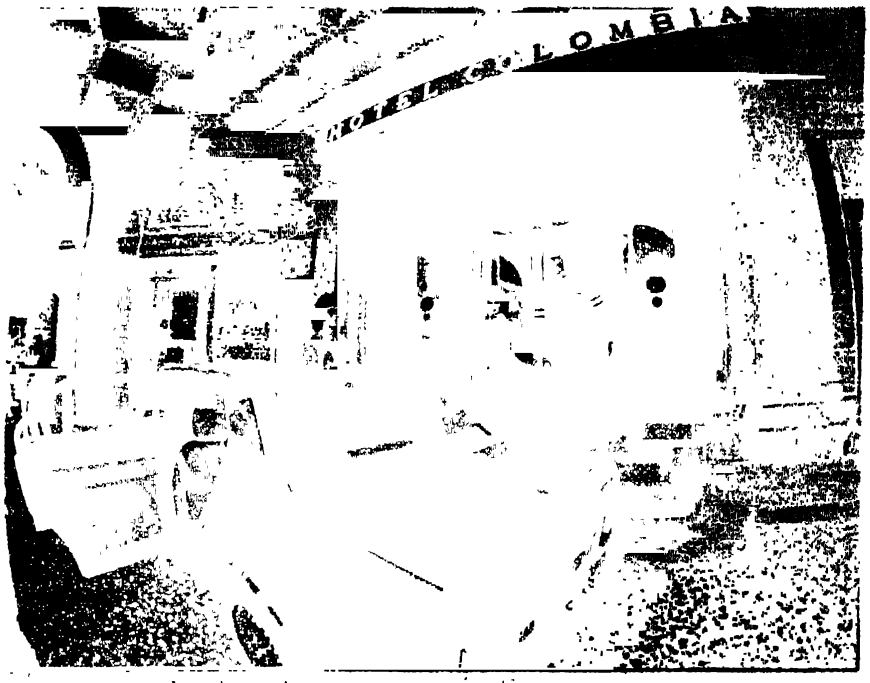
'The prize money's the same as last year,' I said. 'Seventy-five thousand dollars.'

Taroczy shrugged. A Hungarian with a high, pale forehead and dark quizzical eyebrows, he looks more like a graduate student than a world-class athlete. He has a degree from the University of Economic Sciences in Budapest. In 1981 he won $188,175.

An Italian journalist standing nearby performed a classic gesture, the light friction of thumb against fingers. 'He means under the table.'

To be precise, Balazs Taroczy meant 'appearance money' or a 'guarantee'. In a throw-back to the time when tennis was supposed to be amateur, but the stars received secret payments, top players now demand as much as $100,000 above and beyond any prize money they might win. In *World Tennis*, ATP President Harold Solomon referred to guarantees as a 'cancer within tennis', 'dirty and illegal money...no different from the graft a politician might take'. Yet, by his estimate, 'appearance money and other guarantees are paid to the top players about 75% of the weeks of Grand Prix tennis'. There are those who maintain that Solomon *underestimates* the gravity of the situation. They claim that only the French Open, Wimbledon, and the US Open don't pay money under the table.

Unlike these three Grand Slam events which automatically attract the



The Colombia-Excelsior in Genoa. Coming out of the hotel are Rod Frawley and his wife Sue

best players, most tournaments need to offer inducements to sign star players who will bring in sponsors, television contracts, and spectators. Such inducements are strictly against the rules of the Pro Council and subject violators, both players and tournaments, to fines of up to $20,000 and suspensions of up to three years. But, according to Solomon, the rules are 'feebly enforced' and 'members of the Pro Council have been some of the very people who have violated the guarantee rule, which they created'.

After raising potentially explosive questions—'Does this money show up on a player's income tax statement? Does it show up in tournament books as guarantees paid to players? Wouldn't the IRS have a field day with this one?'—Solomon concluded that 'unless something is done quickly, tennis may surely follow the path to self-destruction already trod by pro wrestling. What happens to the credibility of the game if fans perceive—true or not—that a player has no incentive to win?'

Taroczy and I shared a car with Amritraj who, even on this cold, bleak day, was bright with smiles.

'Hell, Associated Press,' Vijay said to me. 'Don't ask me any questions. I just gave all my good quotes to UPI.' Then turning to Taroczy, 'How is your lovely wife?'

'Fine. And yours?'

'I'm not married.'

'But you will be?' Balazs inquired.

'Yes, by the end of this year. We have a date. It's a matter of finding a girl.'

'You have her?' Taroczy wanted to know.

'I think so. I went home to meet her. I think we found the one. That is, my mother found her. A very nice girl. Things need to be arranged, though. We have a date, December 29th. Now we just need the girl.'

Because Vijay kept giggling and Balazs was grinning, I thought it was a joke. But, no, it was true. This 'articulate gentleman', this 'great ambassador for his sport and his country', will have an arranged marriage, his mother having spent years interviewing more than 200 girls pursuing the perfect match. For while Vijay is an eligible bachelor, he is also an obedient Hindu.* Much as he admires the scientific precision of his Ferrari 308 GTS, he flew home recently to have a leg injury treated by a herb specialist. Although a graduate in commerce and accounting from Madras University, he is deeply superstitious and when on a winning streak, he gets up on the same side of the bed every morning until he loses. Vijay Amritraj may sound like a mass of contradictions, but in that sense he is no different from most men on the circuit and no different from the sport/business of professional tennis, which is one of the paradoxes and profound disjunctions.

*Michael Mewshaw was wrong on one count. Vijay Amritraj is not a Hindu. He is a devout Roman Catholic, like all other members of his family. However, at the time Mewshaw was writing this book, Amritraj was indeed a bachelor. He is now married to Shyamala and they have a son.

Pssst... shall we share $132,000?

WHILE Tony Giammalva and I were talking, Buster Mottram and Mike Cahill, smoking their pipes and carrying two bottles of wine, took a table next to us. After losing in the singles semi-finals, Mottram had teamed with Cahill to win in the doubles, advancing to tomorrow's final. In a buoyant mood, they invited Tony and me to share the wine.

Only one thing diminished their delight—the disparity between the prize money for winners and losers. The first place doubles team would receive $15,000, the runners-up $6,000. They complained that to earn any real money, they had to win.

In singles, there was the same situation as in doubles. The great disparity between $100,000 for the winner and $32,000 for the loser invited pre-match deals to divide the pot. They doubted Lendl would do it. He was on a hot streak and thought he would win. But they mentioned WCT tournaments in which the finalists had split. This struck them as logical. Far better, they said, to go into a final knowing you'd come out with $66,000.

I asked if this was a common practice. They assured me it was.

Shortly after 2 am, Tony Giammalva left as two Australians, Ross Case and Rod Frawley, arrived. Frawley was with his new bride, whom he kissed and sent up to bed.

Frawley pointed out that the difference between winning and losing a final on the WCT wasn't just $68,000. The winner also received a $40,000 bonus for qualifying for the WCT finals in Dallas. Thus the disparity, and in their view the unfairness, was far greater. They stressed, however, that splitting usually took place between players of comparable ability. 'It's not going to happen between McEnroe and me,' said Frawley, laughing.

DURING one game I met up with an umpire. He asked me what had brought me to Genoa. I told him I was covering the tournament for AP. He said he hadn't seen me before. He was an umpire and knew most tennis journalists. I admitted I was new to the tour and added that I wanted to learn about it and write a book. Smiling, he assured me I'd never understand the game unless I learned what went on behind the scenes. Most reporters missed the point, he said. They watched matches, but ignored, or were ignorant of, the chief factors which influenced who won and lost.

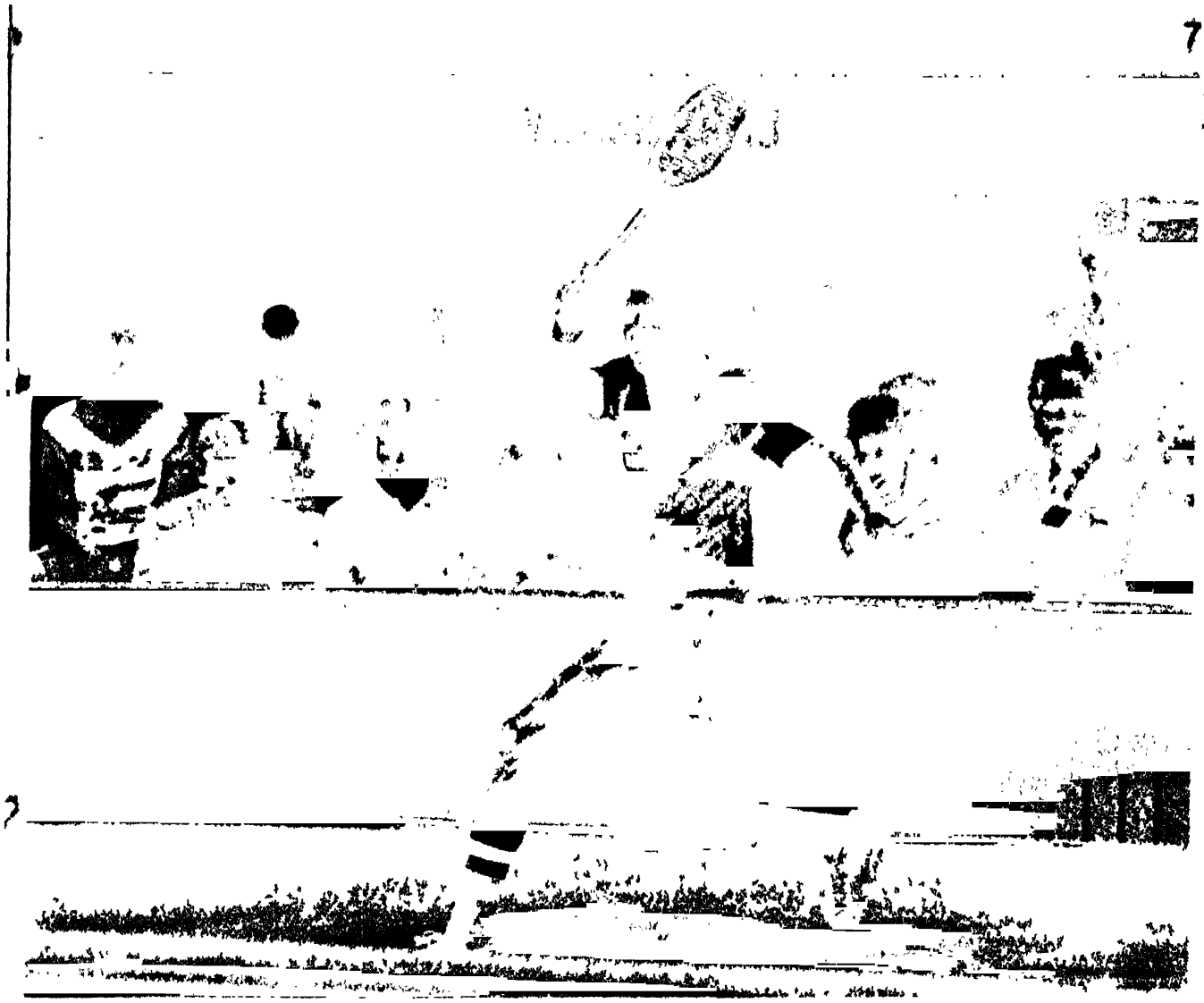
And what were those factors? I asked.

If you wanted to know the game from the inside, he said, you had to start at the hotel and find out which players had checked out before their matches. In his opinion, several men this week had lost on purpose in singles, either because they wanted to rest for the Davis Cup or because they had a chance to take a holiday now that the tournament in Copenhagen had been cancelled.

How had he come to this conclusion.' He had officiated at these matches, he said. More important, he had known who had checked out of the hotel.

Why would anyone throw a singles match, I asked, with so much prize money at stake?

He laughed at my innocence. Except for the winner's purse of $100,000, the prize money wasn't enough to sway most players. Unless a man felt sure he had a shot at the final—and tennis players were realists; they all figured Lendl or Gerulaitis would win—then he had to make a hardheaded business decision. If, for



'Vijay Amritraj may sound like a mass of contradictions, but in that sense he is no different from most men on the circuit and no different from the sport/business of professional tennis'

example, he won his second round match, a player was sure of getting $8,000. But if his agent had arranged an exhibition or an endorsement appearance later in the week for as little as $10,000, he could tank his second round match, take the $4,000 that went to the loser, and come out ahead. Sometimes the question was that clearcut. Should a man win a match and lose money? Or tank and fly elsewhere to make money?

In WCT tournaments, the umpire emphasised, there was one factor missing from the usual equation a player had to balance before he decided whether to tank or try his best. There were no ATP points. In Grand Prix events a man might stick around, hoping to improve his ranking. Even if it cost him a little money in the short run, he'd earn it back in the long run if he leap-frogged enough steps on the ladder. But on the WCT circuit, there was only money. If he had a better deal or compelling personal reason to cut out early, it was strictly a financial decision, and some players were so well fixed they could afford to act in ways which seemed illogical to outsiders.

On the ride back to Genoa, I sat alone, profoundly troubled. Much of what I had learned that week reiterated a single theme. Life on the circuit was not what I had expected, was not what it appeared to be.

By the time we returned to the Palazo dello Sport, Buster Mottram had won the first set from Vitas Gerulaitis. But then, Gerulaitis roared back to take the next two sets—6-1, 6-2—and advanced to the final.

In the second semi-final, Vijay Amritraj managed to stay on even terms with Ivan Lendl by forcing him to rush his groundstrokes. On almost every point, the graceful Indian swooped to the net and volleyed. But Lendl broke Amritraj's service once in the first set and in the initial game of the second, and that was enough to take the match 6-4, 6-4.

Still, Lendl bridled with dissatisfaction, as if he hated to lose a point much less a game. Once, late in the second set, Vijay had hit a short shot, giving Lendl an easy put-away. As the Czech charged forward to murder it, Amritraj raised his arms in amiable submission, then was astonished when Lendl clobbered the ball wide.

The crowd laughed. So did Vijay. But the Czech saw nothing funny about it.

England look to be no-hopers against India

Premen Addy



IT wasn't the 'Thriller in Manila' as Muhammad Ali once described one of his fights with Joe Frazier There was mercifully no blood and gore But the Natwest final between Middlesex and Kent was as thrilling an encounter as one will ever see in this form of cricket.

Kent, taking first use of the pitch, thanks to Tavare's luck with the coin, scored 232 for four off their 60 overs Middlesex in reply were 232 for six in 59 5 overs when John Emburey hit a boundary to give his side the trophy The winning stroke had come off the final ball and anything less would have given Kent the match for they had lost fewer wickets—four to Middlesex's six

There was a fever pitch of excitement as the two batsmen tense and nervous, held a hurried consultation in the middle What Emburey told Phil Edmonds only the pair of them know, but it must have been a promise to run, come hail or sunshine And Tavare, for his part, drew his field in to prevent the fateful single Richard Ellison, trying mightily for a leg stump yorker, strove too hard and it was a knee high full toss that Emburey almost mockingly steered for four

But every story has a beginning as it does an end Play started with Kent putting up an opening stand of 96, with Mark Benson stealing the limelight Wayne Daniel troubled both batsmen with his pace and lift



Mike Gatting hits out in the Natwest semis

How amazing that he can't find a place in the current West Indian team when a relatively powder-puff performer like Milton Small is held worthy of one Wonders will never cease Tavare made 28, Aslett 11 but Chris Cowdrey steadied the innings with a robust 58 in company with Ellison who remained unbeaten on 23

Middlesex also began briskly Graeme Barlow and Wilf Slack put on 39 for the first wicket before the former departed for 25 and his partner following with 20 Butcher fell to a beauty from Underwood and when skipper Gatting holed out to mid-on for 37, an ill wind had struck Middlesex The total then stood at at 124 for four The rugged Clive Radley and the rock like Paul Downton, however, restored their fortunes. Father Time had changed direction, a sign that Lady Luck was favouring the brave The veteran Radley nudged his twos and threes and scampered every available single Downton, growing in stature ever all the time, emulated him. From 124 the score leapt to 211 when Radley fell for 67 and Downton for 40.

A well-nigh hopeless cause had been retrieved, but on the brink of what looked to be a famous victory, the pendulum swung Kent's way again. Cricket's God is a puckish God and he was merely enjoying himself at the expense of the lesser mortals toiling below.

So Kent's hopes rose and then died with the final blow. It is always a pity in finishes like these that someone has to lose. Kent were runners-up for the second year in



Neil Mallender bowling for Northants. Graham Barlow is the non striker

succession. However, they have a wealth of talent and are certain to win something soon.

The night had virtually closed in when the contest was over. Clive Lloyd, the match adjudicator gave Clive Radley the Gold Award, to no-one's surprise.

Meanwhile, the County Championship moved to its appointed climax with Nottinghamshire almost certain to carry it off for the second time in their history. Week before last they came within a couple of points of Essex who only managed to draw with Middlesex. Notts have two games in hand to Essex's one. With Hadlee, Rice and company in rampaging form, it is difficult to see their side slip up at this crucial stage. Having come from behind, their morale must be sky high. After all, a mere fortnight ago they were 38 points adrift of their rivals.

Still, a championship is never lost until it is won and it might be another week before the issue is finally settled. Essex have won the Sunday afternoon John Player League, but wouldn't they have exchanged it for the Championship trophy!

With a 5-0 thrashing this summer, England look to be no-hopers for their coming tour of India and Australia. They are, however, not bereft of considerable talent, especially in batting. Benson, Taylor, Cowdrey, Aslett, Boyd-Moss, Bailey, Parker, Wells and Moxon are batsmen of very high promise. Some of them are certain to be thrown into the fray against India this winter. Others may follow suit against Australia next summer. Why at least some of them haven't already been blooded in Tests is something of a mystery.

Perhaps the reason lies in the selectors' conservatism and loyalty towards the old hands, despite their repeated failures. Furthermore, there seems to be a sustaining hope that one or two of England's current crop of players will blossom into world beaters.

David Gower, for example, has an inborn sense of timing given only to cricket's select. Yet against bowling of the highest class he has thus far shown a disturbing frailty. As a captain he has been a flop, not merely because he lost, for anybody else in his place would have lost too, though not I think by such a devastating margin.

If truth be told, the sacking of Keith Fletcher in 1982 was a mistake. He is an experienced professional, wise in the ways of the game. He has done wonders for Essex. He is widely respected as a batsman. Under his guidance a new breed of internationals might have taken root.

Instead, Willis was given the captaincy. While undoubtedly a great bowler, he was never an inspirational leader or tactician. And the record shows that somehow bowlers rarely make good captains. Moreover, with his health problems, his tenure at the top was uncertain. The rest is history. It would be truly surprising if the talent in English cricket flowered under Gower's leadership.

A triumph for Mendis and the Sri Lankans

And they might have won the Test against England at Lord's too, had they held their catches, feels **Tony Lewis**

THE mere appearance of Sri Lanka in a Lord's Test match against England sealed their long struggle for international recognition It was their twelfth Test, but their first at the game's spiritual headquarters

If they had lost by an ocean of runs, it would have mattered little the occasion itself outweighed the statistical detail However, to perform as strongly as they did, getting the best of a drawn match, was beyond their dreams

Sri Lanka were put in to bat by David Gower and scored 491 for seven before declaring at 12 30 on the third day, a mighty batting performance. They then bowled out England for 370 and responded a second time with 294 for seven declared That took play up to the final half hour when stumps were drawn

Sri Lanka's batting, which is stronger than their bowling, astonished many people I was in the ball-by ball radio commentary team alongside Fred Trueman, formerly of Yorkshire and England Fred guessed that the reason for Allott's omission from the England attack was because the selectors had already decided to take him on the tour to India in November and they were giving some of the other hopeful seam bowlers a chance He eventually conceded that he had hugely underrated the tourists

However, for those who, like me, have toured Ceylon, the standards were no surprise Indeed I predict that Sri Lanka will soon be beating England because the strength of their college cricket is as formidable as England's is lamentable.

I led MCC sides in matches at Colombo and Kandy in 1970 and '73 One of the loudest roars I have ever heard in cricket was in 1970 when a tall, stringy fellow, a fast bowler called Kehegelamuwa bowled Geoff Boycott second ball We were at the Colombo Oval but the coconuts fell off the trees up at Kandy

I had attended colleges, spoken to the boys at early morning assembly, coached in the nets The emphasis was always on correctness All that was required was experience That is now coming and hopefully the performance put up by Sri Lanka in this Lord's Test will encourage sponsors to come forward and help set up a semi professional game which will ensure a solid international presence

So to Lord's The shape of the match was decided by the perfection of the pitch Bowling was a tough business Another factor which influenced captains against chancy declarations was the loss of 85 minutes of play on the fourth day

There was a poor crowd in attendance but enough to commit some individual performances to memory

I predict that Sri Lanka will soon be beating England because the strength of their college cricket is as formidable as England's is lamentable

for a long time Sidath Wettimuny, the neat Sri Lankan opening batsman, stayed at the crease until the third morning It was an anchor role, yet it never once lost its aesthetic charm.

Wettimuny's finest attacking strokes were the cover drives with the ball played on the up and the sharp flicking shots to leg for fours at square leg or thereabouts. He was a joy to watch, a model for young cricketers and a shock to England.

Ranatunga was 18 years old when I saw him in Sri Lanka's inaugural Test match against England in 1982. The two years and the eleven Test matches experience have made a noticeable difference. Less dashing now and more obviously a fighter, he still launches himself into the most punchy cover drives and damaging square cuts He deserved a century but had to settle for 84.

As if the prolonged, civilised style of Wettimuny was not message enough of Sri Lanka's talents, the captain Duleep Mendis performed an act of extreme virtousity. He scored 111, which included thunderous, lofted drives, magnificent hook shots for six, delicate late cuts and the most controlled fine sweeping of the spinner Pocock

It occurred to me that Pocock was the one link between my own tours to Ceylon and the present day He had been my off-spinner twice, and a very good one too Mendis got 94 in the second innings in similar, brutal style.

Sri Lanka advanced to their 491 runs, but half of the playing time was over Barring collapse, England would draw

England were in fact bowled out for 370 The pitch was excellent still, if a little on the slow side Lamb, 107, was the best batsman but he was missed behind the stumps by Amal Silva. Broad got 86, and he too was dropped twice early on Had Sri Lanka held their catches they would have put greater pressure on England who needed 292 to avoid following on.

They managed it and the game eased gently to its close Amal Silva got a century in the second innings. It was a watchful affair and a splendid achievement in only his second Test.

However, by mid-afternoon on the last day, Botham was bowling extremely slow off spin, Tavare, Fowler, and Lamb turned an arm over, and the events were an anti-climax.

The best of the England bowling was by Botham in the second innings. His first four wickets were taken by excellent swing and seam bowling. By the close he had six wickets and had overtaken Fred Trueman's 307 wickets in Test cricket.

All in all, the match was a triumph for Mendis and the Sri Lankans. They did their nation proud.

Merry island men

Patrick Eagar was there at Lord's when Sri Lanka played its first Test in England this year



"Don't worry, ma, I'll get a century this time," Sidath Wettimuny told his mother before leaving for England. He hit up 190, batting into the third day. "It was an anchor role, yet it never once lost its aesthetic charm" wrote Tony Lewis. "He was a joy to watch, a model for young cricketers and a shock to England."



Duleep Mendis on the way to his first innings hundred. "...an act of extreme virtuosity," wrote Tony Lewis. "He scored 111, which included thunderous, lofted drives, magnificent hook shots for six, delicate late cuts and the most controlled fine sweeping of the spinner Pocock." In the second innings, Mendis made 94.



Ranatunga drives during his 84. "Less dashing now and more obviously a fighter, he still launches himself into the most punchy cover drives and damaging square cuts," opined Tony Lewis.



Protesting against the atrocities on the Tamils in Sri Lanka, a group of young men ran in and lay down on the edge of the wicket just before the first ball of the Test. They did so again after lunch



'England at my feet.' Wettimuny relaxes after an attack of cramps during his 190. From left: David Gower, Graeme Fowler, Wettimuny, and Botham

It all depends on the car

And the people around you, says Alain Prost, this year's champion driver in Formula One Grand Prix racing

ALAIN PROST hardly fits the flamboyant image one might expect of a French motor-racing star. He is a conservative man, whose actions both on and off the track are ruled more by his head than his heart.

He is also in a strong position to prove himself the No. 1 Formula One Grand Prix driver in the world.

Prost and his McLaren team mate Niki Lauda are miles ahead in the drivers' championship, and the little Frenchman went into the Austrian Grand Prix with a four and a half points lead.

It is not a position he seems to relish. Last year, he missed out on the title after leading by a huge 14 points, and, not surprisingly, he is somewhat cagey about his chances this time round.

He agrees that it is a two-horse race, but quickly adds, "I think luck will decide the eventual winner."

Prost has an added incentive. A Frenchman has never won the Championship and, although he now resides in Switzerland, Prost is a great patriot.

"It has been my ambition since a young man to win the title for my country," he smiles. "As the first French champion, I would be at peace."

Prost's move from his native Lyon to the Swiss village of St. Croix, with his pretty blonde wife and two-year-old son Nicolas, was a reluctant one. It was forced upon him, to some extent, by the high taxes imposed by France's socialist government.

His father, a metalworker and panelbeater, was the first person to nurture his interest in racing. When Alain was 14, he built him a kart with which, just three years later, Alain won the French and European Junior Championships.

He then won the Formula Renault title in 1976, the European Formula Renault Championship in 1977 and was Formula Three Champion of France in 1978 and of Europe in 1979.

By that time the Formula One team managers were clamouring for his signature. When the chance did come, however, Prost found life in the fastest lane harder than expected.

"Physically, it was a big problem," he explains. "I was a quick driver, but couldn't adjust to the new time scale. Formula Three races lasted just 25 minutes, whereas Grand Prix were two hours. I suffered terribly from fatigue but, once I had conquered that aspect, my confidence grew."

Just two years after his eye-catching Formula Three triumph in Monaco in 1979, Prost won the French Grand Prix at Dijon for Renault. It was only his 19th Formula One event.

"No, I wasn't surprised to be a winner so soon," he says. "It all depends on the car and the people



Alain Prost takes the chequered flag—a familiar sight this season

around you. At that time Renault were excellent, and the motivation to win in my own country was very strong."

The relationship between Prost and Renault changed last year when Prost—after surprisingly finishing runner-up to Nelson Piquet in the Drivers' Championship—left to join Marlborough-McLaren. Prost publicly blamed "unreliable" Renault for his failure to land the title. The Renault racing team's Director-General, Gerard Larousse, hit back by saying that Prost lacked motivation. "Even if we had won we would have got rid of him," he added.

McLaren are a far cry from a multi-national concern such as Renault. They operate from the English countryside town of Woking and, according to Prost, have more of a "family atmosphere."

"There is a great team spirit," he says. "We are all on first-name terms, and that friendship means there are no petty jealousies. Everyone works for everyone."

He strongly denies that he joined McLaren only because they offered the best chance of him becoming world champion. "I was not *that* disappointed to miss out on the title," he exclaims. "It's only sport".

"Piquet and his Brabham-BMW were simply faster than me. In the end I was forced to concede defeat to a superior opponent and I believe I did so in a sporting manner."

Sport plays a great part in Prost's life. It is his living and also his main means of relaxation. He is a golf fanatic and plays regularly with fellow Formula One driver Jacques Laffitte. Together, they won a course near the race circuit at Magny Cours in France and, although the 29-year-old Frenchman is a relative newcomer to the game, he has become very good very quickly.

A small man, with jockey-like, bandy legs, he is incredibly fit. As a teenager he considered a career in professional football with crack Lyon side St. Etienne. Although motor racing took over, he still has a strong affinity with his soccer heroes and is an enthusiastic collector of programmes and mementoes relating to the club. When he has time, he likes nothing more than to watch them from the stands.

For the moment, though, Prost's concentration is focussed on one main event—the world motor racing championship.

In the last Grand Prix, at Hockenheim, West Germany on August 5, the gnomic Prost showed a degree of adaptability which many people felt he lacked.

His car broke a fuel pump near the end of a warm-up lap, forcing a lightning-quick change to a spare machine. The replacement was no match for the original, yet Prost drove well enough not only to edge Lauda out of first place, but also set a new lap record of 1 minute 53.538 seconds at the Hockenheim track, at speeds of over 131 mph.

"I thought of the Austrian race throughout the race in Germany," Prost admits. "Niki was sure to have a good day at Austria, and I knew I had to be points ahead. I felt that, had I lost at Hockenheim, I would have forfeited the world champion's crown."

One tries to press him further—and he retreats into a typically impassive mood. Is he nervous? He doesn't know. Will he win? He doesn't know. How good is Lauda? That is not for him to say.

There are three of the 16 Grand Prix remaining. At the Austrian Grand Prix, Prost did not figure among the winners and it was Niki Lauda who took the flag. But, at the Dutch Grand Prix recently held at Zandvoort, it was Alain Prost in full cry. He drove to victory and the Grand Prix Drivers' Championship with Niki Lauda taking second place.



The runner-up and the winner—Niki Lauda and Alain Prost seem quite satisfied

More Commonwealth sides, more memories

Pearson Surita remembers



FRANK WORRELL was the dominating figure on the second Commonwealth tour although Jack Ikin, with an average of under 90 in the five 'Tests', played impressively throughout, gaining in stature and composure as the tour progressed. Ninety-six and 111 in the Calcutta match, 110 and 86 at Madras and 49 and 63 at Kanpur speak volumes.

The side included Les Ames, Gimblett and Fishlock, Tribe and Dooland, Ken Grieves, the great Ramadhin, Derek Shackleton, Frank Ridgway *et al.* What more could the most demanding Indian spectator want?

Two incidents which occurred in the course of the Calcutta portion of the tour, which I am sure have gone unrecorded, will I feel, provide some amusement for the reader.

The first happened on Christmas Day, the second day of the match against the West Bengal XI, on which the visitors had gone off to lunch as guests of the Calcutta Cricket Club at their traditional Christmas Day lunch at Ballygunge.

The official lunch break over at Eden Gardens, there was an embarrassing pause. The pre-lunch not out Bengal batsmen were pacing the pavilion but there was no sign of any opposition to accompany them out to the middle for a bit of cricket! Eventually two or three stragglers (of Asia!) arrived and proceedings commenced. A spectacular picture. Two Indians batting, an Englishman keeping wicket and an Englishman and an Australian bowling and eight Indians fielding.

However, things slowly sorted themselves out. One by one brown face was replaced by white. The match continued and was won by the visitors by nine wickets and *before* lunch on the third day, which was probable a good thing, leaving two schools of thought as to whether the three days over Christmas were the best time for an important game of cricket.

The premature ending and the fact that there was a gap of a further three days before the "Test" led to certain members of the Commonwealth side being invited up to Cooch Behar by the popular Maharaja, Bhaiya, for a day at his Palace and a possible leopard shoot. Those daring to accept were Messrs. Grieves, Tribe, George Emmett, Dooland and Barlow.

A good time was had by all but a long trek on elephant back into the State jungle failed to rustle up a leopard but late that night our host draped a large tiger skin over George Tribe, who went crawling into Alf Barlow's bedroom to which the occupant had retired somewhat earlier than us pleading a headache. Simulated roars were soon drowned by shreiks from the hapless victim until we all trooped in to give the show away.



Frank Worrell (left) and Vijay Merchant, rival captains, before one of the 'Tests.'

Propriety forbids me to record Alf's physical reaction to the whole episode!

The winter of 1953-54 saw the last of these entertaining sides to come out. This was a team led by Ben Barnett, the Australian wicket-keeper, which the Board of Control had invited to this country to contribute to the celebration of its 25th anniversary. In no way did it measure up to the strength or attractiveness of its predecessors.

Worrell and Ramadhin were again with us but only for a while for both had to go back home where M.C.C. were touring. Reg Simpson also departed after the third "Test" and the visiting side thereafter, in spite of replacements in the persons of the unorthodox bowler, Iverson, and Charles Barnett, who, by the way, had been in India 25 years earlier with D.R. Jardine's England side, was reduced to still greater mediocrity.

However, the series turned out to be an interesting one and it was fun broadcasting on the three or four matches to which I was invited. This was to be the last of these pleasant visits by teams made up of mainly pleasant players all having a 'go' for the fun of it. India was now fully launched on the international scene and visits from New Zealand and Australia were around the corner and so much more else to come besides.

But cricket's historians will perhaps pay a little tribute, as I have sought to do, to the value of these visits by unofficial venturers from England, the West Indies and Australia in building up interest and enthusiasm for the game in India and providing some sort of foundation on which to build up future Indian sides. And a greater one to the late Sri Frank Worrell who gave ample evidence of his dedication to the cause of the sport in this country by coming and playing before us on as many as three occasions.

Continued next week



We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs should be accompanied by their negatives, which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for.

US Open trivia

THE US Open, the third jewel in tennis's Grand Slam, has been dominated by Americans ever since it was moved to the hard courts of the US Tennis Association's National Tennis Centre.

Since the tournament was shifted from the West Side Tennis Club to the concrete and asphalt courts of Flushing Meadows in 1978, only five players (Borg, Connors, McEnroe, Lendl and Gerulaitis) have reached the finals of the men's singles. Since then the tournament has been the sole monopoly of the two left-handed Americans, John McEnroe, who won in 1979, '80, '81 and '84, and Jimmy Connors the winner in 1978, '82 and '83. Since the shift in venue, only two non-Americans have reached the zenith of the championship match—Borg in 1978, '80 and '81 and Ivan Lendl in '82, '83 and '84.

The last foreigner to have won the title was Argentina's Guillermo Vilas, 'the poet of the Pampas' who took the title in 1977.

In the women's singles the American domination is even more complete with either Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, or Tracy Austin reaching the final and winning in the last nine years--Evert-Lloyd winning six times. Lloyd this year reached her 14th successive semi-final and tenth US Open final.

SINCE the beginning of the seeding system in 1972, there has been only one case when a mother-and-daughter combination has been able to earn seeding. May Sutton Bundy, the first non-British winner at Wimbledon in 1905, was seeded at the Open in 1928 and '29.

Her daughter, Dorothy Bundy Cheney, was seeded ten times between 1937 and 1955. There has been no example of a father-son combination earning seeding at the Open.

Since the introduction of regular seeding there have been twenty-two matches in the men's singles final which have matched the top two seeds. In the women's singles there have been 23 such clashes.

KEN ROSEWALL holds the record for champions with the greatest number of years between their first and last titles. He first won in 1956 and his last title was in 1970—a gap of 14 years.

Mola B. Mallory holds this record in the women's section with a gap of 11 years between her first (1915) and last (1926) titles.

Jimmy Connors is close to Rosewall's record for he won his first US title in 1974. Ironically, in 1974 Connors had overcome none other than Rosewall in the final, in which there were only 20 games, the least number of games played at an US Open final. Connors walked away with the title winning 6-1, 6-0, 6-1.

Connors also holds an unique record in US Open competition and one that will probably never be matched, leave alone broken. He is the only player, be it male or female, to have won the singles championships on three different surfaces.

In 1974 Connors won on grass at Forest Hills, in 1976 on the clay court (Har-Tru) then in use at the West Side Tennis Club and in 1978 at the present venue he won on the hard court surface (Deco Turf II).

EVERY major tennis tournament has a dark horse who comes from nowhere (well, actually from the qualifying rounds) to upset the seeds. This year at the Open, the hero was one Robert Green. This six-foot four-inch, 24-year-old is ranked 132nd in the world. He made it to the fourth round. He came through the qualifying rounds and then went on to beat Tim Wilkison, Juan Aguilera and John Fitzgerald in the tournament proper.

Green had made his debut on the Grand Prix circuit just two months prior to the start of the Open. He might have even gone further had he not met up with John McEnroe, the world no. 1, in the fourth round. In McEnroe, Green faced a man who had lost just two of his 64 matches this year and who had lost only 12 games in the three matches he had played before meeting the surprise of the tourney.

DURING the 34 years the US National men's singles were contested at the Newport Casino, virtually all the tournaments were played on August dates, then the height of the social season in what was known as "The Queen of Watering Places" although the water to which they referred was usually adulterated and bottled.

As a convenience to the patrons of the Casino, the Reading Room, and other Newport gathering spots, the matches were generally held in the morning so as not to interfere with the plans for the rest of the day and to allow plenty of time for preparations for the evening's activities.

When the event was shifted to New York in 1915, the reverse condition prevailed and the dates were moved back to late August and early September so that folks visiting places in the country would have time to get back for the tennis championships.

Also, the general scheduling of matches was in the afternoon once the larger field of the earlier rounds were eliminated, rather than the morning hours of the seaside resort of Newport.

Andy O'Brien



Jimmy Connors



Chris Evert Lloyd

United States Open Tennis

The revenge of John McEnroe

What else did you expect?

Even more sensational than the semi-final showing of Pat Cash was the manner in which McEnroe regained the title and demolished his closest rivals, Jimmy Connors and Ivan Lendl, in the bargain. Capacity crowds roared their approval at the quality of competition in the dying stages of the tournament. There was brilliant tennis of the highest standard, but what New York really wanted was to see some new heroes and heroines. The tickets for the finals were sold out months in advance, but it would have been ideal if the US Open had thrown up a couple of new stars. **George K. George** reports from Flushing Meadow



It had everything that one of the most prestigious sporting events of the world could possibly have An enormous purse sellout crowds a galaxy of stars past and present surprises and upsets nostalgia and glamour human drama and superhuman heroics

The Meadows looked more beautiful than ever and the late summer weather could not have been more glorious Almost all the leading players congregated at the annual ritual and thousands of tennis pilgrims came to pay homage to them Yet despite the twin triumphs of McEnroe and Navratilova something was missing from the very first day

Even a casual visitor to the US Open could have sensed it The sense of the unknown was missing Even before the first toss was won on the stadium court the final outcome seemed to be obvious

It did not matter whether Jimmy Connors John McEnroe or Ivan Lendl won the men's championship Nor did it make too much difference if one of the women could do the virtually impossible by beating Martina Navratilova The sense of competition was distant The Meadows looked like a battleground under truce

Everyone could feel it yet it was hard to put in words John McEnroe came close to summarising the essence of it after his opening match of the tournament 'It's been three years since Borg retired and people are still talking about him McEnroe observed That should tell you something If we had a few more guys (like him) it would be better for tennis I think there is a kind of lull right now No players seem to have risen in the last two years McEnroe – as usual had hit the nail on the head

'I'm not saying there's no competition he continued But there seems to be a gap I think the problem is that the players today have everything handed to them on a silver platter at a young age Then they move up where it is much harder and they are not used to it

There is a lot on the platters at the US Open The prize money is 2 557,667 dollars The singles champions McEnroe and Navratilova, took home 160,000 dollars each Compare that to 1968 when the total purse was a mere 100 000 dollars

Five million dollars are collected annually at the gate from almost 430 000 people who flock to the Meadows Broadcasting revenues bring in –on a conservative estimate another five million dollars Sponsors account for over two million, with 25 of them contributing 50 000 dollars apiece The organisers are likely to end up with a minimum profit of nine million dollars this year Tickets one of the barometers of success, were available only for four of the 23



Vitas Gerulaitis, beloved son of New York and an overwhelming local hero, was assisted by photographers when he fell into a flower box, but he could find little other inspiration besides

sessions on the opening day The last three days were sold out months in advance

Finally, there was a refreshing touch of green at the Meadows, which used to look like a desert in concrete The pine oaks and the sycamores have sprung up and the flower beds all round are full of brilliant colour The international food village and the grove look greener and prettier than ever The seating and sanitation facilities have improved, while the colourful tents all around provide a multi hued backdrop for the outside courts

People have been converging on this tournament from all over Year by year, their numbers seem to be increasing Tickets have become a rare commodity, even during the early rounds Parking and food have become increasingly expensive, with souvenirs and memorabilia getting dearer every year

Nonetheless, attendance at the Open has become a social affair for all kinds of people The sections close to the stadium court have been allotted to the corporate sponsors, for ordinary folks just can't buy any of those seats But at the grandstand and the thirteen other playing courts, they can sit close to the sidelines and watch their favourites

The weather was by and large magnificent except for a solitary rainy evening Not that it mattered, for very few matches of significance were scheduled at night The late August and early September days were warm and humid as usual, but the nights were cool The crowds on the move seldom noticed the heat Assorted distractions, such as the desynchronised orchestra of the trains and planes, hardly mattered, for they have become an integral part of the surroundings Hardly anyone talks about those distractions any more

The draw of the US Open Championships could be the envy of any tournament organiser Most able bodied humans in the tennis business showed up here to compete in the juniors, seniors, over-35 or the regular age bracket tournaments They range from kids of 14 to Fred Stolle, Billie Jean King, Betty Stove and even Bobby Riggs

The only well-known men who didn't show up were Yannick Noah, who withdrew due to injury and Jose Higueras who is not too fond of the US circuit Right now he is only twenty-sixth on the ATP rankings Tracy Austin, Andrea Jaeger and Ivanna Madruga were missing among the women Altogether 128 men and 128 women in singles and 64 pairs each in doubles, 47 junior boys and 38 junior girls and dozens of seniors make the draw a veritable "Who's Who" of tennis

There were 59 of the world's leading men players in the tournament,



Ilie Nastase, as [illegible]ing and irreverent as ever, made his last singles appearance and claimed that he would have missed his own wedding if he had made it to the semi finals



Aaron Krickstein, at seventeen, was the youngest seed in the men's singles since the tournament was thrown open

while only nine of the top 135 were absent. All but two of the 114 top-ranked women entered the singles, with 26 Americans in the top fifty. Among the men, the number of foreign players has increased. The Swedes, the French and the Australians have been invading the Open steadily and their presence has never been felt in the seeding list as it was this year.

John McEnroe has become calmer and wiser, but in the quarter finals he gave glimpses of his old, militant self. Ivan Lendl, who lost in straight sets to McEnroe in the final, tried hard to smile in front of the television cameras and the crowds. These men have only one complaint—their work has of late been much easier than in previous years. Martina Navratilova and Chris Evert-Lloyd couldn't agree more.

That, then, is the lull that John McEnroe is talking about. The fire is missing altogether. Some top challengers were commissioned by the media to make things exciting but the most popular of them—Noah—didn't even show up. Even if he had, he could not have done much under the circumstances. Vitas Gerulaitis, at long last, seemed to have got his act together on court, but he got himself into an unwarranted controversy with Martina and distracted himself to such an extent that he disappeared out of the competition. A purposeful Andres Gomez and a bunch of his devoted fans were responsible for the elimination of the local New York hero.

Young Ken Flach, who pushed out Vijay Amritraj in the second round, had already pushed Gerulaitis to his limits in the third round and he should have read the writing on the wall. But Gomez, the dark horse of the tournament, could not survive the fury of Ivan Lendl and the atmosphere of the Grandstand.

Jimmy Arias and Mats Wilander represented the opposition at its best. Arias became a victim of his own temperament and succumbed to Gene Mayer. Johan Kriek fell to John Lloyd through impatience and Mats Wilander was unlucky to meet Pat Cash at his best. On another day, Wilander could have conquered the tough Aussie who also put him out at Wimbledon.

Among the women, the loyal opposition consisted of Pam Shriver and Kathy Jordan. Both women fell earlier than expected, while Wendy Turnbull did not have to do anything unusual to upset a distracted Shriver. Helena Sukova, the unseeded Czech, surprised Jordan and the young Lisa Bonder, the fifth and ninth seeds, respectively. Jo Durie was buried on the first day and Hana Mandlikova committed suicide in the quarter-finals.

The only other major threat in Martina's half was Claudia Kohde-Kilsch of West Germany, who had started her campaign with the elimination of Kathy Rinaldi. She ultimately ended up as another Turnbull victim. Martina took care of a brave Sukova and a spirited Turnbull, while young Carling Bassett fought viral infections and strong opposition, to give a touch of youth to the last rounds of the competition.

Some wonder kids with large reputations had also journeyed to the Meadows to create upsets, but failed. Paul Annacone and Karina Carlsson, who had thrilled Wimbledon, disappeared on the first day. India's Ramesh Krishnan took care of Annacone while unknown Patty Fendick disposed of Sweden's glamour girl.

Stefan Edberg was singled out by

the media to upset McEnroe, but the Swedish teenager gave no glimpse of his Olympic gold performance and was massacred mercilessly. Aaron Krickstein, the 17-year-old giant-killer of 1983 survived Bruce Manson's experience in the opening match of the tournament before falling to Greg Holmes, who had humiliated Guillermo Vilas last year. Three other seeded Swedes, Henrick Sundstrom, Anders Jarryd and Joakim Nystrom failed to pull off any upsets.

There were a few surprises, but they were hardly anything when compared with the past couple of years. Bob Green, a player who worked his way into the tournament through the qualifying rounds, got past the Spaniard Aguilera and Aussie John Fitzgerald to earn a fourth round berth against McEnroe. Gene Mayer took himself to the quarter finals, past Arias and Smid, before surrendering to the McEnroe assault. John Lloyd was the closest to a miracle as he breezed past the likes of Peter Flemming, Johan Kriek and the hard-hitting Sundstrom, but Connors defused him in style.

Bassett, Kohde-Kilsch and Sukova were certainly the surprises of the women's draw but the honours for upsets went to Wendy Turnbull of Australia, who was blessed by the luck of the draw up to the third round. That apart, her fourth round win over Kohde-Kilsch and the quarter final upset of Shriver were remarkable feats.

There were many talented teenaged girls around. Olympic champion Steffi Graf of West Germany; Gabriela Sabatini of Argentina, the cutest kid to appear on the scene since Kathy Rinaldi; Annabel Croft of Great Britain, Manuela Maleeva of Bulgaria and Stephanie Rehe showed up at the women's matches only to be executed by the more experienced women.

Some of the teen sensations of the past were around as well. Andrea Temesvari, the blonde in pink, from Hungary, did not get too far in singles, doubles or mixed doubles. But she certainly made the most attractive doubles pair in the company of Carling Bassett. Andrea Leand and Kathy Rinaldi did their best before losing gracefully, while Zina Garrison had a fair tournament.

Then there were the veterans. Ilie Nastase earned a wild card for his last appearance as a singles player. He says he would have missed his wedding date, had he made it to the semi finals. Bob Lutz, Stan Smith, Kim Warwick, Mark Edmondson and Co. only appeared in the doubles. Betty Stove took her shot at the doubles as usual, while Billie Jean King teamed up with Chris Evert and went as far as the third round. But the veterans were unable to create any major waves.



Mats Wilander lost yet again to Pat Cash, just as he had at Wimbledon this year in June

John McEnroe, then, is right. There is indeed a lull here. There is a gap between the top three men and the rest. There is an even wider gap between Martina and Chris on the one hand and the rest of the women on the other. Talent is plentiful, but champions are few.

The void created by men like Borg, Vilas, Tanner, Gottfried and Nastase have not been filled. All these men—except Borg—showed up as usual, but they were just sad reminders of a bygone era. The Open will never be same until Noah, Wilander, Edberg, Cash, Arias and a couple of others can close that gap.

The only curiosity is Jimmy Connors, the man who refuses to be buried at the ripe young age of 32.

So you want to be a champion jockey, do you?

It's a life of blood, sweat and possibly cheers

Adi Davar proves that being a jockey is no easy ride

NEVER in the history of sport is the fate and fortune of so many decided at the hands of so few Seldom has any sportsman been deliriously cheered and idolised one moment and booed the next These men are jockeys Today, they are among the highest paid athletes in the world

They earn their keep crouched over the back of a 475 kilogram thoroughbred, riding their hearts out in an endeavour to win Bunched up with about ten and sometimes twenty horses, unable to stop in an emergency and travelling at an average speed of 35 to 40 kilometres per hour, the jockey strives– with steel nerved precision –to avoid getting his mount bumped by other horses, something which could cost him the race and maybe even his life

Horse racing, which has often been called the sport of kings, is today the largest spectator sport in the world. Fortunes have been wagered to be won, but more often than not they are lost, with the result that racing is aptly referred to as a mug's game. Eminent men have been ruined, others driven to suicide as they watch their lifetime's earnings flit out of their hands in a span of a little under two and a half minutes With that sort of money involved, it is not hard to understand why a jockey can be placed on a pedestal at two o'clock in the afternoon and rubbed into the dirt a little later It leaves no doubt at all that a jockey is as good (in the eyes of enthusiasts) as the last race he has ridden.

What do you need to become a jockey? Well, the ideal blend would be a person who stands under 5' 4", weighs approximately 48 kg; has the strength of a man twice his size and weight, and the raw courage and determination to fight and overcome some of the most incredible hardships faced by an athlete. And although winning and losing matter, each time he gets astride a horse, it is his life that is on the line.

To people not closely associated with the turf, the life of a jockey has the appearance of being roses all the way A life of romance and easy living. They couldn't be further off the mark. For most riders, it is a never-ending period of blood, sweat, and—possibly– cheers It is a hard grind before you reach the top and until one gets there, life can be far from pleasant.

The biggest hurdle any jockey faces is the weight problem. He must at times weigh less than 49 kg. That includes a pair of waferthin hand-crafted boots, straps for the horse's girth, a saddle and a set of rubber reins



V. Shinde: India's leading rider

To lose extra weight when necessary—and also to strengthen his legs—he will jog over a mile and a half every day. Then he singes himself in the hot box. For lunch he allows himself half a lemon; even a drink of water or black unsweetened coffee would temporarily add costly grams. At the end of his fatiguing day, he "feasts" on squash, string beans, broiled fish and a glass of water mixed with electral to avoid dehydration. Failure to tip the scales at just the right weight could mean the loss of thousands of rupees when a lighter man gets his ride instead.

That's what a jockey's life is all about Have you ever tried wasting? Not just normal, gradual slimming down to your correct weight, watching the weighing machine and counting the calories. But wasting when you are really fit, down to an absolute minimum, when every pore has yielded its last drop of moisture in the hothouse, when your mouth is as dry as the Sahara sands, when you suffer from agonising cramps to make sure you stay at the necessary weight.

It is physical as well as mental torture. Fred Archer, one of the greatest nineteenth century English riders shot himself in 1886 as he was losing a lifelong battle against weight. Moel Mifflin a 30-year-old Australian rider, died in an Adelaide sauna bath just fifteen years ago, a victim of jockey's disease—wasting. Ferocious laxatives, dehydrating pills and turkish baths can get your weight down when you are fit, but your system is bound to suffer in the long run.

The Indian, being of small stature and slight build, does not always have the grave weight problem that plagues jockeys in the West. But many Indian jockeys are periodically subjected to the rigours of a spartan diet.



Jockey Steve Cauthen crashes heavily as his mount slips during a race. Cauthen had a lucky escape from injury

A classic example would probably be Richard Alford, a jockey-turned-trainer. Based originally in Calcutta, he had a great deal of trouble to maintain a riding weight of 53 kg. Six months after he had hung up his boots to become a trainer he weighed 65 kg. That ought to tell you just how difficult it must have been for him to keep his weight down as a jockey.

Because of the all-important weight factor, a jockey's only protection is the skull helmet worn inside his cap. Indeed, no other athlete faces such enormous hazards with so little protective equipment.

But a jockey does not succeed by merely defying risk. He must combine raw courage with remarkable skill and understanding during every second of the race. He must have a wide repertoire of tactics and the ability to read the faintest messages transmitted by his horse.

For example, a jockey named Naresh Engineer came to ride a horse Apar Shakti who never jumped out level from the starting stalls. He would wait till the other horses had gone about 30 metres before condescendingly stepping out.

Engineer found that on being stalled, the horse would get extremely tense, as a result of which any normal rider would tighten his hold on the reins. But the minute that was done, the horse would lose all interest in the start. Engineer, therefore, would tighten his hold on the reins well before Apar Shakti was put into the gates, and as a result the horse always took a level start with him, and went on to win an important race in Calcutta as well.

Vasant Shinde, today ranked as India's leading rider and the only Indian to have won in international competition outside the country, is a standing example of a rags to riches saga. Shinde hailed from one of the poorest families in Matheran, a small hill station near Bombay. Forced into working from a very early age, he used to work as a syce (handler) looking after a particular individual's ponies and horses. Every year he was brought down to Bombay sometime in April, along with the ponies which were then run in gymkhana races where they were ridden by amateur riders.

One particular afternoon, he was observed standing in a corner of the race course crying copiously. Quite a few people knew him by this time, for he was riding as an amateur and had won a few races.

A passerby took pity on the boy and asked him what was the matter. "I'm hungry" replied the lad in Marathi.

"Well" retorted his benefactor, "why don't you ask Bujbul to give you something"?

"He takes no notice of me," replied Vasant, "and beats me up when I

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bother him "

"How much do you want?" asked the man

"Four Annas" said Vasant

"Four Annas! What will that get you?"

"It will buy me a loaf of bread and that's all I need to fill my stomach "

That ought to give you some indication of what life was like for him during his early years Today he earns nothing under Rs 2,50,000 per annum A jockey gets ten per cent of the stake money won in every race, plus a riding fee of Rs 200 per horse he rides In 1981 82, Vasant rode as many as 187 horses, of which 77 were winners He is now on a comfortable wicket, you might say, but he has to work extremely hard to stay there

In India the top race riders are relatively unknown to the masses, quite unlike their counterparts in the West, like Sir Gordon Richards, Lester Piggott and Bill Shoemaker whose names have become legendary Appearing repeatedly on television, they have their opinions splashed right across the headlines on the sports pages of all daily newspapers Perhaps the media in this country are partially responsible for this failing, for they still look upon racing as a major vice

In places like England, Australia and the United States, top class jockeys are churned out at the rate of at least two a year In India, however, a champion only emerges once every five years Men like Vasant Shinde and Karl Umrigar are few and far between

Once a jockey reaches the top, he can stay there without too much trouble by way of competition A man like Jagdish, one of the best Indian riders of the last two decades, is now 51 but he's still riding and is well entrenched as a leading jockey

New talent just doesn't seem to spring up overnight as it did in the case of Karl Umrigar In this country, boys only seem to become jockeys as a last resort In England they live to become jockeys and great ones at that

Karl Umrigar for instance would spend every spare minute practising the use of the whip He would crouch astride a couple of pillows on his bed, hook a set of reins on to the bedpost and imagine that he was riding out a race. He'd whip away for hours on end, using the stick in both hands until it became an extension of his arm

When he finally became a jockey at the age of 15, experts just couldn't believe how complete a rider he was His hours crouched over those pillows now held him in good stead Not only had those sessions taught him how to use the whip, but they had helped him perfect that balance that is so essential to keep a tired horse on an even keel



Piggott: a legend in his lifetime

Once while riding a piping hot favourite in Bangalore, his saddle slipped during the race The next day he was to ride a horse named Royal Tern in the Bangalore Derby Anybody else would have pulled his horse to a stop and dismounted, rather than risk serious injury and perhaps his life

Not Karl He kicked his legs out of the stirrups, brought them up to rest on the horse's back in front of him. Then sitting with his knees drawn up in front of him, he rode Pink Passion to a spectacular victory The ovation he got that day far exceeded what he got the next afternoon when he won the Derby on Royal Tern

He showed time and again that he had a way with problem horses, but the story that remains most vivid in the mind was the day he won on a filly named Tintilla She hated the sight of Karl She could not stand the sight of any jockey for that matter But to Karl she was a special challenge. Every morning he would religiously get on her, talk to her sweetly and take her for a round of the course. This used to become a regular battle and at times Tintilla would suddenly stop in the middle of the track swishing her tail and refusing to budge On one such occasion, Karl and she both remained motionless for almost half an hour, neither ready to back down, before she gave in and carried on Nobody else could have been as patient with her as the boy and eventually she rewarded his efforts by winning the only race of her career for him. Here was a boy destined to go places. He was the racegoers' best friend "When in doubt, put your money on Umrigar" became their watchword And Karl rarely let them down In 1978-79 he booted home 54 winners at Bombay from a total of just 144 rides A record number of wins in a season and a record that will probably never be surpassed

Then fate reared its ugly head, and on the last day of the Bombay Winter Season in 1978-79 Karl met with an accident in a race His lungs collapsed and although he fought as tenaciously for his life as he had for so many of his victories, his injuries proved fatal. Racing accidents are part and parcel of every jockey's career A man like Jayantilal, one of the many average riders in India, had a nasty fall while riding in a race at Ooty last April He was badly hurt, lapsed into a coma and was hospitalised for over three months Hardly was he out of hospital than he was back in the saddle and since then he has come back to ride quite a few winners

Compared to countries like England and America, the accident rate for jockeys in India is low and fatality close to negligible, but that is only because the number of jockeys in India compared to those two countries, is marginal If one were to take a percentage ratio, it would in all probability work out the same

Why such devotion to what must surely be the most hazardous and gruelling job in sports? A difficult question to answer But when the gates clang open and the whine of the course commentator announces "They're off," it embraces a vague undercurrent of something that seems suspiciously like excitement, a thin wedge of emotion in the hard slab of phlegmatic cheese. You're in a world of your own and as the American jockey Mike Venezia put it, "Who else gets eight or nine chances a day to feel you're on top of the world?"

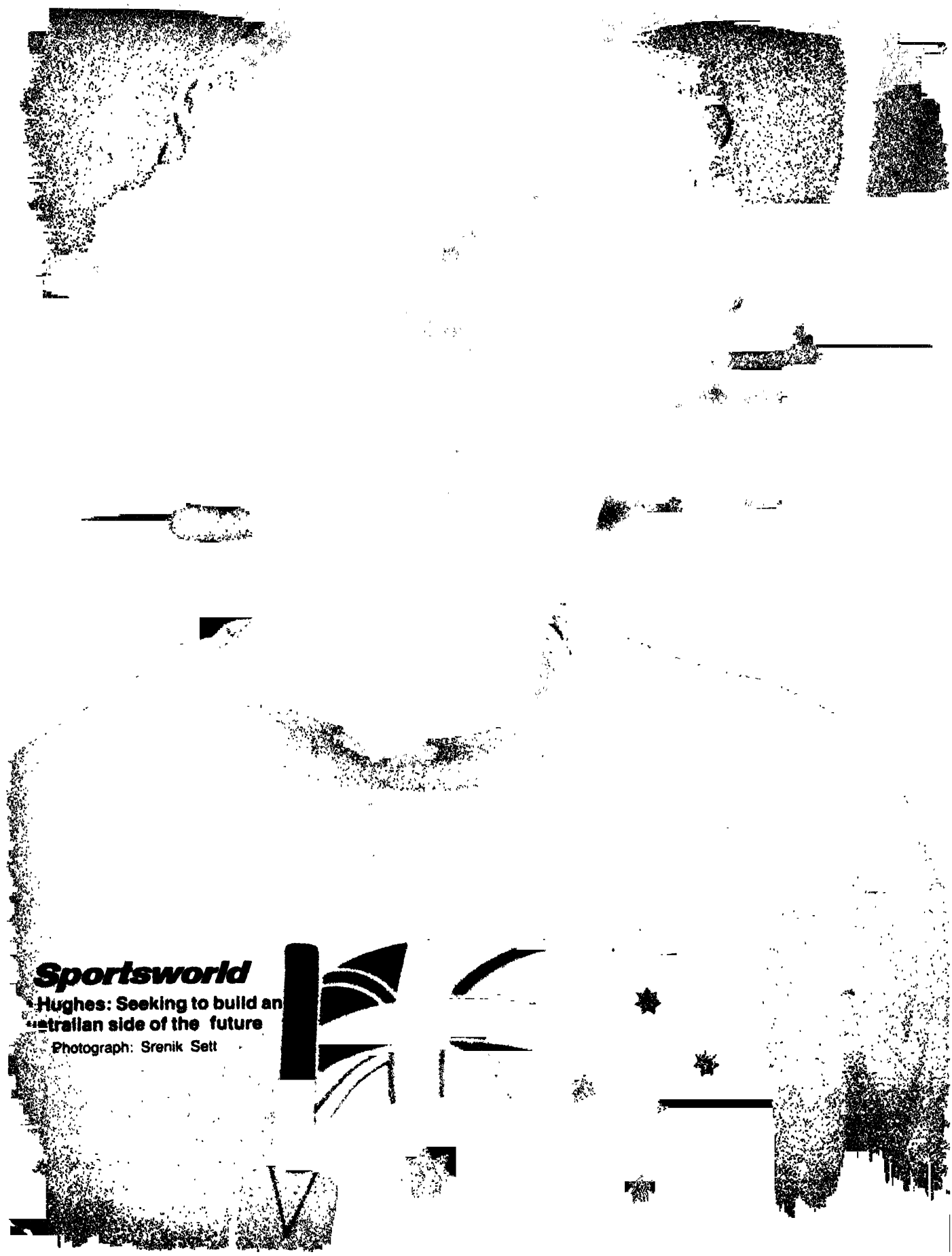




Sportsworld

Chris Lloyd: Now that her marital problems have been sorted out, can she put her career back on the rails?

Photograph Colorsport



Sportsworld

Hughes: Seeking to build an ...etralian side of the future

Photograph: Srenik Sett

Olympic Barometer

In our issue of 15th August 1984, we had carried an Opinion Poll to study the reactions of readers to existing Olympic controversies. The response was overwhelming. We thank readers for their participation. The results are published below

1. The Olympic Games
should be thrown 'open' to professionals to ensure a higher standard of competition...**58.66%**
of the respondents agreed with this
should continue to debar professionals from competing ...**14.66%**
should temporarily be barred for professionals, though the matter ought to be brought up for serious thought and discussion a few years from now ...**26.66%**

2. The distinction between amateurs and professionals
is really a 'sham' as amateurs get paid some way or the other...**48%**
exists for real in its truest sense... **18.66%**
is neither total nor negligible ...**30.66%**
can't decide... **2.66%**

3. The reason, you feel, why Russia boycotted the Los Angeles Games was
in retaliation of the US boycott of the Moscow Olympics in 1980 even though it was not officially stated to be so ...**65.33%**
because Russia risked exposure of their athletes to the capitalist American social structure and feared 'defections'...**16%**
because they genuinely felt that the security at the LA Olympics would not be enough to ensure safety of their athletes...**18.66%**

4. In this Games boycott, the Russians
themselves were the losers as they would have got a fine opportunity of underlining their superiority on alien soil...**61.33%**
emerged as the moral victors as they succeeded in 'robbing' the Games of its competitive keenness...**26.66%**
neither gained nor lost anything...**12%**

5. As regards the venues in future, the Olympics should not be hosted by any of the Super Powers...**38.66%**
be held only in Greece...**34.66%**
only be hosted by countries of the Third World...**20%**
can't decide...**6.66%**

6. The utility of the Olympic Games these days is
in its promotion of international peace and understanding... **57.33%**
that it can be used as a convenient platform for countries to advertise their political ideologies...**34.66%**
hardly significant. Hence, a waste ...**8%**

7. In the selection wrangle over the composition of the Indian squad for the Los Angeles Games, do you feel
that the athletes who did not eventually make it were unjustified in protesting ...**6.66%**
it was the result of yet another case of bungling by officials...**64%**
it is difficult to say anything...**29.33%**

8. The reason why India failed to produce a gold winning athlete in the Olympics is
non-awareness of sport among the millions...**28%**
because of the policy of the ruling body, who have failed to encourage and motivate the young...**68%**
quite simply, poverty...**4%**

9. In the light of India bidding for the 1996 Games in Delhi, one feels that
it would be financially very rewarding as well in terms of international prestige, and as such should be hosted...**36%**
it would be a colossal waste, and with so many other pressing problems, unduly extravagant... **29.33%**
it would be too early to commit ourselves as the decision could quite easily be over-ruled by the political party next coming to power... **32%**
it is difficult to say anything...**2.66%**

10. Zola Budd, a South African by birth who was allowed a change in nationality only in March, is participating in Los Angeles for Britain. In future athletes from South Africa, who go in for similar switches in their nationality
should not be allowed to participate, as they would, as was said for Budd, "be running in her heart for South Africa."...**21.33%**
such conversions in nationalities should be freely permitted to allow South African individuals exposure and free mixing in international events...**52%**
such athletes should be requested not to take part as the event would always run the risk of being boycotted by the African nations...**25.33%**
can't decide...**1.33%**

We thank the following readers for having taken part in the Opinion Poll F.S. Kharchanoy, Saud Sontaw, Apurba Dutta and Rajib Dutta Majumder (all from Shillong), D.K. Swaminathan and Belinda Fernandez (Madras), R.P. Mistry (Bombay), Chacko Jacob K. (Kottayam), Priyabrata Sen (Dibrugarh), A Dutta, Sanjay Chodanker (Carmona), Mehzol Hibo and Debraj Sen (Kohima), Bhuban Baruah, Samar Rajkumar (Jorhat), Durba Bhattacharjee (Itanagar), George Tharakan (Calicut), Dipa Sinha (Gaya), Bhupendrasinh Gohil (Baroda), Sharad Kadam (Virar), Amin Sayed (Dandeli), Jayan R. (Itanagar), Rajeeb Chakravarti (Darjeeling), Anil Poduval (Sambalpur), B. Lalhmingliana (Patiala), Malla Appadu (Visakhapatnam), S.N. Panda (Sundargarh), Ayodhyanath Misra (Jeypore), Indranil Chatterjee (Shibpur), Chandra Shekhar Ojha, Susobhan Banerjee (Mozilpur), Raj Kumar Singh (Bettiah), Chitranajan Agarwal (Chandigarh), S. Srinivasaraju (Kakinada), Md Hasnain (Katihar), N.C. Chakravarti (Nanded), Anil Jadhav (Amravati), Jadu Das (Silchar), A.K. Singh (Nayagaon), Sachin Singh Baghel (Bilaspur), Subrata Chatterjee (Bargarh), N.K. Goenka (Sitamarhi), Dhiren Kumar Sinha (Jalpaiguri), Sundaram Srivatsan (Amritsar), N.S. Ayyar, Hemant Taparia, S. Ray, R.C. Dutta, Gautam Basu, Tapen Nath, Md. Shakil, Debasis Bhattacharya, Ipsita Ghosh, Kalyan Ghosh, Sandip K. Roy, Mudit Kr. Agarwal, Shouvik Dutta, Basudev Mitra, Tanima Mitra and Ashok Churiwal (all from Calcutta), Ananta Krishna, M.G. Sampath Kumar and K.R. Balasubramaniam (all from Bangalore), H.C. Sharma (Jalgaon), Barry Birdsturgeon (Indore), Kamal Kumar (Saharanpur), Saumitra Choudhury, S. Radha and R.S. Rajan (all from New Delhi), V.K. Vachani (Dehra Dun), Nabanita Banerjee (Patna), Radhakrishnan C.P. (Jaipur), S.K. Ghosh (Chandrapur), K.N. Mohapatra (Balangir), Rajib Sutradhar (Nanganallur), Chandan Mahanta (Nowgong), Bijit Baruah (Assam), S.K. Das (Sunitpur) and R.K. Agarwal (Jamshedpur).

A thriller at Epsom Downs

Adi Davar

THOSE of the old school have been heard to protest, and with good reason, that propaganda and hype, play too big a part in racing and breeding these days. I do not doubt the truth of that remark, but so long as we keep running the races and subjecting the breed to the test, we may still hope that a measure of sanity and realism will prevail.

Many would have had one believe that the 205th Derby, richest in the series and the first to be commercially sponsored (by Eveready) was a foregone conclusion for undefeated El Gran Senor, the latest in a string of champions developed at Ballydoyle by master trainer Vincent O'Brien.

Best of his crop in Europe at two, breathtakingly brilliant when trouncing top-class rulers in the General Accident Two Thousand Guineas, he went into the Derby an even warmer favourite (at odds of 8 to 11) than the obvious winner Shergar three years ago.

El Gran Senor had a potential stamina problem for 1½ miles and in Secreto he had a foe whose pedigree promised the staying power to complement his undoubted class. At the end of a duel, which can scarcely have been less thrilling than that which produced the only Derby dead heat exactly 100 years ago, it was Secreto who outstayed El Gran Senor to claim a short-head victory, the £227,680 (sterling) first prize, and the priceless prestige no other race confers.

Confidence in El Gran Senor's Derby chances snowballed after his Guineas triumph over Chief Singer, Lear Fan, and Rainbow Quest. Later races had provided more or less convincing victories for Kaytu at Chester, Alphabatim at Lingfield, Claude Monet at York, and Ilium at Goodwood, but none had won with the kind of total authority El Gran Senor had shown at Newmarket, and when Ballydoyle's second-string Sadler's Wells (rated about ten pounds below the Guineas victor) lowered Secreto's colours in the Airlie/Coolmore Irish Two Thousand Guineas, all credible opposition to the favourite seemed to have evaporated.

Three days before the Derby, Sadler's Wells turned in a bold effort to take second place behind Darshaan in the Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby), which inevitably was taken as a further pointer to El Gran Senor's Epsom hopes, and not even the late replacement of jockey Greville Starkey (only 90% fit after a recent fall) by nine time Derby winner Lester Piggott on second favourite Alphabatim could shake the market leader's position.

Overnight rain made the ground "good to soft" for a Derby run under cloudy skies. Paddock inspection revealed El Gran Senor less phlegmatic than usual, "on his toes" but swishing his tail as he was led around. One could not have faulted the condition of Alphabatim, Secreto looked hard and well, a stocky bay with three white socks, more a workman than the athlete El Gran Senor clearly was, but no less suitable a type for the task at hand. It was commonly believed that if there was a chance of El Gran Senor being beaten, it would be through a strong gallop throughout the race which would test his stamina to the full. With that end in view, Alphabatim brought along a pacemaker in Cataldi, and Ilium was provided with an intended helper in Sassanoco, but the plan could hardly be called a success.

Sassanoco, a maiden, a moderate one at that, had to struggle to get into the leading group and never could make it to the front, but then Ilium himself was equally hard-pressed to keep in contention. Cataldi did at least manage to force the pace, but he lasted only until halfway, when the 250-to-1 shot Al Talaq took over and began to stretch the field. As Cataldi retreated, Telios assumed second place, ahead of Ilium, Claude Monet, and Elegant Air.

On the descent to Tattenham Corner, Al Talaq opened up a lead of five lengths over Telios, with Steve Cauthen looking happy on Claude Monet and Elegant Air and El Gran Senor next best. The longshot still showed no signs of stopping as they straightened up for home, and though it seemed unimaginable that he could hold on, the riders of those behind excepting Pat Eddery on El Gran Senor realised that they could not afford to ignore him.

Eddery plainly had a lot of horse beneath him, and one knew that he would be leaving things to the last possible moment. But everybody else was cornered into some kind of action and with varying responses.

Piggott, who had found Alphabatim uncharacteristically lethargic in the early going, was soon employing his whip, but he was lying so far off the pace that his chance was forlorn. Christy Roche shook the reins at Secreto and found an immediate readiness to pursue. Geoff Baxter got at Telios and received a gratifying reply, Cauthen called on Claude Monet and discovered there was nothing left in the tank. Brian Rouse got busy on Mighty Flutter, who began to run on with a will.

Al Talaq was not stopping as the two-furlong market drew close, but it seemed that he would soon have to give way to Telios, while El Gran Senor and Secreto moved ominously

Even a hundred yards from home it was the favourite's race, but as the goal drew nearer it became clearer that Secreto was the stronger. Inch by inch he clawed into the Senor's advantage and three strides from the post he edged ahead

nearer Then, just as Telios looked certain to take command, he faded, visibly demoralised as El Gran Senor cruised up on his outside on light reins without a sign of encouragement from his rider The favourite was cantering and though Secreto was clearly not going to fail for lack of urging by Roche, the result so many had expected seemed inevitable

El Gran Senor gobbled up Telios and Al Talaq readily, with Eddery still motionless and confident enough to glance back over his right shoulder at the hard driving Roche, assess the situation, and yet sit still The favourite had outclassed 15 of his rivals and now, as it appeared through most binoculars, he was going to toy with the one who dared challenge his supremacy

They had arrived in the final furlong before Eddery pressed the button, the accelerator which had left his Guineas adversaries for dead a month earlier Again the response was immediate, and while Secreto and Roche battled away furiously, El Gran Senor went a neck ahead and then half a length from one crack of the whip

But it is one thing to quicken at the end of seven furlongs, something else to quicken at the end of eleven This time El Gran Senor could not sustain his burst and suddenly it became apparent, to Roche and to those in the stands, that Secreto was not necessarily fighting a losing battle.

Even a hundred yards from home, it was the favourite's race, but as the goal drew nearer it became clearer that Secreto was the stronger. Inch by inch he clawed into 'the Senor's' advantage and three strides from the post he edged ahead. Three last cracks of the whip represented Eddery's final throw, but it was a desperate measure and though he knew there would be only a short-head in it on the print, he was equally sure that the verdict would be against him.



Secreto (Roche up) comes from behind to pip favourite, El Gran Senor (Eddery up)

Having built up a massive advantage on points, the champion had been knocked out in the last round by a challenger who had proved a glutton for punishment—18 strokes of the whip were counted--and he kept coming back for more

Meanwhile, the humbly bred Mighty Flutter stayed on under vigorous riding to take third place, three lengths away, followed by Al Talaq and Alphabatim.

No sooner had the celebrations begun for Secreto's owner, Italian-born Venezuelan resident Luigi Miglietti, and the youngest ever trainer of a Derby winner, 27-year-old David O'Brien, than the announcement came of a stewards' inquiry Then, even more dramatically, the news of an objection by Eddery to the winner on the grounds of "leaning on me in the final furlong."

Objections in the Derby are not exactly unheard of, the stewards having lodged and sustained one against Craganour in 1913 and Lester Piggott having vainly protested on Gay Time's behalf against Tulyar in 1952, but there was something different about this one This bore all the appearance of a public family feud, with the rider of Vincent O'Brien's contender objecting to a winner saddled by the trainer's son

In fact, the elder O'Brien was visibly shocked by the announcement of the protest, which was made at Eddery's sole instigation, and before the confirmation of the order in was made known, he was at pains to make it clear he would not want to win that way

As it happened, the stewards did find interference on their camera patrol film, but it was certainly accidental and, if anything, Eddery was more to blame than Roche for the minor fracas Had the photo verdict gone the other way, Roche would probably have objected and might just have got the race

The defeat of El Gran Senor was a blow to the elder O'Brien, to his principal owner, Robert Sangster, and to Pat Eddery

One way or another the 1984 Derby did racing a great service It gave us a new perspective on the classic crop, ensured the reappearance of El Gran Senor, and provided an abundance of encouragement for those who strive to compete against the megarich

Players deserve better treatment

V. Chandrashekhar details the slipshod organisation that plagues the zonal table tennis tournaments

THE five zonal tournaments are among the most important competitions for established and upcoming players. Scheduled as they are in the last two or three months before the Nationals, their importance cannot be over emphasised. All top players participate in as many zonals as they can, for they realise how crucial they are to their national prospects.

Unfortunately, it seems that the Table Tennis Federation of India and its affiliated units do not share the players' enthusiasm for the zonals. How else can one explain the slipshod organisation which goes into these tournaments?

The Central Zone Championships, the first zonal of the year held at Indore in the first week of September, was a case in point. There were some irritating aspects that tested the patience and skill of the players to an unwarranted degree.

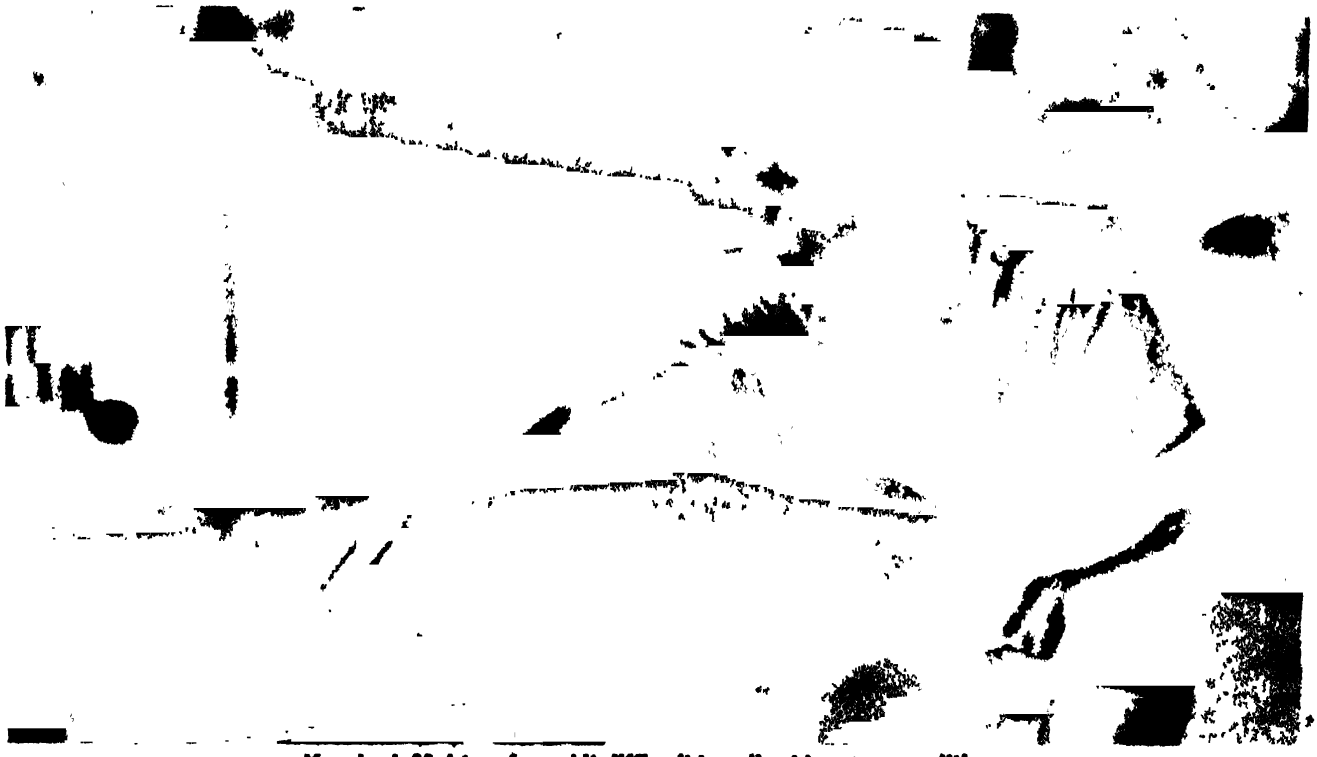
All the league matches were played on the same day, sometimes after a delay of two to three hours. This delay, was chiefly caused by the expedite system in the women's matches which preceded the men's event. The matches are held over a period of three days and this is rather hurried, as it gives the players little scope for a well-earned rest.

In my early days as a player in the mid and late Seventies, I remember that a zonal was played on a knockout basis and used to stretch over four days. Maybe this was a bit too leisurely, but with a league system which takes just three days, it is worse.

Secondly, the TTFI is supposed to have passed a rule which entitles ranked players to get chair car fare for zonals. Instead, at Indore, we received only second class fare. After fighting for a long time and getting the approval for chair car fare it was an unpleasant surprise to be denied it. I do not know where the mistake lies, but one thing is sure The problems of table tennis players in this country are getting worse with each passing year.

Thirdly, all the tables used in a zonal must be of uniform quality At Indore, they had two Stag tables and one Amco table I am not sure whether Stag is recognised either by the TTFI or the NIS. If they have recognised it as being of good standard, it simply reflects the technical knowledge of such bodies. I for one would never consider Stag to be a table fit for serious, top level competition. Amco is up to the mark and they could have used three such tables.

Another discomforting trend that is causing dismay among players is the tendency to hold matches at two



Kamlesh Mehta—found it difficult to adjust to new conditions

venues. This happened at the Inter-Institutional tournament at Agra, which just preceded the Central Zone tournament.

While Kamlesh Mehta played all his earlier rounds at the Sur Sadan Stadium, he had to play his vital pre-quarter-final against Sujay Ghorpade at the Railway Institute. Although Sujay played well and won the match, it must be admitted at the same time that Kamlesh did have difficulty in adjusting to the new conditions.

In another incident S. Ramaswami had to play his singles match at 8.30 pm at the Railway Institute and his doubles at 9.15 pm at the Sur Sadan. The singles match got delayed so he had to give a walkover in the doubles.

The distance between the two venues was about ten kilometres and no transport was provided. The two venues were supposed to have been checked and approved by the TTFI technical committee. I really don't know how this was done, for the playing conditions were very bad. At the Sur Sadan, the flooring was so poor that at least five nails used to come out during the course of every match.

While on the subject I guess I owe an explanation to the table tennis followers in the country regarding my much-publicised walkout in the Central Zone Championships.

First, the match against Manjit Dua was delayed by over three hours and began at 11.30 pm. As such it was difficult to concentrate. To add to our discomfiture there were constant catcalls and obscenities from an unruly section of the crowd. Every time I was ready to serve they let out a roar or made some nasty remarks.

I would like to point out that the catcalls and abusive language were not only directed against me but also against Manjit and, in fact, the latter told a local newspaper: "If Chandra had not walked off I would have done so". His reaction is enough to illustrate the seriousness of the situation an how the concentration of the players was disturbed time and again.

This is the first time I have done such a thing—and it is hopefully the last. I can only hope that people appreciate the amount of pressure on me and understand why I had to take this extreme step. I feel, I was right but if by doing so I have caused any embarrassment to anyone, I am sorry.



Is Chandra to retire?

DURING the Central India Table Tennis Championships held recently at Indore, Venugopal Chandrashekhar of Tamil Nadu gave definite indication of his retirement from the game. Citing shabby treatment by the Table Tennis Federation of India (TTFI) the three-time national champion and Arjuna Award winner seemed a disillusioned man.

He told *Sportsworld*, "I was shocked when I was not included in the Indian team for the Pentangular meet at Indore, especially as I was in peak form then. Perhaps I proved a point by reaching the finals of the individual championship during the Pentangular, even though I was considered not good enough for the Indian side."

"The TTFI seems to have overlooked the fact that I was mainly responsible for India being upgraded from Category II to Category I. In fact, even as the TTFI ignored my current form and contribution to Indian table tennis, the Government of India saw fit to honour me with the prestigious Arjuna Award."

When asked whether table tennis players these days receive better playing facilities than they did previously, Chandra's reply was that the TTFI should be thankful that the Ninth Asian Games was conducted at Delhi. The modern playing facilities at the disposal of the players are a direct offshoot of the Asiad arrangements as well as the sponsorship sought by the TTFI in view of the forthcoming World Championship.

It is a tragedy the TTFI has always been at daggers drawn with Chandra, some of whose comments bear the pinch of biting truth, such as "the classification committee of the TTFI is an impotent body which is almost like the lava of a volcano that has been declared dormant and dead."

It would be a great loss to the game if Chandra were to retire at such an early age due to the indifference of the TTFI.

Sujeet Mohanty

Great Briton

Lokesh Sharma puts forward the theory that Sebastian Coe is perhaps the greatest middle distance runner in track history

THEY said he could only run against the clock. That he could not produce championship form under real, sustained pressure. That he could only run against pacemakers. That he would flounder when trying to outdo a runner as brilliant as he.

But in Los Angeles Sebastian Coe proved them wrong.

He ran a great 800m, although he finished second to that superb Brazilian, Joaquim Cruz. Again, accusing fingers were pointed at the competitive spirit within him. But Coe refused to offer excuses for his defeat. Instead, he merely explained, "I was beaten by a guy who is younger and stronger. I am not leaving dissatisfied."

Who could have foreseen that he would rise to win the 1500m gold? World champion Steve Cram said he was raring to have a go in the 1500m. Steve Scott was confident of beating Coe as he had last year in the Robinson Readywater Drink Mile. Cruz, another major contender, had to drop out, unable to compete in the 1500m because of a cold and fever

Coe stuck to his task with grim determination. The three fast 800m races had drained everybody and Coe, sensibly, went easy on the gas pedal in the 1500m preliminaries. He was second in his first round heat in 3:45.30, which was literally jogging pace by his standards. Spain's Jose Abascal and the American Scott, perhaps wanting to test their own



19 August 1981. Sebastian Coe and Renaldo Nehemiah acknowledge each other's prowess at Zurich, Switzerland. Both athletes set world records at the meet, Coe running the mile in 3:48.54 and Nehemiah completing the 110m hurdles in 12.93 in a twin show of dominance that was the highlight of the week

speed in the semis, set a fast pace Left with no option, Coe also had to accelerate to finish third

In what was to emerge a sensational, superbly run final Coe remained riveted to the shoulder of the leader The pattern of the race swung in his favour when Scott stepped up the pace after the first lap Nobody can sustain a hot pace better than Coe and he proved it again resoundingly

The pack, led by Abascal, reached the bell in 2 39 04 With 300m to go Cram made his move but Abascal and Coe responded in time to stay ahead Fifty metres later Coe moved up with Cram hot on his heels And when Cram made another attempt to overtake him on the last bend Coe produced his devastating second kick to open plenty of daylight between himself and his compatriot winning a glorious 1500m in an Olympic record time of 3 32 53 that silenced the critics

It is hard to believe that the same runner was in hospital last year with an undiagnosed viral infection of the liver He missed every major race and was written off by the media Some writers attributed his precarious fitness to the after effect of drugs Others explained that he had taken too much out of his shallow reservoir of endurance

To make a comeback within a year is creditable, to do so in an Olympic year with all the accompanying pressures, is absolutely astounding This (the 1500m gold in Los Angeles) is probably a little more satisfying than Moscow because I have been fighting for a long time with a lot of problems This time last year I was lying in a hospital bed I was just worried about feeling good enough again Right now I would have been pleased just to be sitting at an Olympic Games, even if I had not won a medal," said a jubilant Coe after his win

This gold medal has added value since it invests Coe as the greatest middle distance runner in history As the first man to retain a 1500m Olympic title, he has not only confounded his critics, but has also proved that he is a runner who can rise bravely to the occasion

In Moscow, after he lost the 800m to Steve Ovett in a race which was won in 1 45 4—a good three seconds slower than Coe's own world record –his detractors dismissed him as a poor competitor But he came back to win a great tactical race in the 1500m as Moscow and the world looked on He followed the East German Jurgen Straub till the last lap and then gave the first exhibition of his famous double kick to cover the last 100m in 12 1 secs His winning time



22 August 1984. Coe is a clear winner in the 1500m event at the Zurich Track and Field Meet in Switzerland. Coe, fresh from his gold medal win at Los Angeles over the same distance, finished with a decisive lead over the American Steve Scott (228) and Spain's Jose Abascal (213). But Coe failed to achieve his world record target in this hard-fought race



Away from the pressure of the track with his fiancee

was 3:38.4 which was 6.3 secs slower than his personal best. But even that did not matter, as long as the gold medal was his.

His father, Peter Coe, played a major role in the Sebastian Coe success story. He patiently honed the young lad's obvious talent, refusing to let him run downhill as he believed that such a practice would retard bone growth. Coe Jr. would be left at the bottom of a hill and told to run up the slope, day in and day out.

Peter Coe's training schedules allowed little leeway, few opportunities for skylarking. His son was even made to apply himself to his customary workout on Christmas Day, when the rest of Great Britain—and most of the world—relaxed and had a good time.

The elder Coe's regimen was so strict that it provoked the comment "Whom do you think you are, Hitler?" from his wife. His son was never allowed to rest on his laurels. When 13-year-old Sebastian ran the 1500m in 4:31.8 way back in 1969, Peter Coe set him a target of 3:30.0 to be attained by 1980. There were no short cuts. He dismissed criticism by saying matter-of-factly that hard work was the only password to success.

The result of this careful planning is today's beautifully relaxed runner who changes pace so imperceptibly that spectators and rivals alike can measure the change only by the gap he opens.

Running has always been something natural to him. In his autobiography *Running Free,* he writes "Some of my earliest recollections are of running. Looking back, it seems that from the time I could walk I preferred to run. It just seemed natural...I would regularly run two miles or so into town on errands for my mother, never using a bicycle, preferring the feeling of running. I can remember jogging beside my sister Miranda's pram. I had a genuine, instinctive love of running, so that even between the ages of twelve and seventeen, when the rewards of training were not always immediate or tangible, self-motivation was never a problem."

Self-motivation was instrumental in making Coe the greatest middle distance runner in history. He holds world records for the 800m (1:41.73) the 1,000m (2:12.18) and the mile (3:47.33) and at one time also had the 1500m record before arch rival Steve Ovett took it away. Besides these, he has numerous other records, the fastest 800m on a cinder track in addition to some indoor marks. This unending list projects him in better light than his contemporaries and predecessors.

There have been very few runners who have set world records and also won important races. Sir Roger Bannister made little impact, besides his historic sub-four minute mile at Oxford on May 6, 1954 and beating arch rival John Landy over the same distance at the 1954 Commonwealth Games, which to date is still ranked as one of sport's greatest ever duels. But Bannister's only impression in the Olympics was his fourth place in the 1500m in 1952.

As far as a combination of records and fame goes, only the Australian Herb Elliott can match Coe's brilliance. Elliott caught the eye of the famous Australian coach Percy Cerutty when he ran a 4:22 mile as a 17-year-old in 1955. Cerutty is said to have commented, "This boy can be trained to break Landy's world mile record of 3:57.9 by the end of 1958." Sure enough, Elliott improved the mile record to 3:54.5 in 1958. The same year, he also won the 880 yards and the mile at the Commonwealth Games. At the 1960 Rome Olympics, he won the 1500m by over 20m, with a record timing of 3:35.6.

Elliott retired in 1962, the year the New Zealander Peter Snell burst onto the international stage. Snell improved the mile record the same year and also won the 880 yards and mile at the Commonwealth Games. But his best came at Tokyo, in the Olympic Games of 1964, where he won both the 800m and 1500m to become the first man to win both titles since Great Britain's, Albert Hill in 1920 at Antwerp.

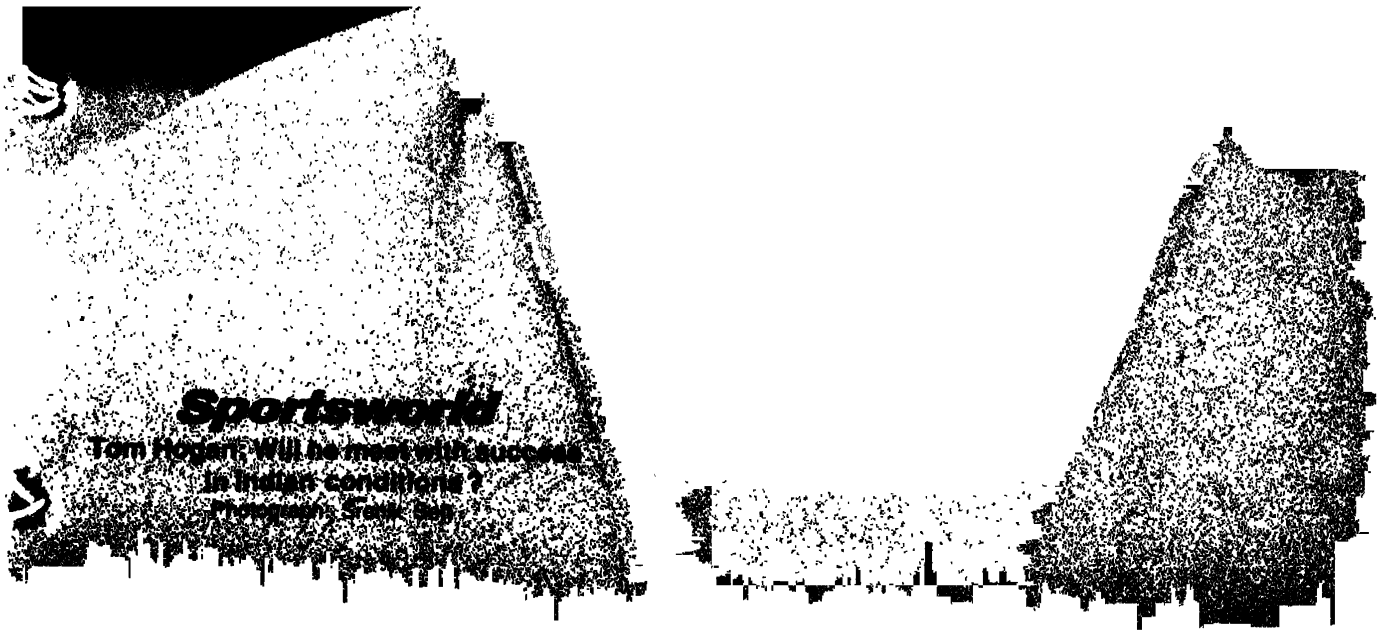
There have also been other great track personalities like Jim Ryun, the youngest runner to better a mile record and that evergreen star John Walker of New Zealand, the first miler under 3:50 and the 1976 Games 1500m winner. But they do not rival Coe.

Elliott and Snell fall short of Coe in terms of duration of their dominance. Ryun fails to qualify for the title of the greatest-ever middle distance man, simply because he never won an Olympic title. Only Walker presided over a wide range of events like Coe. He still holds the 2000m world record and has competed in a number of 5000m races as well, but Coe has set far more records than Walker ever did. So, shall we conclude by saying that this Briton is destined to end up as one of the most illustrious runners in sporting history?

He is not yet through with athletics. Undeterred by the words of his critics, unworried by the fact that he is being closely challenged as a middle distance king, Coe now plans to branch out into the 5000m.

Don't be surprised if you see him at Seoul.




Sportsworld
Tom Rogan: Will he meet with success
in Italian conditions?
Plymouth Sport Sup



No room for complacency

MOHUN BAGAN has reached their goal—the league championship. They have been enjoying a smooth sail towards it for some time, winning their recent engagements with comparative ease, while their chief rivals faltered time and again conceding several points to their unfancied rivals

Their victory, however, would have been much more glorious, had Mohun Bagan been able to keep their slate clean The defeat at the hands of Mohammedan Sporting has left a scar in the mind of every Mohun Bagan supporter. For, it came as a shock The odds were heavily in favour of Mohun Bagan They were the proud conquerors of East Bengal, while Mohammedan Sporting had a rather lean time in the league this season. Obviously, Mohun Bagan were the hot favourites.

Yet, they lost and all their hopes of winning the league title with an unbeaten record were shattered

Nevertheless, the fact remains that Mohun Bagan has become the 1984 Calcutta Senior division league champions and the happiest man in their camp at the moment is P.K. Banerjee, the coach. For him it was a challenge. Given the bitter experience he had in East Bengal last year, it was courageous of him to take up the responsibility of coaching the defending league champions His reputation as one of the foremost football coaches in the country was at stake.

As we all know, the season started rather ominously. The debacle at Tiruchirapalli during the Federation Cup caused considerable concern among the supporters, and PK was facing a crisis yet again.

But the former national coach has weathered the storm. Although the performances of his boys rarely rose to any great heights, congratulations to PK for steering Mohun Bagan to victory which many thought would not come their way this season.

PK, however, was lucky that the Mohun Bagan authorities could get him a balanced side. There is experience and there is youth. There is Subrata Bhattacharya and there is Babu Mani And the combination clicked.

PK's chief forte, however, was the halfline. Prasanta Banerjee, who has been in good form since last season, has always been a source of strength for his side, although surprisingly off colour in a few engagements.

His partners in that department have also performed their duties well.

Among the youngsters, if Babu Mani has impressed the pundits Krishanu Dey, once rated by many as a footballer of immense promise, has been a disappointment. The shortcomings he had three years ago are still plaguing him. He still lacks in speed and is not very good at tackling. In short, it is highly unlikely that Krishanu would make a successful striker

Babu Mani, on the other hand, has shown remarkable promise as a winger. Overcoming his handicap of poor height the Karnataka youngster has always been a source of danger for Mohun Bagan's opponents He has been hard-working also and his efforts has often inspired his colleagues in the frontline.

With the league coming to an end, all attention will now be focussed on the IFA Shield. And Mohun Bagan's greatest enemy at the moment is complacency They cannot afford it.

Reported by Suprakash Ghoshal



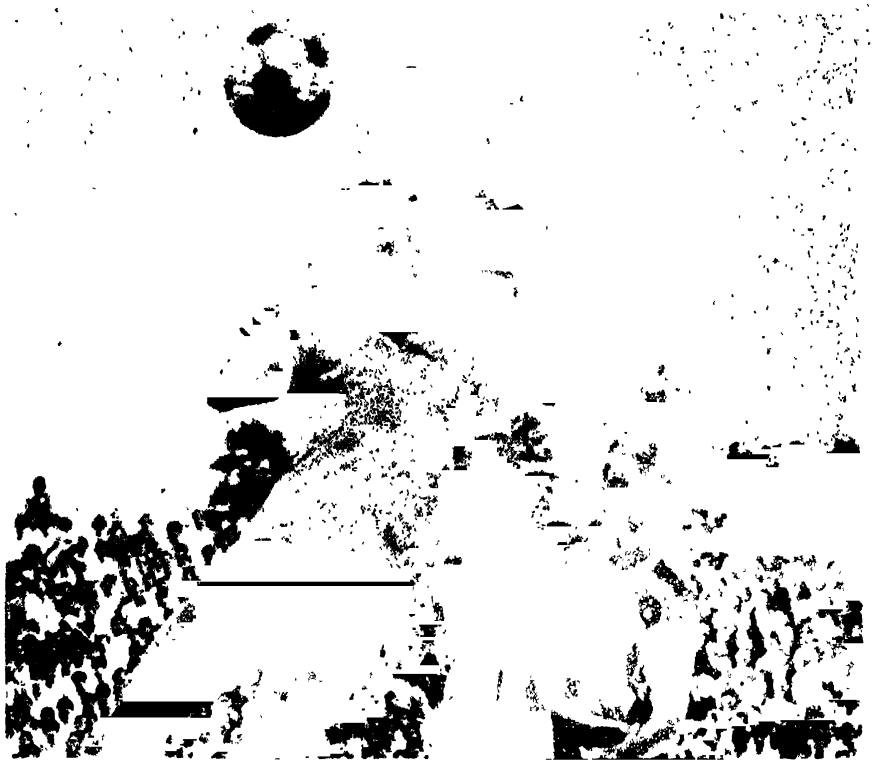
Jubilation in the Mohun Bagan camp after they became this year's league champions. Shyamal Banerjee, the skipper, carrying a replica of the club's symbol



Heartbreak in the Wari camp: Renowned coach Achyut Banerjee, the maker of many a star, in a dejected mood when his team was relegated to the second division after a poor show in this year's senior division league

Mohammedan Sporting's star frontliner Jamshid Nasirri being tackled by a BNR player. The match did not rise to any great heights and Mohammedan Sporting managed to scrape through 1-0.





A heading duel between Pulak Biswas of Rajasthan and Krishanu Dey of Mohun Bagan. This was an important match for Mohun Bagan, for Rajasthan has always offered stiff competition to the glamour teams over the years. Mohun Bagan, however, won 2-1



Excitement in the BNR goalmouth. A powerful move by Mohammedan Sporting being foiled by the BNR goalkeeper as two other defenders look on

Vittal Trophy

Resuscitation called for

Partab Ramchand reports from Madras

WHEN the Vittal Trophy Football Tournament was started in the late Sixties, it made rapid strides and very soon was challenging the Stafford Challenge Cup in Bangalore for the title of "the blue riband of southern soccer"

This being the golden jubilee year of both the MFA and the TFA, it seemed only natural that both the associations would go all out to conduct tournaments in the State on an unprecedentedly lavish scale. But whereas the TFA conducted the Nationals under floodlights for the first time in Madras and followed it up by staging the Federation Cup Tournament at Tiruchi in style, this year's Vittal Trophy turned out to be a damp squib.

But then this year's competition was deliberately held in a low-key manner, according to Vittal. He told *Sportsworld* that past experience taught him that whenever a big tournament, like the Nationals or the Federation Cup, was held, the tournament held immediately after it suffered by way of crowd response. "I remember when we conducted the Vittal Trophy in 1981 after the Federation Cup was held in the city, we incurred a loss of Rs 66,000. In spite of cutting down on expenses, this year we are Rs 20,000 in the red. God only knows what our losses would have been like, had we conducted the tournament in a big way".

"Moreover," Vittal continued, "I was asked to finish the competition in a hurry since work was to start immediately on giving the Nehru Stadium a facelift and making it a complete modern stadium in time for the 1986 Nehru Gold Cup to be held in the city. Had I invited bigger teams the tournament would have had to be conducted on a league basis, which would have taken longer to finish. As it is I finished the tournament in little more than three weeks by having it on a knock-out basis."

But Vittal concluded on an optimistic note, "Just wait until next year". He asserted confidently, "I want to make the tournament one of the biggest in the country. I am going to get not only the top teams in the country. I am also going to invite foreign teams. And I don't mean teams from nearby countries like Malaysia and Singapore. But I am going to get teams from West Indies and Europe. I have the contacts and am going to use them to the maximum to make next year's Vittal Trophy one to remember".

As can be gauged by the list of participating teams, the fare served in this year's competition was one of the poorest seen in the tournament's history. The biggest disappointment was the performances of the outstation teams. Many of them were beaten in their first match itself. Bangalore XI who were seeded directly into the quarter-finals—which were played on double-leg basis—lost 8-1 to local team State Bank of India.

At least, if the Hyderabad and Kerala teams had met in the final, the tournament would have ended on a higher note, but, as Mr. Vittal put it, "I was given to understand that the Bangalore XI would be virtually a full Karnataka State side and so I put Kerala and Hyderabad in the same half". The upshot was that the Bangalore XI lost in their first match and Hyderabad and Kerala played what was virtually the final.

In, perhaps, the only good match of the competition, Hyderabad won the semi-final on a 4-2 aggregate. They then beat back a spirited challenge from State Bank to emerge triumphant 5-4 via the tie breaker, after the teams had shared two goals at the end of regulation time and extra time. In the other semi-final, SBI had got the better of Southern Railway 6-5, also via the tie breaker.



Justice Mohan giving away the Vittal Trophy to Muzaffar Ali, captain of the H[illegible] team

Central India Table Tennis Championships

New talent is slowly surfacing

A CAPACITY crowd of about two thousand saw Kamlesh Mehta and Indu Puri clinch the men's and women's title, respectively, of the Central India Table Tennis Championships at the Nehru Stadium, Indore.

Barring Sriram of Railways and Manmeet Singh of Delhi, all those currently ranked participated in the men's events.

It was a dream win for Kamlesh, while for Indu it was a comfortable win and the ease with which she won gave one the feeling that there is no woman player in India to beat or replace her.

The girls' section saw a bright prospect in MP's Jyoti Mehta, who clinched the title beating Maharashtra's unseeded Varsha Chhulani in five games 21-12, 21-15, 15-21, 20-22, 21-12. Unseeded Varsha Chhulani has been playing very well this season.

As Arjuna Award winner and thrice national champion, V. Chandrashekhar told *Sportsworld*, "I see in Jyoti Mehta a future Indian champion. Not only does she have the hardest forehand in the country today but her jabbing and blocking are also very good. Her forehand counters and returns are immaculate. Though only 15, Jyoti varied her services very intelligently. She needs to polish up her backhand counters. I would recommend a foreign coach for her as she seems to be the only ray of hope for the future of women's table tennis in India," concluded Chandrashekhar.

In the sub-junior girls, it was MP's left-handed Rinku Gupta, who defeated Bengal's top seeded Paromeeta Chakraborty in straight games to win the title.

The sub-junior and the junior events need close scrutiny because it is the juniors who will form the nucleus of the future Indian team.

In the boys' section, national champion Vasant Bhardwaj won the title with ease beating Bengal's Ganesh Kundu.

Coming to the women's section, Assam's Monalisa Barua impressed with a fine display to enter the final. In the league she defeated Maharashtra's Vyoma Parikh convincingly. Mona has definitely become faster on her feet. But one really feels sorry for Laxmi Karanth, the only exponent of defensive play in women's section today. Laxmi missed making it to the finals by a whisker. She would have played the final against Indu Puri. But because she had lost to Vyoma Parikh, she had to play for the seventh and eighth placings and had to remain content with the seventh spot.

The final between Monalisa Barua and Indu Puri was a disappointment. After losing the first game at 19-21, Indu came back with a bang and won the next three with ease at 21-14, 21-14, 21-14.

In the men's section, the future seems brighter. Assam's Arun Jyoti Barua, Maharashtra's Sujoy Ghorpade and Tamil Nadu's Chandra Mouli, each barely 21 years old, should form the nucleus of the future senior team along with the experienced Kamlesh Mehta from Maharashtra. Even Delhi's Rahul Dutta, Karnataka's Vasant Bharadwaj and S. Ramaswami of the Railways, all teenagers, promise hope for the future.

Arun Jyoti Barua's seventh place in this tournament was not a true indication of his talent. Arun, an epitome of physical fitness, has modelled his style of play with respect to speed and effective counters on the lines of the Japanese and Chinese. However, he fumbles only when it comes to pushing and jabbing. He has to improve upon his service.



Pradeep Mahajan

Indu Puri: still the best

Chandramouli, a first class engineering student from Tamil Nadu, has the most lethal side-spin service in the country today. His recent visit to Sweden to play tourneys there, has improved his fore and backhand counters.

V. Chandrashekhar, hampered by a knee injury for which he has been operated on seemed to have played the tourney at Indore more to finish the prescribed number of three zonal tourneys rather than having the will to win the title. In fact, he admitted this fact to *Sportsworld*. But with his intelligent game, spin service, angled chops, top-spin drives and wristy backhand flicks, Chandra won all his league matches and met Manjit Dua in a vital match. Chandra lost the first game at 20-22. The second was a cakewalk for him. An unfortunate episode in the third game led Chandra to impulsively concede the game to Dua when Chandra could have easily made it to the finals. A Dua supporter repeatedly passed personal comments against Chandra. Without informing the chief referee Chandra took the hasty step of giving up the match.

He told *Sportsworld*, "The Indore crowd is the most disciplined table tennis crowd in India. But I just could not stand the personal comments."

Had Chandra reached the final he would have given many a problem to the ultimate champion Kamlesh Mehta. Kamlesh completely bottled up Dua in the final, by repeatedly making him err on the backhand. There was hardly a long rally.

This perhaps is the end of Dua's long stint as a permanent member of the Indian squad. One cannot forget Dua's memorable performances for India in the international arena for the past few years. Indian table tennis owes him a debt of gratitude. But the end has to come.

Sujeet Mohanty

Inter-Railway Weightlifting Championships

Naidu proves his mettle

FOR a meet featuring many of the country's leading weightlifters the Inter-Railway Championships should have been provided with a more dignified setting than that witnessed at New Delhi's Northern Railway badminton hall. The atmosphere was more like that of a railway platform.

The announcer's repeated appeals for silence and order in a hall of bad acoustics made little difference and it was difficult for the lifters to concentrate. But in spite of it all they managed to improve two national records besides some meet marks.

The first man to break an India record was N.G. Naidu of Western Railway who clean-and-jerked 160 kg to set up a new record in the 75 kg category.

Naidu, who was runner-up last year to Northern Railway's Jagmohan Sapra in the 67.5 kg division, moved up to his new weight category because he saw no future in continuing as a second man. Now that he is a railways champion, he cannot be denied a chance to take part in the nationals, which opens new vistas. Last year, he was a mere reserve.

The old record stood at 157.5 kg and Naidu announced his advent into the new weight category by breaking it twice in a single evening. Before jerking 160 kg on his third attempt Naidu had lifted 158 kg on his second. Having earlier snatched 115 kg his total of 275 kg enabled him to equal the national record for the aggregate.

The second record was bettered by Ajay Kumar Sirohi of Northern Railway who sprang a surprise in the 100 kg category by defeating national champion V.K. Tyagi of Central Railway. Sirohi snatched 140.5 kg in his third attempt to break Tyagi's national record of 140 kg. Tyagi this day could snatch no more than 130 kg. Sirohi later jerked 165 kg to win with a total of 305.5 kg.

After jerking 160 kg on his first attempt, Tyagi made a brave effort to keep his title. He asked for the weight on the bar to be raised to 177.5 kg for his second attempt. He failed and decided not to avail of his third try.



N.G. Naidu

The lighter weight categories were dominated by lifters from the South. Old favourites Karunakaran and Tami Selvan were supreme in the 52 kg and 60 kg sections while Devan won the 56 kg category competition.

The heavier men, with their fierce looks and yells, and their masses of muscle and flesh are always a special attraction. Tara Singh, Arjuna Award winner, competing in the 110 kg category, was not in his best form, but still he gave his supporters something to cheer as he equalled Neville Daroga's Railway snatch record of 135 kg, though he failed in his attempt to better his own national record of 145 kg.

He then jerked 182.5 kg to better his own meet mark of 175 kg. His total of 317.5 kg was well above the railways record aggregate of 305 kg, also in the name of Neville Daroga.

Daroga, appearing in the over 110 kg category, won with a snatch of 135 kg and jerk of 170 kg. Here Rajinder Singh, a strong young man from Northern Railway who has been a junior champion, showed much promise, though in the end he could not quite match his senior from Central Railway. Rajinder snatched 130 kg and jerked 155.

Earlier, Neville Daroga's younger brother, Vispy, was beaten in the 90 kg category competition by Northern's Anil Kumar Sood. Southern Railway won the team championship with 377 points and Northern were runners-up, with 329.

A CORRESPONDENT



N.K. Daroga—superweight champion

Buchi Babu Trophy shared

Partab Ramchand reports from Madras

THE Buchi Babu Memorial Invitation Cricket Tournament, conducted by the Tamil Nadu Cricket Association, gets bigger and better every year. From a purely local tournament 17 years ago, it has grown into one of national significance.

With 17 former and current Test players participating, in addition to a few others on the brink of national selection, this year's tournament not only gave some pointers to the selectors, but also afforded opportunities to established stars to get cracking for the new season and for the young crop to prove their credentials.

No selector, of course, was present in Madras during the two weeks of the competition. As quite a few ex-players said, "Perhaps, the selectors had better treat the Buchi Babu tournament as one that befits a visit." Had they made the visit to Madras they would certainly have picked up a valuable point or two. They would have put Ashok Malhotra and Yashpal Sharma on the short list of probables to go on the tour to Pakistan.

They would have seen a new Sandeep Patil, a batsman who frequently eschewed his sparkling strokeplay and played in a responsible fashion. Similarly, they would also have seen another batsman who seems to have turned a new leaf—Srikkanth who, like Patil, played in a manner that appeared to show that his batting has matured at last. Finally, they would have seen for themselves the talent and ability of two of the most talented youngsters in the country—Karnataka wicket-keeper batsman Sadanand Vishwanath and Hyderabad's Azharuddin, one of the most improved batsmen in the country in the last year.

In fact, the cricketers, woefully short of practice, gleefully grabbed the opportunity of playing a long innings or having a lengthy spell. The strongest teams among the six participating were obviously Nirlons, Bombay, and All India State Bank, who had shared the trophy last year. The other outstation teams were the Hyderabad XI and the Karnataka XI, which were virtually the State sides. But both the teams lost to the two Tamil Nadu sides in the quarter-finals. While the TNCA President's XI, the senior string, got the better of Hyderabad, the TNCA XI, the junior string, performed creditably to score over Karnataka. Both the matches were decided on the first innings lead. In fact, all the games in this year's competition were decided on this basis.

The two semi-finals were high-scoring affairs. The TNCA XI did well in running up a total of 368 against Nirlons. They then continued the good work by dismissing two Nirlon batsmen with only 43 runs on the board and a major upset seemed to be in the offing since among the two dismissed was Gavaskar for 21. But Sandeep Patil took charge without much effort. Not only that, he displayed a very responsible approach during his innings of 183. By the time he was out, Nirlons had already overtaken the TNCA total and their path to the final was assured.

The tournament gets bigger and better every year. From a purely local tourmanent 17 years ago, it has grown into one of national significance.

The other semi-final saw even taller scores. The TNCA President's XI led off with 503 for nine wickets. The chief run-getter was S. Srinivasan with 182 and he had a long partnership with L. Sivaramakrishnan (95) who of late has improved his batting considerably.

T.E. Srinivasan, who got a century in the quarter-final, scored 57 while Srikkanth, who hammered 69 in the match against Hyderabad, got 62 on this occasion. On a dream of a batting wicket and with play cut short by two hours because of rain, All-India State Bank had only to make sure that they were not dismissed. In fact, with centuries from Azharuddin (173) and Ashok Malhotra (126 not out), AISB replied strongly with 378 for three. With the first innings not completed, the toss was resorted to in an effort to spot the winner. Vishwanath called correctly when Venkataraghavan tossed and AISB were through to the final.

That semi-final had seen 881 runs scored while only 12 wickets fell. The story was much the same in the final when 846 runs were scored for the loss of only 13 wickets. Both, Nirlons and AISB, were strong batting sides with virtually no bowling. They obviously quickly sized each other up and decided the only course open to them was to stay at the crease for as long as possible. This is exactly what happened. Nirlons started shakily but made a strong recovery through Sunil Chaturvedi (68), Patil (93) and Gavaskar (124) and ultimately totalled 487 for nine. On a heartless wicket Raghuram Bhat bowled his heart out to capture five wickets for 192 runs off 70 overs. But AISB were never in danger of being dismissed by the end of the third and last day and in fact were bold to chase the Nirlons total. But once Malhotra fell for a brilliant 123—this brought him the Man of the Match award— AISB's hopes receded and in the remaining time Yashpal Sharma helped himself to 141. AISB closed at 359 for four and the trophy was for the second successive year, given to the two captains Vishwanath and Patil—this time by C. Ramaswamy, former double international.

The stupendous batting feats led to a strong debate during the tournament. One school of thought felt that the rules should be changed from next year to limited overs—something like 90 overs in the first innings and 40 in the second—for one of those "contrived" results.

It was also reckoned that the Test players did not have much opportunity before the busy season got underway with matches against Australia, Pakistan and England. The Buchi Babu tournament had given a chance to these players to get much-needed match practice. It might have helped if the team's bowling strength was more balanced and if more sporting wickets had been prepared. But excepting that this year's tournament was a big success and the presence of big names guaranteed good crowds.



Putting their heads together are Arsenal's Viv Anderson and Tommy Caton (right), with Watford's George Reilly, following a corner. Arsenal won 4-3 in a hotly-contested match



Kirk Baptiste of the USA(17) wins the 100m event at the Golden Gala track and field meet in Rome. Italian Stefano Tilli(14) finish second. At right are American Norman Edwards(12) and Cuban Osvaldo Lara



Bjorn Borg poses with 17-year-old Jannike Bjorling in front of the Bjorn Borg Sports Shop at Stockholm

Texan golfer Ben Crenshaw, 30, who won his first professional title in 1973 and promptly became golf's "nearly man", failing to pick up a trophy for the next eleven years until he won the US Masters this year. However, his joy has been short-lived, for his wife, Polly has sued for divorce.

DURGAPUR

Lifting Weights

THE 10th Men's and Second Women's Senior National Powerlifting Championships concluded at the Sidhu Kanu Indoor Stadium recently.

Hosts West Bengal lifted the inaugural Indian Powerlifting Federation Trophy winning the overall title with 166 points while Karnataka and Maharashtra took second and third spots with 128 and 103 points respectively.

In the men's group, last year's champion Post and Telegraph clinched the title by accumulating 83 points while Karnataka and Bengal finished runners-up and third by securing 69 and 61 points respectively.

In the women's section, holders West Bengal retained the title with 105 points while Karnataka and Maharashtra came in second and third by collecting 59 and 19 points respectively. Bihar finished fourth with 39 points.

Gobind Rai Dhilon of Punjab proved himself the strongest man of the championships when he created a flutter by establishing four new national records in the heavyweight (125kg) category. He lifted an amazing 725 kg (squat: 290 kg, bench press: 177.5 kg and dead lift: 257.5 kg), each in itself a new national mark.

Twenty-year-old college student, Miss Karabi Sinha of Bihar proved to be the strongest woman when she established three new national records in the 75 kg category by lifting a total of 315 kg (squat: 135 kg, bench: 50kg dead lift 130 kg). Her records were in the total, squat and dead lift.

West Bengal's Jayanti Porel, Rekha Mal, Manjula Ghosh, Sumita Laha, Malati Ghosh, Bihar's Karabi Sinha and Sumita Sardar, Karnataka's Bhanumati Mandam and Tandra Choudhury of Madhya Pradesh were the winners in the different women's weight categories and seven of them created new records.

In the men's group, Post and Telegraph's J.S. Ubee, Prokash Kumar, Karnataka's P.K. Yashadhara, Prakesh Tedral, West Bengal's Kanu Majumder, Kerala's P.T. Joseph, S. Radha Krishna Nair, Punjab's Gobind Rai Dhilon, Bihar's Indrajit Singh, Uttar Pradesh's K.C. Singh and Steel Plants Sports Board's international Golam Mustata Khan were the winners in different weight categories in which fourteen new records were listed.

Nani Gopal Pal



Pradeep Mahajan

There were over 400 participants at the fifth All – India Independent Judo Championship held at New Delhi. The picture shows the India-Tibet Border Police team with the team championship trophy

INDORE

Player Becomes Minister

A MADHYA PRADESH Ranji Trophy player has been made the State Minister for Sports. Thanks to a dynamic move by the MP Chief Minister Arjun Singh, for the first time a Ranji Trophy player, Sharavan Patel, the richest bidi magnate from Jabalpur has been made the independent Minister of State for Sports.

In an endeavour to survive as the Chief Minister of MP, Arjun Singh had no other option but to oblige the Mahakoshal region, which abounds in bidi business, by making an MLA from that region a Minister.

This political manoeuvre of Arjun Singh has proved a blessing to sport in MP. Sharavan Patel was a solid middle-order bat of the MP Ranji Trophy team from 1972 to 1976. Thirty-eight-year-old Patel was such a cricket fanatic while studying in Christ Church School at Jabalpur that his father Parmanand, who was then a Cabinet Minister in MP was compelled to construct a cement pitch for his son in the courtyard of his palatial house at Jabalpur. Sharavan Patel now owns a leading Jabalpur Hindi daily, *Naveendu Dunia*.

Immediately after his induction Patel told *Sportsworld*, "First of all I shall motivate industrialists and public sector undertakings from MP, like Bhilai Steel Plant and Bhopal Heavy Electricals to encourage sport in the State. I shall try to provide the bare minimum of having at least one field in every village and district and then sport shall blossom forth on its own. I shall revamp the MP Sports Council and have in this body not only members of the public sector but also officials of Doordarshan and All India Radio so that sport is popularised in the State. Finally I shall be meeting Sardar Buta Singh very soon to learn the government sports policy and then formulate my own sports policy."

When asked whether he would have sports scribes in the MP Sports Council, Patel said he would definitely have them. But unfortunately when the new Sports Council was announced by the Minister, only seven days after becoming a Minister, he had not keep his word.

Sujeet Mohanty

SPORTS CHALLENGE



WILLIE SHOEMAKER

'SUPERSTAR' JOCKEY HAS THE RARE ABILITY TO WIN AT LEAST ONCE IN EVERY FIVE RACES. WILLIE HAS WELL OVER 7,000 VICTORIES, A RECORD AND IN EXCESS OF $ 65,000,000 WON—ALSO A RECORD



WHIRLAWAY

WITH EDDIE ARCARO UP, WON THE 'TRIPLE CROWN' IN 1941 "MR LONG TAIL" WAS THE FIRST DERBY WINNER FOR THE FAMOUS CALUMET FARMS





JOHNNY LONGDEN TAKES COUNT FLEET FOR AN EARLY MORNING WORKOUT—

COUNT FLEET

WITH THE GREAT JOHNNY LONGDEN ABOARD HE WON THE 'TRIPLE CROWN' IN 1943. THE 'COUNT' TOOK THE BELMONT BY AN AMAZING 25 LENGTHS. IT WAS DURING THIS RACE HIS ANKLE WAS INJURED CAUSING HIM TO BE RETIRED TO STUD

CITATION

IN 1948 "CY" WON THE 'TRIPLE CROWN'. HE COULD WIN ON ANY KIND OF TRACK WHETHER IT WAS FAST, GOOD, HEAVY, MUDDY OR SLOPPY. EDDIE ARCARO, "THE BEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT RECEHORSE I EVER RODE."

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STATUTORY WARNING: CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

29 August Cai Zenhua, currently ranked the number one table tennis player in the world, crashes out of the World Cup TT when he loses to Ulf Bengsston in the opening round

The Olympic flag is to be changed for the Seoul Olympics. The present one has been in use for over 60 years.

30 August Edwin Moses continues on his winning streak as he notches up his 106th consecutive victory in the 400m hurdles. Moses wins his pet event at the international permit track and field meet at Koblenz, West Germany. His timing of 47.32 is just .30 of a second off his world record of 47.02.

Vijay Amritraj strikes form



Edwin Moses: looking for some real competition

again as he outstrokes Fritz Buehning of USA to an upset first round win in the US Open tennis championship at New York. Vijay wins 7-5, 6-3, 6-4.

31 August Fourteen-year-old V. Anand of India makes history when he becomes the youngest Indian to score an international master norm



Vijay Amritraj: 'erratic' must be his middle name

Vitas Gerulaitis creates a stir when he says that even the 100th ranked male tennis player can beat the women's tennis champion, Martina Navratilova

The erratic Vijay Amritraj fails to live up to expectations as he crashes out to Ken Flach of the US 2-6, 5-7, 1-6 in the second round of the US Open tennis championship.

1 September Ramesh Krishnan, India's last hope in the US Open tennis championship, is narrowly beaten by Sweden's Joachim Nystrom 7-5, 6-3, 7-6 in the second round.

Sergei Bubka of the Soviet Union improves the world record for the pole vault with a vault of 5.94 metres at the fourth annual Golden Gala athletics meeting at Rome

The All-India and South East Asia Rugby Tournament is won by the Armenian College Old Boys as they make short work of LMOB Power 38-4 in the final at CCFC.

2 September Martina Navratilova announces that she is not interested in playing against men in reply to the suggestion, by Vitas Gerulaitis, that even the 100th ranked man could beat her

Jiang Jialiang of China wins the 55th World Cup table tennis championship which concludes at Kuala Lumpur. He beats Kim Wan of South Korea 21-14, 16-21, 21-4.

Martina Navratilova and Chris Evert-Lloyd advance into the fourth round of the US Open tennis championship with easy wins over Jennifer Mundel of South Africa and Bettina Bunge of Germany respectively.

3 September Defending champion Jimmy Connors and top seed John McEnroe move into the fourth round of the US Open.

Claude Criquelion of Belgium cycles away with the gold medal at the World Cycling Championships road race at Barcelona. He completes the gruelling 255 km course in 46 minutes and 44 seconds.

4 September John McEnroe is fined $2,000 for 'conduct detrimental to the game of tennis' by the Men's International Professional Tennis Council.

Harold Solomon, the veteran tennis player from



Randy Mamola: in the limelight at the San Marino Grand Prix

America, announces his retirement from tennis.

Randy Mamola, astride a 500cc Honda flashes down the tarmac to win the San Marino Grand Prix for 500cc motorcycles at Mugello, Italy. Coming in second is Raymond Roche of France.

Best racing driver of his day

But he was never Champion

STIRLING MOSS went down in motor racing history as the driver who never won the world championship But among the other drivers, Moss had the reputation of being the best of his time

He had 500 races in 15 years and his percentage of victories—43%—was higher than even Juan Fangio's. And Fangio, five times world champion, was the king of post-War motor racing

Fangio once said 'Moss was the best in my time'

Moss's career came to an end on Easter Monday, 1962 during a race at Goodwood, Sussex He was driving a Lotus and was in fourth place on the ninth lap when the gear-box stuck in fourth

A racing car can be driven without brakes, but not without the gearbox He had to come in for repairs

His mechanics fixed the trouble in five minutes But when Moss re-entered the race, he was three laps, or 7 2 miles, behind Graham Hill in first place.

Moss, then 33, stood out from his contemporaries because he was capable of driving to the limit. And that was what he did on this occasion He put his foot right down, broke the course record and made up a full lap on Hill

He approached Hill out of a fast bend, Fordwater, into a slower one, St. Mary's. His speed was around 120 mph. Hill said on television later that he was amazed to see Moss still coming on when he should have been slowing to take the bend.

Brain damage

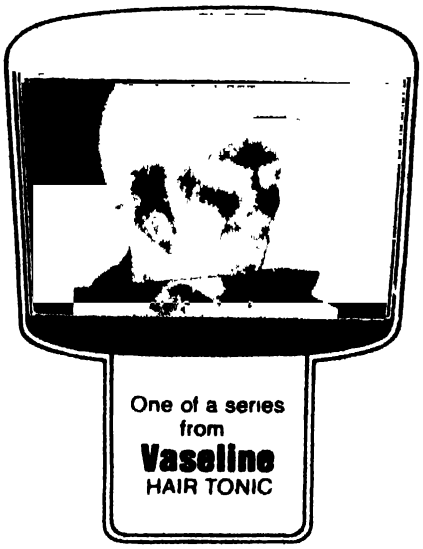
Moss's Lotus went straight on....into an earth bank. The crowd gasped.

It was the eighth time in his career that Moss had crashed. But this was the last time.

Mechanics took 40 minutes to cut him from the tangled mess of metal.

The side of his face was slashed to the bone, his left cheekbone crushed,

STIRLING MOSS



an eye-socket displaced, his left arm broken and his brain was so severely damaged that his left side was paralysed

He was kept in hospital for months and operated on several times. The damage to his brain was such that he had verbally to tell himself to do things before his body was able to function properly

A year later, Moss felt he was fit enough to go back to Goodwood and have a try-out. He drove for 45 minutes, reaching a top speed of 145 mph.

'It's pretty shattering thing to admit,' he said afterwards 'But what's the point of kidding yourself? I think it would be dangerous—endangering others and certainly myself—to continue. My reactions are down a little It's not the same.'

So Moss went into business, drove in a few rallies, carried on his fast life of travel, good food and women...but never competed in a Grand Prix again.

Drove at six!

Stirling Moss was born on September 7, 1929. His father, Alfred Moss, a London dentist, had done some motor racing. His mother, Aileen, had also driven cars In 1936, she was the England women's champion

Stirling was often ill as a child and a case of nephritis later kept him out of the RAF He was no whizz-kid at school, and when he left he was faced with a choice between farming and hotel administration as a career.

Neither idea interested him. He was absorbed in cars

He could drive at the age of six and owned an old Austin 7 by the time he was 10. He drove around the family's farm near Tring in Hertfordshire.

When he was 18, his father helped him to buy his first racing car, a Cooper The first time he raced it, at Prescott, he broke a course record. In his first year on the track he entered 15 events and won 11 of them.

He was invited to race in Italy and, again, did well. Tazio Nuvolari, one of the leading drivers there, said: 'Watch him He will be one of the great ones'.

Too patriotic

By the early Fifties he was competing against the world's major drivers and winning

Ferrari made him an offer but he was so patriotic that he preferred British-made cars which weren't, at that time, so fast or so reliable

That was the chief reason why he never won the world championship. Other drivers like Mike Hawthorn, Graham Hill and Fangio competed in better machines.

He was incredibly cool. Minutes before the start of major events he could be seen chatting or signing autographs

Once he was talking to another driver just as a big race was about to begin. Assuming they had been discussing race strategy, a friend asked him afterwards: 'What were you talking about?'

'Crumpet, of course,' replied Moss. 'What else?'

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

Life after debt

United in heaven

BRYAN Robson has brought good luck to Manchester United. The club was in a sorry plight before the star joined their camp. But now, better days are here again and the club's top officials are jubilant that they no longer have to worry about debts. Instead, they will be able to concentrate on football, and life in United becomes enjoyable once again.

In 1981-82, the club lost a record £ 2.3 million. There was little hope that his would be recouped in the next this years. There was considerable concern about how the club would manage to sign star players with such huge debts and many feared that the club would run into worse trouble in coming years.

But fortune smiled on them. It has been only two years since the trouble started, yet at their annual general meeting in November this year the club will report a record British profit in excess of £1 million.

Understandably, Robson's name is on the lips of those trying to figure out the secret of United's success. But there are other reasons too, like the new rule allowing the clubs to keep their own gate money.

Heart and soil

Fairbrother calls it a day

"THE history of cricket is one long battle between batsman and bowler, the groundsman holding the ring"—Neville Cardus

At Lord's the ring had long been held by Jim Fairbrother, the head of their groundstaff over the last 16 years.

An era is now coming to an end. Fairbrother will be stepping down after the current season is over. And those who want to know what it was like to be the chief groundsman at the world's cricket headquarters should buy a copy of the veteran's auto-biography *Testing the Wicket*, which was published in London recently.

It certainly was no easy job. On the one hand, Lord's has always had an inordinately busy schedule every season, which meant the pitches always had to be prepared in a hurry, while, on the other hand, standards at the headquarters are naturally expected to be the highest.

Fairbrother had to see that his pitches always provided a fair balance between bat and ball, whatever the elements. Tending a pitch when the surface is level is one thing, but protecting it from running water is quite another.

But the most remarkable feature of Fairbrother's tenure is that there has been a growing awareness of the importance of his job.

For instance, the soil is now fastidiously analysed, top dressing carefully chosen. In 1981 and 1982 Fairbrother was nominated Groundsman Of The Year, a fine achievement, in view of the amount of cricket played at Lord's, which will never be the same without its kindly curator.

Maradona fever

£6.4 million in four hours

NAPLES is in the grip of Maradona fever. Such is the frenzy in this soccer town that the Napoli club officials needed little more than four hours to recoup in cash the £6.4 million transfer fee—a world record—they have agreed to pay Barcelona for Diego Maradona. They took just that long to sell 40,000 season tickets at an average of £150 each. They were happy. They were jubilant.

There was delight elsewhere also. The officials of Banco de Napoli heaved a sigh of relief when word came that the Napoli club had found the star's transfer fee. For, it was they who had gone out on a limb—after four bigger banks had refused to help—in providing Barcelona with the original guarantees.

The hero of our story, meanwhile, was having problems finding a villa suitable for himself and his 12-strong entourage of girl friend, family chauffeur and friends/bodyguards. Moreover, the star demanded a tennis court and a swimming pool in the back garden. But Naples is too small a town to provide such facilities.



Fans with a Maradona poster

Back on course

Golf returns to China

IT was a momentous occasion. After a lapse of 35 long years, China once again saw a golfer in action on her soil.

Before the communist takeover in 1949, there were a dozen golf courses in China, mainly for expatriates. In the Fifties, the new rulers, deciding that it was a capitalist pastime, banned the game (along with horse racing) and turned the courses into public parks and zoos.

Thus, history was created when the game was rehabilitated in a ceremony at the newly-laid golf course at Chung Shan. It was in the fitness of things that the honour of being the first golfer in post-revolution China went to a top ranking official in China's sports ministry Rang Gaotang, who was rehabilitated after spending eight years in jail for his outspokenness during the cultural revolution.

Moreover, Mr Gaotang is the only Chinese to have received an Olympic memento for his contribution to the movement. The new course where this historic event took place was set in a valley and was completed in 18 months. There is also good news for golfers interested in making a trip to China: the Chinese authorities are planning to stage a world amateur tournament in November after the Eisenhower Cup in Hong Kong.

New rules

No goalmouth melee

EVEN if you have already read about the latest change in soccer rules, let us have a fresh look at it again, for over the last few weeks several misleading reports were found in circulation all over the world.

To be precise, indirect free-kicks awarded to an attacking team inside the six-yard box are not (since July 15) to be taken from the spot where the offence was committed. Instead, the kick will be taken from the edge of the six-yard box at a spot on the line parallel to the goalline.

$ (Milestones) of LA

Continuing the amusing events of the '84 Olympics.

One of the judges at the women's 3-metre diving competition was named Robin Hood It made the men and women who heard the name, merry

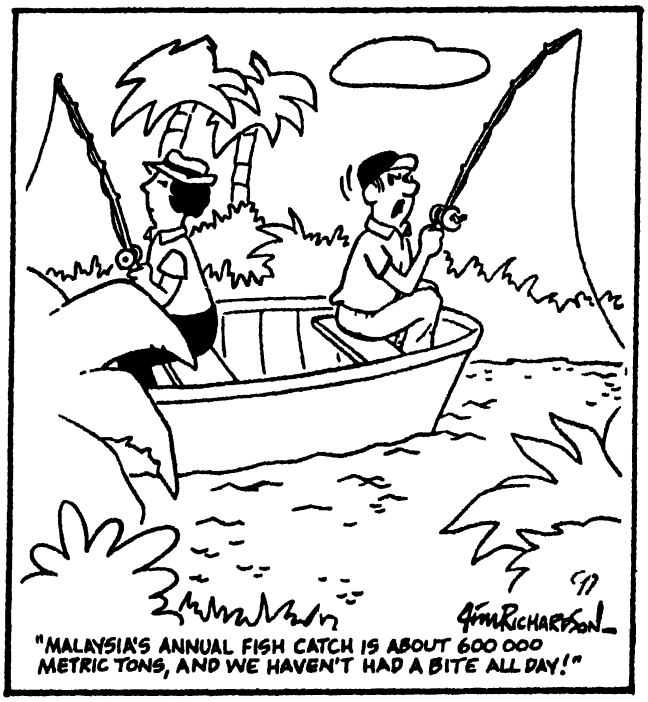
An American chain for fast food restaurants distributed coupons entitling diners to free hamburgers if an American won the event described on the coupon As results poured in of American victories, together with diners, they soon ran out of food and ran up losses

The pin, that little emblem that does everything from selling soft drinks to advertising one's social standing, was the hottest collector's item in L.A. Charles Finn, a guide at the Olympic Village, got one from a Chinese athlete who spilled coffee down his back and presented him with this prickly souvenir "to ease the pain"!

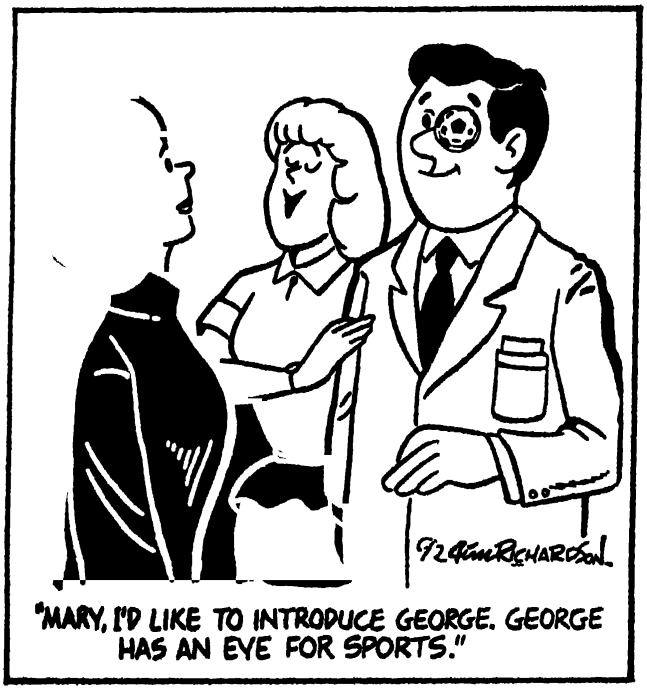
Thanks to the city teeming with cops for a month, there were fewer thefts, robberies and burglaries there.

Bernie Tellis





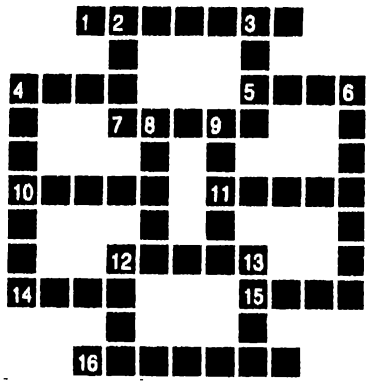




CROSSWORD

Mudar

254



ACROSS

1 Woman marathoner, now famous, is emphatically negative in the middle (1 6)
4 Security for a person released from jail stands for part of the cricket kit (4)
5 Large reddish brown American cat for a famous sports shoe manufacturer, returning (4)
7 The third leg of the English triple crown and one of the five classic horse races begins with a limb (5)
10 West Indian bowler, not included in the original squad but called to assist midway in the recently-concluded series (5)
11 He qualified for the 1500m final at Los Angeles but could not complete the race (5)
12 Former England opener, who is the only non-Indian to score a double century against the West Indies after 1974-75, begins before noon (5)
14 International Amateur Athletic Federation (1,1,1,1)
15 Hungarian footballer, who played in the Nehru Gold Cup tournament in Calcutta early this year, comprises an osculatory action (4)
16 What India can do with in the world of gymnastics at the moment, especially if it were a cloud! (1,2,4)

DOWN

2 Boxers are often saved by 'this during a bout (4)
3 Cricketer Ratnayeke and chess player Kumar have this in common ascending (4)
4 Part of the Ali entourage, 'this Brown is noisy in the middle (7)
6 Professional gamblers at race courses (7)
8 Derby which ends in a religious incantation (5)
9 Cooking apparatus coming up, is actually a woman tennis player (5)
12 Famous name in sportswear jumbled up (4)
13 Swimmer under water, who does not use the helmet and suit, is called 'this' diver (4)

Excellent: 18-16, Good: 15, Fair 14.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

Identify the athletes

1 Born on the same day, the couple later became Olympic champions on the same day (Events must be mentioned)
2 The great footballer was the simultaneous target of two foreign clubs and the relevant Federation decreed that he should play for both in turn
3 At fourteen he badly injured his left foot in a conveyor belt, but later thrice became the world record holders in decathlon
4 He was designated (by his country s President) a national treasure, non-exportable
5 Her Olympic haul of 18 was the greatest total of medals ever won by either sex in any sport
6 A great road-race cyclist, he was known as the "Campionissimo" (the champion of champions)

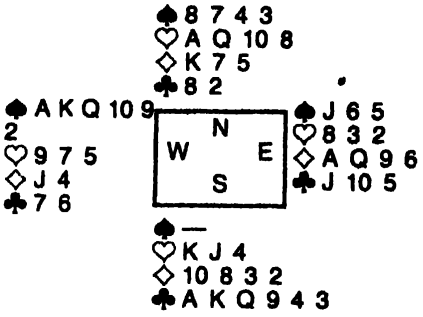
ANSWERS

1 Emil Zatopek and Dana Zatopkova In the 1952 Olympics Dana won the women s javelin on the same day as Emil s 5,000m victory
2 Alfredo Di Stefano
3 Rafer Lewis Johnson
4 Pele
5 Larissa Latynina
6 Fausto Coppi

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

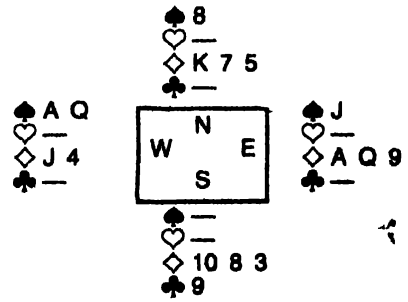
You can t judge a book by its cover, as they say, and you can t judge a hand by its looks. This deal from the qualifying round of an international pairs event seems ordinary enough, but it led to many exciting adventures.



Neither side was vulunerable and Joe Amsbury, an editor of *Popular Bndge Monthly*, opened for West with an imaginative 1NT After two passes South doubled Never one to run from danger, Joe passed, and so did North, anticipating an easy 500 or so His lead? A spade!

At another table the Canadian champions Murray and Kehela, were East-West Playing the multi-coloured two-diamonds, West implying a weak two in one of the majors The orthodox response for East is two-hearts, but to confuse the opposition he bid two-spades South bid three clubs and North 3NT and East led a heart

When Jean Beasse, of Switzerland, was South, he went to five-clubs over the opposition four-spades West led a spade, South ruffed, drew trumps, and entered dummy to ruff another spade After a heart, a spade ruff, an another heart, the position became.



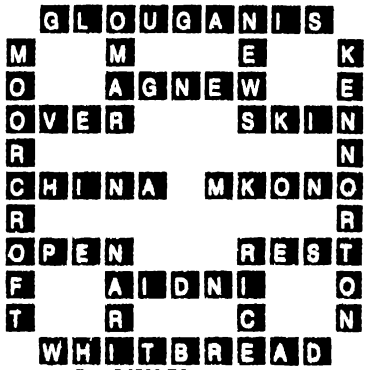
After a spade ruff and a low diamond from South, the defence could make only two tricks.

This week's quiz: South opens one-club, North bids one-spade, South two-diamonds and North 3NT. What should South call now, holding

♠ K 8
♡ 6 3
◇ A K J 5
♣ A Q J 9 5

Answer: North's 3NT following South's reverse, is limited, in the general range of 11-13. With a better hand he might bid the fourth suit. South has no good reason to bid on.

SOLUTION 253



You've got to have the edge. Always.





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Capstan flavour."



CLARION C CFK 1R

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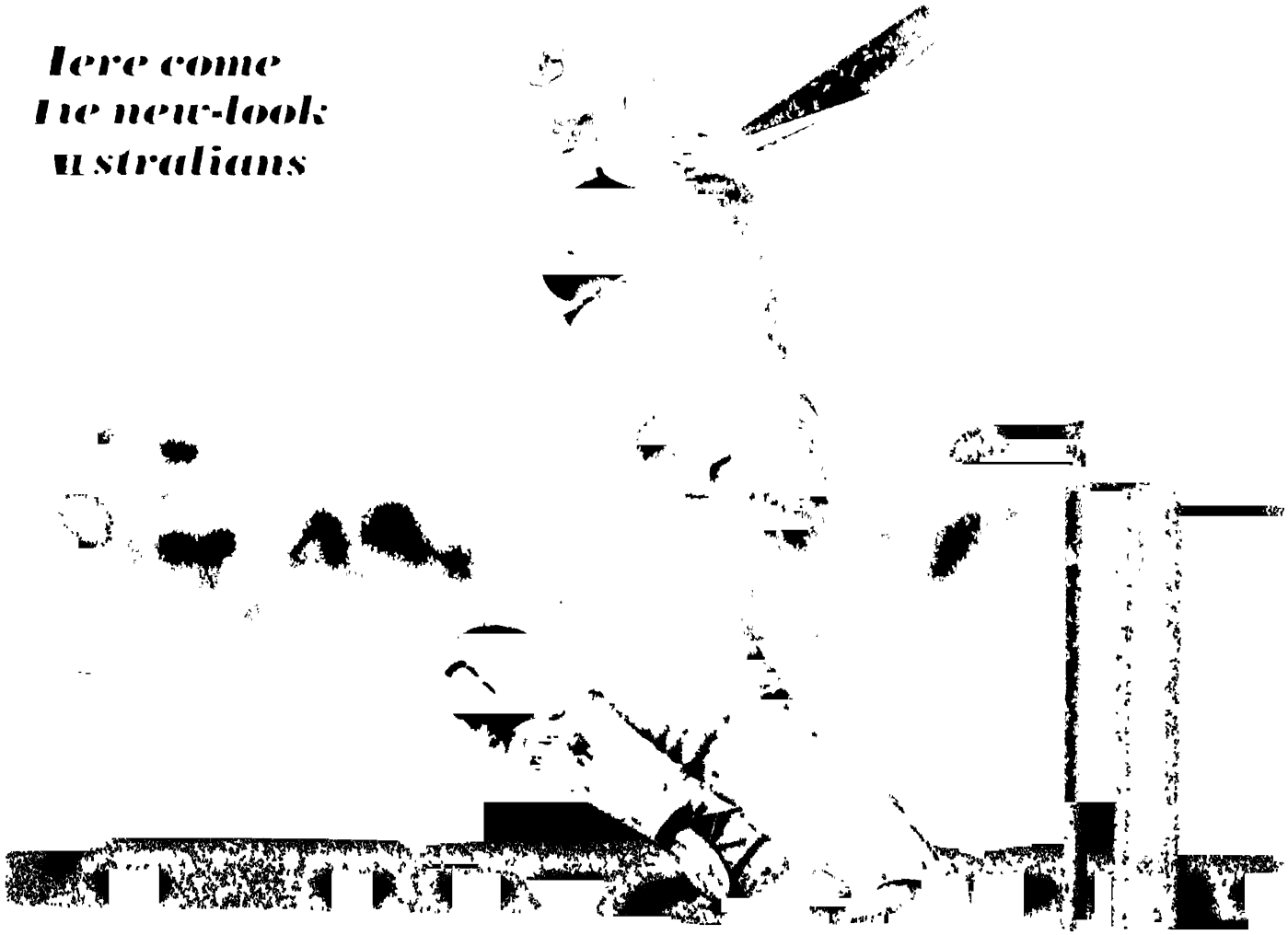
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Sport-wor

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Experience counts

THE cricket season is about to resume And the question, who will be the captain of the Indian team, is a vital one

Kapil s potentiality as a cricketer is beyond doubt He is the live wire of the Indian attack Though he had to face the mighty West Indies in his very first appearance as captain, still, he is young in the true sense of captaincy He is always adventurous which one or two times paid rich dividends, but on other occasions cost him dearly No doubt, he has guts, determination but lacks application for which reason he has let his side down more than once

On the other hand, Sunny's motto is safety first and that does not mean that he is ultra defensive He works as the situation demands He is always aware of how to rise to the occasion Where, to run the risk is suicidal he will never go for that

So in the ultimate analysis, Gavas kar should be allowed to shoulder the burden of captaincy, at least for this season, so that Kapil can learn the finer points for his further experience which will stand him in good stead as future captain

ANJAN LAHIRI,
Nadia

Gower and Captaincy

IT is a very bold decision on the part of the English selectors to select David Gower for the tour of India and Australia After receiving a 5—0 drub bing, the England selectors had other ideas of rebuilding the side under Gower and not think in terms of victory Thus they changed the usual convention of sending an experienced captain to India In recent years, Tony Lewis, Tony Greig and Keith Fletcher led their sides to India for sheer experience on Indian soil. But seeing the adverse conditions in India, the selectors must have changed their view The condition of the pitches, partisan crowd, quality of umpiring, quality of balls and unsporting attitude of Indian captains all contributes

Let us wish our team all the very best for their games

(C.K. SUBRAMANIAM, JAYANTHI SUBRAMANIAM AND AKHILESH KRISHNAN),
Madras

Big Botham

CONGRATULATIONS to Ian Botham for becoming the first player to complete 300 wickets and 4000 runs in Test cricket. Thus, he has joined the select band of cricketers who have captured 300 or more wickets in Test cricket

Dennis Lillee tops the list with 355 wickets followed by England's Bob Willis, Lance Gibbs of West Indies and Fred Trueman of England This is the 23rd time that Botham had captured five or more wickets in an innings Ironically, when Trueman reached 200 the victim was Corling, caught by M C Cowdrey on the very same day 20 years ago

Cricket fans in India will miss the burly figure of Botham in the forth-coming series

C K SUBRAMANIAM,
Madras

Congratulations

THE last few issues of *Sportsworld* have been really superb The issues with the photo features on the Olympics are truly worth collecting My congratulations to Nikhil Bhattacharya on doing an excellent job

SURAJIT MITRA,
Calcutta

YOUR magazine is doing a great job in covering sport for the benefit of all of us The coverage of the Los Angeles Olympics was very informative and well backed up by some excellent photographs by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Please publish some more action photographs of the LA Games

PAUL V ISSAC,
Kerala

Readers were not the only ones to write to us, congratulating Nikhil Bhattacharya on his photography at the Los Angeles Olympics

There was also a letter from Horst Faas, Associated Press' photo editor for Europe, Africa and Middle East

"I would like to congratulate you for the really excellent photography you provided from the Los Angeles Olympics You really were in all the right places at the right time, all the time "

As a Pulitzer Prize winning photographer himself, Horst Faas should know.

THE few days prior to the selection of the captain were tiresome to say the least. Wherever one went it was the same question; should it be Kapil Dev or Sunil Gavaskar? At one gathering this was asked 10 times in as many minutes and the whole thing just became too much, so I replied that it should be neither, and that the obvious choice was Kirti Azad.

After all, if the B.C.C.I. wanted Mr. Salve to continue, solely to use his political influence to ensure that the government parted with 2.5 million dollars which was required to hold the World Cup, there should be a captain whose father was also a central minister. Maybe together they could organise a way to buy out the Australians and the Pakistanis, instead of wasting money on local M.L.As I couldn't think of a surer way of winning. I smirked. Unfortunately my wife was standing behind me and there followed a quiet hiss and a sharp kick on the ankle. I was only joking, I protested. "Not only was it in bad taste," she warned, "but if you insist on being facetious nobody will ever speak to you about cricket, which, of course, will do your over-sized ego no harm." And off she went to speak to someone who looked a younger version of Dilip Kumar. Ah well, I thought. No wonder the Board dislikes wives touring with the team.

Now that the speculation is over I am left alone, even at the office, and there I proceeded cheerfully one afternoon more to escape the hassles of home (a lot of husbands do this) and day dream, than to do any work. Nobody disturbs me at the office because nobody believes that I go there. My colleague with whom I share a room was dozing. As I was also settling down to do the same there came a peremptory knock on the door and without even a by your leave, in walked a former cricketer.

Now there are all kinds of former cricketers and he was the kind who cannot be put off easily.

"I played cricket with your father," he volunteered, "and also helped your grandfather resolve a most delicate problem when he was President of the Board and Lala Amarnath was sent back from England on the 1936 tour. I am also twice your age (if Vijay Amritraj is 28 anybody can be thrice my age and still alive) and therefore have the right to enlighten you on certain matters of national interest, of which you are obviously ignorant."

Unlike some captains I am not rude to former players; I asked him to be seated. "Do you really know why Gavaskar was reinstated and do you honestly believe that the decision was unanimous?" he enquired.

Well, I countered, I don't think that Gavaskar should have been dropped in the first place but if this was considered imperative, then Kapil Dev should not have been asked to take over. The selectors should have chosen someone like Kirmani for a short-term arrangement while they slept over the question and even if it meant sleeping for a full season, who knows one of them might have had an inspired dream. After all, Kapil Dev is the only player in the side who is capable of winning a match on his own, so why burden him further? Captaining India is an honour but the glamour is shortlived; it is hard work and often heart breaking. As for unanimity I added, we have the word of the joint honorary secretary.

"You," said my learned visitor, "are to say the least, naive. And why do you think that having been made the captain Kapil Dev has now been replaced?"

Again I had to admit that it made little sense. India had won the World Cup under his captaincy and people had begun to find fault only after he had lost to the most powerful side in the world. Even a mixture of Brearley and Sobers could not have saved India against Lloyd's team, not with the resources that Kapil Dev had at his disposal. I expressed my perplexity.

The former cricketer sneered visibly. "You are not only naive but also stupid," he said.

"I will tell you why Gavaskar was dropped and if you wish to quieten me you are most welcome. Gavaskar was dropped because he was getting too big for his boots, he was riding rough shod over the selection committee and getting his own players into the side."

Hang on, I interrupted. There was no proof and this was libel for which I could be held liable. "Don't worry," assured the visitor. "Gavaskar is certainly no Jankidas."

Why then was Kapil Dev brought in and not Kirmani, I asked?

"Because Kirmani is neutral and therefore useless to the North bloc which wanted one of its own just to demonstrate its strength."

In which case, I ventured quite subtly I thought, when the Board and the selection committee is practically the same then why has Gavaskar been reinstated and that too unanimously?

"Unanimous, my foot," said the former player. "I know my cricket and more importantly, the cricketers. Kapil Dev also found himself being accused of bias. For instance, why do you think you lasted so long as captain?

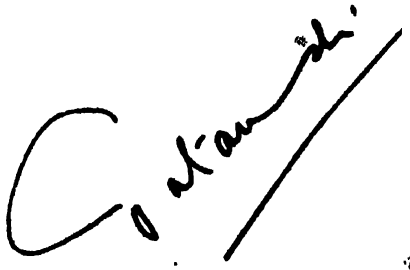
I suppose the selection committee thought fit, I thought. "No, my gullible friend. You come from Haryana, were born in Madhya Pradesh, studied abroad, captained Delhi, played for Hyderabad and lived in Bombay. Whenever the selection committee found itself in a deadlock over two candidates, which it often did, it chose you as a convenient compromise since they couldn't work out where you really belonged.

Neither Maharashtra nor the North will vote for a captain from Bombay, not as long as the present situation prevails. Last time the member from the East opted for Kapil Dev, this time he, the South and Central Zone members spoke for Gavaskar. It was a 3-2 split. These sort of things can be worked out with logic and experience, like a bridge hand, he said smugly.

"And Gavaskar is back for two, and only two, reasons. The first, because the North began to lose its strength in the team and without Mohinder Amarnath's presence Kapil found it difficult to exercise control. The second and the far more cogent reason is that Gavaskar has learnt his lesson."

And what might that be, I wondered aloud. "Very simple," smiled the former cricketer. "He will never again call the Press a bunch of jokers or refer to the selectors as court jesters."

With this my new mentor departed, so did I towards home, by no means convinced, but well aware that home with all its hassles was infinitely less confusing than the goings-on in Indian cricket.



Aussie Fever

The Australian side under Kim Hughes is here. **David McMahon** evaluates them

BEING captain of Australia's Test side is a hazardous occupation. Ask Bill Lawry "The Phantom" knows only too well what it is like to have your neck on the chopping block Ian Chappell, his successor, was smart. He rebuilt a dashing, talented—and often controversial—side which he led by strident example He captained from the front, yet he was always aware that one day his head, like Lawry's before him, would roll down the steps of the selectors' office He quit while he was in the driver's seat just as he had always said he would. Then followed a bewildering succession The captaincy rotated between Greg Chappell, Bobby Simpson, Graham Yallop and Kim Hughes. The West Australian, Hughes, earned the title of stand-in captain through no fault of his own. To his eternal credit, it must be added that he has the talent, the guts and the drive, to dissociate himself from that label.

No one is going to kid him into believing that it will be an easy task. In order to be a successful captain, you first have to have a team that measures up to the necessary standard. Kim Hughes doesn't. The Australians of today are no comparison with sides that did battle for Ian and Greg Chappell.

Minus Chappell, Lillee and Marsh, Australians look a little inexperienced, but then again, which side wouldn't? Hughes has plenty of talent in his squad—certainly a lot more than David Gower has at his disposal—but he will have to mould that into a cohesive, fighting unit.

That experience will be nothing new to Hughes, who led a band of rookies out here in 1979, when Australian cricketing prospects were about as bleak as the sands of the Northern Territory. Denuded by defections to Packer's World Series Cricket, the Aussie cricket cupboard was bare.

In fact, one young journalist with a mathematical instinct produced a bit of interesting information before the first Test of that series, at Madras. Sunil Gavaskar had more appearances in Test cricket than the entire Australian touring side.

The Australians lost the series, but were not disgraced. Hughes and a young left hander named Allan Border got dashing hundreds at Madras and finished the tour with an impressive aggregate between them. Peter Sleep, playing in only his second Test, and Dav Whatmore, who couldn't have played too many more, saved the Delhi Test with some dogged batting. No, for a side that was so short on experience the 1979 Australians under Kim Hughes weren't so bad at all. What happened to the survivors of that side?

Hughes and Border are ranked with the best today. Geoff Lawson, who was flown out to India midway through that series as a replacement for the injured Alan Hurst, is on song as Australia's main strike bowler. Rodney Hogg, dogged by back problems, has never been as devastating as he was when he took 41 English Test wickets in a series, but they say that he is as tricky as they come.

Graham Yallop, who was never really forgiven for losing the Ashes to Mike Brearley, went through a couple of indifferent patches to come roaring back a couple of seasons ago, breaking Bill Ponsford's record run aggregate in a Sheffield Shield tournament. Injury forced him to drop out midway through the last season but he will be part of the side on view in India and, as an internationally acknowledged player of spin, will no doubt prove that the reputation is richly deserved.

Graeme Wood, also a member of that 1979 side, has been in and out of several Australian teams thereafter. He has never been in for an extended period but has nonetheless earned a reputation as a fearless, if somewhat reckless, opening batsman.

A one-day series can and never will be a substitute for a full-length Test series, but the cut-and-thrust fury of limited over cricket will be ideally suited to Indian fans. The Australians, with nothing to lose, will be giving it their best shot while the Indians will have to do their utmost in front of their home crowds.

It is now almost ten months since the series between India and the West Indies came to an end. Before we realise it, we are on the brink of another cricket season.

It's the age-old cycle all over again. Cricket tickets, not videos, become the true status symbols once more. Autograph hunters dust out their books. Cricket writers, saddle-sore after a lifetime in Press boxes, get their paraphernalia together once more.

And there's that old familiar feeling once more as the evenings draw quickly into darkness. It's cricket time again.



"Kim Hughes earned the title of stand-in captain through no fault of his own"

Batsmanship at a discount

Kuldip Lal feels that holding an important fixture during September might be a big mistake

THE Board disposes what it itself proposes. Its commendable decision to extend the playing time of an important fixture like the Irani Cup match to five days has been offset by its stubborn persistence in scheduling the start of the domestic season before the monsoons have receded. A September start leaves little time for adequate preparation of wickets, with the result that the season's early matches give little opportunity to cricketers to find the touch for their sterner tests ahead.

The Irani Cup tie in Delhi in the first week of September was no exception. With heavy rains playing havoc with ground conditions till three days before the start, just a day's rolling was possible on the newly-grassed track. Once the wicket dried up, cracks appeared on the strip which made the ball rear disconcertingly one moment and skid through the next. Predictably, the ball dominated the bat and the match ended in less than three-and-a-half days.

One learns that the high-powered cricket committee appointed by the Board to review the standards of the game in the country has recommended an October start for the season from now on. The sooner it is implemented, the better, otherwise these trial matches shall continue to be reduced to a farce.

Rest of India beat Ranji champions Bombay to the title largely due to the superlative efforts of its captain, Kapil Dev, whose amazing all-round abilities dominated the proceedings. With Chetan Sharma, Manoj Prabhakar, Roger Binny and Maninder Singh also in its ranks, the Rest of India attack was better equipped to exploit the conditions. Bombay's plight can be conjectured had leg-spinner L. Sivaramakrishnan not been overlooked when the final eleven was picked on the first morning. For, even Ravi Shastri and Maninder got turn and bounce that made batting look a difficult proposition.

Kapil Dev seemed to take the threat of losing the Test captaincy to heart, for he played like a man possessed. However, the much-publicised confrontation with Gavaskar never really materialised. The Bombay skipper strained his back during practice and never got down to playing a long innings, nor did he take the field during Rest's first innings. Just as



The Rest of India side with Kamal Nath, MP.

well, since to determine leadership qualities on the basis of one match alone, does not make cricketing sense. With both cricketers publicly stating that the captaincy stakes did not bother them, one hopes the issue has finally been laid to rest.

Kapil was undoubtedly the star performer. His decision to put Bombay in on a damp track could not be faulted, nor could his manouevres on the field. He led from the front, getting the best out of the side. On occasions, when he found the match slipping from his grasp, Kapil came on to bowl a few overs of blistering pace to set matters right. The after-effects of the knee operation were not in evidence whenever Kapil chose to let fly.

With Ravi Shastri and Chandrakant Pandit well-entrenched, Bombay looked to be coasting along merrily at 225 for five on the first day. A late burst by Kapil with the second new ball changed the situation dramatically. Shastri, who had looked in excellent touch till then was trapped in front with a ball that cut in sharply from outside the off stump. The next delivery, a late out-swinger had Ranjan Baindoor edging to Anshuman Gaekwad at second slip. Bombay were reduced to 236, the last five wickets managing to add only eleven runs.

In Bombay's second outing, Kapil ripped through the top half of the batting in his first five overs, claiming Dilip Vengsarkar and Sandeep Patil for just three runs. Vengsarkar failed to get his bat down in time to be leg-before, Patil followed, top-edging an intended hook, which the bowler himself caught. With the cream of the batting back in the pavilion, Maninder came on for an unchanged spell of 22 overs of accurate spin bowling to confuse the lower half.

A scratchy 48 with the bat nevertheless ensured Rest the first innings lead. At 167 for six, Rest were way behind Bombay's score of 236 when Kapil came in. The captain eschewed all heroics as he and Manoj Prabhakar slowly crept towards the magic figure. Kapil was ninth out with the total reading a safer-looking 274, but not before he showed the vintage Kapil touch with a huge six over mid wicket off Balwinder Sandhu.

Chetan Sharma is slowly but surely following in his mentor's footsteps. A stint of league cricket in England has added a yard to his pace. He was clearly the fastest on view during the match. He made almost every batsman play hurried strokes and Lalchand Rajput, regarded highly as an opener by no less a person than the Little Master himself, became a victim of Sharma's speed in both innings. His haul of three wickets in the Bombay first innings would have doubled if the close catching had been surer.

Sharma's batting was a revelation. He smacks the ball hard and is as uninhibited in his strokeplay as Kapil. He scored 24 runs off 27 balls in Rest's first innings which included a midwicket six off Sandhu, who otherwise had a very good match. With seven wickets Chetan Sharma has the making of a genuine all-rounder. It remains to be seen how he fares in the highest grade of cricket.

Another bright star on the horizon is Hyderabad's lanky 21-year-old batsman, Mohammad Azharuddin. Coming into the Rest of India side on the basis of his phenomenal run-getting in the last domestic season, Azhar impressed everyone at the Kotla with his majestic strokeplay. Dismissed off the first ball in his first outing at the crease, he made amends with a superb half-century in the second. His shots are crisp and the timing perfect. A scorching cover drive off Shastri on the third evening will be etched in memory for a long time.

Ghulam Parkar enhanced his claims for a Test berth with determined knocks in both innings. His tenacity and willingness to stay at the crease makes up for his ungainly style. He is also an asset on the field. If Gavaskar prefers to come lower down in the order, Parkar could get the nod especially since the other contender Anshuman Gaekwad had a poor match. Surinder Khanna's exhilarating strokeplay may win him a berth for the limited-over matches, but his 'keeping leaves a lot to be desired. India can ill afford to dispense with the services of Syed Kirmani for his class is unmatched by any other 'keeper in the country today.

Bishan Bedi and Hanumant Singh, the two selectors who witnessed the match, must have liked what they saw of Maninder Singh. His inability to be among the wickets in Test matches had cast a shadow of doubt over this young left armer's future. With a lot of assistance from the wicket, Maninder looked a far better bowler, not hesitating to give the ball air. His long spell of 22 overs in Bombay's second innings cost only 34 runs and in the process, picked up four wickets. An armer that dipped late to take Gavaskar's off stump was a gem of a delivery.

The poor quality of batting seen during the match was as much due to the uncertain nature of the wicket as to the lack of adequate match practice by the cricketers. Except for an odd tournament, at Madras or Bombay there is virtually no cricket before September. The Irani tie was the first match of the season for many of the players. Not surprisingly, the main performances came from those who had spent the summer in England. Ghulam Parkar, Ravi Shastri, Chandrakant Pandit, Chetan Sharma, Maninder Singh and of course, Kapil Dev have all had a fruitful season in England. They did well at the Kotla. Perhaps, Azharuddin was the only cricketer who did not go to England, yet succeeded in the Irani Trophy.

The missing selectors

ONE person who could not have been impressed by anyone's performance in the crucial Irani Cup tie was the chairman of selectors, Ghulam Ahmed. For the simple reason that he was not there. He arrived in Delhi in time to watch only the inconsequential fourth day's play, when Rest of India required 38 runs to win the match.

Hanumant Singh (Central Zone) and Bishan Bedi (North Zone) took turns to watch the first three days of play. Pankaj Roy (East Zone), who had earlier missed the selection committee meeting to pick the 1983 World Cup squad, did not make an appearance at the Kotla. Nor did Chandu Borde (West Zone), who had to rush back on hearing the news of a bereavement in the family.

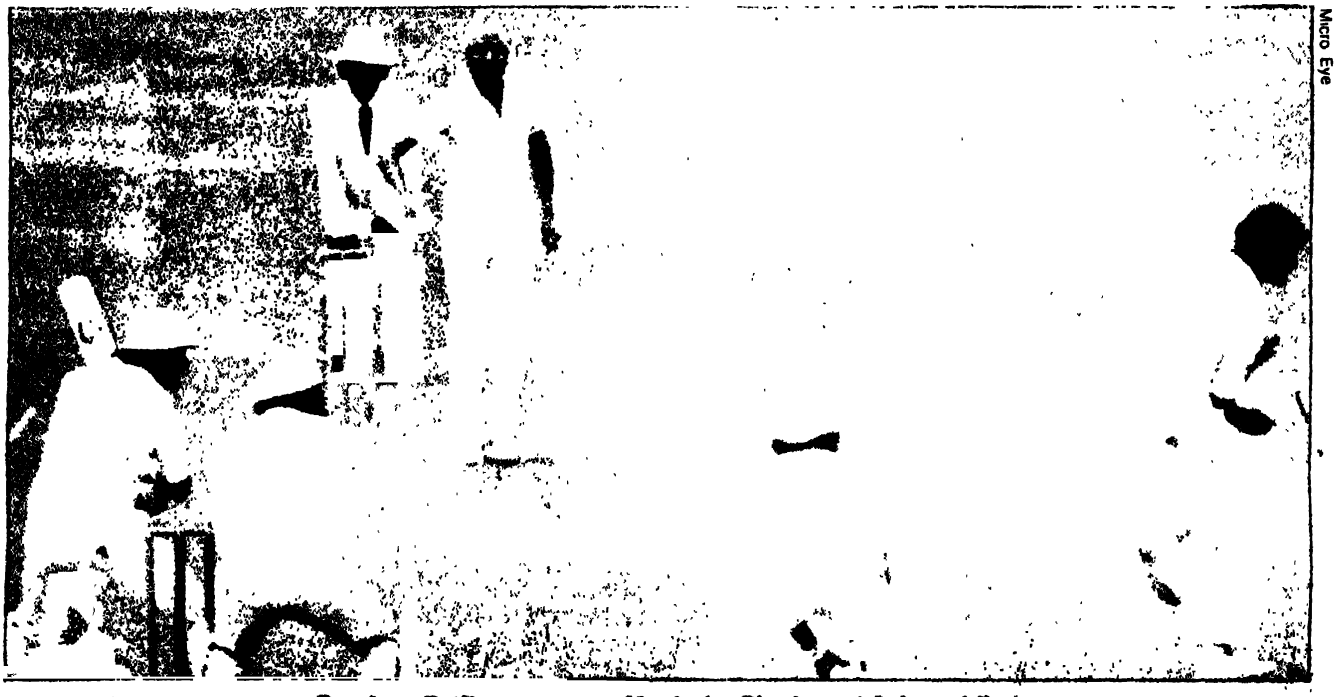
Obviously, the selectors did not consider the Irani tie important enough before they sat to pick the team for Pakistan and the internationals against Australia. In that case, they might as well have selected the team on 26 August, the date originally announced by the Board secretary.

Irani Trophy pictures



Micro Eye

Ravi Shastri punches Maninder Singh for four



Micro Eye

Sandeep Patil square cuts Maninder Singh past Azharuddin



Micro Eye

Gavaskar holes out off Manoj Prabhakar



Micro Eye

Balwinder Singh Sandhu: successful bowling



Jagdish Yadav

Ghulam Parkar is beaten and bowled by Maninder.

Wicket keeping for England in motor cycling gauntlets

John Arlott remembers George Brown, one–time player for England and Hampshire

DID he walk the 64 miles from Cowley to Southampton for a trial, carrying his bat, pads and all his personal belongings in a cricket bag on his shoulder? Could he tear a pack of cards across with his bare hands? Did he open the innings for England? Did he keep wicket for England wearing motor-cycling gauntlets? Was he one of the most savage strikers of the ball cricket has known? Did he take 629 first-class wickets as a fast-medium bowler? Did he once ride his motor-bicycle at speed down the steps to the Bournemouth promenade? Was he reckoned the best mid-off, the most spectacularly fearless silly point and 'the furthest thrower' in the game of his time? Did he once pull his bat away and breast down a bouncer from one of the fastest bowlers in the country? Did he once seize a well-known Yorkshire player by the front of his jacket with one hand and hold him over the well of a six-storey spiral staircase until he apologized for an alleged insult? The answer—to all those questions—is Yes—and he was George Brown of Hampshire; one of the finest all-rounders and most extraordinary characters in the history of the game.

Tall, raw-boned, wide-shouldered and immensely powerful, he had a face like a Red Indian Chieftain—sun-grained and strong-lines as if it had been chipped out of granite. He might have made a living as a footballer or a boxer but was utterly devoted to cricket. A passionate, eccentric, determined, brave, loyal and loving man; he commanded amazement, respect—at times, even, awe—and affection.

George Brown was confident that he would not have to walk back home from his trial with Hampshire; and in a single net he demonstrated sufficient ability to be taken onto the staff as a fast right-arm bowler. As soon as his two years' qualification was over (1909) he was brought into the side and, in his first match—against Surrey—when Jack Hobbs and Ernie Hayes put on 371 for the second wicket in 2¾ hours—his analysis was 2 for 116.

In 1913 at Portsmouth when Kent (527) beat Hampshire by an innings and 75, George Brown bowled a series of bouncers at their batsmen. 'Wait until Arthur Fielder gets at you,' they warned him. In due course Brown came in first wicket down; when Fielder bowled him a short lifter he simply squared up, dropped his right hand with the bat in it, took the ball in the middle of the chest and, as it dropped at his feet, said, 'He isn't fast'; and proceeded to make fifty. In 1932 he sought to repeat the performance in the Lancashire match at Bournemouth. In those days, reputedly using some artificial aid, he could still generate a fair head of steam. This time the opposing bowler was Gordon Hodgson. George mustered the gesture and the taunt 'He isn't fast'—but by then he was 20 years older than in the original situation. He stepped gently over the bat; promptly—and fairly promptly—got to his feet, but was out a few minutes later for 10.

Matters were very different when he came back from the 1914-1918 War, a harder, stronger, even more independent man than before. On his huge, vastly powerful, American 'Indian' motor-cycle, he scoured the country cricket circuit at furious pace; content that no police patrol could ever catch him. If one ever tried, it did not, it seems succeed. Once when



"He had a face like a Red Indian chieftain."

Hampshire's wicket-keeper, Walter Livsey, had one of his bad days, George was asked to keep wicket. He did so in his motor-cycling gloves; and so effectively that, in 1921, he was brought in to strengthen the English batting against the withering pace of Gregory and McDonald in the last three Tests with Armstrong's destroying Australians. He never flinched; indeed, he hit back strongly and, with 250 runs in five innings, never failed.

He is one of the few men who seemed really to enjoy batting against fast bowling. He hooked and cut savagely and if the ball was 'up', he drove violently; his method was simply to attack. He reacted above all to challenge. Characteristically his best performances were almost all against the old enemies—the Australians and Yorkshire.

Slow bowling sometimes puzzled him in his younger days but, as top scorer in both Hampshire innings against the 1930 Australians, he played Grimmett with consummate skill.

With almost all the strokes, he much favoured one of his own creation, which he called 'the whip'. It was played forward into the rise of the ball, with a flick of the wrists to place it through the leg side. Much as it horrified the purists, and technically unsound as it may seem, he played it with impressive certainty.

He enjoyed opening the innings and it was in character that he would almost invariably strive to take the initiative. Once he hit the first ball of a match—bowled by no less lively and accurate a fast-medium bowler than John Douglas—not merely for six but far out of the Bournemouth ground. After Goddard used to tell ruefully how, in his early days, when he was a fast bowler for Gloucestershire, George Brown hit the last four balls of a game for four apiece—and all to different parts of the ground.

Although by nature an aggressive bat, at need he would defend obdurately. Not always strictly at need, either. At Durban during the 1922-23 MCC tour of South Africa, he and Alec Kennedy bowled for an hour in the nets in appallingly humid heat to Percy George Fender, who walked away saying 'And don't think I'm going to bowl to you in this weather.'

In the following July, when Hampshire met Surrey at Bournemouth according to Wisden, George Brown 'carried caution to a maddening extreme, batting three hours for his 34 not out'. At one point in that innings Fender (19 overs for 36 runs and no wickets) shouted at him in indignation: 'What the hell do you think you're doing Brown?' 'Taking that net you owe me from Durban, Mr Fender' was the solemn reply: the next ball, too, was played with exaggerated care, gently back down the pitch.

George Brown was an unpredictable cricketer, quick to anger when he considered himself slighted. After his fine batting against the 1921 Australians, he resented being treated as a tailender a year later in South Africa where he had been taken primarily as a batsman and second wicket-keeper to Walter Livsey—so he simply did not bother to bat. He could, too, suddenly and inexplicably lose form for a week or a season.

On the other hand, he could rise to the virtually impossible challenge. At Leyton in 1912, Essex, 317 ahead,

He took the ball in the middle of the chest and said, "He isn't fast."

invited Hampshire to follow on. When their sixth second innings wicket fell they were still 119 behind but then Brown joined C.H. Abercrombie and, with 140 not out in a stand of 325 in 3½ hours, they carried Hampshire to the safety of a draw.

Ten years afterwards he played a major part in probably the most remarkable reversal of cricketing probability in the history of the game. At Edgbaston, on June 14, 1922, Warwickshire scored 223, then on a perfect wicket Howell and Calthorpe bowled out Hampshire for 15 and made them follow on.

The next morning the Hampshire captain, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson received a derisive and abusive mail, of which one letter ran: "Tennyson, why don't you give up cricket and take your men to paint spots on rocking horses.'

For some odd reason that angered George Brown and without doubt stirred him to high effort. He went in at number six and, when the sixth second innings wicket fell, Hampshire still needed 22 to avoid an innings defeat. Brown and Shirley put on 85 for the seventh wicket but, when Shirley was out and then McIntyre (for five), they were only 66 ahead. Then, though, George Brown and Walter Livsey made 177 for the ninth wicket and, after Brown was bowled by Cyril Smart for 172, Livsey and Boyes produced 70 for the last wicket. Warwickshire were already psychologically beaten before Kennedy and Newman bowled them out for 158 and Hampshire won by 155 runs.

Fine wicket-keeper as he was—he never missed a chance in the 1921 series against Australia—pace bowling and fielding in the 'silly' positions gave him far greater stimulus. So he insisted on regarding himself as only a stopgap wicket-keeper. That, he explained, was the reason why he never went to the expense of buying wicket-keeping gloves, but 'made do' with his motor-cycling gauntlets. That eventually cost him dearly. For the final and decisive Test of 1926 the selectors, as in 1921, picked him in preference to Bert Strudwick on grounds of his greater batting ability. He went for a preliminary net—not even match-practice—in his gauntlets, damaged his left thumb, and lost his place in the side that won back The Ashes for England.

George, though, was not a lucky man. He never asked for luck or help; he preferred to fight his own battles. He lost his only son—young George—in the War: a charming lad in his twenties. His wife became blind; and George cared for her with a tenderness remarkable in such a huge, physical man. He fell on hard times as he grew older; and was stricken with four heart attacks before the last. Each time he would order his England blazer to be sent to the hospital so that he might be buried in it. After a day or two in bed, though, he would call for his clothes—'And don't forget my blazer'—and, despite all protests or pleadings—'There's nothing wrong with me now; and my old missus needs me to see for her'—he would dress and go home. He was never more striking than as he approached death when, propped up in his bed, the skin stretched tight over that unique facial bone structure, head wrenched proudly erect when a visitor approached, he looked like some pagan prince. 'Forget me like this,' he said, 'remember me like I used to be when they couldn't beat me.'

Wisden Cricket Monthly

The mad hatter's tea party

Michael Mewshaw explains the economics of tennis philosophy, where it doesn't really matter how you play—as long as the money keeps rolling in. These are edited extracts from his book "Short Circuit", published by Collins, London and priced at £5.95

I ARRIVED in Strasbourg at daybreak with luggage for a month on the road. The city, built on the banks of the Rhine across the river from Germany, is the capital of Alsace, but a cab brought me to what appeared to be an enclave of America. A Holiday Inn had been cloned to this corner of France and, behind it, a Hilton Hotel had been grafted onto a patch of sod and was still struggling to take root.

The Hilton was the official hotel of the WCT tournament in Strasbourg and provided rooms at half-price to players and journalists.

That evening I rode to the Rhenus Hall with Sandy Mayer, an American who, like his younger brother Gene, is generally described as intelligent, articulate, and outspoken. Both graduated from Stanford University with degrees in political science and both refer to themselves as staunch Christians. But there the similarities end. While Gene is roundfaced and boyish in appearance, Sandy, four years older, has sharply chiselled features and a receding hairline.

When I told Mayer I was writing a book about the circuit, he said it had been done before and recited several titles that are essentially hymns in praise of the game.

I said I had something different in mind, an accurate account.

'Impossible,' Sandy replied. 'I just don't see how you could do it.'

'What do you see as my biggest problem?'

'To do a book about the tour and show the way it really is you'd have to be able to gain the complete confidence of the players. Then to give a true picture, you'd have to be the kind of person who would violate that confidence.'

I didn't intend to violate anyone's confidence, I told Mayer. I made it my practice to inform players at the start that I was gathering information for a book. If they didn't want to talk, I left them alone. But, so far, most people had shown little reluctance to discuss subjects which I would have thought were taboo. I added, 'Life on the circuit is different from the way most outsiders imagine it.'

Mayer spoke slowly, choosing his words with care. 'I don't think tennis players are any different from other young, vital, physically talented people, whether they're rock stars, actors, royalty, anybody constantly in the spotlight.' Then after a pause, 'Anybody in the spotlight who has no responsibilities and feels he has no obligations to anyone except himself.'

Off the record, everybody on the circuit concedes that tanking happens in singles, too. Generally, they add that these thrown matches were 'meaningless', an interesting assertion since money is always at stake

Wasn't there one crucial difference between tennis players and the kind of media creatures he had mentioned. 'You guys have to stay in shape, don't you? I don't see you dying in your beds of drug overdoses.'

We had reached the Rhenus Hall, and Sandy was taking his racquets from the boot. 'When I first came on the tour there was only one drug that was regularly abused and that was alcohol. Some of the older guys overdid it and they're addicted. Now, of course, players are branching out into other drugs.'

What drugs?

Sandy Mayer wouldn't specify.

As we entered the building, I asked to talk to him at length when he had the time.

'No, I don't want to do it,' Mayer said. 'I don't want to be a whistle blower. I don't see that it would change anything.'

It seemed to me, if things were as seriously wrong with tennis as his tone implied, then someone should blow the whistle. If the game didn't reform itself, it risked having an outside authority imposed on it.

Mayer thought the intervention of an outside authority might be best for tennis.

'Maybe a book like mine could help,' I suggested.

'I don't think so. You can't change human nature. I'll give you an example. For years everyone knew women's tennis was dominated by lesbians. But nobody wrote about it. Everybody pretended it was a person-



Gene and Sandy Mayer are 'generally described as [illegible], articulate, and outspoken'

al matter, just a preference that had no effect on the sport. Then when the story broke and it was written up in one magazine or another about Billie Jean King and other women on the tour, writers still refused to draw any conclusions or make any judgments. They still maintained it was a private matter. The funny thing is, if you have some minor, personal foible, journalists will jump all over it. But if it's something big, something serious, they back away.'

That day, there was only one piece of hard news. International Director John McDonald acknowledged his keen disappointment with Strasbourg and announced to Alan Page of Associated Press that World Championship Tennis would cut back from twenty-two to sixteen tournaments next year. By morning, the story would go out around the world. By evening, Al G. Hill, Jr., President of WCT, would be on an airplane from Dallas.

Back at the hotel, I took a table with Robyn Lewis and her assistant, Amanda Hackney, an attractive Texan with blonde, frizzed hair. They had just flown in from Amsterdam where they went each Monday to edit the film of the previous week's tournament. This commute was starting to wear on them, especially on Robyn, 'a classic Gemini' as she called herself, who half the time wished she lived on a farm and could pass her days making patchwork quilts and the other half wished she were in Paris or London making deals.

Amritraj wandered by, no less good-humoured for having lost his game with Terry Moor. He sat down and, toying with the amulet on his gold neckchain, warned us the hotel sauna was co-ed. That afternoon, he had been lolling naked in the jacuzzi when two women, also nude, climbed in with him.

'What did you do?' I asked.

Amritraj giggled. 'Got out right away. I was embarrassed.'

Nick Saviano, a swarthy, square-jawed American, joined us and the talk turned to cars.

Saviano, who has had trouble staying in the top hundred, had more urgent matters to discuss. 'We gotta talk about tomorrow,' he told Amritraj and gestured that they should move to another table.

'We can talk in front of these good people,' Amritraj smiled at us.

Saviano seemed unconvinced. Still he sat down. 'What about the doubles tomorrow?' He and Amritraj were drawn against a team of South Americans.

Amritraj turned thumbs down.

'I got a plane out of here at 3.30,' Saviano said. 'If I'm not on it, I won't be able to play the qualifying this weekend in Milan.'

'We'll let them serve. We'll start right off letting them ace us every time.'

'Hey,' said Amanda Hackney, 'I thought you guys went out to win.'

'Yes, this is terrible, isn't it?' Amritraj asked, smiling.

Robyn Lewis's face soured in disgust. 'I thought this was going to be the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat, all that good stuff. No way!'

Next day, I arrived early at the Rhenus Hall to watch the doubles. In the aisle leading from the players' dressing room to the court, I encountered Amritraj and Saviano who paused to tell me they had been joking

last night.

'Hope you didn't take us seriously,' Amritraj said.

'I don't care if I get into that tournament in Milan,' Saviano swore. 'I can always go to London for the week. I've got an apartment I can use there. I'm going to play to win.'

Perhaps they did play to win. Perhaps the combined forces of Jose Luis Damiani of Uruguay and Ricardo Ycaza of Ecuador, two clay court specialists, were simply too much for them that morning.

They could reasonably have claimed to be victims of the conditions. The Rhenus Hall was cold and members of the Harry Lapp Organisation were busy tacking up promotional strips with staple guns. The crowd consisted of a posse of school kids who ambled in carrying plastic flags that advertised a soft drink. All during the match they clambered up and down the stands, merrily waving their pennants.

Later, after losing 6-3, 6-0, Amritraj bumped into me outside the press room. Still smiling, he said, 'I'm so pissed off. I've got such a temper. I'm so pissed off to lose.'

In explanation, if not in defence, of what often goes on in doubles, it should be said that professional tennis has a year-round calendar with more than a hundred tournaments on five continents. For players who make a handsome living off singles, the temptation is to treat doubles, which pays far less, as an opportunity for light relief, if it doesn't interfere with their schedules. But if a doubles match causes the slightest inconvenience, they'll dump it. In simple economic terms, why should they stick around for doubles which might earn them a few hundred dollars when, as the umpire in Genoa had pointed out, they can fly to the next tournament or exhibition and make thousands?

For a man like Saviano, struggling to survive on the circuit, the economic imperatives are more brutal. Why should he stay in Strasbourg for the doubles when that would prevent him from playing the qualies in Milan? As it turned out, Saviano flew to Milan, made it through the qualifying rounds and earned $3,150, losing in the first round of the main draw. If he had advanced to the next round of doubles with Amritraj, he would have won $250.

It isn't always greed for a bigger jackpot somewhere else which leads players to tank in doubles and sometimes in singles. If they hope to preserve any personal life, they feel they are forced to make difficult decisions.

TENNIS authorities acknowledge that players sometimes throw doubles matches. They decry this, but do little or nothing to stop it, thus creating an impression that doubles doesn't matter and that the rule requiring 'best effort' can be tacitly suspended. Speaking for the record, these same authorities insist that singles matches are never, or at least very rarely, tanked. Off the record, everybody on the circuit concedes that tanking happens in singles, too. Generally, they add that these thrown matches were 'meaningless', an interesting assertion since money is always at stake.

In recent years, some demonstrably meaningful matches have been widely reported as tanked. In 1981, in the Volvo Masters, an eight-man round robin which annually determines the Grand Prix champion, Ivan Lendl lost to Jimmy Connors. Lendl and Connors were already assured of semi-final berths, but the Czech's apparently strategic loss forced Connors to meet Bjorn Borg in the next round, while Lendl got to play Gene Mayer. Predictably, Borg beat Connors and Lendl dispatched Mayer, thus setting up a Borg-Lendl final. While Borg whipped Lendl for the title, the fact remains that after folding in front of Connors the Czech wound up winning more prize money—$50,000—and receiving valuable TV exposure. And, of course, he also got a shot at the title and its $100,000 jackpot. In any other professional sport this would have provoked a public outcry and swift discipline.



Tim Mayotte 'sometimes seems as ungainly as a yearling'

John McDonald, the WCT International Director, climbed up into the stands and sat beside me, during a game. Several days earlier I had asked to interview him and he suggested we talk now, right here watching Gunthardt and Mayer.

I asked what the toughest part of his job was.

'Player withdrawals. There are too many tournaments and too few players who pull in fans.'

Was appearance money part of the problem, I asked?

He assured me WCT didn't give guarantees or appearance money. Lamar Hunt was a man of high moral principle who insisted his tour live up to unbending ethical standards. 'We have very strict rules,' he said. 'You'll never see players at WCT tournaments gambling or splitting prize money.' I bluntly told him I had heard otherwise. I had heard players were splitting at WCT events.

McDonald said he was astonished and swore he had never known anything about it. 'These guys are too selfish to buy each other a drink.'

I said I had spoken to Vittorio Selmi of the ATP who corroborated that prize money splitting was going on. McDonald maintained that Selmi must have misunderstood my question. After I assured him that this wasn't the case, McDonald acknowledged that prize money splitting would be a serious ethical and legal matter. But he just couldn't believe it was happening—which is, perhaps, why he didn't ask who had told me or which players were involved.

On Saturday afternoon, the best match of the tournament took place in an all but empty arena. Terry Moor pitted his topspin passing shots against Tim Mayotte's serve and volley and won the first set 6-4. But in the second, Mayotte overcame an early service break, then broke Moor to 7-5.

Asked how he could prepare for the first final in his professional career Mayotte, who is 6'3", weighs 180 pounds, and sometimes seems as ungainly as a yearling, said, 'By the time you're on the tour, you have to assume you've got the strokes. Any world-class player can hit a winner if he can reach the ball. The problem is

getting to it'

On Sunday, the WCT called a press conference of its own Beforehand, I happened to pick up the previous days edition of *Dernieres Nouvelles d'Alsace* which ran a description of the Lendl Fibak match

Afterwards Fibak had explained to reporters 'With Ivan it's always the same scenario he threw me a challenge betting a hundred dollars I wouldn t win a game I won the bet

Recalling John McDonald's claim that WCT had strict rules against gambling I wondered what would happen to Wojtek Fibak At breakfast, I met Alan Page the AP stringer, and asked if Fibak had indeed, admitted betting on the match against Lendl Page assured me he had but explained that the *Dernieres Nouvelles d'Alsace* had got the details wrong Fibak s bet had been with a friend, not Lendl and the wager was that the Pole wouldn t win three games

As we were speaking, Fibak crossed the lobby and came over to us I asked about his bet He acknowledged that he had made one and, yes, it was for $100 with a friend who doubted he would win three games He had won four

IN the press room, John McDonald sat at a table flanked by Al G Hill, Jr on his right and Harry Lapp on his left Before they opened the conference for questions, each man made a statement Actually, Harry Lapp's was more on the order of an oration, as he delivered his ponderous assessment of the tournament Although it hadn t been a financial success, he considered it 'a moral triumph', and he said he was pleased to have brought first time tennis to the Alsace region.

In contrast to Harry Lapp and his ornate rhetoric, Al G Hill, Jr sounded down home, direct, and friendly. He didn't look it, but he sounded it.

After a few preliminary pleasantries, he said he would entertain questions

Directing my comments to John McDonald, I reminded him of his statement that WCT had very strict rules to protect the integrity of the game and to ensure that spectators understood its tournaments were honest matches, not exhibitions There was, for example, the rule against gambling I then showed McDonald and Hill the headline in the local paper and summarised what the article said and what I had learned that morning from Wojtek Fibak about his bet.

'Do you know what the stake was?' McDonald broke in

'One hundred dollars,' I said

'Really?' McDonald chuckled, and he and Hill grinned at each other

'What's the rule,' I asked, 'and what's your reaction to this headline?'

While the translator caught up with the conversation, interpreting for the French Press, Hill leaned over and whispered to McDonald, 'The bet had nothing to do with the outcome of the match' Then a moment later, still whispering, 'If Lendl had bet on the outcome of the match, that would be one thing

When the translator was finished, McDonald declared, 'I don't think we can be responsible for the amusing little comments made between players I think we have more serious things at stake, and since it made no difference to the match—' Without completing that sentence or supplying a transition, he trundled on, 'But what we're concerned about in all our contractual agreements with tournaments is that there is to be no gambling on the site Some years ago Wimbledon allowed gambling, and it gave those in the game great concern because players were in fact able to bet on themselves At *'Wimbledon!'* he repeated. 'And this is something you just cannot have in professional tennis'

'John,' I said, 'I want to understand you correctly You re saying if there's a private bet between players, then that's not part of that rule?'

'Off court' McDonald embarked on a series of stream-of-consciousness fragments 'And if it's for an amusing. If it's for a dinner or whatever else, I mean, no way. You can.'

Since the bet in question had not been between players, but rather between Fibak and a friend, was McDonald suggesting that this was less serious?

'It also had nothing to do with the possible outcome of the match,' Hill interjected

'It had something to do with the score,' I pointed out

'Yeah, well, the bet, I think, was really between the two of them' Hill insisted 'As you know, probably, they're very close personally.'

'No, it wasn't between the two of them'

'Well, even between Fibak and a friend, it was probably pretty much of joke,' Hill said 'If you understand the history at all of Fibak and Lendl, Mr Lendl tries to make sure Mr Fibak doesn't win *one* game Ever! Because of their personal relationship Now, if Mr Lendl, for instance, were betting on the outcome of his match today, which he can control, I would think that would be the thing that we are aiming our interest in gambling at. It's to keep players from throwing a match in order to make money'

'What if the bet were for $100,000 instead of $100?' I pressed Hill.

'On four games?' he asked

'Yes.'

'Between some friends of Fibak and Fibak himself? I don't think that we can really do a whole lot about that. If it were to affect the outcome of a match, or if it were to affect either organised gambling, bookmaking, etcetera, then we would certainly very quickly step in to remedy that.'

But quite apart from any hypothetical case, the fact remained that Fibak bet on a match and, all of McDonald and Hill's demurrers notwithstanding, the Grand Prix Code of Conduct, upon which WCT's rules are based, says 'no player shall wager anything of value in connection with any tennis event.' (Despite my repeated pleas, nobody in Strasbourg or at the WCT office in London would provide me with the WCT rule book) No exception is made for small bets or amusing bets or bets between friends or bets away from the tournament site The rule is simply and categorically against gambling.

But WCT was giving no ground today.



Fibak acknowledged that he had made a bet

When Piggott feathered his tally

Adi Davar

BY driving Circus Plume to a narrow but decisive victory in the Oaks, at Epsom, Lester Piggott ran his total of English classic victories to 27 and managed to equal a record which had stood for 157 years. Not since the 61-year-old Frank Buckle rode the fourth Duke of Grafton's filly Arab Home to a head success over stable companion Monody in the One Thousand Guineas of 1827 had a rider gained as many as 27 successes in English classics.

Buckle, who retired from the saddle in 1831 and died the following spring, notched his first classic win abord John Bull in the 1792 Derby and flourished as the nation's most popular and most successful jockey for more than three decades. His record remained safe when Jem Robinson retired in the early 1850s with his score at 24, and the only subsequent threat to it in the 19th century ended with the suicide of Fred Archer, who had rattled up 21 classic successes in only 13 seasons.

Had Archer lived, he would no doubt have exceeded Buckle's score, but after his era no one jockey has dominated the classic scene, and it seemed that the record would last for all time. In the first half of the present century Joe Childs did the best with a tally of 15, one more than Steve Donoghue, Charlie Elliott, and the man they dubbed "the shortest knight," Sir Gordon Richards, who dominated to the extent of 26 riding championships, but he was not so fortunate when it came to classics.

Piggott, who rode his first winner as a schoolboy of 12 in 1948, claimed his first classic aboard Never Say Die in the 1954 Derby and has been most people's idea of Britain's finest jockey ever since. But in the early days he had problems with his weight and with the stewards, and at the time of his first championship in 1960 it seemed long odds against his being around long enough to challenge for the record.

When he parted company with Noel Murless's stable in 1966, his classic score was only seven, and he appeared to have forfeited his best chance of matching Buckle. But then he forged an even more successful link with Vincent O'Brien, an association which thrived, most memorably in the Derby triumphs of Sir Ivor, Nijinsky-II, and The Minstrel.

But The Minstrel, in 1977, provided their last joint triumph, and three years later Piggott abandoned the famous connection, still four short of Buckle's record. A new liaison, with Newmarket trainer Henry Cecil, provided victory number 24 on Fairy Footsteps in the 1981 One Thousand Guineas, and spare rides aboard Blue Wind (Ire) (1981 Oaks), Teenoso (1983 Derby), and finally Circus Plume enabled him to attain the impossible.

His latest triumph, which came only five days after the announcement that the Piggott-Cecil axis would end this autumn (leaving Steve Cauthen to take on the number one job in Britian), was gained with all the assurance and finesse people have come to associate with "The Maestro" over the years.

Circus Plume went off as the second favourite for the Oaks, only the Musidora Stakes heroine Optimistic Lass being preferred to her in the betting. It was the latter's stable companion Malaak, with Piggott's United States counterpart Bill Shoemaker in the irons, who showed the way early in the straight, but that daughter of The Minstrel had no more to give when Willie Carson delivered a challenge aboard Miss Beaulieu.

However, the writing was already on the wall, for Piggott was bearing down on Circus Plume, and no sooner had Miss Beaulieu taken command she was forced to yield. Circus Plume drew to the front one and a half furlongs out, and though 66 to 1 shot Media Luna came through stoutly and may even have headed her for a stride, the High Top filly quickened again when asked, reestablished a neck advantage, and did not have to be hard pressed to maintain that margin to the line. Circus Plume's winning time was 2:38.97.

Out of Shot was a length and a half behind in what ought to have been a well merited third place. But the tail-swishing daughter of Shirley Heights had veered left under Pat Eddery's whip, slightly impeding the already beaten Optimistic Lass, and the stewards decided that rules were rules—even when they involved the demotion of a filly owned by a former senior steward of the Jockey Club of England.

Out of Shot was stripped of the £18,456 third prize, which went instead to Canadian-bred Poquito Queen, with the Kentucky-bred Optimistic Lass pushed up to fourth. In addition, the hapless Eddery was suspended for ten days to close a miserable week in which he had also lost the Derby by a short head and received a roasting from a small trainer over his riding of another horse at Epsom.

While Eddery sunk to the depths of despair, the 48-year-old Piggott came back to a tumultuous reception aboard the 4,251st winner he has ridden in Britain. He will need to ride for about six more years to threaten Richards's record tally of 4,870 wins. But Piggott has never regarded that a realistic target and does not plan to continue that long.

Having got so far, Piggott will not be content with a mere share of the classic record, and he hopes to break it before he turns trainer at the Newmarket yard which he already owns.



Circus Plume takes Lester Piggott to his 27th classic victory

But, having got so far, Piggott will not be content with a mere share of the classic record, and he hopes to break it before he turns trainer at the Newmarket yard which he already owns.

Circus Plume, who receives her education from John Dunlop at Arundel, is a product of Mrs Camilla Drake's small stud in Hampshire, which specialises in the preparation of weanlings for sale at auction. She sent Circus Plume to Newmarket in December 1981, and the filly brought the third highest price of the year for one of her age group—98,000 guineas—when bought by Sir Robin McAlpine, who had bred the dam and subsequently regretted her sale.

Over the air with Arlott, Swanton and Brian Johnston

Pearson Surita is invited to join the BBC Test commentary team

MY broadcasting life had now fallen into a fairly set pattern, cricket and tennis in the winter punctuated occasionally with football, such as in 1954-55 when, straddling December and January we had visits by teams from Sweden, then Ceylon, Burma and finally, that from a good Russian side to Delhi who spent much of their spare time and spare cash purchasing jazz records. Variety was also provided by a pleasant radio report on the opening of the headquarters of the Sea Cadets Association, a talk on "Music of my choice", suitably embellished by Bunny Jacob on violin, inter-Services boxing, the usually well-conducted affair at Fort William, polo and athletics.



In 1958 we were discussing what AIR programmed as "a much talked-of subject", a stadium for Calcutta. To think that 26 years later such an edifice is only just nearing completion, if that!

And then, in 1959, I was bidden to England by the BBC and all my dreams were at last coming true. Broadcasting House in Portman Square is an imposing building and it was there that I was received with warmth and in most cordial fashion by Charles Max-Muller, Head of Outside Broadcasts and a scion of the famous intellectual himself. I was greatly impressed by the man and the fact that he was as English as any Englishman can aspire to be. He was big man in more ways than one and for this reason his gentleness struck one forcibly.

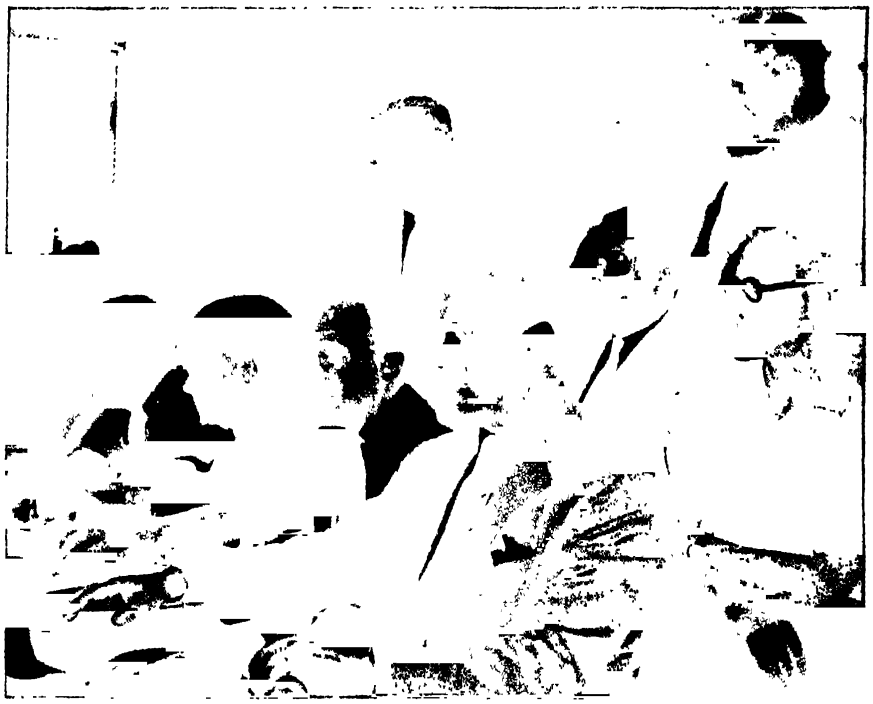
I was delighted to learn from Michael Hastings, "No.2" to C. M-M. and Geoff Dobson of the General Overseas Service, that my commitments included pre-lunch, pre-tea and pre-close of play sessions for the five days of all five Test matches as well as forming part of the team throughout the day for the Home Service Light Programme for the Indians' matches against the MCC at Lord's and Lancashire at Old Trafford.

Later in the tour and, presumably because I had made the grade, I was also invited to Swansea for the tourists' match against Glamorgan and to the beautiful ground at Canterbury for the game against Kent and, in both cases, given the added responsibility for providing "eye witness accounts" of 3-minute durations during the day.

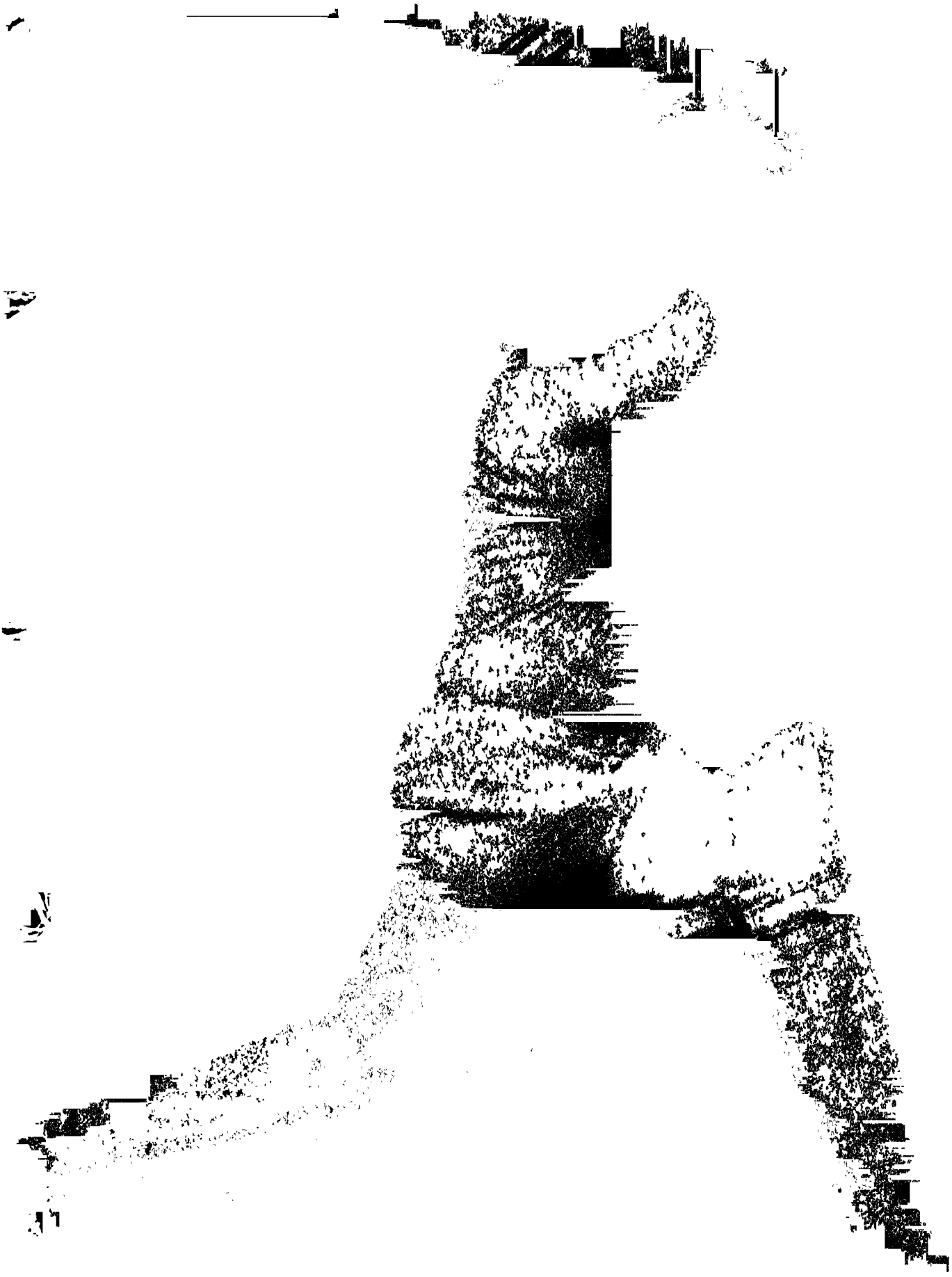
However, pleasurable anticipation of all this was dampened to some extent by the news received about then that Vizzy, having pulled strings at the highest diplomatic levels, was going to join us for the brief sessions at the Test matches. I am aware of *"de mortuis nil nisi bonum"* but I must record that at that moment a large groan rent the air. Small relief was forthcoming at Old Trafford when, on one of the days, the old boy fell asleep in his seat at the back of the box after the tea interval and was heard no more that day!

Thus, my introduction to real cricket commentary as opposed to the piffle which passed for such back here in India. My records reveal that I was thrown immediately amongst "wolves" such as Rex Alston and John Arlott at Lord's for the MCC match and, subsequently, as the tour went on, teamed with the incomparably versatile Brian Johnston and Jim Swanton. Scorers such as Roy Webber and Arthur Wrigley, who were also master statisticians, contributed greatly to the facility and quality of the commentary.

Continued next week



Rubbing shoulders with the high and mighties. From left (front row) Norman Yardley, Freddie Brown, Arthur Wrigley and John Arlott. Back row: Vizzy, Pearson Surita and Rex Alston.



How the US Open thrilled New York

George K. George reports

REDEMPTION at last—for the US Open and for pro tennis. After a mediocre marathon of eleven long days and short nights at the Meadow, the sparks of real competition appeared on the second Saturday of September. New York had never seen anything quite like it, nor had the rest of the world.

It had the epic drama of all three parts of Star Wars. On the last day, there were 16 sets, 165 games and 979 points played at Stadium Court. Numbers don't lie. Nor do they tell the whole story.

It was an incredible show which no one had anticipated. First it was Star Wars involving an impulsive and ruthless Australian teenager and an unsmiling Czech who was appearing at his third consecutive Open final. Pat Cash and Ivan Lendl played a match that could be second only to the Bjorn Borg-John McEnroe 1980 encounter at Wimbledon.

Then it was time for The Empire Strikes Back. Chris Evert-Lloyd tried to strike back, but for the thirteenth time in a row, she was unable to win against Martina Navratilova. It was perhaps the best of their 61 confrontations.

By the time the third part of the box office hit began, it was twilight. It ended approximately 45 minutes before midnight. It was the Return of the Jedi in an allegorical sense as John McEnroe knocked out Jimmy Connors, the defending champion.

The pregame show itself was an entertaining piece of nostalgia. At 11 a.m. John Newcombe and Stan Smith battled out the semi finals of the Over 35 men's competition.

The match was added to the schedule at the request of the CBS television network which in the past had faced problems as the matches got over too fast. Newcombe and Smith really went for it and played a lot longer than expected, with the result that Cash and Lendl began almost one and a half hours later than the originally scheduled time. Their match lasted three hours and thirtynine minutes. Chris and Martina played one hour and fortyseven minutes. Connors and McEnroe extended themselves to three hours and forty five minutes. When, ultimately, the quick fifth set ended, it was 11-13 p.m.

Matches do not become part of tennis history merely because of their duration, they just occupy places in record books. But these matches were not just records, they were what history may one day list as classics. Three of them in a row, at the same venue, on the same day is such a rare occurrence that it could be called an epic. It was one of those days that become part of the life of those who experienced it. Tennis fans could not ask for anything more. For many, it was too much to handle in a single day.



Jimmy Connors, still as fast and furious as ever, lost a five setter to McEnroe in the semis

Till that memorable Saturday noon, it was a dull affair. The usual excitement and thrills were just not there. The young American collegians did not provide the punch they usually give through some colourful upsets. The only qualifier who made his way to the pre quarter final, Robert Green, was too ordinary and plain for the media. Things went almost exactly as the ATP and WTA computers had planned for the organisers.

The draw told the story fairly accurately. Ten of the women's seeds entered the last sixteen. The six non-seeds were Helena Sukova, Sylvia Hanika, Susan Mascarin, Petra Delhees Jauch, Lori McNeal and Petra Huber. There were only two unseeded women in the quarter finals: Hanika and Sukova. The semi finals consisted of the first, second, thirteenth and fourteenth seeds.

The main difference between the US Open and Wimbledonwas that the former had higher ranked players—Mandlikova and Kathy Jordan—as the third and fourth semi finalists. The Wimbledon quarter finals also featured higher ranked players.

Yet. somehow, the matches at the Open were less exciting. The exploits of Wendy Turnbull and Carling Bassett on their way to the semi finals included upsets over Pam Shriver and Hana Mandlikova respectively, but the electricity was missing.

Very few people were really optimistic about Martina Navratilova being beaten. Many hoped for it for the sake of the future of women's tennis but even the strong believers would not predict it.

Of course, Chris Evert-Lloyd was playing a much improved game after her Wimbledon loss. She had added a

little more variety to her game and had learned to come to the net a little more

She looked very strong in her matches against Bettina Bunge Bonnie Gadusek and Sylvia Hanika all of which were straight set wins Then she swept past young Carling Bassett, whose loss at 16 might have reminded Chris of her own US Open semi final at the same age against Billie Jean King

This year Chris was motivated and encouraged by her husband John got a performance at the Open Still there was an element of doubt in her own mind about her ability to beat Navratilova for whom the US Open has provided certain bitter memories in the past Another upset therefore was not totally impossible

In the ladies final Chris Evert Lloyd had several chances to beat her opponent The crowd was one hundred per cent behind her as she won the first set in style at 6 4 An excellent baseline game and a few brilliant passing shots enabled Chris to gain control This was no mean achievement because since the Canadian Open of 1983 Chris had not taken a set off her rival She had fallen behind 2 1 on a service break but bounced back to break Martina in the eighth game and jumped into the lead to take the set

In the second set Martina began to control her nerves and came up with more variety I stayed back more and worked my way to the net she said later That strategy certainly worked and her service began to improve The 4 6, 6-4, 6-4 victory gave her a 55th consecutive victory, just one short of Chris's own 56-match record In all, she has won 235 matches and lost only five since 1982

Talking about her US Open ambition, Navratilova said after the match, "I wanted it real bad I really fought out there I've never gone through anything like this before "

She felt that this victory was sweeter than last year's "Last year I walked away with it," she said "This year it was up in the air until the last point It was such a seesaw match But I just reached down and pulled everything I had in me to hang in there "

Chris agreed "I seemed to come up with some pretty great shots out there today But it is not good enough any more just to play a good match against Martina I'm more disappointed than I have been in a long time ' There really was disappointment written all over her face, but she still behaved like the queen, even in defeat

"I was hoping she would have some kind of letdown because she has won six straight Grand Slam titles," Chris observed "You'd think she would come down to earth a little bit, but she hasn't " On the contrary, Martina is more hungry than ever She is craving for the Australian Open which will give her the real Grand Slam



Chris Evert-Lloyd struggled valiantly to take a set off Navratilova in the final but could do little else

AT Wimbledon, the semi final lineup of the men's draw consisted of Pat Cash, John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors and Ivan Lendl Here the draw was reversed as Cash faced Lendl and Connors earned the berth against McEnroe. The crowd would have preferred to see the two Americans in the finals, but for the third year in a row, an all-American final was out of the question, courtesy Ivan Lendl

When the tournament draw was announced, tennis experts talked about the thorny path ahead of John McEnroe He was expected to encounter tough resistance from Olympic champion Stefan Edberg of Sweden. The next possibility was supposed to be Kevin Curren

However, Curren withdrew from the tournament after his first round match Jose Aguilera, the enigmatic Spaniard seeded eleventh, was mentioned as another potential threat in



Martina Navratilova now has her sights set on the Australian Open

the fourth round. Another possibility was Guillermo Vilas, while Connors was the potential semi final rival.

A couple of minor upsets took the pressure off McEnroe. Aguilera lost to Robert Green, while Vilas was whipped by Mayer. In the pre quarters Mayer overcame Tomas Smid.

Connors had to beat up a bunch of kids and a couple of veterans to reach the semi finals: Matt Doyle, Brian Gottfried, Henri Leconte, Joakim Nystrom and John Lloyd. Yes, it was John Lloyd instead of Johan Kriek or Henrik Sundstrom, both of whom had fallen to the celebrity husband, Mr Chris Evert-Lloyd. It might have been awkward to beat the husband of his former sweetheart while she watched, but Jimmy Connors did not seem to have any problem with it.

Ivan Lendl's main opposition came from the least expected quarters. Eddie Edwards gave him the business in the second round. Anders Jarryd was no great threat. Andres Gomez, who had tamed Vitas Gerulaitis was a threat, but Lendl got past him too.

In the semi finals, McEnroe and Lendl were expected to score comfortable wins. A few loyalists rooted for Jimmy Connors because he seems to play his best tennis in New York. After all, the man whom the media has been burying for the past two years had won one Wimbledon and two US Open titles. Nobody in his right mind could write off Connors. A classic duel was expected from them, but not from Pat Cash and Ivan Lendl.

Cash, the junior Wimbledon and US Open champion in 1982, won the first set in copybook style after taking an early 3-0 lead. Lendl was really shaken by the 6-3 first set win of his 19-year-old opponent.

Imagine a crossbreed between McEnroe and Connors, with the build of Guillermo Vilas...that is the best way of describing Cash. In the second set, Lendl took a commanding 3-1 lead as Cash failed to keep up the consistency of his serves. In the third set Lendl got a break in the fifth game. That gave him the second and third sets at 6-3 and 6-4.

The crowd, which had been on Cash's side from the beginning, began to get into the game. And the unison of almost 20,000 roaring fans was all the motivation Pat Cash needed. It pushed him to the tiebreaker which he won convincingly.

The fifth set had plenty of high drama. Cash even had a match point but Lendl raised his game to the highest level and came back to win the tiebreaker and the match.

The McEnroe-Connors encounter was a sharp contrast to their Wimbledon final earlier this year. McEnroe had to give everything he had, in order to get past the 32 year-old defending champion, winning in five sets, 6-4, 4-6, 7-5, 4-6, 6-3. McEnroe thus took his streak of victories over Connors to eight and his record this year to 65-2.

Both the finalists had been physically drained by strenuous semi finals and this was bound to have an effect in the final, and it did. McEnroe blasted the second seeded Czech 6-3, 6-4, 6-1 in an anti climax of a final. McEnroe served and volleyed with such power and precision that Lendl had only two break points in the entire match. They occurred when two double-faults left McEnroe 15-40 down. That was Lendl's only chance to get into a match that was a non-event.

This was McEnroe's fourth US singles championship and for the third consecutive year Lendl was runner up. But this year was his worst final defeat, McEnroe helping the organisers save on the electricity bill by making sure there was no need to switch on the floodlights.

If Moscow sprouted the seeds of doubt....

Los Angeles lent credence to the suspicion

In the issue of 8 August 1984, we invited readers to participate in an essay competition titled 'What do you feel about the Olympic boycott?' Reader **Shantanu Dey** (N-9, Kailash Colony, New Delhi 110 048) won the first prize for his effort, which is reproduced below. We thank the other readers for their participation

If Moscow sprouted the seeds of doubt, Los Angeles to a great extent lent credence to the suspicion Is the Olympics as an institution being transformed into a convenient foreign policy instrument, wielded by somewhat ruthless perhaps impotent statesmen(?) for recording political protest? If so does it not endanger the Olympic spirit in general, and the Olympic Games in particular? Arguably yes optimistically 'no'

However one chooses, perhaps some what emotionally as a sports lover to feel the Soviet action in 'less than sober terms the psychology is easy to understand one is most benevolent to be blind to be satisfied with the simple explanation of a tit for tat for the American boycott at Moscow, behind the present Soviet boycott The roots are deeper and they must be dug now to place them in the proper perspective

The casual factors behind both the Carter led Western boycott at Moscow and the recent bypassing of the Los Angeles Games are essentially similar if not the same If President Carter was finding it onerous to placate an angered American electorate in view of the Soviet action in Afghanistan in 1980 today the Kremlin leadership is frustrated in its attempt to teach America a lesson' – for Grenada, Central America and the planting of nuclear warhead missiles in Europe A complete enlisting is hardly necessary to further the argument In both cases, the powers that be shrewdly saw the marketing potential of the Olympic Games but marketing' in a different more 'vicious' sense

The effective public platform that the Games provide mean an excellent opportunity to hold public attention Politicians and diplomats of less than scatheless ethics, were—and are—quick to realise this Thus, the Olympic Games, specifically Moscow and Los Angeles became a victim to diplomatic expediency In lieu of the strong action political protest came to be recorded on Olympic scoreboards meant to record sporting achievements

In lieu of the strong 'action', political protests came to be recorded on Olympic scoreboards meant to record sporting achievements.

Although one would prefer not to believe that the Soviet boycott is just a rebuff in response to the American boycott, it might have played a part If so it seems to be a case of somewhat misplaced vengeance—if the word can be used It is difficult to understand, how mutilating the dreams of Teofilo Stevenson's in the Eastern bloc, would fill the cup of 'revenge', while complacent Jimmy Carters are happily munching peanuts under the Southern Sun If the American action had to be paid back, at all, surely the target would appear to be the(ir) responsible authorities; jeopardizing the careers of athletes, denying them Olympic competition, hardly serves the purpose It seems more of a 'boomerang' on their own athletes

By nature predictions are tedious, often inaccurate Yet, even a guess suggests that Seoul and its successors might just become extravagant International Sports Festivals bereft of the Olympic flavour Another boycott would definitely rob the Olympics of the universal love and appeal that it now enjoys. The Olympic movement might become 'limited' in space, and ultimately, probably also in time. If it does become the domain of a few, the Twentieth Century would have lost one of its greatest possessions and pride.

Institutions are difficult to build, disastrously easy to destroy. The institution of the Olympics is a unique symbol of peace, friendship and international cooperation Its contribution to international solidarity, its ability to develop fraternity, avoid military conflicts can be measured, (if at all) in terms of at least a dozen Camp Davids and SALT treaties (or lack of them)

The immense potential of the Olympics as a medium of peace, if exhausted prematurely for furthering narrow political advantages, will mean a great loss, even from the point of view of 'diplomacy'. The loss to sport is impossible to gauge, im-

measurable to say the least And therein lies the danger, the danger of mixing sports with Politics

The worst injury to the Olympic movement seemingly stems from an idea that is setting in that nations can get away with this kind of boycott' Seemingly, there is no deterrant, some 'powers' can do as they please But, then does not such high handedness seem to appear in many other spheres too sport is only a part of bigger process This implies a general debasement of the Olympic Games, the extent of which depends on what' is done now Or should it be 'what' can be done now

Although, the danger is real and looming large, it is still not unsurpassable The question, which immediately springs up is what is the possible answer what will save the Olympics?

Unfortunately, the 'alternatives are not many out of these which one can become the saviour of Modern Olympics is open to debate In general terms 'punishment' may be conceived as action against nation on an individual basis for boycotting particular Olympic Games or against one or more key' nations primarily responsible for motivating others or against any nation, which now or in the future attempts to use sporting events as a forum for expressing political dissent (a general penalty to make participation compulsory) or against a whole bloc of boycotting nations

Out of these, the last option is at best avoidable since action against a group of nations might lead to the bifurcation of the Olympics Separate Olympics, based on different political affiliations, would render the Olympic movement quite meaningless However, if the action contemplated is a say, 'ban from participation at the next two Olympics—it might prove effective to some degree—a general ban' from all future Olympics is likely to prove counter productive

Punishment of individual nations for boycott, (as the IOC Executive Board has decided in principle) would also hardly serve the purpose Some of the smaller boycotting nations are so dependent on the 'Super Powers economically, politically and militarily—that they would hardly like to 'cross swords' on such a matter

Any 'action' contemplated against the key' Super Power(s) would mean hitting the nail on the head yet as a measure it seems too volatile Firstly a huge political initiative beyond the normal reach of sporting organizations would be needed Secondly punishment of a Super Power might again prove counter productive if a second Games is organised Further any such drastic action (such as a ban) might have important repercussions beyond the sporting arena—a fact which might make action difficult to execute



"By nature predictions are tedious, often inaccurate Yet, even a guess suggests that Seoul and its successors might just become extravagant International Sports Festivals bereft of the Olympic flavour

At the basic level public opinion must develop in the sporting community –a community which should try not to be divided along narrow political boundaries Once this singular fraternity of athletes –committed and sincere –take up cudgels in the interest of the Olympic ideals the task would become much simpler Any official initiative would do well to utilise the goodwill' of eminent sportsmen and women to convince authorities convince them of the need to shield the sporting arena from the burning glaze of politics and politicians In such a process as a last resort the threat of punishment may be used to make good sense prevail While it would be naive to assume that a road such as this would be easy to traverse it is undoubtedly the best we can tread At least at the moment

Athletes from all nationalities all colours intermingled in the glory of Olympic participation the closing ceremony at Los Angeles Games had set a remarkable convention There was only a tinge of sadness something was missing Sportsmen and sportswomen from certain nations were missing maybe from other nations the next time An unhealthy convention was being set A convention not worthy of the principles that set the Olympics apart a class apart

Did somebody say yes?

Essex lift Championship title for the second time running

Ashis Ray sums up an eventful English season



THE not unwelcome infection of instant cricket affected the English County Championship this year. In a finish unprecedented the title of this tournament after five months of tussle was decided on the second last ball of the season when Somerset defeated Nottinghamshire at Taunton thus depriving the latter the chance of overtaking Essex for the title.

In 1969 and 1977 the championship was resolved on the last day but the circumstance in either case were nowhere as gripping as they were last week (September 11). Indeed one could imagine Keith Fletcher at Chelmsford, fingernails if not biting his upper lip listening to the commentary on the last over of the West Country encounter.

The contrast was like night and day having completed their fixtures the previous day, Essex duly won their last outing against Lancashire while awaiting the outcome of the Notts-Somerset match. Such that ended in a draw even though Somerset not by any means in the running would retain the crown for Essex.

To the Somerset captain Ian Botham's credit, he timed his declaration on the third day perfectly. He offered Notts an opportunity to score 297 runs in a minimum of 52 overs or just over three hours on a turning pitch. In other words he gave himself and his opponents an equal chance of victory, the character of County cricket on the last day being what it is.

But Nottinghamshire after a bright stand of 70 for the first wicket were four down for 136 and rather behind the clock. Then, Richard Hadlee too not in peak form departed for 28 to make it 199 for five, and it seemed all up to the skipper Clive Rice—the Ayatollah (because of his new beard) of Trent Bridge.

Rice was majestic and magnificent. He drove and pulled, coming down the wicket with total impunity. And once he struck an incredible flat six over extra cover. But he, too, after scoring 96 holed out at deep square and one imagined that it was all over.

But one hadn't reckoned with Mike Bore a portly tailender of advancing years dragged out of the second eleven. With amazing flourish, he guided his side into the last over with just 11 more to get. This included a superb flick off Vic Marks for six.

Thereafter, he collected 10 more off the first three balls of the last over with two fours and a two, blocked the next delivery, but lofted the fifth straight into the hands of the substitute fieldsman Richard Ellis in front of the sight screen.

The Essex lads assembled at their County head quarters, leaped into the air in glee, while Rice sat despondent in the dressing room. Indeed, the tension had become such that he could not bear to watch the game after he was out.

Thus Essex had completed the double—of the Championship and the Sunday League—and became the first side since Yorkshire in 1968 to triumph in the three day affair the most prestigious of the four domestic competitions in England two years running. This feat, in fact, fetched them a cheque of £15,000. Nottinghamshire finished second.

The summer of 1984 was conspicuous for some outstanding individual performances, the most notable of them being the double—a thousand runs and hundred wickets—performed by Hadlee, which deservedly earned him the new Player of the Season award. This was the first time this achievement had been recorded since Freddie Titmus' accomplishment in 1967.

The early season fireworks were, however, provided by Alvin Kallicharran of Warwickshire and formerly of the West Indies. He simply could not put a foot wrong as he pummelled his way to one century after another. Eventually he was one among five batsmen to surpass 2,000 runs during the summer the others being Mike Gatting top of the batting averages as well Graham Gooch who looks set to return to the England squad next summer the veteran Dennis Amiss and Timothy Robinson who will tour India this winter.

Bowlingwise other than Hadlee who scalped as many as 117 victims John Lever with 116 also reached three figures. And among those who didn't mention must be made of the off spinner Eddie Hemmings and Neil Foster not to cite the evergreen Derek Underwood and the rapidly improving Paul Allott.

Behind the stumps, Bruce French stood out as the 'keeper of the year, not merely because he claimed the highest number of catches and stumpings, but because of his versatility in terms of handling the seamers and spinners with unaltered efficiency.

But more heartenningly for England, in this summer of 'blackwash' by the West Indies, a promising crop of youngsters emerged on the scene and all but established themselves. Indeed, Fairbrother, Benson and Barnett in batting and perhaps, Thomas and Jarvis are names to ponder over for the future.

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Daley Thompson's perfect ten

He wanted to be a sprinter, till his coach, Bob Mortimer, convinced him that he could be a decathlon champion. **Lokesh Sharma** profiles the British star

WHEN people talk of majesty they visualise the Himalayas When they talk of perfection they point to the Taj Mahal When they talk of a sharp wit they rave about Muhammad Ali Now they have all three rolled into one Francis Daley Thompson

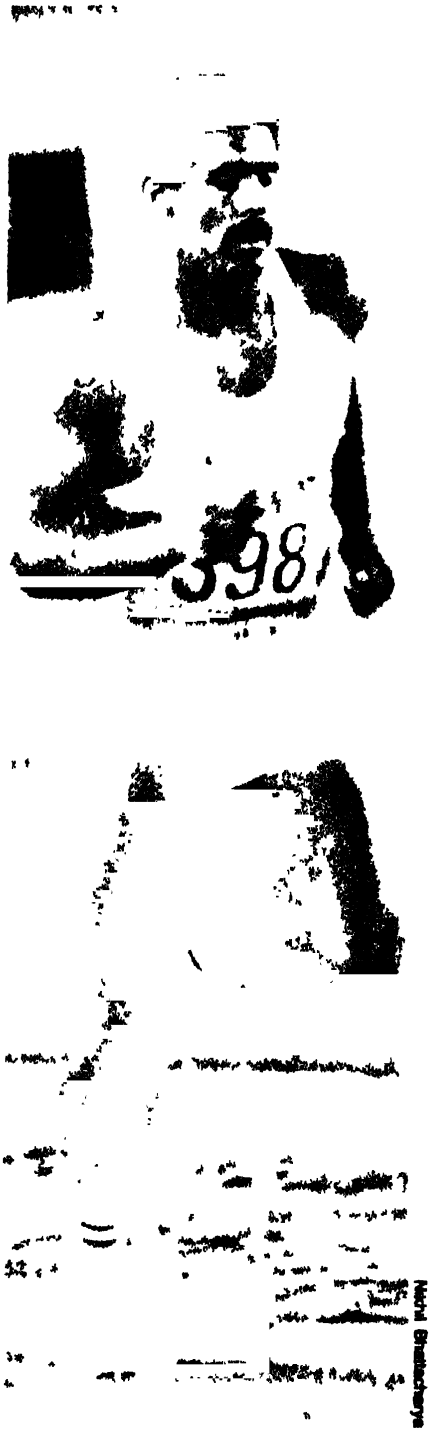
Talking of his sharp wit, his tongue does not even spare royalty In Los Angeles, Princess Anne called him aside to congratulate him personally on his second Olympic decathlon gold When reporters later asked him about the conversation with the princess, he replied 'She said I'm a damn good looking guy"

He is capable of coming out with something even more piercing After winning in Los Angeles he changed into a T shirt reading "Thank you, America" This obviously thrilled the Americans—till he turned around showing the back of his T-shirt on which was printed 'But what about your television coverage?"

Daley Thompson is a genius To him winning and giving 200 per cent is a matter of life and death He has been a fierce competitor from the time he learnt to walk He has always wanted to excel in any given situation It just so happens that he decided to excel in decathlon Had he chosen to become a nuclear physicist or a music composer, with his commitment to excellence he would have been equally successful in those roles

In Farney Close, the school he attended from 1965 to 1974, there was a 200m grass track He made his mark in athletics before entering his teens and easily won the 200m But that never satisfied him He did not want only to win, he wanted to win by 50m

Thompson never wanted to be a decathlete, obviously because of the exacting nature of the event Son of a Nigerian father and Scottish mother, Daley never made this decision for himself. It was the decision of Bob Mortimer, coach of the Essex Beagles. Thompson had always wanted to be a sprinter.



Thompson met Mortimer in 1974 at Crystal Palace after faring miserably in the 200m Mortimer dragged him off the track and very soon enrolled him in his club Thompson had a fairly successful first season with the Beagles In his 57 competitions that year he won 28 and finished second in 13 People knew that something big was on the runway especially seeing his determination, singlemindedness and his capacity to work

When other people were seeing a great sprinter in him Mortimer was thinking differently 'From the time I first saw Daley I thought of the decathlon He had such potential He was tall and he was big Actually early in 1975 he was a bit podgy in the face But if you're podgy and fast and big, then you can do the things like shot and discus It was a perfect combination And for a boy that young I hated to see him lock himself into one or two events'

Thompson did not swallow the suggestion easily After great persuasion he agreed to compete in the Welsh Open decathlon in Cwymbran He was a month short of 17 and initially his entry was rejected as the event was restricted to people above 18 years Eventually on the appeal of Mortimer he was allowed because a 16 year old was not going to make any difference on the outcome of the competition anyway

Thompson likes to say that he can produce big scores when he wants them The first exhibition of this quality came when he surpassed his long jump best of 6 48 by 51cm in his first decathlon He had already run 100m in 11 0 sec Suddenly he was no longer just another decathlete but *the* decathlete in the competition Everybody was rooting for him Even his rivals paced him to a fast timing in the 1500m, the last event, and got him a big score He won in 6685 points approximately 200 points short of the junior world record And this was his first decathlon

Most people crumble in the press

ure cooker atmosphere of competitive sport, but Thompson thrives on it. He doesn't run against the clock or compete against the tape He likes to compete against the odds.

He was 18 years old when he went for the Olympic trials in 1976. He fared miserably in the initial events and was 694 points short of the qualifying mark of 7650 points and with only the 1500m, his weakest event, to go. He needed to run within 4:25 0, six seconds faster than he had ever before. He psyched himself into doing it and, sure enough, was through the finish in 4:20.3 qualifying with a total of 7684.

In the Montreal Olympics of 1976, he finished only 18th with a total of 7435. But this did not deter him. He said: "I never felt that anybody there was so good that he couldn't be beaten. Nothing there was out of my reach. The only difference between me and them was that my ability had not been developed."

The ability developed soon. Only two years later he won the Commonwealth Games in a record total of 8467. That was also the year of his last defeat, which came in the European Championships in Prague.

He learnt a great deal about decathlon in Prague. He realised that it was not ten events put together, but a single event. He comfortably led the field with 288 points on the first day. The title was as good as his till he bungled in the high jump and javelin and allowed Aleksandr Grebenyuk to win

Daley Thompson's coronation as the new decathlon king was announced in the international meeting in Gotzis in 1980, a little before the Moscow Olympics He improved the world record to 8622 points in Gotzis and then went on to win the Olympic gold.

In the period following the Moscow Games Thompson ran into some problems He was called unpatriotic for competing at Moscow against the wishes of the government and later for refusing to compete in the European Cup. In defence, he said: "Patriotism has nothing to do with it. The issues are competition and a man's pride."

Jurgen Hingsen, the West German with an oak-tree build, was another factor which complicated Thompson's life in the coming seasons. Thompson started 1982 with a bang, regaining his world record which he had lost to West German Guido Kratschmer But this was only temporary as the other West German, Hingsen, laid his claims to the decathlon throne, improving his world record of 8,709 by 14 points.

Daley Philosophy

"Whether there are a million people watching me or one person, I'm still going to perform exactly the same. At the end of the day, it's how badly I want it, that is going to get me those extra points, not a million people cheering for me."

"The thing is to try to get the mental push to get ten personal bests; you aren't going to manage it—but you don't tell yourself that."

People began doubting Thompson's invincibility. The answer came in the European Championships at Athens with a world record of 8743, which was 226 more than the second placed Hingsen's total. It was double victory for him. First, he overcame the regrets of Prague and secondly, he also proved that Hingsen is virtually a nobody once he is on the field.

This has been proved substantially in the subsequent years and the 26-year-old Briton has a 6-0 record against the West German. Thompson's invincibility was suitably proved in the First Athletics World Championships in Helsinki, 1983.

It was a bad year for Thompson, who spent more time fighting injuries than opponents. Early in the year he sprained his back in a decathlon in Toronto, which he ultimately won. About a week after this competition he injured his groin while throwing the discus back at home. He consulted numerous physiotherapists and all of them told him that he could forget Helsinki. He seemed to have no chance of winning the first world title. He was walking when he should have been running and taking standing throws when he should have been going full blast.

He could put in only nine weeks of light work. Hingsen thought that his chance had come and the world expected Thompson to crumble at Helsinki and that, if he participated.

Till the last day there was suspense about his participation. Once he had entered the field, then people started contemplating the event where he would pull out. Even Thompson was very unsure of the outcome. "I tried very hard that first day not to look any further than the event in front of me, not to think of how well I was doing. After the 100m, I thought there are nine to go; after the long jump eight," he recollected.

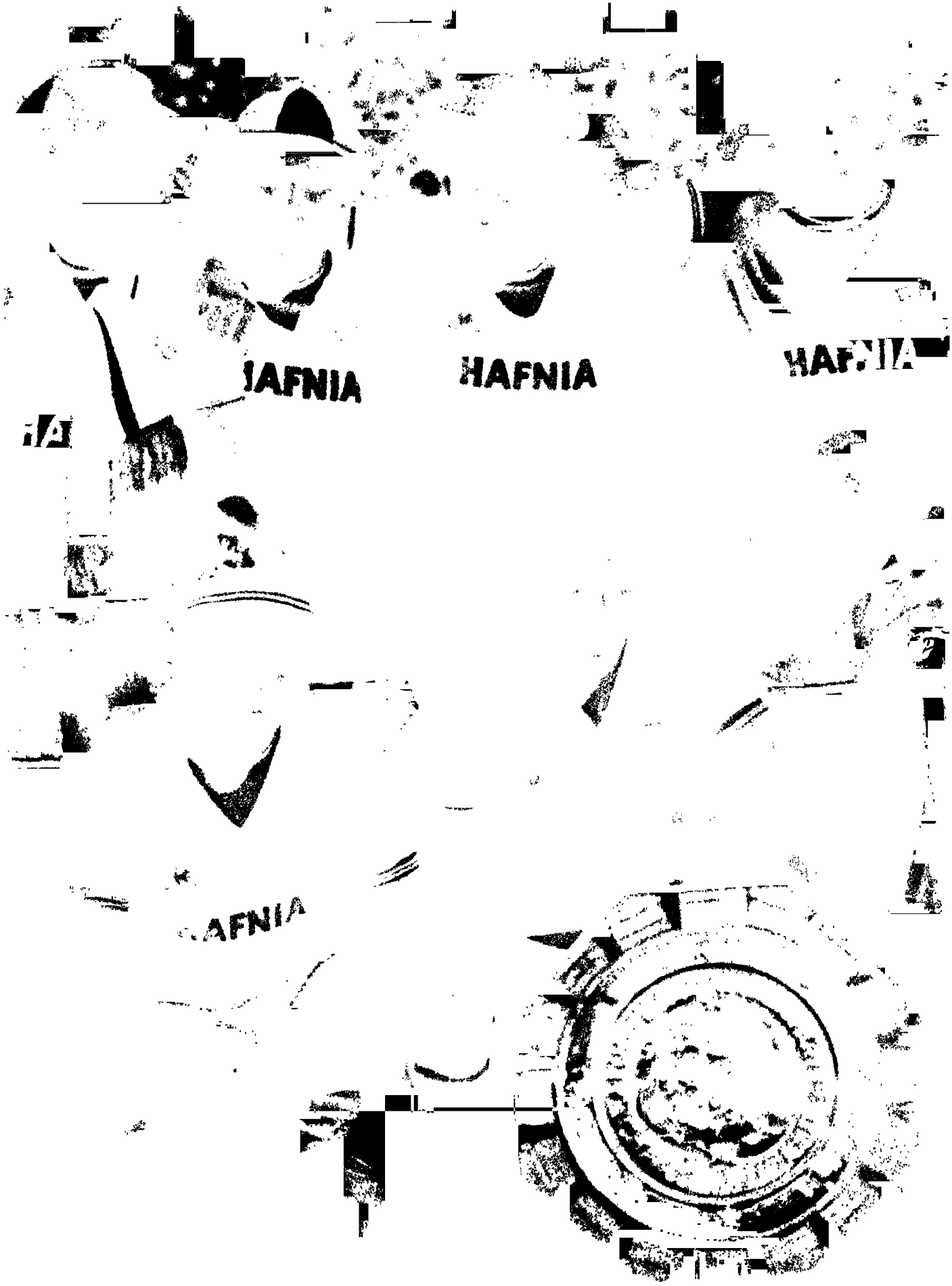
He completely destroyed the West German in the pole vault, going over 5.10m on a windy, wet and cold day. Hingsen fell more than a foot short of this height and finished 105 points behind Thompson's 8666. Thompson simply willed himself into winning. He created an athlete, who without being in top physical condition, was still unbeatable.

After doing a set of 1500m in winter, on a rain soaked track in San Diego after the Helsinki meet, he had said: "This is the time to push. Then next May or July, in Gotzis or Los Angeles, when I come to the line for the 1500m and I need to run 4:05 and I'm thinking it's impossible, I can say to myself, 'I remember last winter——I ran that fast." Perhaps it was some such training session which carried Thompson through Helsinki.

His 1500m in the 1976 Olympic trials and his timings in training show that Thompson is not as bad in 1500m as he makes it appear. So why was he so slow in Los Angeles? He needed to run faster than 4:34.8 to improve Hingsen's word record of 8798. Instead he surprised everybody by running lethargically in 4:35.0, missing the record by just one point. His explanation that he had never competed before such a big crowd and therefore wanted to enjoy it for as long as possible is not acceptable. He doesn't like to roll his head in agony. He wants to make winning appear so easy. It may be an idiosyncracy which many people may not appreciate but everyone will admit that it exerts a lot of pressure on his opponents, who are struggling for every point.

The only other man to win the Olympic decathlon twice, Bob Mathais (1948, 1952) of USA, said in 1981: " Things are so difficult now in athletics. I think two golds is a record that will stand forever." "Thompson has not only duplicated his feat but promises to win his third gold in Seoul. And knowing Thompson's penchant for winning, a victory in Seoul is not impossible.




HAFNIA
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Sportsworld
The magnificent Everton side which has won both the FA Cup and the Charity Shield
Colorsport

Negative attitude: England's enemy within

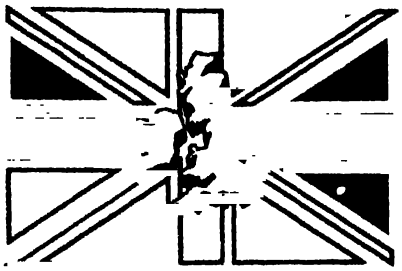
With the World Cup qualifying rounds within sight—England start their campaign against Finland at home on October 17—manager Bobby Robson is clearly running out of time in his battle to restore his country's international pride. Here, **Frank Worthington,** one of the most gifted stars in the game over the last 20 years, assesses the factors behind England's decline... and what needs to be done to halt it



Bobby Robson: beginning to find young nuggets



Paul Walsh: bound to benefit through his move from Luton to Liverpool



I CAN still remember that 1-1 draw with East Germany in Leipzig in 1974, because the opposition were so regimented, they seemed programmed. They had a few flair players, but even these stuck rigidly to a system and, as a result, rarely put it together.

English football almost reached that state a few years ago. We came very close to killing the game. The people in charge were like lemmings, who only pulled back from the cliff edge at the last moment.

Even today, though, there are not enough teams who encourage players to fully express their creative talents.

That's why I was delighted that England put the emphasis on attacking skill on their recent tour of South America. Let's hope that manager Bobby Robson does not abandon that policy for the crucial World Cup ties against Rumania, Northern Ireland, Turkey and Finland.

England will have learned a lot from that South American trip, and all credit to them for beating Brazil 2-0 in Rio. That was certainly a morale-boosting step in the right direction, although it must be pointed out that it was not against the Brazil we all know and love.

Could England match Brazil at their best? For me, we have the players to do so, but don't use them.

That fantastic Brazil team in the 1970 World Cup and the French team in the recent European Championship hammered home the point that there is no substitute for good football. Entertaining football can be effective in terms of results.

The French were superb, but the majority of football league managers and coaches did not even bother to cross the Channel to watch them. We keep complaining that the English season is too long and gruelling to produce French-type football, but the fact is that the French have almost as many matches as us.

In any case, players are capable of playing all year in my view, provided

they are enjoying what they are doing.

Football in England has its priorities wrong We concentrate so much on physical things like running and teamwork that we forget technique

You can still see good players and great matches in the football league each Saturday, but the general attitude seems to be 'We mustn't take chances '

One problem at international level is that we have tended to ditch players of tremendous class too early. I am thinking particularly of Alan Hudson and Kevin Keegan I fear that Glenn Hoddle could go the same way

Hoddle is a super player, who could go out there and run the show against any team But every time he gets a game, he is told that it's his last chance The pressure on him is immense He should be told 'You're in the side for six or seven matches, come what may,' and then watch him go

It will be criminal if Hoddle is jettisoned for a worker That's what happened to Hudson When Don Revie was England manager, he told Hudson, Tony Currie and myself that we did not graft enough We were out

I have never known a successful team based on workers alone Hudson is the type who can win matches virtually on his own The fact that he has won only two England caps, and had such a chequered career at club level, proves that his brilliance has never really been harnessed And to me, that's hardly a compliment to our approach to the game

At 33, Hudson, now in his second spell at Stoke, could still do a good job in international football. I would certainly have him in the squad.

Bobby Robson is already beginning to find young nuggets I can think of two immediately—Mark Wright and Steve Moran at my old club, Southampton

Wright is already a superb player He is a Rolls Royce of a central defender—he has got everything Moran is a superb finisher.

Another exciting youngster who comes readily to mind is Paul Walsh, who is bound to benefit through his move from Luton to Liverpool.

I am sure there is a high number of such lads. With that sort of quality available, all we have to worry about is our own inferiority complex and negative attitude.

Colorsport



Kevin Keegan: ditched too early

Torvill and Dean seldom fall

Lawrie McMenemy, the celebrated soccer writer, dwells on Newcastle United's prospects in the current English football season

NEWCASTLE UNITED's encouraging start to the season has come as no surprise to me, because they and their new manager Jack Charlton go together like Torvill and Dean

I can't think of anyone better suited than Big Jack to guide Newcastle in their first season in Division One since 1977-78

They needed someone of his stature to fill the void left by the retirement of Kevin Keegan at the end of last season In addition to Jack's charisma, the other factors in his favour are that he is a Geordie, and a strong-minded, outspoken character who will insist on doing the manager s job his way

I have always felt it important that a Newcastle United manager be someone born and raised in the north east a man who can fully appreciate the unique nature of the club and the strong emotions it creates among its supporters

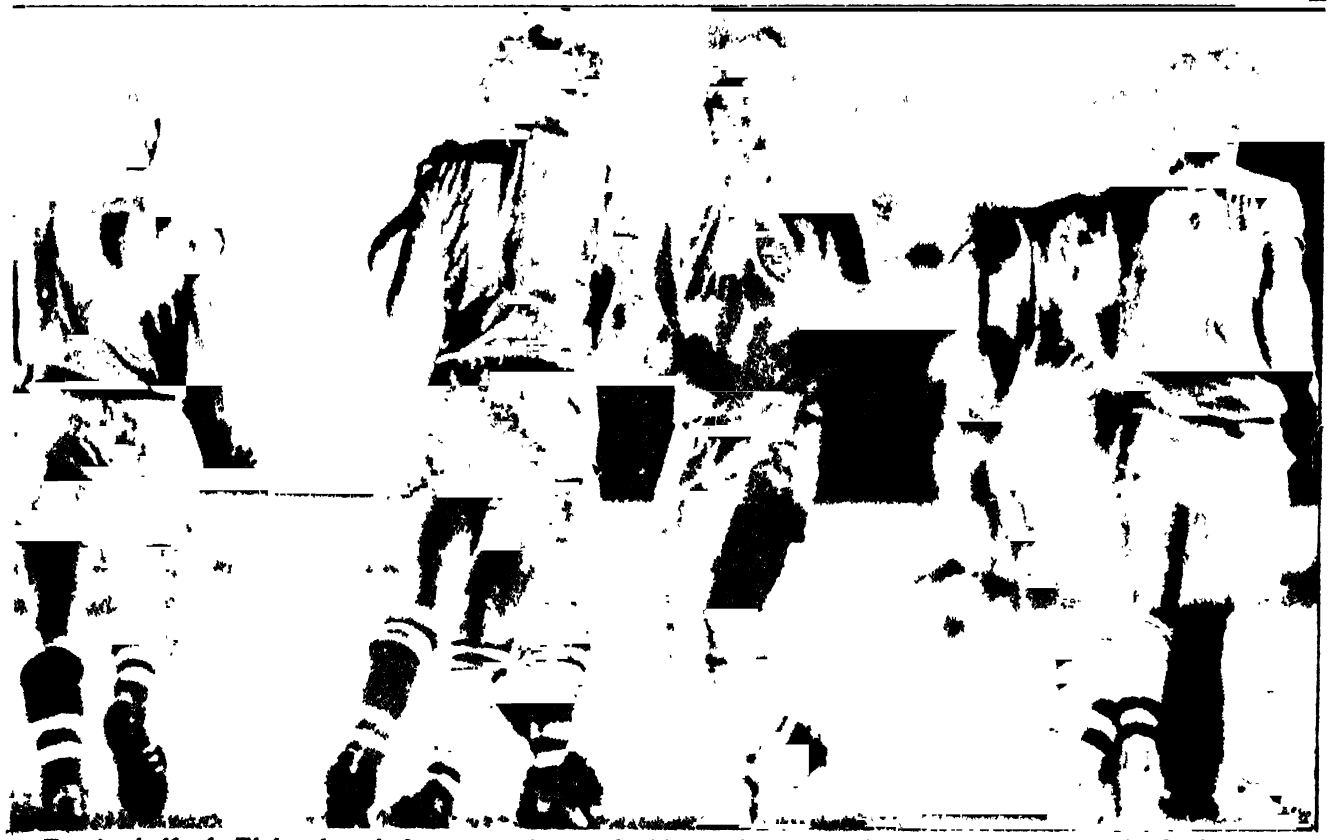
Jack and I have had numerous conversation about Newcastle United– we both watched them regularly as boys—and more specifically, about the influence of their boards of directors

Newcastle United have long given me the impression of being controlled by extremely powerful, dominant men, and I have occasionally wondered whether their managers have had as much control over football matters as they would have wanted

Still, not for one moment could I visualise Jack Charlton being restricted in any way'

I must admit that I am rather prejudiced on the subject of Jack He is one of the English League pros I most admire and one of my closest friends in the game

That friendship began when he was at Leeds United and I was at Gateshead and we shared a room during an F A coaching course at the Crystal



Everton's Kevin Richardson being congratulated by his captain Kevin Ratcliffe after his match winning goal against Chelsea. Both the teams will offer stiff competition to Newcastle United

Palace Recreation Centre. I remember it well, if only because he'd brought with him a wad of suit material which he was hoping to sell to me and others on the course, on behalf of a tailor friend.

Since then, we have kept in touch, and even had family holidays together.

Jack is different from a lot of other English League managers in that he doesn't believe in spending all his time at a club.

A number of us want to know everything that's going on at our clubs, and have a finger in all the pies. I'm definitely in that category...The Dell is my second home.

But Jack, after covering the basic requirements of his job such as training, coaching, team selection and tactics, will switch off and pursue his numerous interests outside the game.

When I tried to contact him for a chat at the start of last week, I was told that he wouldn't be at St. James's Park until Friday.

"Well," I joked to his secretary, "has anyone told him what happens on the Saturday?"

The point has to be made that, although Jack probably spends half as much time at Newcastle as I do at Southampton, he more than makes up for it through the amount and quality of his work when he is there.

Certainly, no one can argue that his style of management isn't effective, and the same applies to Nottingham Forest's Brian Clough, who has a similar approach.

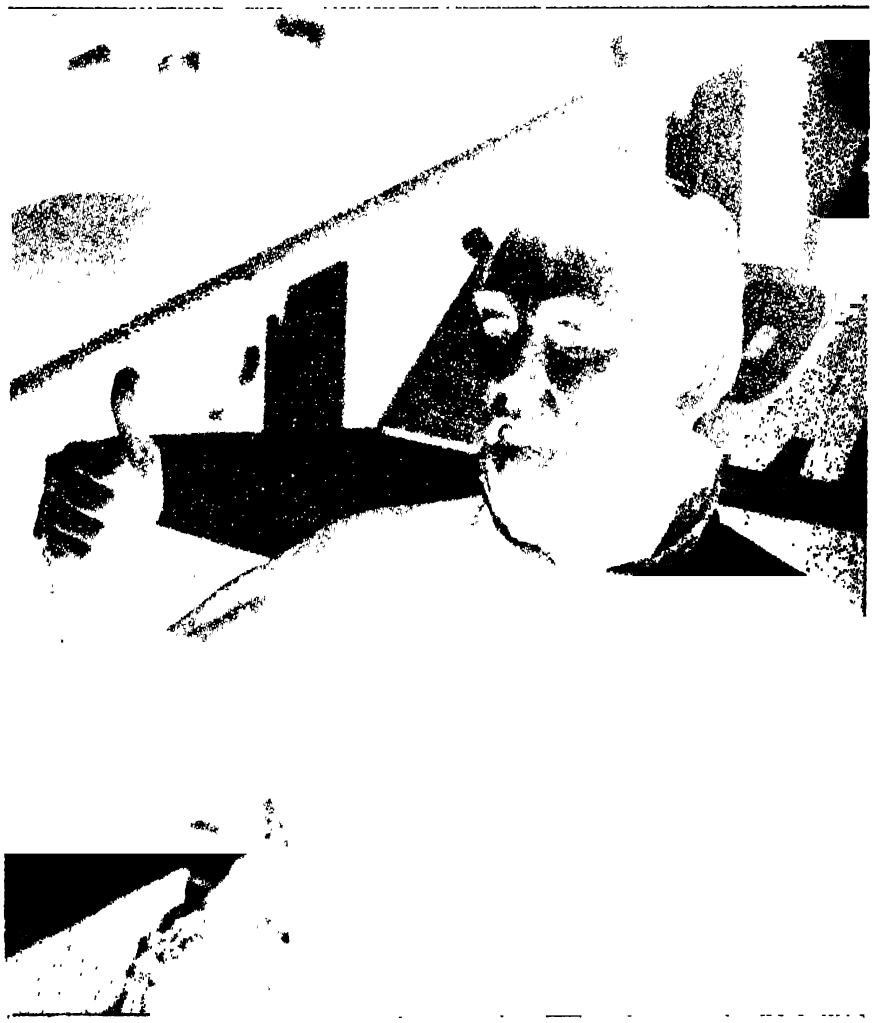
One of the most intriguing aspects of Newcastle's opening Division One performances has been the form of Chris Waddle.

Last season, Newcastle had Kevin Keegan and Peter Beardsley up front, with Waddle operating wide on the flanks; this season, in Kevin's absence, Waddle has become Beardsley's central striking partner.

I think that makes a lot of sense. Waddle, a tricky ball-player who likes to keep taking on opponents, is bound to cause teams more problems in the middle than he did on the wing.

There are not many central strikers in the First Division who are repeatedly prepared to "attack" central defenders. Kevin Keegan was great at that, which is one of the reasons why I always hated to see him using so much of his energy in other parts of the field.

When he was at Southampton, I just told him: 'Look, we want you in the opposing team's penalty box, because that's where you can do the most damage.'



Brian Clough, the Nottingham Forest manager

It is unusual to find someone of Waddle's build (he stands 6ft) so quick and skilful on the ball. In this respect, he is quite similar to the former Southampton centre forward Peter Osgood, who had the build of a centre half, but the ball control and physical flexibility of an inside forward.

The big problem with Ossie was that, despite his physique, he didn't have a lot of stamina. He tended to be criticised for drifting out of games and, significantly, the same observation has been made of Waddle.

Apart from Waddle, I feel it also might be worth keeping an eye on Newcastle's defence.

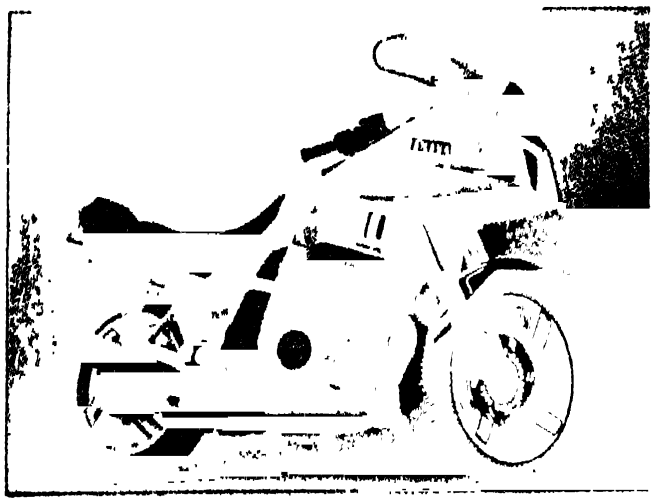
There was a question mark against them in this department last season. For example, sweeper Glenn Roeder is a very talented defender but, the way he has played, he has always been liable to get caught in possession.

Knowing Jack's prowess as a coach—I am sure that Roeder, not to mention Newcastle's defensive ability as a whole —will show a considerable improvement this season.

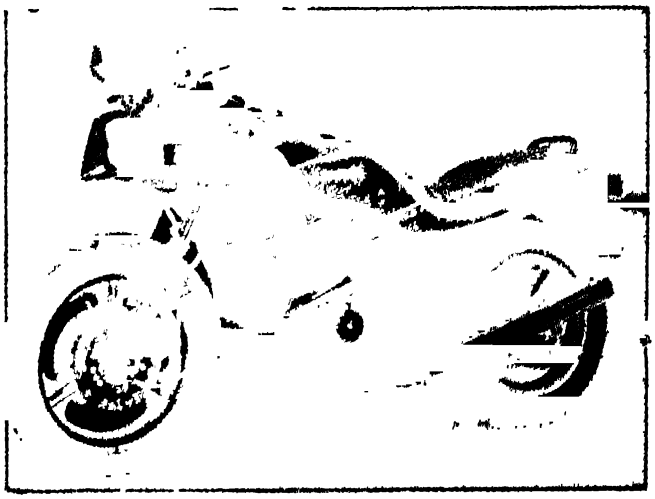
These are early days yet, and it would be foolish to place too much significance on Newcastle's opening results in terms of their Championship prospects.

Jack's biggest headache seems to lie in midfield. He is very short of experience there, and this is something which will be badly needed when Newcastle are in a tough spot at St. James's Park, with that extraordinary crowd putting pressure on the team to play at 100 mph.

Still, Newcastle won't struggle. After all, you would hardly expect Torvill and Dean to fall...



The Yamaha XJ650 Seca Turbo



The Kawasaki GPz750 Turbo

Move over, all you avid motorcyclists.... Here come the turbobikes

They took the world by storm. Today, the leading manufacturers are all vying with one another in the race to achieve turbo perfection. These bikes pack incredible power, but they are not meant for racing. **Pradeep Paul** explains why



The Suzuki XN85 Turbo



The Honda CX650 Turbo

THE first thing you should do before you read this is to forget everything you know about contemporary motorcycles Otherwise, that knowledge is likely to keep tripping you up along the way

Every year, the motorcycle market is given an infusion of fresh blood Most of the time, these new additions are just updated versions of older models But sometimes you are treated to an absolutely new prototype Over the last few years, the motorcycling community has been treated to a new breed of motorcycle The turbo

The turbo is what the four Japanese two-wheeler syndicates are developing to gain the top spot in the market Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki and Kawasaki are an awesome quartet especially when they have something to prove to each other The only advantage of this rivalry between these four firms is that the public keeps getting better bikes all the time

As usual, Honda and Yamaha were the first to pull the covers off their turbobikes And soon the other two firms also had their contributions revving

Honda threw down the gauntlet when they first marketed the CX500 Turbo Later they brought out the CX650 Turbo which became their flagship Yamaha accepted the challenge and they had their XJ650 Seca Turbo on the rack soon after Suzuki replied shortly after with the XN85 Turbo Kawasaki, who have a reputation for thoroughness, did their research on the basis of these bikes and tried to combine their best features in their GPz750 Turbo

Apart from the fact that each of these status symbols is in the price range of $5,000 (Rs 55,000 approximately), displaces between 650 and 750cc and has a small turbocharger tucked away in the exhaust lines, they are as different from each other as they are from conventional motorcycles

Riding a turbobike is radically different from riding any other motorcycle. It is equivalent to any other motorcycle plus something extra

This extra is the small turbocharger that is attached to the engine's exhaust by header pipes. As Kawasaki does it the Hitachi HT 10B turbocharger is mounted at the front of the engine, just below the crankshaft level Short header pipes plumb the exhaust ports to the turbo's 47mm turbine wheel, after which the gases are routed into a conventional two muffler exhaust system Intake air, meanwhile, is drawn in through an oil foam filter element housed on the left side of the engine, just outboard of the countershaft sprocket, then into the turbo's 50mm compressor wheel through a cast aluminium duct beneath the alternator cover Finally, a larger diameter tube that passes around the left end of the cylinder block connects the compressor to a plenum chamber

Now, for those who want that explained in plain English, all that actually happens is that the exhaust produced by the engine is channelled into the turbine which, in turn, coverts this energy into an additional boost for the machine When the engine is purring along at a low rpm (revolutions per minute), the exhaust emission is negligible. This low level of exhaust is not sufficient to activate the turbine and the motorcycle behaves like any normally aspirated bike But, when you roll open the throttle, the turbine comes alive with a jet-like whine. The turbobike comes on boost and then, for the rider, it is like being transported into a different time-warp.

There is a certain time lag between the time when the rider summons boosted performance and the time it arrives. And it is guaranteed to add an inch to your sleeve length every time the turbobike slams into boost, these bikes are capable of suddenly cutting loose with tremendous power And these bikes can accelerate so fast while on boost, that the turns rush up to you at the near distorted speed of an old Charlie Chaplin movie

When a bike is so fast, then what is it doing off the race track? Actually, the turbobike is not suited for racing in the Grand Prix circuit because of the absence of instant acceleration of the thoroughbred racers.

This time lag is what makes the turbobike a backseat grabber at the dragstrip, where raw speed and brute acceleration are the order of the day. And, based on quarter-mile times, no turbobike seems fast enough to be worth the effort and added expense. Here lies the difference between the normally aspirated motorcycles and their turbocharged counterparts.

A dragstrip is no measure of a turbobike's maximum accelerating ability. Firstly, these turboed machines waste a few ticks of the watch coming off the line until they can reach full boost. Secondly, the differences in acceleration are most dramatic in the highest gears, hence a turbobike doesn't really start moving until it is halfway down the strip.

Make no mistake. These motorcycles are extremely fast. It's just a different kind of fast.

comparatively speaking

Make and model	Displacement (cc)	Quartermile (sec/kmph)	Top speed (kmph)	Fuel consumption (kmpl)
Honda CX650 Turbo	673.5	12 09/178 7	219	8—14
Yamaha XJ650 Turbo	653 4	13 06/165 3	201	11—18
Suzuki XN85 Turbo	673.5	12.38/171.4	211	11—14
Kawasaki GPz750 Turbo	739 0	11 22/197.6	233	11—16

I'd like to be an Olympic champion. Who knows if I can win the Olympic gold?
Yuri Sedikh, Soviet hammer thrower at the [illegible] 84

This is something which happens to Michael Jackson not to a bunch of jocks.
Swimmer Rowdy Gaines during one of the many ticker tape parades that the US Olympic team received

You did us proud. Thanks for the memories, for the great moments, for being what you are, genuine heroes.
President Reagan to the US Olympic squad

A funeral procession of dismal performances and a brief flicker of hope snuffed out by a micro second.
Article in *India Today* describing India's Olympic performance

Her burning ambition is to get an Olympic medal. So there is no question of marriage for her, till she gets one at Seoul.
PT Usha's mother Lakshmi Amma on her daughter

I love detectives and am really taken by the intrigues of Agatha Christie, which I read in English, too. Tolstoy now affects me strongly, but I don't like Dostoevsky.
World chess champion Anatoly Karpov

People who have nothing to do with sport head all associations (in India). All they do is indulge in constant lobbying and jockeying for free trips abroad. It is a mad scramble with all of them scratching each other's backs. The sportsmen are trapped in the middle.
Jaidev Gupta, Member of Parliament and sports buff

I don't think you people realise how much you can affect a human being, and we're human beings.
John McEnroe talking to the Press

I think Martina (Navratilova) would lose to the top 1,000 men in the world. There is no comparison at all.
Chris Evert Lloyd

I've always considered it an honour to lead the country. My feelings are no different this time. I am however a little surprised, because it is almost the same selection committee which had sacked me as skipper after Pakistan.
Sunil Gavaskar on being reinstated as India's cricket captain

Thirty and fifty years from now, folks will be saying with colossal pride: 'I saw the 1984 West Indians play'.
David Frith in *Wisden*





Ronald Reagan



Chris Evert Lloyd



John McEnroe



Sunil Gavaskar



Keith Fletcher

I enjoyed it (the captaincy). I was more involved in the game when I was captain.
Kapil Dev

I learned that matches are won on practice courts, in the gym, and in the mind.
Martina Navratilova

It was great to win, even though it didn't count. It wasn't a tournament but it's always a thrill to beat Martina. I'll take it any way I can get it.
Chris Evert Lloyd after beating Martina Navratilova in straight sets in an exhibition match. This was Evert Lloyd's first victory over the world no 1 since December 1982

I will not come back. But I don't want to leave tennis completely and plan to do two or three exhibitions a year.
Bjorn Borg

How can a country which cannot even teach one out of 700 million people to run fast enough to win a bronze medal at the Olympics, afford to go in for a thing like this! (a national symphony orchestra)
World famous orchestra conductor Zubin Mehta during his recent visit to India with the New York Philharmonic

I was the greatest boxer of all time. Now I'm going to be the greatest promoter of all time. Boxing is going to be the number one sport in Germany.
Former world heavyweight boxing champion Muhammad Ali

I am still good enough to play for India. I know it. I will play again.. For goodness sake, give me a chance.
Test discard Chetan Chauhan

I gave my guts, blood, sweat and skin.
Jimmy Connors after he lost to John McEnroe in the semi final of the US Open

I predict that Sri Lanka will soon be beating England because the strength of their college cricket is as formidable as England's is lamentable.
Tony Lewis, former England cricket skipper

Criticise a player if he does not perform up to his standard.....But don't get personal. If a player fails, don't say it is because of his love affairs or his problems in married life etc. Players have a right to privacy.
Kapil Dev hitting out at the Press in an interview with *The Hindu*

My baby is not, repeat not, getting married to anyone for some time to come.
Mrs Henz Aman, mother of Zeenat Aman on rumours that her daughter will be marrying Imran Khan


U-Bix


Sportsworld
much shall depend on him this season

Cairns gives it a heave

Steve McMorran talks about Lance Cairns' recently published autobiography

HE'S an uncompromising character off the cricket field as well as on and so it wasn't surprising that when New Zealand all-rounder Lance Cairns ventured into print recently his memoirs were similarly blunt.

Cairns' autobiography *"Give it a Heave"* hit New Zealand bookstores this month with the effect of a pebble striking a tranquil pond. Ripples spread outwards rapidly, touching and disturbing many on the surface of cricket here

Cairns doesn't spare the rod in his book any more than he has done during his long and distinguished career His exuberant batting technique has made him a folk hero in his homeland and Cairns' literary style matches his cricketing instincts He swings lustily at many targets—at New Zealand players past and present, at officialdom, at opponents and at some of the countries he has visited during an international career which spans almost 10 years.

Cairns ends a largely episodic book which details his childhood, adolescence, early representative career and the tours and personalities which have filled his international tenure Cairns also promotes the removal of Howarth from the New Zealand captaincy. New Zealand cricket and Howarth's own performance could be improved by his relief from responsibility, though Howarth's record is the best of any captain in New Zealand's history. He has led his country to series victories over India, the West Indies, Sri Lanka and England: to their first ever victory over England on English soil and to significant victories over Australia. Still, Cairns says the mantle of greatness is placed on him wrongly.

"I do not think Howarth is a great captain" Cairns says, "yet I know that he is reputed to be one. He is too much of an individualist to be a good leader and this shows in his instinctive way of batting. He tends too much to take the attitude that we are all professionals and should therefore know how to motivate ourselves."

"I think New Zealand would be a much better Test team and he could be a real top drawer batsman—if someone else was given the captaincy . Howarth is the sort of player who needs a good captain rather than trying to be one himself "

Cairns' comments are stinging but not nearly to the degree he had intended. In drafting his book, Cairns had offered far more cutting observations but these were removed from the manuscript on legal advice.

Cairns is as willing to offer an alternative candidate for the captaincy as he is to encourage the dismissal of Howarth. He suggests Jeremy Coney as the closest New Zealand can offer to his personal ideal—a player who would blend the best qualities of an Ian Chappell and a Mike Brearley· Chappell, a brash leader by example and Brearley, an academic, more subtle but adept at psychology.

Cairns' word became prophetic His autobiography was already on the presses when New Zealand's cricket selectors named Coney, because of Howarth's unavailibility, to captain New Zealand on their tour of Pakistan later this year.

Cairns, at 34, is more than willing to undertake his second tour of Pakistan under Coney's leadership, though he admits concern in his book about the requirements of travel in that country.

He lists difficulties New Zealand teams have experienced in the past in adapting to the food and climate of Pakistan. He also informs readers that on their forthcoming tour the 1984 New Zealand side will be taking a microwave oven and 80 pounds of food per man to ensure that players can maintain a diet similar to the one they are used to at home

Dealing with the general state of world cricket at present, Cairns' views are equally controversial. He acknowledges that the West Indies' recent demolition of Australia at home and England in England justify their title of world champions but he questions their contribution to the game and the effect their lasting domination might have

He describes the West Indies' superiority as a threat to the character of the game and to the public's enjoyment of it "The use of four or more fast bowlers charging down over after over without respite nullifies much of the skill in the game and can often reduce good batsmanship to simple self preservation," he said

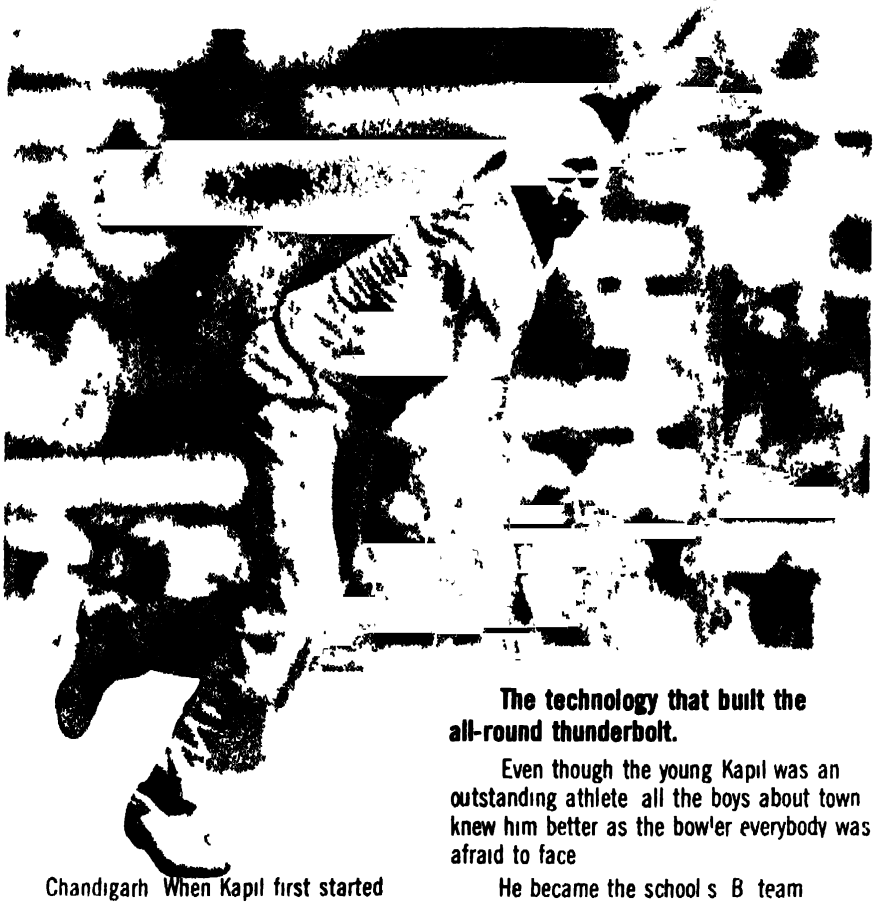
Coney Cairns' favoured captain has meanwhile described the New Zealand team he will lead in Pakistan as the best prepared he has ever been associated with That's a major tribute, because Coney has been associated with New Zealand teams since a debut series against Australia in 1974

New Zealand will send a squad of 15 to Pakistan and 10 of those players recently attended an orientation weekend in Wellington. The weekend was the second of its kind for them.

Coney was, clearly, happy with the outcome "Hopefully our preparation will reduce our chances of error in Pakistan and increase the likelihood of success," he said "I believe the players are over the mental hurdle of touring Pakistan I'm delighted with the commitment the team is making. Behind the side there's a will to pull together "

On the forthcoming tour of Pakistan, the 1984 New Zealand team will be taking a microwave oven and 80 pounds of food per man to ensure that players can maintain a diet similar to the one they are used to at home.

In Chandigarh, [illegible] of playing hockey for India, how does one boy grow up to be the world famous 'one-man-cricket- eam' called Kapil Dev?



Chandigarh When Kapil first started playing cricket here he had to compete with many things The scorching heat the biting cold hockey and a sad lack of opportunity But he didn t let them get in the way of his becoming one of the greatest contemporary all round cricketers in the world So great in fact that there are only three men — Hadlee Botham and Imran Khan — who are thought to be in the same class as him But the corridors of cricket are breezing with hushed whispers that say Kapil is the one with the bigger guns And what s more thanks to Kapil Chandigarh is quite a leading cricketing city in India today All the disadvantages he faced - wth the possible exception of the heat and the cold don t stand between a young boy and his cricketing dream any more What does it take to transform a timber merchant s son against all odds into a cricketing thunder bolt?

The technology that built the all-round thunderbolt.

Even though the young Kapil was an outstanding athlete all the boys about town knew him better as the bowler everybody was afraid to face

He became the school s B team captain when he was only in the fifth standard But young as he was he realised his raw talent needed the moulding of an experienced hand So at the age of twelve he presented himself to D P Azad an ex Ranji Trophy player and demanded to be coached D P Azad was a stern disciplinarian He was fanatical about punctuality Once when Kapil came late to class despite two previous warnings Azad threw him out and told him never to come back For seven consecutive days, Kapil came to the nets religiously on time and sat on the stairs with tears streaming down his cheeks Azad was moved to taking him back Training was 12 months a year It took exceptional grit to come out and stretch the body under a sun that glared down at a merciless 44° C and a winter when temperatures dropped to an icy 1° C The four hour training programme was increased to 8 hours when Kapil got into the swing of things Physical conditioning was top priority The mornings were devoted to that purpose Cross country running skipping swimming weight lifting etc, being part of the routine

The training was certainly paying off as the newspapers were screaming out Kapil s extraordinary exploits on the green Ranji Trophy followed as a matter of course Playing for Haryana Kapil drew national attention to himself by individually outplaying some of the toughest teams on the circuit Surprisingly test cricket didn t come to him as easily as all that He was called to the Madras camp preceding the Asutralian tour of 76 Lut wasn t picked Determined to make the selectors take a second look he exploded into a series of superhuman performances in First Class cricket and made place for himself in the Indian side to play Pakistan in 1978 As a matter of interest it must be mentioned that the first test match Kapil ever saw was the one he played in

The record breaking marathon of the all-round thunderbolt

The test arena has been the perfect setting for Kapil s flamboyant crackerjack approach to cricket Soon after his selection in 1978 more as a pace bowler for the Indian side against Pakistan Kapil surprised everyone by some exciting batting against the



fiery bowling of Imran Khan and Sarfraz Nawaz

As far as his bowling went this signalled the arrival of a genuine fast medium bowler on the Indian scene and the demise of the famed spinners

Unlike most other promising stars Kapil had proved he was no flash in the pan During the series against West Indies and Australia Kapil continued to grow in confidence and stature

The one man team of course completely overwhelmed the fancied Pakistanis on the series played on the Indian soil when India etched out a memorable 2 0 victory over their arch rivals and emerged the kings of the sub continent

The rival skipper Asif Iqbal said quite simply Kapil Dev is the best all rounder in the world

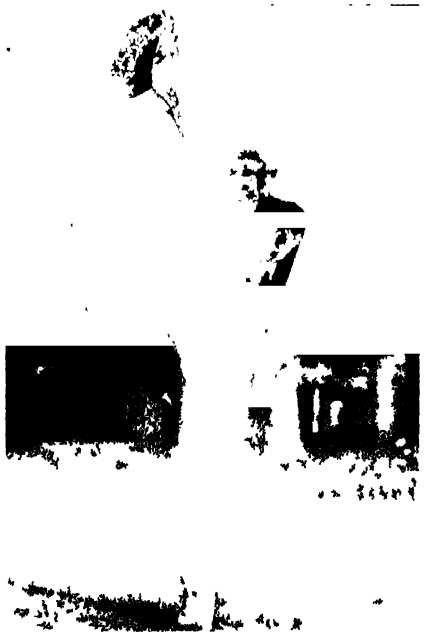
His efforts during the nail biting tour of 82 earned him a pride of place as Wisden s 5 best cricketers of the year In four innings in that series his scores were 41 89 65 & 97 Every time he went in to bat he seemed set to beat the record for the fastest century which Jack Gregory set in 1921 22 by scoring a 100 in 67 balls Though the record eluded him Kapil seems to have marked it down for his taking in the future

If Kapil was a smash hit as a member of the Indian team he proved to be absolute dynamite as its captain His first opponents were the dreaded West Indies During this tour he became only the fourth player in the world to complete 2000 runs and take 200 wickets The came the inspired feat of captaincy that steered India complete outsiders by everybody s reckoning to the Prudential Cup victory

Says Fred Trueman Seldom has a cricketer done so much in so many sections in such little time Not for long have I seen so much cricketing ability vested in one man

The magical elegance of the all-round thunderbolt

Kapil s attitude to cricket is one of joyful carefreeness And that translates itself on the green into a youthful energy that is hypnotising to watch When Trevor Bailey was asked to compare Botham s batting to



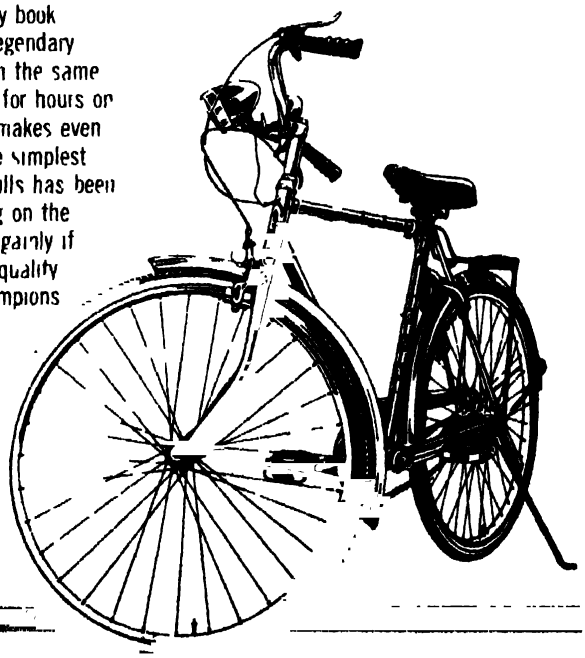
Kapil s he said Ian certainly batters the ball as unmercifully a Kapil but not so gracefully Imran Khan after Kapil s innings at Faisalabad in 1982 said I don t remember having been thrashed so much in a day and we just couldn t stop the runs Every loose ball was hit for a four and it was very entertaining cricket for the crowd As a bowler his high action is a copy book cricketer s dream His almost legendary stamina allows him to bowl with the same balletic rhythm over after over for hours on end Kapil the perfect athlete makes even the most difficult catch look the simplest ever The cutting edge of his skills has been so finely sharpened that nothing on the cricket field looks difficult or ungainly if Kapil is doing it And that is a quality strictly strictly reserved for champions

BSA SLR Built like a champion

BSA SLR the sporty bike too is built like a champion Engineered with the same precision and perfection of technique Built with the same painstaking eye for quality



and detail Built tough to last long And built to run smooth and effortless BSA SLR is a delight to watch too With CP Spokes white wall tyres reflector pedals matching saddles and handgrips and a wide range of colours Standing it s as moving a sight as when it s on the move



BSA SLR Built like a champion.

Rediffusion/TI/2642 a



Aoke Mitra

The mounted policeman's method of imparting justice to a vandal after a soccer game in Calcutta

We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs should be accompanied by their negatives which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for

Will their ordeal end?

Suprakash Ghoshal reports on the launching of a welfare scheme for needy footballers

THOSE who were watching felt growing and almost unreasonable pathos It was the same emotional force that resides in every sports lover s heart It overwhelmed them as they saw an old man, sick and handicapped, walking with a stick in his hand to be escorted into the historic Mohun Bagan ground on the afternoon of September 13, 1984 There, a veterans exhibition match was to be played for his benefit For everybody, it was a moment that carried an accumulation of memories and meanings that are involved in the drama of athletes aging and failing It was an occasion that touched deep, inarticulate feelings

That old man was once the cynosure of many a connoisseur's eye He was a sensation when he came from Bangalore to Calcutta—from one soccer city to another—to make his debut in big time football And he proved, in course of time, that he was gifted with that very magic that makes a man a star He earned himself a berth among the unforgettables of Indian football. And that recollection played in the back of people's minds, almost in their sub conscious, as they watched M Kanaiyan enter the Mohun Bagan ground helped by friends and admirers

It's too sad a story to tell The man who had once represented his fatherland at the greatest show on earth—the Olympics—was reduced to a pauper He was friendless, he was helpless and he was poor to the extent of being on the verge of starvation. Life after football had become a life impossible to live

In dire distress, the former Olympian appealed for help But to no avail. The world seemed to turn its back on him, mercilessly, and those who once were his fans now behaved like total strangers

But no. The world was not as friendless as it seemed to be. The city where Kanaiyan spent the best years of his career did not forget the man who once belonged to her galaxy of soccer stars History was created A new chapter was opened a trail was blazed when the city s sports lovers came forward to give Kanaiyan a better life to live

This is the first time in the history of Indian football that a players welfare scheme has been launched at the initiative of a group of sports enthusiasts The news of Kanaiyan s distress was too disquieting for them, in fact for every Calcuttan and it was a foregone conclusion that their effort to raise a welfare fund for ex footballers would receive tremendous public response



Kanaiyan

It was very much in the fitness of things that a veterans' soccer match was organised to launch the welfare scheme For a few hours the city went back to those glorious days when India was showing tremendous promise to storm into the world arena as a major football power The stalwarts of the Fifties, as well as Sixties were there The unforgettable Ahmed Khan, the ball juggling genius, the wonderman Thangaraj, the great Jarnail Singh, the evergreen Chuni Goswami—all were there and many others the stars of yesteryear It was a unique occasion and a rare opportunity for the present generation to see the all time greats of Indian football in action The memories will linger for some time to come

Only some questions remained unanswered Why does the need arise to launch such welfare schemes? Why should a player, who had, in his heyday served his country so well, have to live the rest of his life on dole?

True, not all players are subjected to such misery after they retire from competitive football but then, the number of people in need of welfare schemes is not negligible either

On the other hand, is it not desirable that a sportsman, who had once earned his bread through his own prowess, should be able to live the rest of his life a self dependent man?

It is extremely unfortunate that things are still not quite like that in this country Two years back, this writer was assigned to do a story on ex-footballers It turned out to be a shocking experience A number of ex-stars, who were household names in their heyday, were found in a state of misery and hardship Can we hope that their ordeal will now come to an end?



Clockwise from top left. The living legend Ahmed Khan initiates a move during the Kanaiyan benefit match

A rare sight· Balaram, Sattar, Ahmed Khan moments before the benefit match

A galaxy of stars: (from left to right) Latif, Chandan Singh, Dhanraj, Sattar, Ahmed Khan, Mahabir Prasad and Balaram

Damodaran and Santo Mitra fight for control of the ball

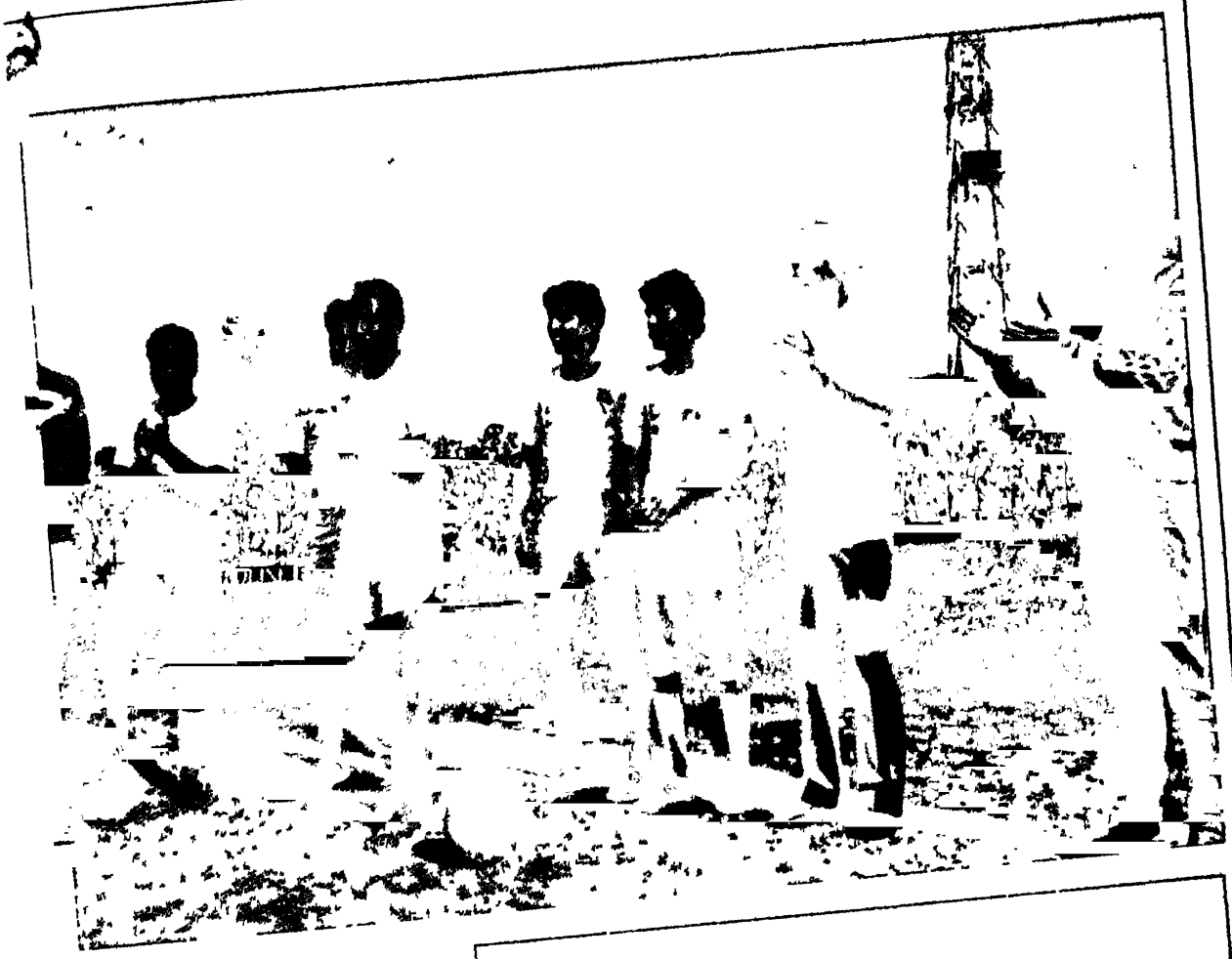









DECORAT



Clockwise from top left. Together after a long time: (From left to right)Thangaraj, Birbahadur, Narayan (forward), Ahmed Khan, Damodaran and Narayan (goalkeeper)

Ahmed Khan waving to the crowd as (from left to right) Ulaganathan, Surajit Sengupta, Samaresh Choudhuri, Chuni Goswami and P.K. Banerjee applaud

(From right to left) Chuni Goswami, Rehman, Jarnail Singh and others

Ahmed Khan in action as Kajal Mukherjee and Jarnail Singh watch

All photographs by Nikhil Bhattacharya

CALCUTTA

Driving In The Rain

CONDITIONS were just right for the Ninth Calcutta Jamshedpur-Calcutta Monsoon Rally when 23 cars and 32 motorcycles were flagged off at 7 in the morning by Dr Ajit Sen, director of National Insulated Cable Company. It had been raining off and on for the past 48 hours and the INSAT picture showed thick cloud cover all along the route. It promised to be a rainy rally and so it was.

The first leg of the rally was routed through Howrah-Kharagpur-Baharagora-Ghatsila-Bangriposi-Hata and then on to Jamshedpur. The second run next day was Hata-Bangriposi-Bisoi-Baharagora-Kharagpur-Howrah. Most participants agreed that the rally was too fast, especially since the speeds to be maintained were dry weather speeds.

Among the rallyists taking part were experienced hands like Vijay Goenka, Arindam Ghosh, Bharat Arora, Niaz Ali, Rajat Majumdar, C.K. Singhi, Biswanath Saha and Tarapada Saha.

By the first check point, the Calcutta traffic jams and the rows of trucks along the route had taken their toll and many competitors lost points. The road then opened up with average speeds of 60 kmph for cars and 48 kmph for motorcyles. It was not easy going, since the road was riddled with potholes and trucks refused to give right of way.

After Kharagpur, the route turned off the highway into a mud sector. A self time control was followed by a slippery track perched on the edge of a canal. It was hard going for the cars and Rajat Majumdar went into a spin and got bogged down. Help came in the form of nearby farmers who lifted the car out of the mud and waved them on.

The next sector had the navigators in jitters while drivers fought to keep control over the tracks which rose in little mounds and then dipped into knee deep pools of water. The road then wound into the picturesque Ghatsila hills and the drive was fast and winding. The rally ended that evening at Jamshedpur.

The next day was rainy. Speeds were fast, 70 kmph for cars and 60 kmph for motorcycles. It was rough but the toughest was between the 109th km and the 119th km when the 60 plus speeds continued through the Bangriposi ghats.

A fast return to the outskirts of Calcutta marked the end of the two day 700 km rally. Vijay Goenka and team had come first and Rajat Majumdar second in the car category, while Biswanath Saha came in first among the motorcycles.

The South has always been the superior region in rallying but with a few more rallies with such roads and such speeds the Eastern region might show the South a thing or two in the future.

Sudipt Dutta

MADRAS

A Rowdy Family

THE chief talking point of the All-India Major Ports Hockey Tournament will neither be Madras's emphatic title triumph (they finished with an all-win record) nor the poor display of holders, Calcutta (who finished a joint third among five teams) but a single incident in the match between Madras and Tuticorin that led to some of the ugliest scenes seen in this city's sport in recent years.

Madras and Tuticorin had won both their previous encounters and the winner here would be the virtual winner of the title. The Tuticorin left-back, Roosevelt brought down the onrushing Madras centre-forward Sampath Kumar inside the circle. An enraged Vijayakumar, the Madras inside-left, retaliated in animal like fashion, hitting Roosevelt on the head with his stick.

Thereafter, there was a pitched battle between the players of both the sides.

The match was continued the following morning in a calmer atmosphere, with Tuticorin being forced to play one short. Madras always looked the better team and ultimately won 3-1. They clinched the title the same afternoon when Tuticorin could do no better than draw goalless with Vizag.

Partab Ramchand



Niaz Ali

The team that won the Calcutta-Jamshedpur rally. Vijay Goenka was the leader of the victorious team

DELHI

Phadke Makes Comeback

SUDHIR PHADKE, who ceased to be of use internationally to Indian table tennis years ago, is still a force to reckon with when in the mood. He reserved his best for the Parthiv Vyas Memorial Tournament in New Delhi, winning the men's singles title after a memorable final against Rajat Kathuria. After dropping the first two games, Phadke produced immaculate chops and retrieving, which he was well known for, to slowly wear out his younger opponent, winning the five-set final 21-23, 19-21, 21-17, 21-9, 21-18.

Earlier in the evening, Indu Puri, the national champion easily defeated Rita Jain of the Railways in the women's singles final, 21-17, 21-12, 21-14.

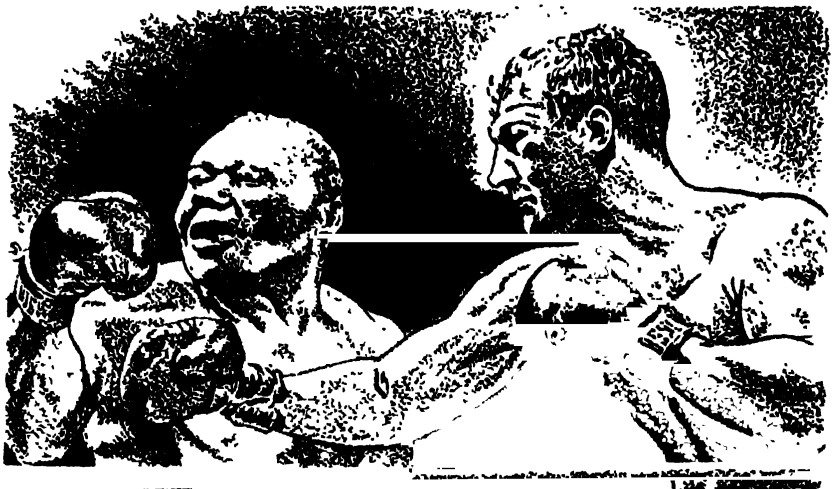
For Phadke it was a personal triumph. The tournament is played in memory of a promising player who shifted to Maharashtra after having spent his formative years in Delhi and Phadke's performance was his own personal tribute to Parthiv.

A Correspondent

SPORTS CHALLENGE

"ROCKY" MARCIANO

THE ONLY UNDEFEATED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP OF MODERN TIMES THE 'BROCKTON BUSTER' FOUGHT 49 TIMES—WON 49 WITH 43 KO'S HE RETIRED IN 1956



MARCIANO HAD THE SHORTEST REACH OF ANY HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP—ONLY 67 INCHES





JAMES FIGG

WAS THE FIRST RECOGNISED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP HE RAN AN ACADEMY FOR SELFDEFENCE IN LONDON FROM 1719, DURING WHICH TIME HE TOOK ON ALL COMERS, UNTIL HE RETIRED FROM BOXING IN 1730 UNDEFEATED AT AGE 35



FORMER HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP GENE TUNNEY

THE ONLY LOSS GENE SUFFERED IN HIS CAREER WAS TO THE GREAT MIDDLEWEIGHT HARRY GREB, WHO HE LATER DEFEATED FOUR CONSECUTIVE TIMES. HE RETIRED WITH THE CROWN



FLOYD PATTERSON WAS THE FIRST HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP TO EVER REGAIN THE TITLE HE LOST TO INGEMAR JOHANSSON IN JULY OF 1959 AND WON IT BACK IN A RETURN MATCH IN JUNE OF 1960

HARRY GLICKE

CHALLENGE

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd , to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

STATUTORY WARNING: CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

5 September Defending champion Jimmy Connors and top seeded John McEnroe are the first to enter the quarter finals of the US Open tennis championship.

Wesley Nalder, the famous rally driver from Australia, and his co-driver George Harris confirm that they will be participating in the forthcoming fifth Himalayan Rally.

6 September Pat Cash, the 15th seed, notches up an upset 7-6, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3 win over fourth seeded Mats Wilander to advance into the semi finals of the US Open.

The semi final line-up of the Merdeka Soccer Tournament at Kuala Lumpur is decided as China draw their last Group match against the Malaysian Tigers. China are now pitted against Minas Gerais of Brazil and South Korea will take on Malaysia.

7 September John McEnroe makes the semi finals of the US Open tennis championship where he will face Jimmy Connors. In the other semis, Pat Cash will meet Ivan Lendl.

The Irani Trophy match between Bombay and the Rest of India team ends on the first day with Bombay at 236 for eight.

Don Tallon, the former Australian Test wicketkeeper, passes away at a Brisbane hospital. He was 68.

8 September Martina Navratilova crushes an early fight by Wendy Turnbull of Australia 6-4, 6-1 to move into the final of the US Open. Her opponent will be Chris Evert Lloyd who cruises past Carling Bassett of Canada.

The second day of the Irani Trophy ends with the Rest of India team at 277 for nine in reply to Bombay's total of 236.

9 September Martina Navratilova overcomes a first set deficit to beat Chris Evert Lloyd 4-6, 6-4, 6-4 and win her second consecutive US Open title.

The men's section of the US Open also has some exciting tennis as John McEnroe and Ivan Lendl both survive thrilling five-setters against Jimmy Connors and Pat Cash respectively.

The Australian tennis star Pat Cash is fined $2000 for hurling his racquet into the grandstand after his loss to Ivan Lendl in the semi final.

10 September John McEnroe thrashes Ivan Lendl 6-3, 6-4, 6-1 and wins the US Open tennis championship at New York. This is his fourth US Open title.

Toshira Shibutani of Japan runs away from the bunch to win the Noumea Marathon at Noumea, New Caledonia.

11 September The Rest of India team carves out a four-wicket win over the Bombay team to lift the Irani Trophy for the ninth time.

Steve Upton of Britain wins the world's toughest race, the quadrathon. The quadrathon, 255 km long and consisting of swimming walking, cycling and running is completed by Upton in 34 hours and 4 minutes. Among the 38 finishers, out of the 91 starters, is Gerald O'Dowd, brother of the famous 'Boy George' of the rock group, Culture Club.

12 September Sunil Gavaskar is named the captain of the Indian cricket team. This is in preference to Kapil Dev and Syed Kirmani.

John McEnroe edges past the former tennis star Bjorn Borg in an exhibition match at Syracuse, New York. McEnroe wins 7-6(7-4), 7-5.



Tennis in the family...this year's US Open saw these sister duos in action. They are (from left) Clare Evert (16) and her sister Chris Evert Lloyd (29), Holly Holton (12) and her sister Kathy Holton (21), Carling Bassett (16) with her sister Heidi Bassett (14) and Roberta Reggi (11) and her sister Rafaella Reggi (18). The younger sisters were all playing in the juniors'

He battled to the top

Then he had to do it all over again!

BEN HOGAN became one of the greatest golfers of all time because he had some talent and worked so compulsively to exploit it, forcing his way against all odds to the top.

When a Greyhound Bus ran head-first into his Cadillac in 1949 and nearly killed him, he worked even harder to win back his position as the number one golfer of the day.

William Benjamin Hogan was born on August 12, 1912 in Dublin, Texas. His father, the town blacksmith, died when he was nine. The Hogan kids had to work; they couldn't afford to play

So Ben used to work late at the Fort Worth Glen Garden Country Club polishing the members' golf clubs

He also sold newspapers and caddied for 65 cents a round But there was fierce competition for the job of caddie among the boys of Dublin

Dime-store clubs

Hogan was a left-hander 'But I couldn't afford a set of expensive left-handed clubs So I bought some mongrel clubs out of a dime-store barrel for a dollar apiece.'

'They say now that if you force yourself to do something right-handed when you are a natural left-hander, it's terribly bad for you. But I didn't know that then. All I knew was that I had to master those clubs. And I did.'

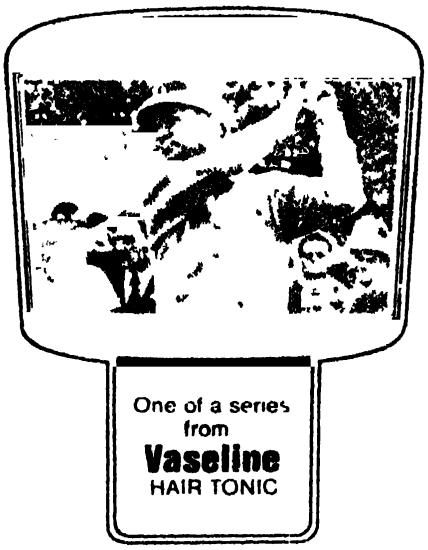
The caddies were banned from playing on the Fort Worth course, so they dug their own two-hole course on a piece of waste ground. They used to have competitions to see who could hole out first.

In 1948 he was the first man to win the US Open, the US PGA championship and the Western Open in the same year. They called him 'Little Water-Ice' because he was always so cool under pressure.

His car crash a year later seemed the end of everything. He was pulled out of the wreckage with multiple injuries to his legs, hips, chest, pelvis, shoulder and arms.

Doctors said he was lucky to be

BEN HOGAN



alive. And as for being able to play golf· impossible!

Months on crutches

Hogan refused to accept the opinion of his doctors For weeks he lay fretting in bed. He lost four stones in weight. He looked like a ghost

Then they put him in a wheelchair and, after six months, he started crawling around on crutches Learning to walk again was an agony

His wife Valerie used to drive him secretly out to the golf course where he would stand alone trying to swing a golf club. It hurt him . but he *could* still do it.

In October 1949 he was appointed non-playing captain of the US Ryder Cup team. Even if he couldn't play, he was determined to be there to inspire his buddies.

The Americans lost the foursomes by two points, but after a pep talk from Hogan they went out and won the match.

The next few weeks Hogan spent practising on golf courses, trying to force his muscles to regain the strength and suppleness they had before the crash.

It was a slow and painful business but early in 1950 Hogan was ready to make his comeback

The event was the Los Angeles Open He started with a moderate round of 73, and then had three 69s in a row to tie with Sam Snead.

He lost on the play-off, but he had proved he could play tournament golf again, even if he was no longer 100 per cent physically fit.

Champion again

The following May he won a tournament with a total of 259 for 72 holes, equalling the then world record.

A month later he was US Open Champion again, beating Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio in a triple play off

Hogan retained his Open Champion title in 1951, lost it to Julius Boros in 1952 and in 1953, then came back to win for the fourth time in six years. And for one of those years he had been out of the game!

In 1953 he played in his first British Open, at Carnoustie on the east coast of Scotland In the field were competitors of outstanding merit like Frank Strachan, Bobby Locke, Flory Van Donck, Max Faulkner, Antonio Cerda, Dai Rees and Peter Thomson.

But the favourite was Hogan, the golfer who had never hit a ball at Carnoustie before; the man who had become a golfing legend

Rees and Thomson had played the Carnoustie course many times. They knew its traps and pitfalls. Hogan didn't But he made up for lost time by practising dozens of shots with all kinds of clubs at every hole.

Ticker-tape welcome

By the time the tournament began, he knew the best approaches to every hole and how to avoid getting into trouble He studied the wind velocity and the weather forecasts. He missed nothing

He duly won the British title with rounds of 73, 71, 70 and 68 and was undisputed champion golfer of the world.

Steve Douglas

Deep down care. For great looking hair.



Rummenigge

Back in style

KARL HEINZ RUMMENIGGE His is almost a household name But there is now speculation about how much longer he will dominate soccer He is on the brink of 30 now, but he effectively scotched all the rumours by saying that he will not be hanging up his boots

The strong belief in football circles is that the star German international will be at his peak in time for the next World Cup in Mexico Although his performances in the recent European Championship were not up to the expected mark people feel that he has more to give to the game His innumerable fans are of the same opinion

When Inter Milan, Italy, paid £3 million for his prowess, the club was obviously taking a mammoth gamble Rummenigge, however, is back in his element now and the club authorities feel that maybe it wasn't such a high price after all

Rummenigge, however has one major problem the Italian language He had to have a translator with him at each Press conference but even that is proving unnecessary now, as he is beginning to pick up the local dialect

No Match

At whose cost?

Is politics going to intrude on sport once again? An Argentine soccer club, Independiente, is scheduled to play Liverpool, an English counter part, in Tokyo this December in the World Cup Championship But it looks as though there will be some interference by way of fallout from the Argentine Great Britain hostilities of 1982

The Argentine sports Minister, Mr Rodolfo O'Reilly, does not seem too keen on allowing the match to take place In fact, he has even asked the Independiente Club officials to seriously consider giving the match a miss.

But all is not yet lost Teofilo Salinas, the president of Conmebol, the South American federation, said. Independiente would play Liverpool if no force majeure problem arose and did not foresee any problems if all went ahead without any difficulties Neither have I personally received any official notice of a match

He has also said that Tokyo organisers are to go ahead with preparations for the match

Super Sev

A White Horse

SPANIARD Severiano Ballesteros is to be presented with a unique trophy by the makers of White Horse Whisky after his recent victory in the Dutch Open at Noordwijk Aan Zee Ballesteros will be the first golfer to receive the award from the manufacturers of White Horse Whisky The award was naturally a white horse replica of the emblem on all their labels, sculpted from Italian porcelain



Sev Ballesteros

The White Horse top brass planned to deliver the porcelain beauty to Ballesteros residence in northern Spain but the golfer had other ideas 'I must take it with me It is something I will always treasure," Sev said

Making Money

LA shows the way

THE financial success of the Los Angeles Olympics may produce a timely spin off for the organisers of the 1986 Commonwealth Games Mr Ellis Grosset, the newly appointed chief executive of the Edinburgh Games recently confessed that the LA Games should help to sell the Commonwealth event to potential sponsors

Grosset reaffirmed that 15 million pounds had to be found through private enterprise However, things are looking up at the moment as the member countries have assured the organisers of their cooperation while business houses are responding as well As part of the campaign, the organisers have also launched a nationwide cash appeal

The last time the Scottish capital played host to the Commonwealth Games in 1970, the organisers had to raise £750,000 One can imagine what the expenditure will now be, with the present rate of inflation But LA has shown the way, so there's no reason why Grosset and his team won't succeed

British Hockey

From rags to riches

THE British hockey side, initially rated as underdogs at Los Angeles, had earned its ticket to Karachi for the Champions Trophy this December

The British Hockey Board has assured fans that preparations for the 1988 Games at Seoul are being made in right earnest And David Whittaker has been retained in the prime post of coach

However, Roger Self, the manager of the Olympic hockey team, will, not be available for Seoul

Stealing the show

I KNOW who was the centre of attraction at Sandip Patel's wedding? For all practical purposes it was Patel's day of course But the man who stole the show was Sunil Gavaskar's not little son Rohan But he still considers Dilip Vengsarkar a better batsman than his own father

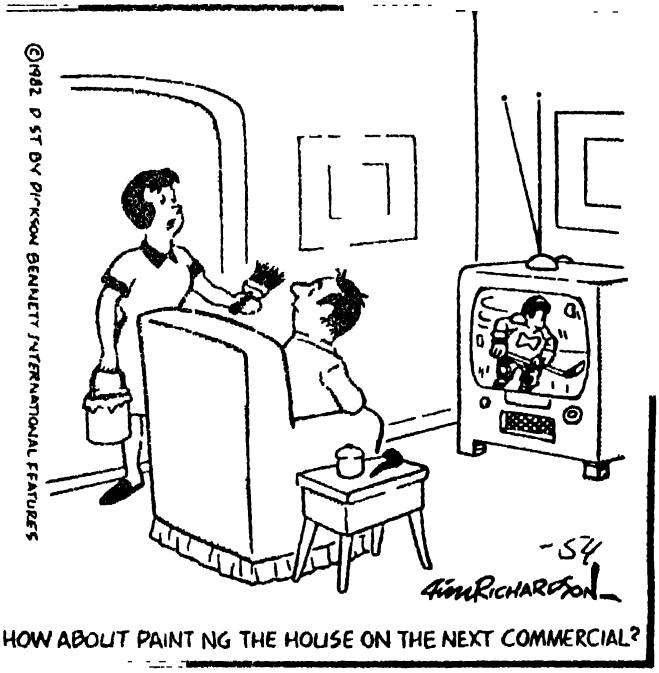
Still standing

THE Zola Budd Mary Decker incident at LA will not be forgotten for a long time Budd has come a long way since she left her native South Africa Many things have changed But one thing that hasn't changed is the picture of Mary Decker above Zola's bed It's still there No, it hasn't fallen down

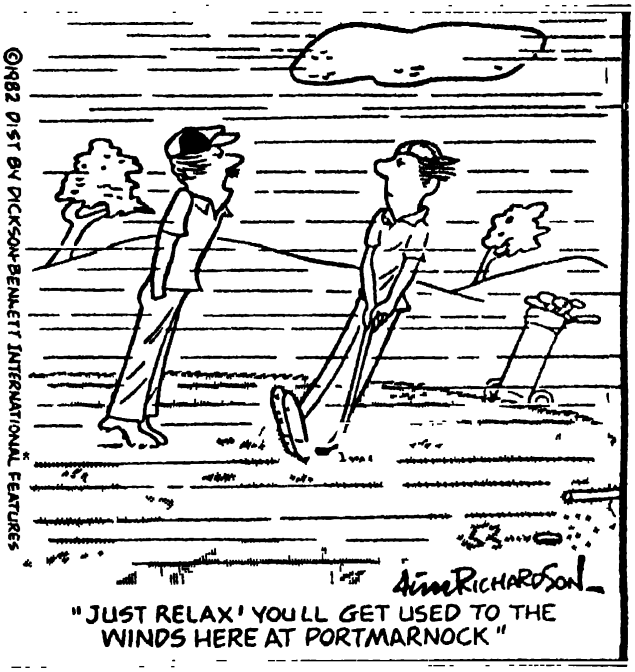
No feelings

DIVING world champion Greg Louganis is on his way to becoming a sex symbol Louganis has a perfect body it's lithe and symetrical and it's all muscle

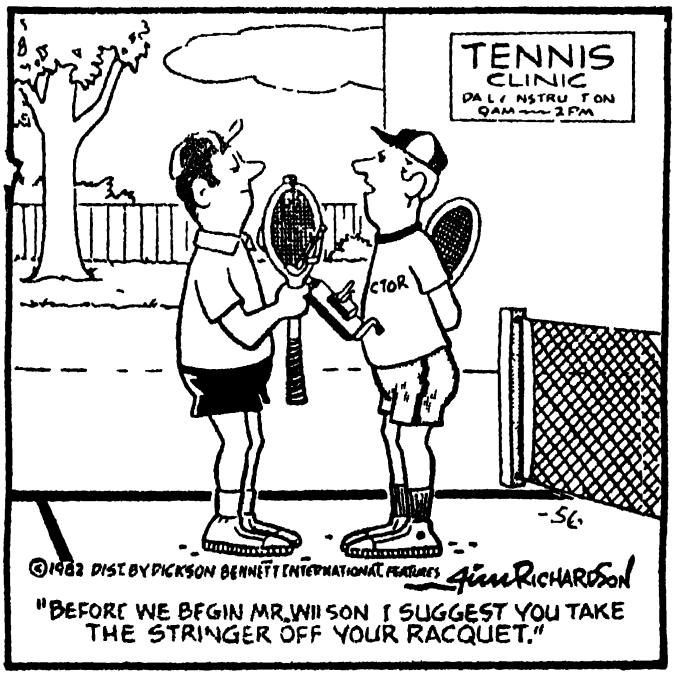
He is so muscular that when a nurse tried to give him an injection in the buttock before his appendectomy in 1983, the needle bent at a 45 degree angle Louganis felt nothing



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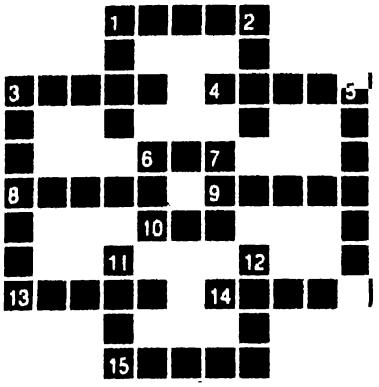
"BEFORE WE BEGIN MR. WILSON I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE STRINGER OFF YOUR RACQUET."



CROSSWORD

Mu1ar

255



ACROSS

1 Tennis player makes for a 'finish between identical directions (5)
3 What is transported from Greece to wherever the Olympics are held (5)
4 Kiwi runner who won the 800m in 1960 and then broke the mile record in 1962 (5)
6 and 10 Official airlines carriers to the Centenary Test in Australia in 1977 (6)
8 The only commercial name to appear on the scoreboard of the Centre Court at Wimbledon (5)
9 He played bowls while the Spanish Armada drew nearer Returns (5)
13 Country of origin of kabaddi (5)
14 What each Indian player was after winning the World Cup as nicknamed by the English Press (5)
15 Units of scoring in an examination for an English off spinner (5)

DOWN

1 Unusual name for one who has taken three centuries off the West Indies in one series (4)
2 The cricketman s word for direction of a delivery (4)
3 Racing car has a singular ending (7)
5 The Flying Scotsman athlete in the Twenties refused to run on a Sunday in the Olympics He begins with a cover of a receptacle (7)
6 What every cricketer fears after he has played badly (3)
7 What appears between the Get and the Go at the start of a race (3)
11 Modern science s implement for the preservation of great sporting performances (4)
12 What Marsh and Lillee laid against their own side—and won (4)

Excellent 18-17, Good 16-15, Fair. 14.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghosh

QUESTIONS

Identify the following

1 Rotsee
2 "23 August'
3 Tsukahara s vault
4 Moto-cross
5 HMI
6 The Inferno
7 Leg grip
8 Loose Head
9 Bunker
10 Clinger

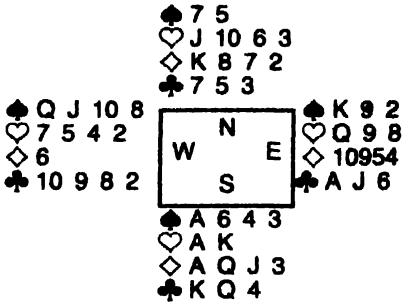
ANSWERS

1 The rowing course at Lucerne
2 The central sports headquarters of Romania
3 A vault named after Mitsuo Sukhahara, the great Japanese gymnast
4 A specialized form of motor-cycle racing in which competitors race not on metalled roads but around a closed circuit consisting of a variety of rough cross-country terrain
5 Himalayan Mountaineering Institute (Darjeeling)
6 The longest downhill race in the world
7 A type of hold in wrestling
8 One of the two outside forwards in Rugby Union
9 A depression on the golf course filled with sands It provides a hazard to the golfer, usually near the greens
10 A kind of shot in squash rackets (So played that it seems to cling to the side-wall as it comes back down the court)

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

There was a curious way in which South could have made his contract of 3NT on the deal below He could have squeezed East in three suits



South was the dealer at love all and the bidding went

South	West	North	East
2C	pass	2D	pass
2NT	pass	3NT	pass
pass	pass		

Most players would have bid a fatuous three clubs on the North hand, seeking for the possible 4-4 major The folly of this is that, even if South has four hearts, there is no reason to assume that 10 tricks in hearts will be easier than 9NT, meanwhile, if South bids something like three spades and then North 3NT, the opponents are given much information about what may well be a borderline hand

West led the queen of spades against 3NT and South held off until the third round Two high diamonds revealed that there was only one entry to dummy this meant that the declarer would not be able to lead twice towards his K Q x of clubs

Hoping that something might develop South cashed the top hearts and the remaining diamonds, ending in dummy Next came ♡ J, but East won with the queen and led a low club to leave the declarer a trick short

Suppose that, after finding the 4-1 break in diamonds, South exits with spade East has no good discard He cannot part with a club He must keep his guard to the queen of hearts, so must part with a diamond Now South can overtake @ J with @ K and still have a diamond entry for a second club lead

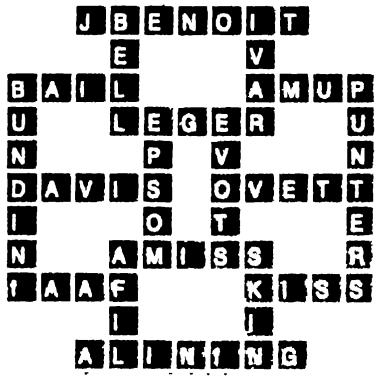
This week's quiz: West holds

♠ A Q 10 8 5 2
♡ K Q 6
◇ Q 4
♣ A Q

West opens one spade and his partner responds four spades What should West call now?

Answer: With a suit that contains two losers—here the diamonds—it is foolish to institute Blackwood unless you can be sure that partner does not hold two losers in the same department Your slam try should be five clubs If partner responds five hearts, by-passing the diamonds, bid only five spades

SOLUTION 254





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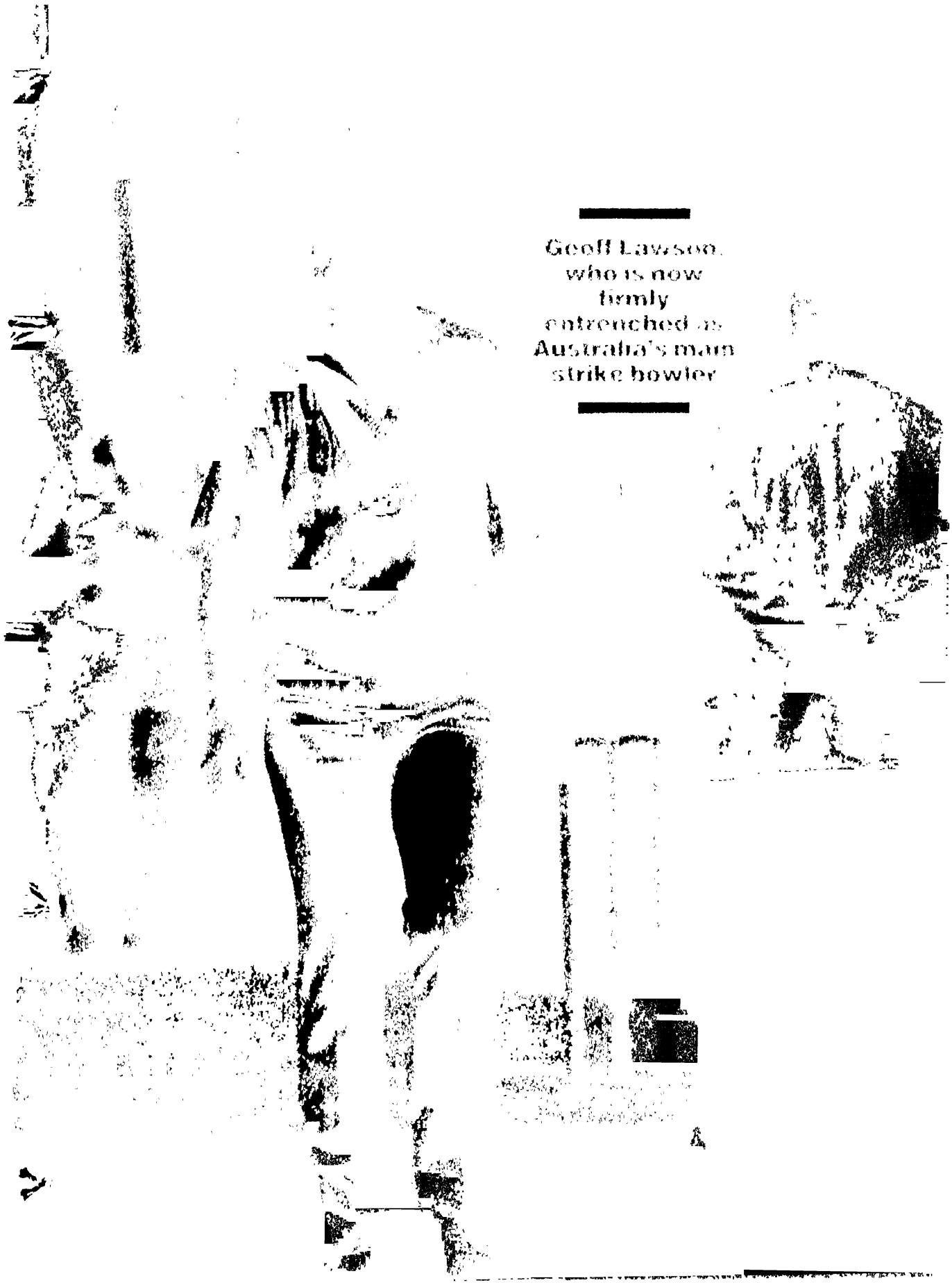
Lines that bring excitement into your life



Mafatlal Corduroy

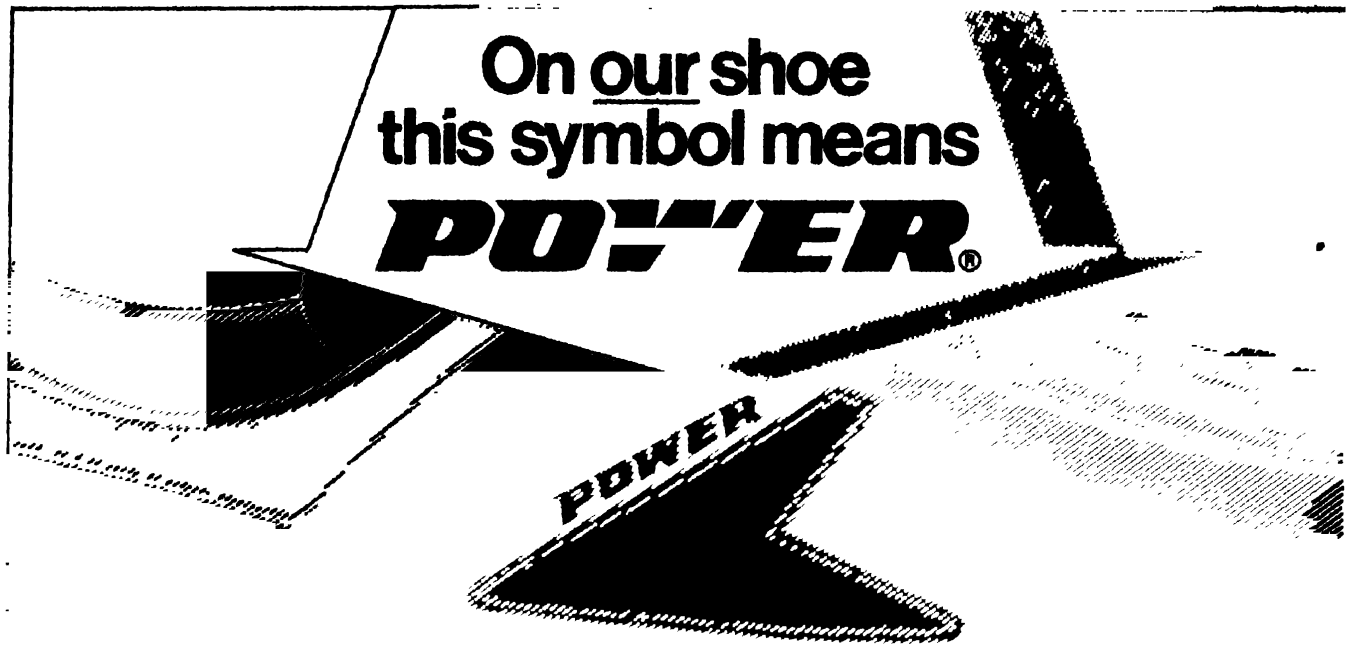
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Geoff Lawson, who is now firmly entrenched as Australia's main strike bowler

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Pro tennis is a vicious circle
In the concluding extract from his book *Short Circuit*, Michael Mewshaw explains that all the problems on the tennis circuit are interlinked

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Black Magic
For the blacks sport is an outward expression of their inner agony and sense of revenge against society Binoo K John profiles some blacks who made it big in sport

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The wrong choice

FINALLY, after a lot of discussion, the Indian cricket selectors have unanimously given the mantle of captaincy to Sunil Gavaskar.

Though the Asia Cup was won by India under the defensive leadership of Sunil Gavaskar, the selectors have done injustice to Kapil Dev. It was under his superb captaincy that we were able to annex the World Cup. If it was the failure against West Indies that decided the issue, then it was truly a thoughtless gesture. The West Indies have proved in no uncertain terms that they are the masters at this game. Even the English selectors have realised this and have kept on David Gower as their skipper.

The Australian selectors too, have kept their faith in Kim Hughes even after the failure against the West Indies.

One hopes Kapil will give ample support to Gavaskar as we are Indian fans and not fans of personalities.

M.MD. SIRAJUDEEN.
Calcutta.

Hockey supremacy

I WAS pained to pay Rs.3/- for the Los Angeles Olympics Thriller (Aug. 22-28, 1984). But as I went through the contents I just forgot the price I had paid. The whole games were presented in the lovely, colourful and superb pictures by Nikhil Bhattacharya.

The article 'Block Buster' by Ajay Kumar was excellent. The reasons advanced therein by the manager of the hockey team Nandy Singh and coaches Bal Kishan Singh and Bhangoo for India's debacle were hardly convincing. The fact is that the Indian hockey team is still good enough, but was let down by poor goalkeeping and lack of proper strategy at crucial moments on the part of coaches and manager. The Pakistan hockey team deserve all credit for regaining the Olympic hockey title, besides being the world and Asian champions.

A rare and unique feat indeed. They have proved yet again that the traditional pattern of 5-3-2-1 is still the best. The hockey officials in the country to please take note.

Also, P.T. Usha and Shiny Abraham should be given all encouragement in future. A cover of P.T. Usha would have been great instead of Edwin Moses.

KAMAL KUMAR,
Uttar Pradesh.

All rounder [illegible]

THE much awaited debate to decide the world's best all rounder is, perhaps, much easier to analyse now. Earlier there were many players who could have been included in the list but now this list has been cut down to much less.

The five that were really in the running were Ian Botham, Richard Hadlee, Imran Khan, Kapil Dev and Malcolm Marshall. But now, with Ian Botham playing so erratically he is out of the race.

The all rounders contest held recently has disproved all this. An outsider, Clive Rice, from South Africa, ended the controversy by winning and earning the title of the best all rounder in the world.

K. L. DUTTA,
Calcutta.

Super Windies

WITH the drubbings they have given to India, England and Australia in the past year, West Indies have proved that they are, undoubtedly, the best cricket team in the world.

In my opinion, the only team capable of beating the West Indies is the Rest of the World XI. My idea of such a team is as follows:

Sunil Gavaskar (captain), Graham Gooch, David Gower, Duleep Mendis, Javed Miandad, Allan Border, Kapil Dev, Richard Hadlee, Ian Botham, Abdul Qadir and Syed Kirmani with Srikkanth as the twelfth man.

How about it?

PRABAL GUHA,
Calcutta.

Cricket [illegible] club

I WOULD like to start a cricket correspondence club. All communication will be through letters and printed material distributed by post.

I invite suggestions about how the club should function. Interested readers may write to the following address:

VINAY DIXIT,
231 S. N. Roy Road,
Calcutta 700 038.

Pro tennis is a vicious circle

In this, the concluding extract from his book "Short Circuit" **Michael Mewshaw** discovers that the evils prevalent in professional tennis are all interlinked. That it is the improper enforcement of rules which lies at the root of all tennis problems

I HAD set out on the circuit with many misconceptions, none more ludicrous, I soon realized, than I was mistaken in my assumption that since I loved travelling as much as I loved tennis, the experience would be doubly pleasurable. But if the tennis had turned out to be radically different from what I expected, then the travel proved to be even less to my liking. True, I took trains, buses, boats, and planes, but the journey didn't lead to a place. It led to a condition.

At first I wondered why players didn't show more interest in the towns they travelled through. Why didn't they take advantage of the opportunity to meet people, to visit museums and landmarks, to sample the local cuisine? Yet I was forced eventually to curb much of my own enthusiasm for touring cathedrals, lounging in cafes, and strolling from art gallery to antique shop to restaurant. These self-indulgences had nothing to do with life on the circuit, and if I hoped to comprehend these men and their manias, I had to try to approximate their schedules. I can't pretend I entirely succeeded. For one thing, I wasn't playing and practising tennis six or seven hours a day. But I stayed where they stayed, ate where they ate, and remained at the courts just as they did talking, killing time between matches.

Fatigue, boredom, nagging illness, homesickness, abrupt mood-swings, a feeling during the indoor season of living in a time capsule shut off from sun, fresh air, and all outside influences—these are the hallmarks of the professional tennis tour. If a camera is the symbol for a tourist, then a Walkman headset is the symbol of the circuit. Whearas a traveller is eager to record what he sees outside himself, a tennis player is interested almost exclusively in his own space, in creating through acoustical cologne a placid inner environment.

The situation in the Milan tournament was worse than in most cities. Since the hotel was a long, nerve-racking ride away from the Palazzo dello Sport, one had to spend hours every day commuting and since the tournament provided free meals to journalists and players at the arena, there was one less reason to break out of the numbing rhythm, the narcotizing orbit of a closed circuit.

I had an appointment with an umpire who had agreed to talk. We met in Antibes at the Old Port, a misnomer now that the marina has been modernized.

Tense, jumpy, hardly the sort for heroics judging by his appearance, the umpire was nevertheless determined to do the right thing. But he stressed that he wouldn't talk unless I guaranteed him anonymity. He demanded the same assurance of secrecy a penitent received in the confessional.

When I swore I wouldn't divulge his name, he said that wasn't enough. I had to promise not to mention his nationality or to describe him in any way that might reveal his indentity. He did agree, however, to let me summarize his experience in professional tennis. In short, there were few facets of the game he didn't know first-hand.

'Did the players tell you how umpires are hired and assigned to matches?' he asked.

'No.'

'They've probably never given it much thought themselves,' the Umpire said.

I told him I had always assumed they were assigned to tournaments on a rotating basis and—

'Assigned by whom?' he asked.

'By some independent agency.'

'There's no agency, there's no independence. Oh sure, there are national associations and federations of umpires, and supposedly they train and certify officials. But, finally, umpires are hired on an individual basis by tournament directors. You understand what I'm saying? They're personally chosen by the tournament director and they work at his pleasure. If he doesn't like a man, he won't hire him. And if he didn't approve of the way an umpire performed last year, he won't ask him back. I don't know all the details of the tournament in Milan. But I know what goes on at other tournaments.'

'What?'

'You can figure it out for yourself. It all comes down to the fact that a director has a serious financial stake in a tournament. The last thing he wants is to hire an umpire who might default a star player, a player he's probably paid a $100,000 guarantee and whom he's depending on to carry the tournament. These guarantees, this appearance money, they're what has turned the screws tighter on everybody. If you pay that kind of money, you can't afford to have a star lose early. Remember, the director has financial backers. He's not in it alone, and he's



'What the tournament director means is give the guy leeway, don't enforce the code. Let the man blow off a little steam.' Here court jester Ilie Nastase is seen in 'action'

accountable to them. So he's got to protect himself every way he can. Naturally he's going to hire umpires with whom he has a close and cooperative relationship.'

'Does he instruct them what to do?'

'He doesn't have to. I've heard other umpires complain that they've gotten instructions, but with me it's always been implied. A tournament director will just remind you that a certain top player has a reputation for acting up. But if you're patient and handle him properly, everything will be all right. What he means is give the guy leeway, don't enforce the code. Let the man blow off a little steam.'

'How much steam?'

'You tell me. When's the last time you saw a star defaulted? You had Gerulaitis defaulted last year in Australia. But he sat in his chair and refused to play. He defaulted himself. Other than that just give me an example. No, I will give you an example. Frank Hammond defaulted Nastase against McEnroe at the 1979 US Open. Did the Supervisor stand behind him? Not on your life! They put a new man up in the chair and let Nastase finish the match.'

'Have you ever defaulted anybody?'

'Never! There've been times when I should have, but I didn't dare. I didn't believe the tournament director would back me up. Everybody would claim I had cheated them out of seeing a great player. Maybe if I explained things to the press, they'd write it up and I'd be a hero for twenty-four hours. At last, someone stood up to Connors or McEnroe or whoever, they'd say. But I'd never work again, not in that tournament. Probably not anywhere.'

The Umpire also believed there should be closer scrutiny of the business dealings between umpires and tournament directors. Why were umpires discouraged from fraternizing with players, yet permitted to maintain potentially compromising relationships with tournament directors? He told me of umpires who routinely accepted gifts and entertainment, and who let tournament directors set them up with women. 'This is a business, a multimillion dollar international business. People don't give things away free. I don't care if it's a new graphite racquet or a three star dinner or a piece of ass, the guy that gives it expects something in return.

'Consciously or unconsciously,' he said, 'too many umpires become co-opted. Pretty soon their first allegiance isn't to enforce the rules. It's to the tournament directors. They want to keep working and keep enjoying themselves on the tour. It's a seductive way of life. But to continue living it they have to please one man, the tournament director. You don't do that by defaulting stars.'

'What about the other rules?' I asked. 'What about close calls?'

'It's the same. Some umpires get so friendly with the tournament directors maybe they're not even aware of what they're doing. But the way it turns out, the top players get the close calls. Maybe it's unconcsious. Maybe it's just that they sense how much the directors want the star to win. But it looks bad, it looks like collusion. For all I know it could be collusion because umpires have so many side deals going. Some of them are buying cars—Volvos, Mercedes, BMW's, expensive automobiles—at terrific discounts through tournament directors. I'm talking about umpires getting $5,000to $10,000 off the list price. You can buy some people for less. After that, how can they be independent? How can they go out and hope to do an honest job?

'Imagine how American fans would react if they discovered the New York

Yankees had arranged for an umpire to buy a luxury car on easy terms, and then fixed it so that that man worked their games. Or take European soccer. A lot of teams are sponsored by big corporations. What if one of them offered a referee a special discount on its products? There'd be a scandal, an uproar. Everybody would assume the worst. It puts the game in a terrible light. It destroys the confidence that the public and players have to have in us.'

Was there any solution, I asked?

'Yes, a professionally trained, decently paid, and autonomous cadre of umpires. Look, I had a lot of friends, a lot of contacts in tennis, and I work more than most people. So the present system is to my advantage. But it shouldn't be that way. You just can't give tournament directors a free hand to select their own officials. That's one conflict of interest that's absolutely wrong.'

Since the umpire was so outspoken on this subject, I wondered where he stood on other questionable practices in the sport.

'What about splits?' I asked.

'Yeah, well, that's mostly in exhibition matches.'

'I heard it's also happening on the WCT tour and in some tournaments with ATP points. Whenever there's a big disparity between the first place prize and second place, the players agree to share the money.'

'I thought you were talking about splitting sets, not money.'

'You mean they split sets too?'

'Sure, in exhibitions they do.'

'Why?'

'The promoter wants a longer match more excitement. And if it's on TV, he has a time-slot to fill. He'll ask the players to split the first two sets and play an honest third set.

'You know this for a fact?'

Indeed he did and he cited an example from direct experience. Several years ago, he had been scheduled to officiate at the finals of an eight-man round robin. Beforehand, in the locker room, he said he had listened, dumbfounded, as John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg discussed how they would orchestrate the match. McEnroe would win the first set, Borg would take the second, then they'd fight out the third set.

The final had followed this scenario down to the last detail. 'I sat up in the chair,' said the umpire, 'feeling sick.'

'Weren't you tempted to say something?'

'What could I say? I just happened to overhear what I shouldn't have heard. Thank God it was only an exhibition.'

I let the umpire have it his way, but asked, 'What if you had heard players agreeing to split sets at a Grand Prix tournament?'

He paused, dredged in the briny air of the marina, then sighed. 'I don't know. Who could I tell? What good would it do?'

'You mean, nobody would believe you?'

'No, I mean I couldn't be sure anybody would step in and do something. I'm just sure of one thing. If I went to a tournament promoter and told him his two top players had agreed to split sets—probably at his suggestion—I'd never work anywhere again.'

The umpire went on to reiterate that tournaments lived or died with their top players, and would do anything to protect them and keep them contented. *'Anything!'* he emphasized. 'Promise them unlimited practice time. Wild card their friends into the tournament. Pick up the food and hotel bills for their entourage. Get them girls. Drugs. Anything! I've seen tournaments thrown into a panic because the director couldn't come up with the drug a top seed demanded.'

While the Umpire contended that drug abuse was probably no more prevalent among players than among others of their age and income, he admitted he had heard they were using cocaine and even heroin.

'I hear things,' he said. 'I see things. But I turn the other way. In this game, that's everybody's attitude. Nobody wants to know the truth, nobody wants to consider the worst possibilities.'

What were the worst possibilities?

It all came back to the vast sums paid in guarantees and appearance money. As he had already empha-



'In the locker room...John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg discussed how they would orchestrate the match.'

sized, once a tournament director invested $100,000 in a player, he naturally took steps to protect his investment, and this meant compromising umpires. But what about the agents and players who accepted those huge, illegal payments? Weren't they compromised too? asked the Umpire. Wasn't it possible that a player who could be bribed into breaking one rule might be bought in other ways? In his opinion, secret deals involving such large amounts of money invited other, more serious, abuses. At the very least, they generated grave suspicions which might undermine the whole game.

'For example,' he said, 'I worked a tournament where a star was getting a guarantee. He lost in the first round. It looked to everybody like he tanked. The tournament director was furious. He went around telling people, "Now, he owes me one." But what is it the player owes him? Does it mean he'll play next year's tournament for nothing? Or is it something worse than that?'

'Such as?'

'You name it. Maybe split sets to make a more exciting match.'

'If we were talking about organized crime,' I said, 'a player might tank a match so that people he "owed one" to could make a killing on bets.'

'You name it,' the umpire repeated. 'I'm not saying it happens. But it could happen. Anything could happen, because pro tennis won't clean its own house. It's like a corrupt police department that investigates itself and always awards itself a medal for integrity.'

I WENT to Marshall Happer, the Pro-Council Administrator's office. I explained that I had heard about McEnroe and Borg splitting sets from an umpire who, although upset and disgusted, had not objected to the tournament director. When I asked the man what he would have done if he discovered set splitting in a Grand Prix event, he admitted he still wouldn't have told the tournament director.

'That's terrible,' Happer drawled. 'get rid of him.' But he didn't ask the umpire's name. As with prize money splitting, there seemed to be an automatic assumption that set splitting just couldn't happen on the Grand Prix. I never understood this boundless faith that players might be delinquent in WCT or special events, but never in



Arthur Ashe, like the author, objects to preferential treatment

Grand Prix tournaments.

I pointed out that when I had first raised questions about the influence of tournament directors over umpires, Happer contended that supervisors kept everybody honest. Yet, since then, I had spoken to Jim McManus who maintained some umpires were now recruiting players for Grand Prix events. 'Had you heard about this?' I asked.

This news had left Butch Buchhold dumbstruck. But the Administrator was neither surprised nor perturbed.

When I repeated what Arther Ashe, Happer's colleague on the Pro Council, had told me about top players being protected, about collusion between umpires and tournament directors, and about players who demanded that certain umpires always officiate at their matches, the Administrator said, 'I don't think that's an accurate statement.'

'By Arthur?'

'Yeah. I think that, first of all, the top players are not protected from the Code of Conduct...

'I guess the long and short of it is it doesn't make any difference who wins or loses. It doesn't count and it probably doesn't affect either of them's earnings. They're playing for a fee or a percentage of the gross or something.'

'I mean, don't, don't go out and write that I said McEnroe and Borg split sets, because I don't know that. I don't even know what the scores are in those exhibitions. I don't even see them. But I am certainly not surprised at any of this. But, it would be a mistake to quote me and say Marshall Happer says that they are all doing this in every one of them, because it may not be.

I WENT from Marshall Happer's office down Park Avenue to the law offices of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton, and Garrison, where John McEnroe, Sr., is a partner.

For months I had listened to men fret about improving the game's image, not its substance, about marketing a player's name and his personality, not necessarily his performance.

Now I was told that it was the rules of the game, not their violation, which were outrageous and bordering on the illegal. It was the implementation of those rules, feeble and feckless as it was, which Mr McEnroe, Sr. viewed as wrong, unjust and unfair. Under the circumstances, I felt I had not only come the full sickening circle, I had short circuited.

Reluctant that my research should end on this note, I arranged to speak with Arthur Ashe again.

Because his voice was quiet and calm, the impact of his agreement with me sank in slowly. Like me, he objected to preferential treatment for stars—treatment that ranged across a spectrum from such petty matters as more practice time and the rescheduling of matches to the payment of illegal guarantees, the corruption of umpires, and a callous indifference to ethical questions. But, for the moment, it seemed to me sufficient that Arthur Ashe believed that much about professional tennis is unfair—unfair to more than ninety per cent of the players on the circuit, unfair to the honourable men and women who have devoted their lives to the game, and finally, unfair to the sponsors and fans who have a right to expect more than a shabby burlesque.

Of course, if tennis were merely burlesque and no more it wouldn't be worth saving; it could be allowed to decay and die. But it has the new vitality and the ancient traditions, the attractive personnel, the sheer excitement, and symmetrical beauty to be much more than vaudeville. And its reform would not take years of study and countless hours of committee meetings. Nor would it cost millions of dollars. Professional tennis could be completely changed in a matter of weeks if it had the courage and decency to enforce the rules it has already written for itself.

Big Deal deals Charon out

Adi Davar

EVEN as the state of Andhra Pradesh was plunged into an abyss of confusion and turmoil on the political and communal fronts the picturesque Malakpet Race Course at Hyderabad witnessed one of those unbelievingly stunning upsets which further enhances the maxim that there is no such thing as a certainty in the Sport of Kings. And further more no horse is a winner until he has actually gone past the post first and the white cone has been hoisted. It was President of India Gold Cup day, a red letter day in the Hyderabad racing calendar and what an afternoon it turned out to be.

A field of just four lined up to face the starter at the mile and a half marker. Charon with Sandy Barclay astride, specially flown in from England, was the piping hot favourite and looked practically invincible on paper. Of his three adversaries he had already met two in the form of Big Deal and Wedding Gift, and he had pulverised them. This was just a fortnight earlier in the Nizam's Gold Cup run over 2000 metres on the same course. On that occasion Charon had the misfortune of going down on an objection after having won the race by a short head. All the same, he had a distance to spare over both Big Deal and Wedding Gift. Hence with his vanquisher in the Nizam's, namely Bergamo, not an acceptor it did look as though the President's Gold Cup was Charon's.

Moreover, in the Nizam's Gold Cup, Charon had conceded a kilogram and a half to Big Deal, whereas now he was in receipt of three kgs. and that seemed to eliminate even the most remote iota of a chance that Big Deal may have had. The only unknown quantity was Mossy Banks, but he was well past his best and age wasn't on his side. That then was the setting when the four horses left the paddock to canter down to the start to participate in a race that looked just a question of going and coming for Charon and Sandy Barclay.

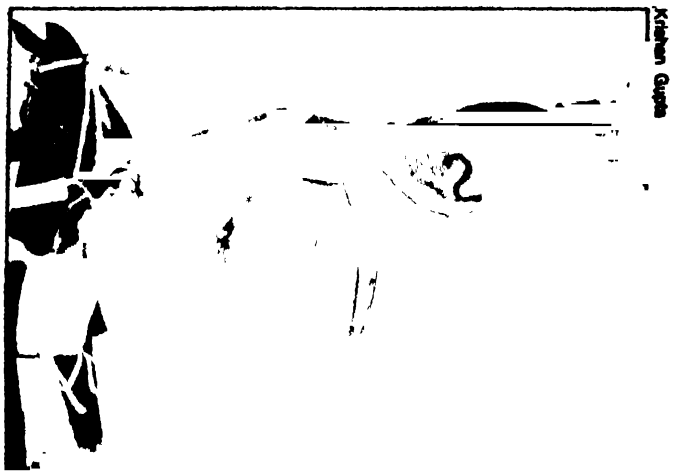
The gates clanged open and Big Deal went rocketing into the lead followed by Wedding Gift and Mossy Banks with Charon in close attendance. As they hit the first right handed turn Big Deal had settled into a lead of almost eight lengths, and Charon was still last but nobody seemed unduly worried. Sandy knew this horse backwards and when he rode him in the Charminar Challenge Indian Turf Invitation Cup he had come from close to last to win. Big Deal had to stop sometime as there was no way he could keep up the same pace. Wedding Gift and Mossy Banks were off the bridle just to keep pace so it looked as though Charon was just biding his time before essaying his challenge.

But as they went past the halfway mark a few of the knowledgeable types observed a slight difference in Charon. He was not moving as well and as fluently as he ought to have been. This was not the horse who had just knuckled under in the Nizam's Gold Cup fourteen days ago. Barclay realising this was already working on him and he got him labouriously into second place. However Big Deal was still well ahead and now it became strictly a question of whether Big Deal would falter and stop because the way Charon was moving it looked most unlikely that he would be able to quicken.

As they negotiated the final bend, Big Deal showed that he had a good deal more to give and kicked clear, extending his lead to five lengths, a margin that Charon and the hapless Barclay could only reduce by a length. As Big Deal went past the post the crowd looked on thunderstruck and it was seconds before they could assimilate the fact that Charon had been beaten and a gallant Big Deal had brought off the most unthinkable upset of the season. A thunderous ovation greeted the handsome chestnut six year old horse, as his rider Laxman trotted him back to be led in. Trainer Madhav Mangalorkar was all in smiles and for the first time in over a decade a local horse had won

Hardly had everyone recovered from the verdict that the rumours began to fly around the course, "Charon was stopped by Barclay. He's been paid off for this one you can bet on it." Talking through one's pocket is a liberty most turfites take, and one just has to put up with it. But I feel that they are all overlooking something. Charon was just not the same horse who ran the Nizam's Cup. He must have had a very hard race and the fortnight was not enough to recuperate. The Hyderabad track has finished many a champion for it takes a lot out of a horse.

Secondly, the time clocked by Big Deal (2min. 37 sec) was no mean time. Only a top class horse can do it. Sandy had not misjudged the pace because although he did finish 4 lengths behind, few, if anyone at all, take into account the fact that Wedding Gift, who he had also beaten by a distance before, finished just a length away.



Big Deal: six years old and still going strong

Holding my own with the natives

Pearson Surita goes to England to join the panel of commentators in 1967



READERS of Christian denominations will appreciate what I mean when I say that having been subjected to this brief baptismal service in 1959, I had to wait eight years before I was exposed to the higher episcopal procedure of being confirmed.

In 1967, India and Pakistan shared an English summer of cricket and in that order and on 28 November 1966, Charles Max-Muller was writing to me inviting me to join the panel of England commentators for the three Tests and "for other matches during the Indian cricket tour." And so, under the leadership of the greatest of them all, John Arlott, I kicked off at that loveliest of County cricket grounds lying almost within the precincts of the great cathedral at Worcester. Could anyone have asked for a more inspiring beginning to a tour which was to hold so many delights and such rewarding experiences for me?

England had also had her Ws but only two in this case but by 1967, Webber and Wrigley had passed on and were, presumably, recording scores at the Elysian fields. We had been joined by a young and most competent and as yet beardless supplier of information on how the batting and bowling sides were progressing and incidental items having a bearing on the proceedings.

One of Bill Frindall's first, if extra-curricular activities, was to take my sisters and myself off to a shop run by his wife where we purchased some very beautiful crockery at almost throw-away prices. I reciprocated by presenting him with a pair of rather inexpensive, I fear, Japanese binoculars which I wonder whether he still uses. Bill has subsequently built up the reputation of being the nonpareil of cricket scorers anywhere in the world and statistician without match. I consider it an honour to have been in with him at almost the start of his career.

We had some deplorable weather at Worcester but after that the summer grew steadily in excellence and in addition to the Tests, I travelled up and down and across England, covering Pataudi's team's ventures against Warwickshire with Brian Johnston, down to Lord's for the MCC game with Robert Hudson, away to Cardiff to team with Alan Williams for his home County's match, back up to Northampton and thereafter to join Brian J. at The Oval for the Surrey match. A quick scramble ensued to get to Manchester for the Lancashire match the next day and then on to Leeds for the First Test in partnership with John Arlott, Alan Gibson and Norman Yardley as expert.

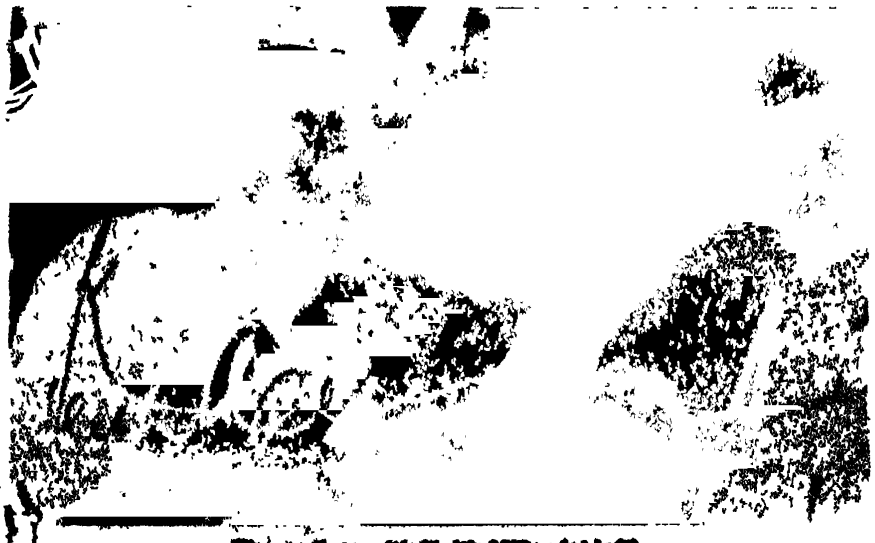
A well-earned three-day rest ensued before I went down to the coast for a delightful game with Hampshire at Southampton where Desmond Eagar's hospitality was unbounded and Bunji Howeson, ex-Secretary of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club drove sixty miles with his two sons to surprise me over a cup of tea on the Sunday.

Followed the high spot of any tour, the Lord's Test with inspiration provided by Johnston, Gibson and expert comments from Yardley and Swanton, not to mention noises off by Frindall and then up North to Sheffield to do the Yorkshire match with Gibson and Norman Yardley, at home, as expert.

I think this was the match in which Boycott batted for almost ten hours for a double hundred and was promptly dropped for the third Test. All of which ended on the third day with Alan and myself being asked down to Yardley's wine dispensary where what happened I do not propose to recount.

My ventures were coming to an end and so they did with the third Test at Edgbaston where Robert Hudson came in for Alan Gibson, and Freddie Brown and Ted Dexter were our experts. All this ended around 18 July and as I had been at it since the 3 May—not to mention after-play reports for World Service on most evenings, interviews and so on—I was not unhappy to get back finally to Kew Gardens and put my feet up.

But it had been a grand and rewarding experience and I was deeply touched to get a half page at the end of it all in *The Cricketer* magazine in which the writer felt that I "had more than held my own with the natives."



The author with Keith Miller (at left)

Continued next week

10

Blood, toil, tears and sweat



Micro Eye

Shaping up. Under the guidance of a trainer, the Indian cricketers get fit for the coming games



Micro Eye

The cricketers are all ears to what is being [illegible]



The cricketers jog it out



From left: Khanna, A——— Azad (back to the camera), Shastri, Patil, Yadav and Binny. At extreme right is Madan Lal

Majority of players are short of practice

Kuldip Lal assesses the merits of the players chosen against Australia and the series versus Pakistan

THE Board has not been entirely fair to the cricketers by scheduling two international series so early in the season A majority of players selected for the Australian and Pakistan series were woefully short of match practice, as was evident by their indifferent performances in the Irani and trial one-day ties.

The national selectors were left with no option but to pick players on their past performances. In fact, just four players—Balvinder Sandhu, Ashok Patel, Manoj Prabhakar and Ghulam Parkar—forced their way into the national team on the basis of their fine showing in the matches at Delhi Two others, Syed Kirmani and Shivlal Yadav, were selected without having played either the Irani Trophy or the one day matches, which were regarded as trial games

Many of the established cricketers like Sunil Gavaskar, Dilip Vengsarkar Roger Binny and Madan Lal have yet to find their true form. Significantly, better displays came from those players who had spent the summer in England turning out in League cricket Considering the tight schedule ahead, the players have very little time at hand to get into the groove

What Ghulam Parkar lacks in technique is made up by his tenacity and determination In the Irani match, he looked comfortable neither against Kapil Dev or Chetan Sharma, nor the spin of Maninder Singh, yet remained long enough at the wicket to see Bombay out of the woods Parkar's 55 in 159 minutes in a second innings score of 163 beats testimony to the courage and fighting qualities that Bombay cricketers are known for His fielding will be an asset in the limited overs games although as a batsman he looks short of being Test class In the two innings he got to play in Delhi Parkar lost his wicket as soon as the spinners came on at least on three occasions Each time, he was back to the pavilion as the ball spun past his bat with a blade

Parkar opening partner for the Australian series Surinder Khanna, is an ideal one day batsman although he looks out of place in the conventional five day match His 34 off 41 balls (four boundaries and a six) and 23 in 22 ball (three fours) in the Irani Trophy match were thrilling spectacles but inadequate for the longer game He lost his wicket just when the bowlers were beginning to wilt under his onslaught

A superb 80 in the first trial match did nothing to dispel doubts about Khanna's qualification as a Test opener a task he may be called upon to perform in Pakistan

Khanna's wicket keeping, even on a wretched Kotla wicket, also left much to be desired He gave away as many as 27 byes in the two Irani innings, which seems to have compelled the selectors to pick Syed Kirmani in the one day squad. Khanna's role in the Tests in Pakistan may be confined to the opening spot, for he is miles behind Kirmani as a Test wicket-keeper

The third opener in the touring squad, Anshuman Gaekwad, played just one unimpressive innings of 14 in the Irani Trophy match before a shin injury sustained while fielding at silly point, ruled him out of the match and the subsequent one-day games. He goes to Pakistan on the basis of his past reputation as a dogged batsman.



Kapil Dev may have lost in the captaincy stakes but he remains the most important member of the Indian team



"Shastri is already being talked of as a possible India captain. The honour may come to him sooner than expected "

Sunil Gavaskar strained a back muscle at practise on the eve of the match and understandably took it easy. Vengsarkar, too did not get an opportunity to play himself into form, missing the last two one-day matches due to fever Luckily, both these batsmen will have ample scope to regain their touch before the crucial test against Pakistan for they are certain to play all the matches against Australia.

Mohinder Amarnath, however, may not be all that lucky. Called upon at the last moment to play in the final trial match, Amarnath lookd decidedly uncomfortable adapting to the low bounce of the wicket. He has been selected only for the Pakistan tour, which means he cannot have serious match practice before the tour begins. It will be unfair to ignore him from the Test squad without giving him a fair trial, but the tour selectors may have no other option, considering the tight itinerary before the first Test. Amarnath could return from Pakistan without a match, unless someone is not in form or gets injured.

Sandeep Patil is a changed man today. Gone is the aggressive streak that characterised his batting in the past He now looks forward to building a long innings The desire to hit every ball out of the ground has been replaced by the willingness to stay at the wicket. This sudden change has brought him instant success He got a hundred as well as 93 in the Buchi Babu tournament in Madras preceding the Irani Trophy match

Patil stayed around for almost three hours in the Irani Trophy game to score 32. Just to prove that he had not lost touch with the exhilarating style of batting, Patil scored 62 in the first one-day trial match. Patil could well be the batting success of this season.

One's admiration for Ravi Shastri's cricketing talent grows with each passing season. He has now developed into a top-class allrounder with promise of more to come. Shastri was the most consistent performer in the four Delhi matches. He hit 58 of the best in Bombay's first innings in the Irani tie. two superb sixes to the straightfield off Maninder spoke volumes of confidence in his batting. The bowling too has shown signs of improvement He gives the ball more air with the result that he is now able to get more purchase from the wicket.

Shastri's best display was in the one-day matches. Leading a considerably weaker Rest of India team in the absence of Kapil Dev, Shastri won the second match against the strong Asia Cup squad all on his own. He scored a brilliant 91 to help Rest recover from a pathetic 29 for five to 210 for seven. He then claimed the important wickets of Patil, Gavaskar and Azad to send the seniors to a shock 59 run defeat. Shastri's figures were 10-0-18-3.

In the third match, Shastri scored an unbeaten 34 and took onewicket for 17 runs, but could not prevent his team from losing to Kapil Dev's eleven. Shastri is already being talked of as a possible India captain. The honour may come to him sooner than expected.

Kapil Dev may have lost in the captaincy stakes, but he remains the most important member of the Indian team. His victory over Bombay in the Irani Trophy match must have set at rest all doubts about his leadership quahties. He was the master of the

game all the way commanding his resources admirably He showed no signs of the knee injury when he chose to bowl at his fastest and batted better than many of the recognised specialists

Roger Binny and Madan Lal's acknowledged all round abilities were not in evidence in Delhi although the latter bowled well in the one day matches Both have been included in the teams for the Australian and Pakistan series due to their experience rather than current form, but indifferent performances in these two series could see them on their way out The same goes for Kirti Azad who is in the side for the limited-overs series

Chetan Sharma, who comes from the same stable as Kapil and Ashok Malhotra, is at present the fastest bowler in the country A stint of league cricket in England has improved his line and length The over reliance on the shoulder enables him to extract bounce from any kind of wicket, but unless he learns to control himself on dead tracks, he could be beset with injury problems later on in his career Sharma's batting has also improved a great deal. The way he dominated a 34-run stand with mentor, Kapil Dev, in the Irani Trophy match suggests that he has the makings of an all-rounder He is clearly a star in the making

Manoj Prabhakar's exclusion from the Pakistan tour party defies logic. India will be playing four internationals on the tour where a seam bowler like him who can also contribute runs lower down the order could be very useful Significantly, his performance in the one-day matches at Delhi has found him a place in the team to face the Aussies Prabhakar's best match in Delhi was the second trial match. where he ripped through the Rest of India middle order with amazing figures of 4 1-4 0-4. Most of the batsmen were deceived by the considerable swing he derived even with an old ball

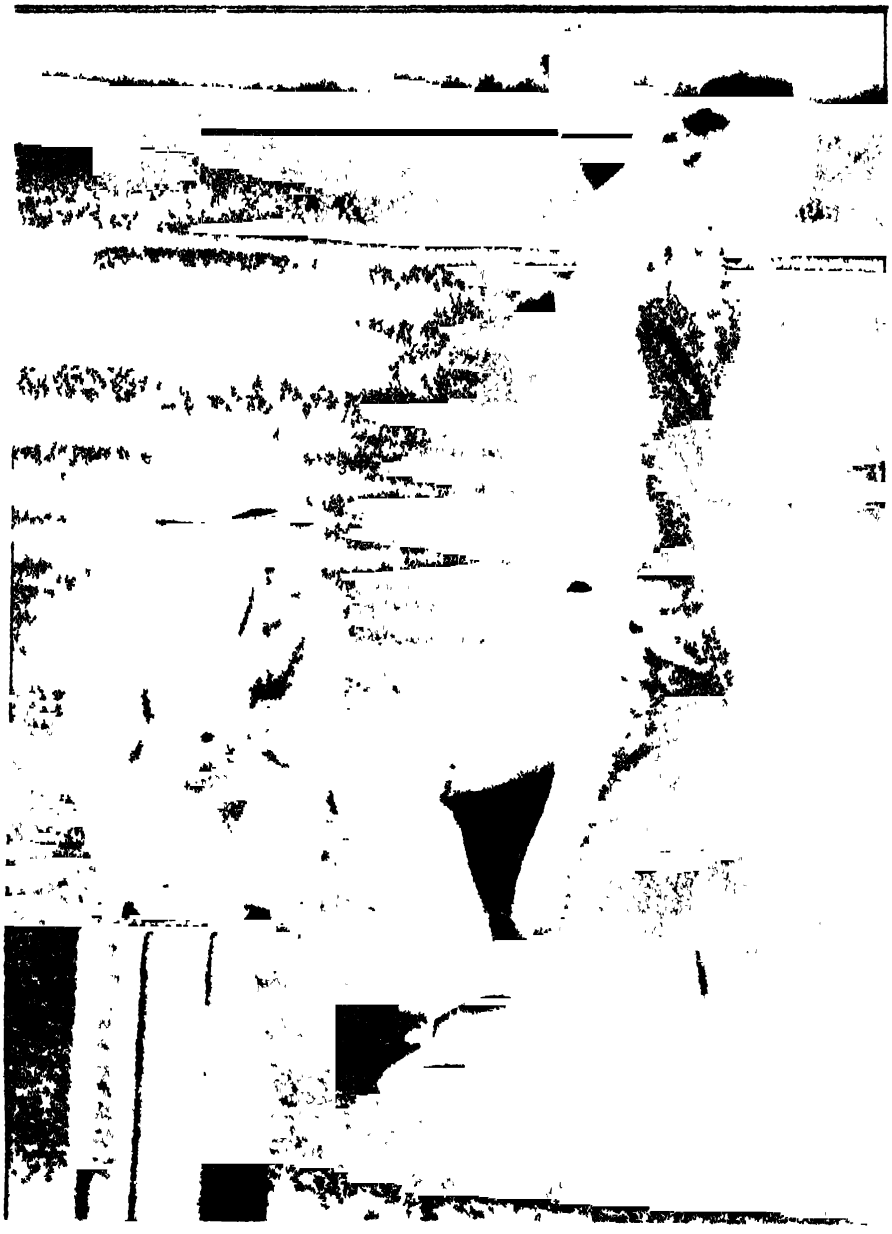
Balwinder Sandhu, like Ghulam Parkar, has returned to the side through hard work and determination. He bowled exceptionally well in the Irani Trophy game claiming seven wickets Sandhu may well find a place in the Test eleven at the expense of Binny and Madan Lal, for he is the man in form

Saurastra's promising off spinner, Ashok Patel, made an impressive debut at Delhi, which earned him a place in the team for the Australian series He has all the making of a class spinner, provided he is handled well. Patel was easily the best spinner on view in Delhi, extracting a lot of turn although the limited-overs games prevented him from flighting the ball.

By recalling the experienced Shivlal Yadav for the Pakistan tour, the national selectors have denied Patel the exposure he needs to become a match-winning bowler. Maybe the series against England will give him a break, for his talent cannot be ignored for long.

On the helpful Delhi wickets, Maninder Singh looked a better bowler than what his performances in the past have suggested. He spun the ball appreciably and tied most of the batsmen in knots with intelligent flight. An arrner that curled in between Gavaskar's bat and pad was a master delivery. Maninder's real test will come on the flat Pakistani wickets, which he is familiar with, having toured before in 1982-83.

He, like every one else in the squad, have their work cut out them.



Micro Eye

Roger Binny is yet to find his true form

Uttarpara Jhia Library

Look out for this young man

Kuldip Lal profiles Mohammed Azharuddin

MOHAMMAD AZHARUDDIN's exclusion from the Pakistan touring party caused more disappointment than surprise. Here is a youngster who has the makings of a high calibre batsman. A trip with the national side would have given a boost to this young man's morale and provided the exposure to top class cricket he so badly needs.

If Azharuddin's omission is not surprising it is largely because the national selectors have in the past relied heavily on experience for a tour of Pakistan. Moreso, when the discipline involved is batting. On that count the selectors' preference for Mohinder Amarnath, despite his loss of form is understandable. Azharuddin's time will come, maybe even during the English series that follows the Pakistan tour. For exceptional talent that Azhar unquestionably possesses cannot be denied its due for long.

A touch of Jaisimha is unmistakable in this young man. The upright stance, the majestic on drive and quicksilver footwork give a fleeting glimpse of India's former opener, whose fan list included no less a person than Sunil Gavaskar.

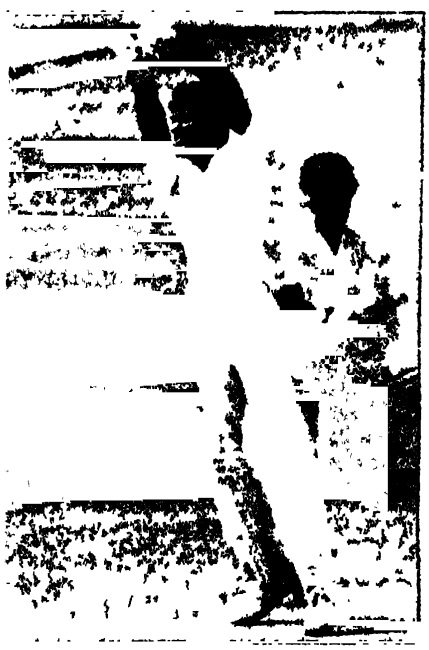
Azhar is adamant that he has not taken after any cricketer. "I respect Jaisimha for his cricketing skills and do not hesitate to take advice from him but I do not have any favourites. However I have always admired the batting of Greg Chappell and Vishwanath, my State Bank captain."

If the selection for the Australian and the Pakistan series was based purely on performances in the Irani Trophy and the trial matches, "Thousanduddin" would have been an automatic choice. A first ball dismissal in the Irani Trophy tie was followed by a scintillating unbeaten 51 in the second innings. It was easily the best batting of the match. Each of his seven fours bore the mark of supreme authority. The regular fall of wickets at the other end only enhanced the brilliance of his batting. Azhar's 93-minute stay at the wicket will be etched in memory for a long time.

Another first ball dismissal in the first trial match and a poor score in the second gave rise to speculation that he was a shaky beginner. Azhar shrugged his shoulders saying, "It was one of those things," and went on to produce another gem in the final trial match. His 37, inclusive of seven fours, was not big in terms of runs but brilliant in the quality of stroke play.

This third match also brought to light his athletic fielding. He was sharp in the outfield and his returns were always low and hard to the wicket keeper. Fielding at short leg, he took an amazing catch off a full blooded flick from Gursharan Singh that earned applause from the batsman himself.

Azharuddin has been a consistent scorer in Hyderabad cricket but the knock that brought him into national limelight was the 226 for South Zone against Central Zone in last season's Duleep Trophy quarter-final at Dhanbad. Azhar may not have played this match had the established stars been available. But the stupendous effort in his first big match, justified his last minute inclusion. All Azhar has to say about the knock is: "The wicket was easy-paced and the bowling not too difficult. Everything clicked at once."



Azharuddin

Born on 8 February, 1963, Azhar had his first taste of international cricket as a 10th class student of All Saints High School, Hyderabad. He was chosen in the South Zone School-boys team to meet the English School-boys side in 1977 and impressed everyone with 42 superbly compiled runs.

Two years later in the 1981-82 season, Azhar was picked for the Hyderabad Ranji Trophy team to meet Andhra. His debut performance was a modest tally of 29. Next season, Azhar played two league matches but did not impress. It was during the last season that Azhar made his first impact with both 1-day cricket.

He scored 119 against Andhra and 64 and 48 respectively against the renowned bowling attacks of Karnataka and Tamil Nadu. That earned him a Duleep Trophy debut and was later rewarded for the double hundred with a tour of Zimbabwe with Ravi Shastri's Young Indians team.

Azhar was a moderate success on this tour. He played eight matches and scored 230 runs which included two half centuries. His best effort was an unbeaten 71 in the opening match of the tour while sharing a third wicket stand of 175 with his skipper.

He rounded off a successful season with another double century against West Zone in the Vizzy Trophy semi-final at Mohanagar. South Zone were tottering at 40 for four before Azhar boosted his team's score to 394. The 245 was just two runs short of the Vizzy record that stands in the name of Sunil Gavaskar.

Azhar has come a long way since he began playing the game ten years ago under the watchful eyes of his uncle, Zain ul Abidin, a club cricketer. His formal training has been supervised by State coaches Rehmat Baig, Mahinder Kumar and I. Abbara. Incidentally, Azhar's younger brother, Mohammad Baiguddin played for Hyderabad in the Vijay Merchant Trophy tournament for under 15 last year.

Silk Cut Challenge Single-Wicket Cricket Tournament

Rice leaves 'em starved

Ashis Ray reports

IF the world's best decathlete is regarded as the world's number one athlete, then logically the world's finest cricketing all-rounder ought to be rated as the world's leading cricketer.

But the question is, who is the supreme all-rounder of our time? If the answer were to be given arbitrarily, the choice for 1981 would be Ian Botham, for 1982 Imran Khan, for 1983 Kapil Dev, and for 1984, perhaps, Richard Hadlee.

But in the first-ever competition to determine the world's greatest all-rounder, sponsored by Silk Cut, none of these heroes came up trumps. The honour and the championship, in fact, went to Clive Rice of South Africa, the current Nottinghamshire captain.

But was it a perfect examination for the result the organisers had in mind? Imran, sadly missing from the fray because of his rather slow healing stress fracture, but inducted into the commentary box for the event, felt that "a best of three" contest would have been the proper test. And this correspondent is of the opinion that the fact that the number of runs conceded by a bowler, irrespective of how many wickets he took, was not taken into account at all, was a definite flaw in the process and indeed, gave a distinct edge to Rice over Kapil, which, of course, the former deserved, purely because he had batted so well.

Kapil was the bookmakers' favourite and Hadlee the Pressmen's selection prior to the play-off. Some even gave Botham and Malcolm Marshall an outside chance, but Rice was the least fancied.

But the shrewd South African judged the scheme of things most adroitly, namely that it was important not to get out and at the same time take wickets, to his credit, however, he probably had the best concentration, in so far as batting, of all the competitors.

In the event, he scored an unbeaten 73 in his allotted 16 overs, shared equally by his four opponents. Following this, Marshall (97), Botham (163) and Hadlee (149) all blazed an adventurous trail, but made the cardinal error of getting out six times, twice and twice respectively. More importantly, five of these wickets were grabbed by Rice, which placed him in a virtually unassailable position.

But theoretically, India's hope, Kapil Dev, could still beat him. The Haryana star had collected a valuable four wickets (the other was a run out by him that did not count), and so, what was required of him was an effort of 92 with the willow off his 16 overs, that is a rate of almost a run a ball without being dismissed.

His aspirations, however, were shattered pretty early in his endeavour when he got out thrice, twice to Rice. He eventually scored 118, but was reduced to the same number of points (118 multiplied 4 wickets divided by four innings) as Rice. On the other hand, Rice notched up 511 points (73 multiplied by seven wickets).

And so the £6,000 first prize went to the South African, with Kapil receiving a cheque for £5,000 for being runner-up.

Hopefully, in the years to come the administrators of this novel exhibition will make the marking more foolproof. But that detracts little from the distinguished Clive Rice.



The winner of the competition, Clive Rice

No more fear of debt

ALL those who criticised the commercialisation of the Los Angeles Olympics will perhaps have to eat their words, for the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee has announced that it made a 'surplus' of 150 million dollars—ten times more than expected. The surplus (mind you, it is not referred to as a profit) more than fulfils the LAOOC's oft repeated promise that the Games would not cost the American taxpayer a penny.

The man who staged the Games with almost no government help, Peter Uebberoth, called the Games "a spectacular financial success," but even he has been taken by surprise by the massive surplus. The cost of holding the Games was $470 million and the income totalled $620 million. Ironically, the ticket sales amounted to the same figure as the surplus, i.e. $150 million. In fact, Uebberoth felt that the unexpectedly heavy ticket sales contributed to the financial success.

The LA Games sold out 93 per cent of its seats, in Uebberoth's words 'the largest for a sporting event in the history of mankind, by a bunch'. The Montreal Games of 1976 sold $27 million in tickets but ended up with a loss of a thousand million dollars. Uebberoth gave credit to the United States coast-to-coast torch relay and the gala opening ceremony for spurring last minute sales which caught the organisers "completely flat-footed". Ueberroth also said that "the market place evidently decided that we priced (the tickets) right. They bought them out."

The surplus was also made possible by the $225 million from television rights. ABC, who had bought the rights, had raised some talk of reducing the amount originally agreed upon, after the Soviets announced that they were 'not attending'. They feared that US viewers would lose interest. Actually, 180 million Americans watched the Games on television, an alltime record. This prompted ABC to pay the full amount contracted for.

Thirty corporate sponsors paid four million dollars each, plus free services, such as building the swimming pool, the cycling velodrome etc. Some had complained before the Games that Ueberroth drove a hard bargain, but they all reported later that they were delighted with their association with the Games. "Ask them," said Ueberroth, "They received what they wanted—times two."

"This large surplus," said Harry Usher, executive vice-president of the LAOOC, "insures that the 1984 Olympic Games will leave a lasting legacy of sports programmes".

Under US legislation passed in 1978, one third of the surplus will be distributed to the US Olympic Committee, one third to a Southern California Sports Foundation, one sixth to the 38 separate US sports federations (track and field, swimming, etc.), and one sixth to a reserve.



The LA Olympics were a spectacular success

But the legacy of the LA Games will not be left behind in the US alone. It will be felt all through the world. The $25 million that is in the reserve, to take care of remaining expenses, will be shared among Third World countries that took part in the Games. Ueberroth, who will be taking on his new job as the Baseball Commissioner early this month, met with the International Olympic Committee to discuss this distribution.

Of course, the prime benefactor will be the US Olympic Committee. In addition to its $50 million share from the surplus, the US Olympic Committee earned $26 million from the sale of special Olympic coins. This, plus private contributions, will be invested, with the interest (about six million dollars a year) going to operating budgets to prepare teams for the 1988 Summer and Winter Olympics. The 38 separate federations, who will receive equal shares of $660,000 each, can also apply for grants from the US Olympic Committee's operating budget.

"It's going to be a great boon," said Ray Essick, head of the swimming federation. He has budgeted $2.5 million a year to train new talent to replace many of the stars of the 1984 Games.

The city of LA, too, announced earlier that it had also profited by the Olympics, ending up with a surplus of at least $200,000 and possibly a million. But one sad thing is that LA has gone back to its old ways. Muggings and murder have, with the withdrawal of the Olympic security setup, once again become daily facts of life. The contrast between the protection given to the Olympic visitors and the lack of it for local residents has been so stark that Mayor Tom Brady is pressurising the City Council to spend an immediate two million dollars on hiring an extra 100 police officers. For a city which provided facilities that yielded a Games profit of $150 million, that doesn't seem too much to ask.

Perhaps it is the words of the head of the US Olympic Committee—Mr F. Don Miller—that sum up things best: 'It's a wonderful testimonial to what can be accomplished in the free enterprise system'. And perhaps that's the reason why the Soviets didn't show.

Andy O'Brien

The Nureyev of diving

Pradeep Paul profiles Greg Louganis

WHAT Rudolph Nureyev is to ballet, Greg Louganis is to diving. And, in fact, Louganis is the first world class diver to study ballet. According to him, ballet helps him in the balance and poise required for high quality diving.

Greg Louganis. Twenty five years old. American. World champion diver A fine introduction for him. But what it leaves out is that Louganis is the reigning world champion in the springboard event as well as the ten-metre event. In fact he's the only person, so far, to have won both these world titles in the same year.

Louganis took to diving at an early age, and as a schoolboy in San Diego, California, where he lived with his parents, he used to go to the local pool and execute some raw but talented dives. Luckily for him, one day as he was doing the thing he liked best, he was spotted by the former Olympic platform diving champion Sammy Lee.

Lee, who won golds in 1948 and 1952, was really excited about the talent of the boy and tried to talk Louganis' parents into sending the boy for training. Apprehensive about the expenses involved, they were hesitant to start with, but Sammy Lee set them at ease by offering to train Greg for free.

Under the watchful eye of this expert diver, another future champion emerged and was groomed to competition peak. By 1976, Louganis was ready for the Montreal Olympics. Diving had been the forte of the Americans for a long time. Americans had won every Olympic three-metre springboard title from 1920 in Antwerp to 1968, Mexico. Then, in 1968, an Italian, Klaus Di Biasi, dived expertly to break the American monopoly in the platform event Klaus Di Biasi was the winner at the 1972 Olympics too.

In 1976, at Montreal, Klaus Di Biasi and Greg Louganis met for the first time and although the final results showed Di Biasi with gold and Louganis with the silver, the 16-year-old American had made his mark. In fact,



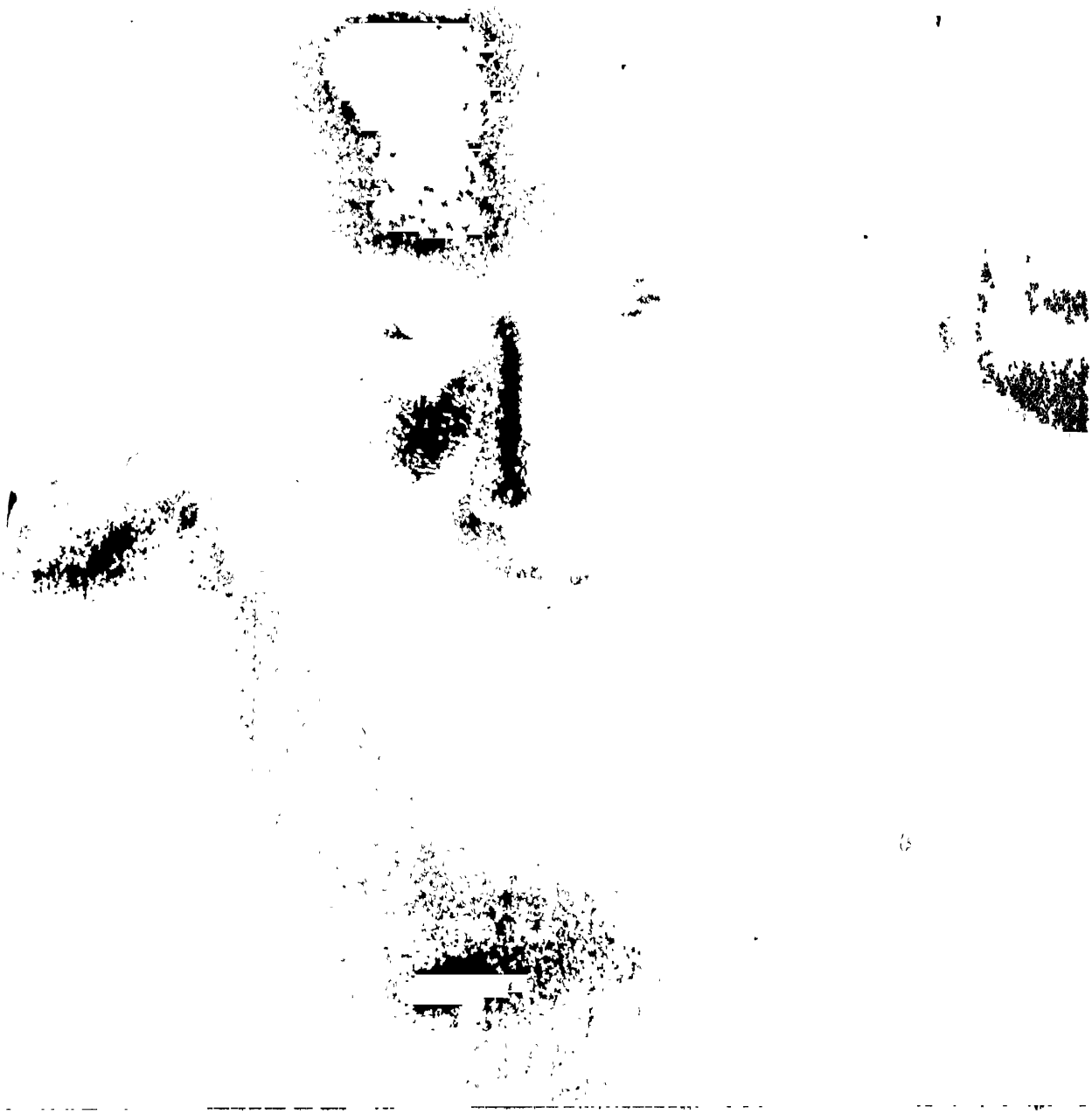
Greg Lo[illegible]... a class of his own

when Louganis went up to congratulate Di Biasi, the Italian smiled and shrewdly said, "Next Olympics, I watch you."

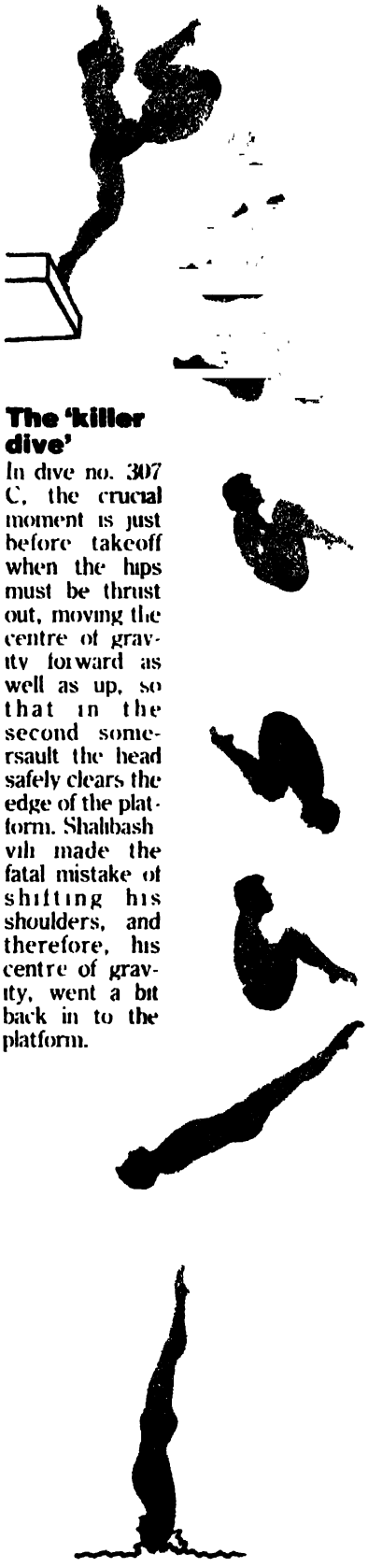
That never did materialise. The USA boycotted the 1980 Olympic Games of Moscow and Louganis was left kicking his heels in frustration. This probably was what made him all the more determined to do well at the 1982 World Championship meet. Louganis dived like the champion he is and beat the 1980 Olympic champion, Falk Hoffmann (GDR), by a huge margin of 123 points.

Although Greg Louganis' preference is diving from the 10-metre tower board, he had to adjust to springboard diving during his days in college. This was because American college meets do not have competitions in high board diving. Louganis graduated from college with a degree in drama and has plans for an acting career. Indeed, all his dramatic experience and ballet techniques are incorporated into his dives. According to his present coach, Ron O'Brien, Louganis regards every dive as a theatrical performance.

Louganis is also the first diver to ever merit and receive a perfect 10 in international competitions. His dives are graceful but dangerous. The dive that is his speciality is the reverse three and a half somersault. Watching him perform this dive is enough to send shivers up a person's spine. He stands absolutely motionless on the edge of the platform, feet together, arms outstretched to form a cross with his body. In one fluid motion he swings his arms around and up, leaps high above and away from the platform and pulls into the tuck position, his legs folded tightly against his chest. The back of his head turns back toward the tower as he executes the first of the dive's three and a half somersaults but his head clears the platform by at least two feet and he tumbles effortlessly down. As he nears the water, he gracefully unfolds his body halfway through its fourth revolution and pierces the water. This dive is consi-



"I like to think that I can score a 10 on any dive...and on any given day, I can."—Greg Louganis



The 'killer dive'

In dive no. 307 C, the crucial moment is just before takeoff when the hips must be thrust out, moving the centre of gravity forward as well as up, so that in the second somersault the head safely clears the edge of the platform. Shalibash vili made the fatal mistake of shifting his shoulders, and therefore, his centre of gravity, went a bit back in to the platform.

Louganis' dives

Here are some of Louganis' better dives:

Dive No. 5337 D

This dive, which has a reverse one and a half somersault with three and a half twists, has a degree of difficulty of 3.3. Greg Louganis streamlines his body and has a very fast and tightly wound twist. While performing a twist in mid air, the axis of rotation is a straight line through the body which runs from head to toe. And the closer a diver can bring all parts of his body closer to that axis, the better the dive. A protruding elbow, the head bent slightly sideways, an arch or bend in the body all contribute to slow down the twist. The speed which Louganis attains in the 5337 D is what lets him perform the dive with such perfection.

Dive No. 307 C

Reputed to be the most difficult dive ever, this dive earned the nickname of 'the killer dive' after the Soviet diver, Sergei Shalibashvili, was killed while performing it. This dive comprises a reverse three and a half somersault with a tuck, off the springboard. With a degree of difficulty of 3.5, it has the highest degree of difficulty of any Olympic dive. When this dive is performed off the platform, the degree of difficulty is 3.4. This difference is because there is less time to perform it off the springboard than there is off the platform. Louganis was the only diver to attempt 307 C off the springboard at the Los Angeles Olympics. Even the champion himself has problems performing this dive and has a tendency to drift too far from the tower.

Dive No. 207 C

One of the simpler dives, by the champion's standards, of course. This dive is very similar to 307 C except for the fact that the diver stands with his back to the water whereas in 307 C the diver faces the water. Comprising of a back three and a half somersault with a tuck, it merits a degree of difficulty of 3.3.

dered by many as the most difficult dive ever.

And he has had his share of injuries too. Once in 1980, at a diving competition in the Soviet Union, Louganis tried a difficult dive on one of his attempts. Unfortunately, the tower had a plywood take-off board, instead of the usual mat, and he lost control. He flipped back, cracked his head on the tower and fell 10 metres to land in the pool, flat on his back. Unconscious, he had to be dragged out of the pool to prevent him from drowning.

The next time he tried that dive, he flipped his body up and around in a reverse somersault and landed feet first on the platform once again. His coach almost fainted.

Another time he couldn't curl up fast enough after his entry into the water and cracked his shoulder on the bottom of the pool. The force of the impact was so severe that he couldn't even lift his arms above his head for months.

But Louganis has been lucky so far. Not so lucky was the Soviet diver, Sergei Shalibashvili, who was competing in the 10-metre platform tower event in the World University Games at Edmonton, Alberta when tragedy struck.

He was known to be one of the divers who 'kiss the tower' too much. In diving terminology, 'kiss the tower' means keeping as close to the tower as possible, to make the dive look as neat as ever. Louganis, who was on the seven-metre platform as Sergei lined up for a three and a half somersault from the ten-metre platform, recalls that he had his back to the pool and was getting his concentration right when he heard a sickening thud and felt the entire tower structure shake.

The Soviet diver had completed his first somersault and was just starting his second when, he hit the back of his head against the edge of the platform. He fell 33 feet and hit the water, already unconscious. He had to be rushed to the University of Alberta Hospital where, despite all efforts, he died of a massive cerebral haemorrhage.

Diving has been misused to such an extent that people almost fear the sport. There have been instances of stuntmen in the circus who dive off a high platform to land in just a barrel of water or a wading pool. Also, there have been reports of a certain tribe of South American natives who dive off

cliffs with vines tied to their feet. The vines are just about six feet shorter than the height of the cliff and pull the divers to a horrifying halt just inches away from the bottom.

With all these misuses of these aesthetic sport, Greg Louganis is like a breath of fresh air. He looks streamlined and regal. He glorifies the tournament by just taking part. In fact it is said—only half in jest—that judges give him a couple of points on his appearance alone.

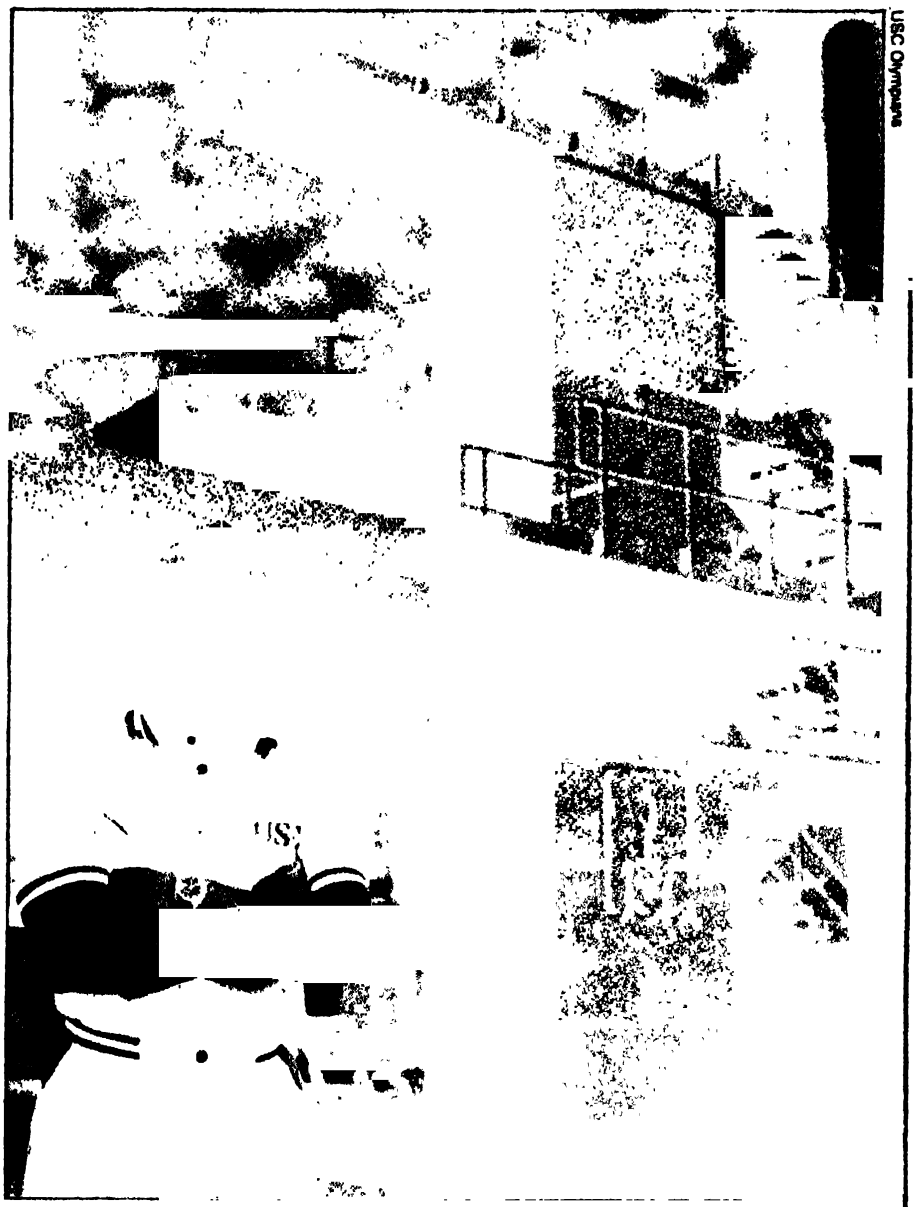
With all the power and grace of a leopard, Greg Louganis is the epitome of fitness. Built suitably for high quality diving, he seems almost sculpted. He looks so muscular that people wonder how he can achieve such agility in his dives but his appearance is actually misleading. His body fat percentage is as low as seven per cent, the same as an ace sprinter, and this allows his lithe muscles to show through clearly. But the abdominal muscles and thigh muscles, both very vital to diving, are developed to almost unimaginable degrees. This broad frame does have its drawbacks. Louganis feels that his chest is too broad and, therefore handicaps him as it creates an excessive splash on entry into the water.

Louganis has hardly done any heavy exercise. He exercises lightly and attributes his superb body to the dancing classes which he has been attending since the age of two. Tests done on him at medical research clinics have shown that he possesses tremendous strength in his legs.

Here again, he is akin to the sprinters. The tests show that Louganis has 70 per cent of fast twitch fibre in his thigh. It is this fast twitch fibre that enables a person to get off to explosive starts and possess fast reactions. Louganis uses these prime muscles to launch himself off the board and gain enough height and speed for his acrobatics in the air.

The high percentage of fast twitch fibre also allows Louganis to jump very high from a standing position. His leg strength is comparable to the great Carl Lewis, and that is saying something. Louganis has performed 30-inch standing vertical jumps using his gifted thighs to propel himself from a stationary position.

This high leaping ability is very important to divers as it gives them more time to execute the dive. When Louganis does a reverse two and a half somersault with a pike, his hips, at the top of the dive, are eight and a half feet above the level of the springboard. Other divers performing this dive usually are two or three feet lower at the top of the dive.



USC Olympians

Olympic platform diving champion in 1948 and '52, Sammy Lee was the first to notice Louganis' talent and encourage him

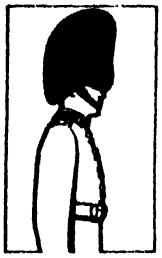
The strength, flexibility and concentration which Louganis' possesses is tremendous. He is the only diver who is able to correct an error in mid-dive. While other divers spoil a dive because they are thinking of what went wrong while they are in the air, Louganis is capable of realising what he did wrong and correcting himself, all in mid air.

While doing a dive, if he finds he is spinning too slow, Louganis has the ability to pull into a tighter pike and speed up his revolutions and thereby, give himself enough time to straighten up for a perfect entry.

Greg Louganis has acheived almost everything in the realm of diving. The only thing that kept eluding him was the Olympic gold medal. This year at Los Angeles, Louganis won two gold medals. He won the springboard event and became the first person ever to go beyond the 700 point barrier in the platform event. Now, the tally is complete.

A Hitchcock climax

Premen Addy



AS the nights draw in earlier and the first chill of autumn points to the winter to come, one can already warm oneself before the memories of the summer are gone by.

Few of its high spots will glow as brightly as the final day of the County Championship. True, the Natwest final was thrilling, but it was a one-day affair where such finishes are likely to happen. Furthermore, for lovers of the game, only the first class circuit brings out the real pedigree of players. Certainly the pros of yesteryear and today think so and who should know better than they?

Essex, last year's champions, and Nottinghamshire were the contenders for the Championship. The pendulum swung one way and then the other. A bare fortnight before the season's close, Essex led the table with 38 points, although their rivals had a game in hand. In the deciding week Nottinghamshire had come within two points of Essex. They still had two matches in hand to Essex's one and the race appeared to be over, bar the shouting.

But Notts in three black days were unable to shift Sussex. Essex, meanwhile, had taken maximum points from their tie with Lancashire. Everything thus hinged on Nottinghamshire's last match against Somerset. Notts had to win to take the Championship. Alas, they failed by a mere three runs.

Left to score 297 for victory, their last pair of Bore and Pick made 10 of the 14 needed in the final over, when Bore fell to a boundary catch off the penultimate ball.

The Essex players who were following the match in another part of the country on their radios could scarcely bear the agony, until Bore's dismissal freed them from their torment.

No match or championship is ever lost until it is won. No well-worn cliche this, but a ripe chestnut of cricketing wisdom. The climax was one that could have been contrived by Alfred Hitchcock himself. And why not? Is he not somewhere on the elysium fields?



Geoff Boycott—making news again

The haunting Dracula

THE very boring saga of Geoff Boycott hit the headlines again. Yorkshire's pride and joy was reported to have staked a claim to the captaincy next year, having hacked out a place for himself on the County Committee.

David Bairstow, the present encumbent, alleged *The Sun*, had threatened to resign and take half the team with him. Bairstow denied the story, claiming that he and Boycott were the best of friends and had arranged to play a round of golf. If only Boycott could be persuaded to become a golfer and leave cricket.

It would hardly constitute a gain for golf, but neither would it be a loss to cricket. The man has come to haunt Yorkshire like a Dracula and without an exorcism, the County is unlikely to be cured of its current afflictions. The beginnings of its salvation lie in the boycott of Boycott.

The last word in this sleazy soap opera has yet to be written.

Kent, meanwhile, have sacked Tavare as captain and replaced him with Chris Cowdrey who makes his international debut in India with the English touring party. The County hopes that Tavare, freed of the burdens of leadership, will recover his lost form as a batsman. I myself have never been admirer of Tavare's batsmanship and think he had far too long a stint in the England side when others with greater flair could have been given their spurs.

Nevertheless, my admiration for Tavare the man is unbounded. He took his severe disappointment with dignity—which is more than could be said of one of his former English Test colleagues.

Impressive

BUT with cricket now confined to the mind, it is soccer that holds the stage. The English Charity Shield played between the winners of the FA Cup and League Cup provided the curtain raiser. This year, the contestants were the traditional Merseyside rivals, Liverpool and Everton. The latter took the tie by a solitary goal and gave hopes to their supporters of recapturing old glories. Glimpsing the promised land and reaching it, however, are two vastly different things. With half a dozen games behind them, Everton found themselves struggling in the lower end of the first division. Liverpool, too, have faltered. With Sounness departing for the lushier pastures of Italy, they lack drive and inspiration in midfield, while upfront, the injury to Ian Rush (who is unlikely to reappear before December) has deprived them of considerable striking power.

Are we about to see Liverpool temporarily fade from the top? Albeit there have been other occasions when they have made an indifferent start to a season and make critics who have written them off rue their judgment.

It is early days yet the grounds are still true, the cold has yet to set in. But come winter with its ice, sleet and snow and the scene could change dramatically. Only the strongest will survive. It would thus be a bold spirit who would venture to discount Liverpool's chances so early in the season, but I shall stick my neck out and hazard a guess that 1984-85 will be a year for one of the London clubs.



Liverpool's Alan Hansen vs. Arsenal's Paul Mariner

My personal choice would be Arsenal. Don Howe, their manager is recognised as one of the best coaches in the land and he is raring to prove his worth in the broader areas of management.

His squad have looked impressive. Woodcock has been sharp as a striker, while Nicolas, the expensive buy from Scotland, appears at last to be achieving results in a slightly withdrawn position. Viv Anderson, transferred from Nottingham Forest, is proving good value for money with his surging runs down the wing from deep defence, and the ageless Pat Jennings in goal seems as secure as ever.

Farther north there is, Manchester United who promised much last season only to fade away towards the end. This year they have spent millions and bought among others, Jesper Olson, the Danish midfield ace.

However, the team on the evidence so far has the look of a Rolls Royce body with parts of other makes. It, therefore, coughs and splutters. One of these days it may begin to purr, which will cause no end of trouble to the rest of the field.

As I remarked earlier, it is premature to speculate too deeply about winners and losers. The fact that the First Division has at present a clutch of seven teams buckling against each other at the top of the table bears witness to this. The next few weeks should separate the sheep from the goats.

Playing for England is not doing Robson a favour

Lawrie McMenemy details the problems facing the England team manager



Colorsport

John Barnes in action during this year's FA Cup final

WHEN Don Revie was England manager, I remember him saying: "Some international footballers give the impression that they are doing me a big favour just by turning up."

I was instantly reminded of that comment this week when Bobby Robson named an abnormally large squad of 28 for the match against East Germany at Wembley, which England won 1-0. Bobby explained that the men he named were the leading contenders for World Cup places and, with England starting their bid to reach the finals this month, it was essential that they all knew exactly what was required of them.

Then, referring to next summer's friendly matches in Mexico, he added: "If any players are doubtful about being away for such a long period of preparation, then I want to know now. No matter who they were, I would not want to involve them."

All of which sums up one of the biggest problems facing a national team manager these days.

At one time, footballers would do anything for the chance to play for their countries. I'm afraid this is no longer the case.

England's top professional footballers are earning considerably more money than their counterparts of, say, 20 years ago and in some cases, there is little doubt that the change in their financial and social status has led to a change of attitude towards their professional commitments.

I think all 28 members of Bobby Robson's squad for the East Germany match will be present for his World Cup talk-in. But I'm not sure that Bobby could have expected a 100 per cent attendance had he organised a get-together outside the one which automatically takes place immediately before every international match.

Wale's manager Mike England, for example, held his pre-World Cup get-together recently.

When Southampton's Welsh international Alan Curtis told me about it, I remarked: "A good idea, but one problem is that Mike is bound to get one or two players telephoning him to say they have slight injuries and can't make it."

"Oh no," Alan retorted. "They'll all be there."

It has long been suggested that the Welsh, and Irish, are generally more committed to playing for their coun-

tries than players from the bigger football nations, and I have to concede there is some truth in that

West Germany's new manager Franz Beckenbauer and I touched on this subject recently, when I went to Germany to watch Southampton's UEFA Cup first round opponents Hamburg Beckenbauer's predecessor Jupp Derwall was ousted partly through some big name footballers not wishing to play for him, and Beckenbauer told me that he has already had direct experience of that problem himself with Barcelona's Bernd Schuster!

As for England's match against East Germany and more importantly their World Cup campaign, which starts at home on October 17, I would not be sorry to see Bobby amend the system he used on the close season tour of South America

England, it will be recalled, used a 4 2 4 cum 4 4 2 pattern, with two natural wingers in Watford's John Barnes and Stoke's Mark Chamberlain Despite that 2 0 win over Brazil in Rio, I think that such an open style of play would be a bit risky in a World Cup or European Championship tie, especially one away from home

In a really tough, important match, I feel the wide men would carry too much responsibility

I am all for England putting the emphasis on creative attacking football, but this can be achieved not through any system but the ability and attitude of the players within it

When I watched Hamburg, for example, their right back Manny Kaltz did so much attacking that, had I not known anything about him, I would have described him as an outside right with a No 2 on his back

France and Denmark had only two strikers in their European championship matches this summer—their line-up was described as "3-5-2"—but I don't think they gave anyone cause to label them negative! Having less men stationed up front meant that there was more space for players to move into from deep positions

This explains why it irritates me to hear Arsenal's Don Howe and Newcastle's Jack Charlton—both of whom tend to use basically a 4-4-2 system—described as defence-minded coaches.

I remember that Jack got all kinds of stick for this when he steered Middlesbrough to the Second Division championship (by a record 15 points!) in 1974

I personally found them great to watch In fact, they probably had defenders and midfield players bursting through in support of the strikers more quickly than any club team I have seen over the last 10 years



Bobby Robson—problems aplenty

Like most coaches, Bobby Robson is a great believer in all outfield players becoming defence-minded when the opposition are in possession, and attack minded when they aren't There's nothing negative or unattractive in that

By fair means or foul

Where is the dividing line in soccer between what is acceptable in physical intimidation and what is not? · Lawrie McMenemy examines the question

TO paraphrase a comment once made by Ferenc Puskas, "All teams need men who can carry the piano as well as those who can play it."

That sums up why I have a lot of admiration for Tottenham centre half Graham Roberts and Southampton centre-forward Joe Jordan, despite the adverse publicity they have attracted in recent weeks.

Both men have been accused of taking their renowned combative approach to the extreme, Roberts through being sent off in Tottenham's 0-1 defeat at Sunderland on September 4 (following a booking in the previous match against Leicester and a warning from manager Peter Shreeves) and Jordan for collecting his third booking of the season in Southampton's 1-1 draw at Luton on Saturday.

I am as sensitive about the image of English football as any manager. In Jordan's case, I have to agree that he overstepped the mark on Saturday and, in fact, have already had a word with him about it.

I have some sympathy with men like him, though, because it seems to me that their reputations tend to be exaggerated.

One point I would like to make about Roberts and Jordan is that they have more technical ability than people generally seem to appreciate. If they couldn't "play", they wouldn't have been selected for the England and Scotland teams.

To me, it is also important to stress that, due to their approach to the game, it is inevitable that they will sometimes step over the thin dividing line between what is acceptable in physical intimidation and what isn't. In other words, although I don't condone footballers transgressing the laws of the game, I think that the incidents in which Roberts and Jordan are involved are occasionally taken out of perspective.

Referees now interpret the rules of the game much more strictly. One of Joe's bookings, for example, has been for dissent—he was annoyed about having a penalty appeal turned down, and his exact words to the referee were: "That was a bloody penalty, open your eyes."

All right, it was dissent—but was it bad enough to warrant him being cautioned and getting four disciplinary points?

It seems strange that last Saturday's full blooded clashes between Joe and Luton's centre-half Paul Elliott should have created so much attention because, for a number of years these sort of confrontations between centre-halves and centre-forwards were looked upon as an integral part of British football and, indeed, helped enhance the game as a spectacle.

These men, most of whom were built like night-club bouncers, took great delight in attempting to establish a physical mastery over each other and, provided there was no real malice, they were left alone to get on with it.

Referees now interpret the rules of the game much more strictly. One of Joe's bookings for example has been for dissent—he was annoyed about having a penalty appeal turned down, and his exact words to the referee were: "That was a bloody penalty, open your eyes." All right, it was dissent—but was it bad enough to warrant him being cautioned ?

Such battles have become less common in English football through teams using smaller and more subtle footballers in the No. 5 and No. 9 positions. Basically, I think this change has been good for the game, although I'm sure that a number of older fans would argue that the character of the game has changed too much.

Former Football League referee Gordon Hill, a good friend of mine, once singled out Leeds United's Norman Hunter as one of his favourite footballers. Gordon described him affectionately as an "honest clogger," his point being that Hunter—now on West Bromwich Albion's coaching staff—committed fouls through accident rather than design.

The same can be said of most of Britain's so-called "hard men."

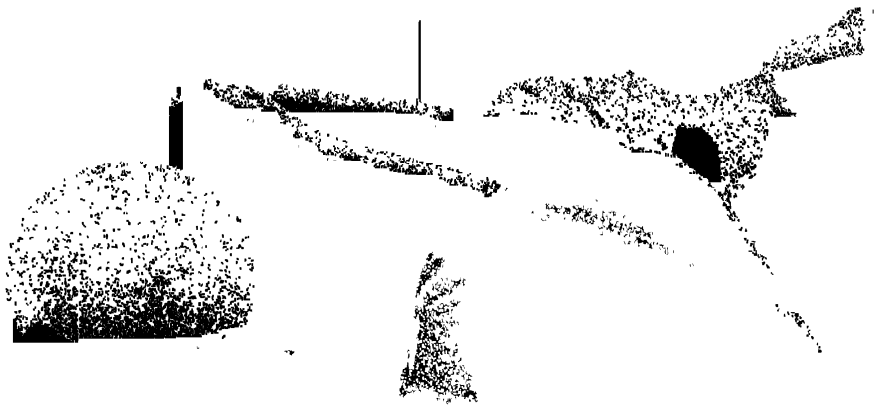
As a boy, one of my favourites was the Newcastle centre-half Frank Brennan who, I recall, had some tremendous physical skirmishes with Bolton centre-forward Nat Lofthouse.

Another centre-half who stands out in my memory is John McGrath, who was a member of Southampton's team when I became manager in 1973. John had a tremendous physique and one of his physical intimidation ploys was to roll up his shorts an extra inch or two to show opposing centre-forwards how powerful his legs were!

I must remember to ask Joe Jordan if he ever played against him!

Joe should prove a tremendous asset to Southampton, once he has adjusted to the pace of the English First Division following his three years in the Italian League with AC Milan and Verona. Centre-forwards like him, who are particularly strong in the air, can still be extremely effective in the modern game, if used properly, especially against Continental defences.

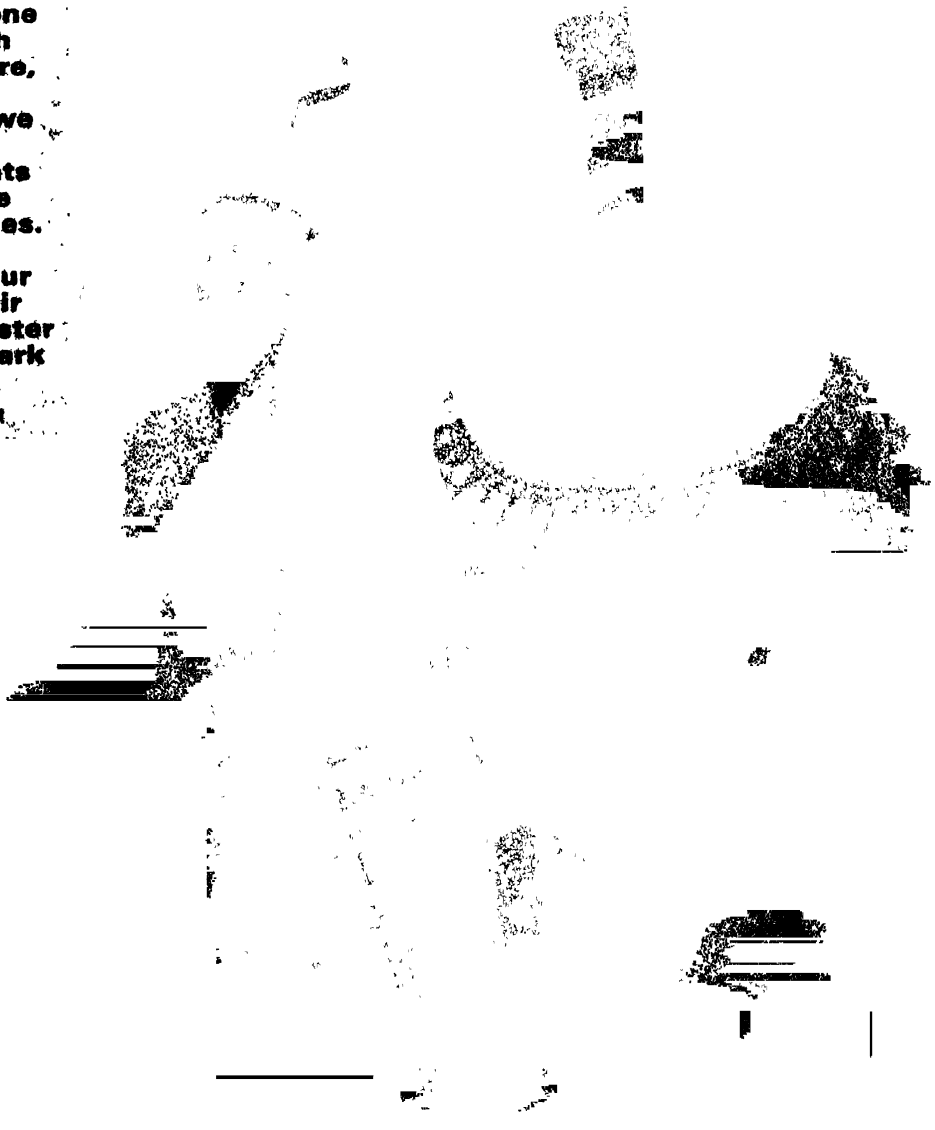
They are rarely at ease against the Joe Jordan-types, and it will be interesting to see the effect of this man's presence on Southampton's UEFA Cup challenge this season.



Sportsworld

The curtain has gone up on the English soccer season. Here, and also on the following pages, we present a few theatrical moments from some of the preliminary matches. Mark Falco of Tottenham Hotspur locked in a mid-air duel with the Leicester City goalkeeper Mark Wallington

Photograph: Colorsport




Sportsworld
Even a sliding tackle by
Sedley fails to stop
Galvin of
Hotspur.
ended in a
2-2 draw



Sportsworld

Gary Stevens of Tottenham Hotspur (2) beats Paul Ramsey of Leicester City

Photograph: Colorsport





[redacted] (left) and Arsenal's [redacted] Alliso during a heading duel



McLaugh[illegible] fights it out [illegible] Arsenal's Stewart Robson. The two teams drew 1-1

Photograph [illegible]

Shot in the arm

Chris Waddle dwells on his club's recent promotion from the Second Division

IN playing for Newcastle United in the First Division, Chris Waddle is fulfilling an ambition he has nurtured since supporting the club as a boy.

And Newcastle's impressive start to the season would encourage a young man with romantic notions to believe that Santa Claus is alive and well and living on Tyneside.

Fortunately, the 23-year-old winger is a man who refuses to let his heart rule his head.

Waddle admits that United face a difficult task; that he feels sorry for the St. James Park fans, who have been faced with increased admission charges; and that he has reservations about the role new manager Jack Charlton has asked him to perform.

PROMOTION for Newcastle was what this whole city needed after the club's six years in the Second Division. But the local people, who were buzzing at the end of last season, are surprised at season ticket prices going up from £80 to £125.

I do sympathise with them, because I live in the area and know how tight money has become here.

Ok, they may be expected to pay more because of the quality of opposition they will be watching. But Geordie fans are more interested in their own team--winning is what interests them, not the way Manchester United or Liverpool may play.

Jack Charlton has changed the way we are playing and that could also take time to get. Last season, Kevin Keegan took on the main role alongside Peter Beardsley, while I played wide of them. Now Peter and I are the front runners and I admit that despite my initial success, I am finding it hard to adjust.



A moment from the recent Liverpool—Manchester United match

Neither of us is noted for our ability in the air and I like the ball played to my feet so that I can run at people. I hate playing with my back to the goal.

The boss knows how I feel and he's asked us to have a go. It is getting better because we are working hard, but Jack has promised that he is willing to change his plan if it doesn't click.

With Keegan gone and his former Liverpool and England team-mate Terry McDormett training on the local golf course, while he searches for a new club, we are now a very young side.

Only David McCreery and new skipper Glenn Roeder have any First Division experience to speak of and that could make life hard for us. We will be facing players who we have only seen on TV and it is possible we will hit problems because of this.

Still, we do have players who, although not household names, have the ability to shock a few people.

Little Kenny Wharton is one. He's an attacking midfield player who is always difficult to mark. We call him Bonesey because he's such a skinny lad, but he tackles well, scores goals and is typical Geordie possessing great spirit and a willingness to run all day.

Defender John Ryan cost us a lot of money when he moved from Oldham. He had his problems settling in last season and spent the latter stages in the reserves. But now he's playing so well that he suddenly looks worth every penny.

All our young players are battlers and aware that our best chance of success is to get the ball into the danger area as often as possible.

That is where Peter Beardsley and I are most effective. We scored 38 goals between us last season and if the service is right we know we are capable of doing it again.

The great thing about reaching the First Division is that we should be playing in front of big crowds all over the country and that will lift us. The same applies to Chelsea and Sheffield Wednesday who, like Newcastle, are big clubs with great support.

All three will provide a massive boost to the First Division but it's great pity that Manchester City were left behind. I honestly think they will find it even harder to go up this season because of the improvements made to other teams.



Kevin Keegan—took on the main role

Portsmouth have used the £1 million they received from AC Milan for striker Mark Hateley to strengthen themselves all round by buying Scott McGarvey and Noel Blake having already signed Billy Gilbert from Crystal Palace

They are bound to be there at the end of the season but I'm surprised at Birmingham selling such a dominating player as Blake I expected them to come straight back up again after being relegated last term but I'm not so sure now

Oxford will have grown in confidence after their cup exploits last season and Kevin Brock and George Lawrence are both useful performers They have also signed John Trewick from us and big Billy Hamilton from Burnley so they should be worth a bet

Grimsby and Blackburn are always difficult to beat In fact Grimsby striker Paul Wilkinson, who rejected a move to Maine Road recently, must be the best player outside the First Division He's tricky, holds the ball up well and looks real class Crystal Palace have been busy in the transfer market and Wolves, under Tommy Docherty, could be a surprise

As for this season's First Division newcomers, Newcastle may not have strengthened their side, but look at Sheffield Wednesday! Selling Tony Cunningham, Gary Bannister and Gary Megson is bound to have an unsettling effect at first It will be interesting to see how well Brian Marwood, Andy Blair and Lee Chapman fill their places

I have a lot of respect for Chelsea, especially with Doug Rougvie having been added to the side that hammered us 4-0 at Stamford Bridge last season Winger Pat Nevin is a nightmare for any defender and centre-half Joe McLaughlin is always solid David Speedie will upset anybody in possession because he never stops niggling away and Nigel Spackman has to be respected because he's a great tackler who knows his limits and leaves the fancy stuff to others more capable

Much depends on centre-forward Kerry Dixon. He set himself a high standard last season with 34 goals, but he won't be playing Cambridge every week. It is said that a natural scorer can get goals anywhere and if Kerry succeeds he will be made.

If he struggles then Chelsea could be in trouble.

Only football is poorer

Haresh Munwani describes how petty faction-fighting led to the expulsion of one of the most well-known referees of the country, Alex Vaz, from the Bombay Referees' Association

LAST month the Bombay Referee's Association (BRA) expelled Alex Vaz, its former president and perhaps India's most well-known football referee. Thus ended a bitter struggle that has been raging since April this year. With the proverbial gloves coming off in this duel, the sports pages of the newspapers have been provided with juicy, if somewhat sordid, details where football has been pushed into the background.

"An attempt was being made to break up the BRA, and this was something we could not allow," says Simplicio D'Silva, 55, the current president of BRA. Counters Alex Vaz: "People cannot stomach my success and are jealous of my fame, I have always served the best interests of the game. I have no enemies simply because I have a big heart. BRA's high-handed attitude is rendering the referees inactive."

The fledgling Bombay District Football Association (BDFA) which looks after the interest of the game in the city, invited in April 1984 the then president and secretary of the BRA, Alex Vaz and S. D'Silva, to be on its six-member board of referees.

While Vaz went along with the idea, D'Silva had his doubts about the good intentions of the BDFA. "The confirmation of my suspicions came when I found BDFA interfering a bit too much in the appointments of the referee. Things went little too far when the BDFA objected to one of our referees J.P. Singh conducting a match, on a flimsy excuse. We are actually affiliated to the state body Western India Football Association (WIFA) and were helping out the BDFA because the welfare of the game was dear to our heart," revealed D'Silva.

Vaz disagrees. "The only reason I agreed to be on the BDFA's referees' board was that I would be able to serve the game.

The BRA claims that it is affiliated to the WIFA, but ironically enough nowhere in the latter's records is the fact recorded. Further BRA is not the whole and sole when it comes to nominating umpires for fixtures organised by the WIFA. So why claim this right with BDFA? Last year, during the Rovers Cup tournament, WIFA Secretary Magan Singh told BRA that S.S. Hakim, who had come to Bombay as a coach of one of the teams, would referee a match. The BRA took this lying down.

Admitting that the BRA had not even registered a protest for WIFA's action, D'Silva said, "This reason was that our association of 111 members was not strong enough to make an impression on the WIFA. But all said and done we could not understand how our president (Vaz) threw caution to the winds and co-operate with the BDFA. It was under these circumstances that I informed the BDFA about the difficulty in nominating referees for their matches."



Alex Vaz

Subsequently the BDFA, on 20th June, informed D'Silva that he was being relieved of the task of appointing referees, but surprisingly enough D'Silva pleaded for an extension till 15th July 1984, which also happened to be the day on which the BRA was holding its general body meeting.

Showing unusual speed, Alex Vaz formed the 45-member Bombay Referees' Association on 14th July, a move which was not welcomed by D'Silva who pointed out the confusion that would be created due to the similarity it bore to BRA by name. And to make matters worse the BDFA was paying a monthly allowance of Rs 250 to Vaz.

D'Silva who was by then expelled by the BDFA said: "From the beginning I had an inkling that the BDFA was out to break up the BRA. Some of the senior BDFA officials, after their bitter and long drawn fight with the WIFA, over control of the game in the city, had vowed that they would destroy the BRA. So I was not surprised that they expelled me."

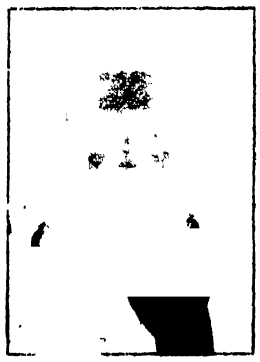
Next, the BRA served a charge sheet to Vaz, asking him to explain why he should not be expelled for working against the interest of the BRA. And also to appear in person on 16 August before the new committee headed by its president D'Silva.

By then Vaz, who was so fed up of the whole thing decided to resign from the BRA. Through a letter dated 7th August, which reached the BRA on 14th August, Vaz quit the association. But the BRA, ever keen to display its authority, nevertheless, went ahead with its 16th August meeting and expelled Vaz.

"This was tantamount to defamation. After all, I had not swindled any money. How can the BRA, which is neither an affiliated body nor a legally constituted body expel a man who has already resigned. I am seeking legal opinion" reacts Vaz.

Black Magic

For the blacks, writes **Binoo K. John,** sport is an outward expression of their inner agony and sense of revenge against society which tried to subjugate them to eternal slavery. There are quite a few disciplines where the blacks hold sway. Carl Lewis proved it at the Los Angeles Olympics, Clive Lloyd's is perhaps the best international cricket side while Daley Thompson, a coloured, is the best decathlete in the world. The author profiles some blacks who made it big



Carl Lewis



Evelyn Ashford



Wilma Rudolph



Bob Beamon



Jesse Owens



Sonny Liston



Muhammad Ali



Pele



Wilt Chamberlain



Hank Aaron



Gary Sobers



Learie Constantine



Yannick Noah



Viv Richards



Daley Thompson

I have a dream—Martin Luther King Jr.

THEY dreamt shivering inside crammed log cabins munching half-baked left-overs, mopping their brows and soothing their overworked limbs. The blacks. The outcasts. Born slaves to the whites. They slaved and starved. That was over a hundred years ago. Today they are the conquerors and super-heroes. Living the way they dreamt they would. The black superstars.

From slavery to stardom, the path was not all roses and cakes but nails and stones. From the outhouse to the White House was their slogan once upon a time. This year the Rev Jesse Jackson ran for Democratic nomination for President. And in the stadia around the world the coloured are running faster, jumping higher and longer and scoring more. For embedded in their genes are physical and mental qualities of champions imbibed while slaving it out in the backyards. The mighty blacks.

The negroid race have their roots in sub-Saharan Africa. Gifted by nature with a linear slim angular body, chisel-shaped for physical activity. They had to literally take arms against forests and deserts of troubles. And if there is one quality that these 'nature's athletes' have over the men and 'he-women' churned out from the socialist assembly line it is their sense of perseverence and the fleeting thought of their hungry ancestors in log cabins who dreamt of winning the race of life.

That is where the big chasm is. For the coloured, sport is an outward expression of their inner agony and sense of revenge against society which tried to subjugate them to eternal slavery.

The first time in modern sport that the blacks confronted and defeated the 'we-are-masters-you-are-slaves' philosophy was at the 1936 Berlin Olympics, which Hitler chose as the occasion to show the world the supremacy of the Aryan race. But Jesse Owens ran and leaped to an unprecedented four gold medals in the sprints and the long jump. What the world sat up and saw was the emergence of the black race. Owens was just the beginning...

For Carl Lewis, Jesse Owens was the ideal and a passion. And Bob Beamon's 29 feet plus was the target. He had marked out the distance in his backyard, as a child and started jumping. Now he has shifted the target a few inches further. "I think, the ultimate will be over 30 feet," the modern-day Jesse Owens recently said.

Like Muhammad Ali, Lewis drips confidence: "I'm confident in my ability. I'm confident in my technique and I'm confident in my coaching." This six feet two and 180 pound ebony frame of muscle and coiled power today epitomises black ascendance.

What Carl Lewis did at Los Angeles is now an everyday tale told by lesser mortals as they sit by the fireside. Four gold medals with disdainful ease was what the world saw. What the world did not see was the pre-teenaged Lewis standing next to his inspiration, Jesse Owens. Seldom have idols inspired anyone to such great glory.

For 42 winters Jesse's father Henry Owens had slaved in the land of his white master John Connan. And when Jesse was a sick eight-year-old with frequent bouts of pneumonia, the family was turned out following a conflict with the master.

They moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and there Owens met fortune in the form of a white physical education teacher, Charles Riley, who somehow saw promise in the malnourished, twig-legged Jesse. Riley gave him food and infused confidence into the boy. He ran endlessly in the morning before school and after that worked so that they could live.

Then in 1933 while still in school Jesse Owens equalled the world record in the 100 yard sprint. At Ohio State University Jesse and fellow negroes had to take food inside a shabby outhouse. But he fought on.

In 1936 he travelled to Berlin with only seven dollars and 40 cents in his pocket. And came back a world conqueror.

When Rater Johnson climbed step by painful step (he had cramps) to light the Olympic flame at the Los Angeles Coliseum, it was symbolic of the aspirations of the blacks. For them no hurdle is a barrier, but a step to be climbed.

What is it that keeps Edwin Moses gliding gracefully over the high hurdles with amazing ease year after year? Behind those muscles there is a burning heart. And Valerie Brisco Hookes, a mother, has three gold medals to show her child.

Edson Arantes do Nascimento Pele—had to fight every moment of his childhood. Poverty bit into the very entrails of the family living under a ramshackle roof in the Brazilian town of Bauru. At every stage of his struggle he had his father Doudinho as his ideal. A footballer of club-level repute, his father played so that his family would live. The young boy grew up seeing the struggle, the defeat of the Bauru Athletic Club, (BAC) the constant naggings of his wife, but Doudinho fought on.

His fight on the field was symbolic of his fight to live. The young boy learnt that. Dribbling past hurdles that stretched to the horizon. And the goal—just to be able to live.

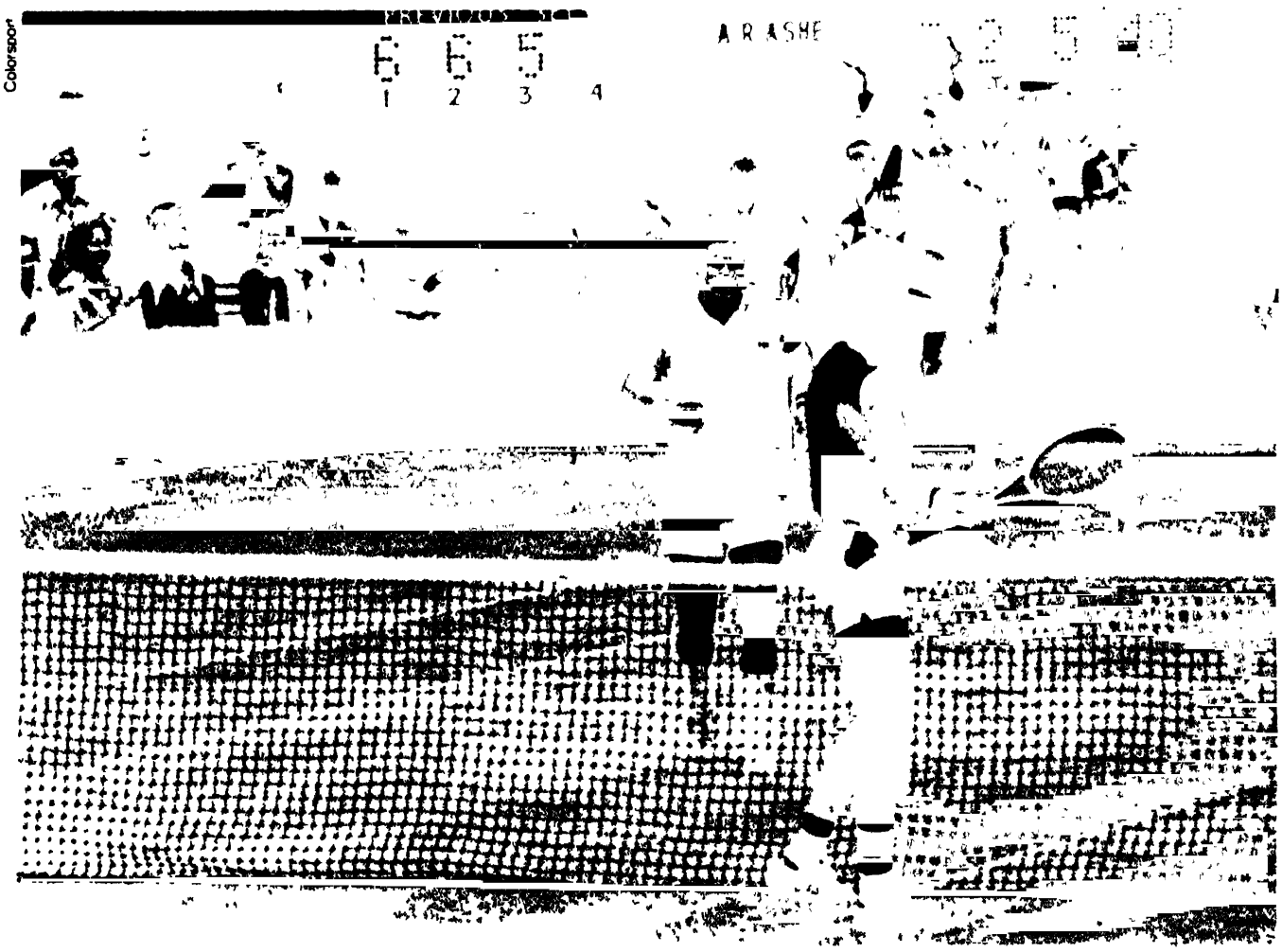
Pele and his alley friends had to do with balls made by stuffing paper and cloth into used socks. He learnt to shine shoes and then took to selling peanuts at a nearby railway station to bring in money to his mother. Then he would run out with his proud possession, the socks ball, and played football.

He formed a club, stole peanuts from the godown to buy a football and boots, soon played for small clubs; then the offer from Santos and a train journey to fame and big money. He was 16 then.

Black dominance in American sport is no more visible than in basketball. The name which springs to mind is that of Wilt Chamberlain, the seven-foot-four giant who literally bulldozed his way to basket after basket, limousines and fame.

Unlike most of the other coloured super-stars, Chamberlain had a comparitively comfortable childhood. But like other blacks, he had that inborn athleticism. When he first went to join Kansas University on a scholarship he was turned out of a restaurant which 'practised' segregation. Then he decided to wait in restaurants till he was served. Part of this inner rage found expression on the basketball court. The once-spurned man soon became the idol.

Wilt Chamberlain developed a peculiar two-handed style of collecting rebounds. Explained Wilt: "I developed this habit of holding the ball in one hand and really smacking it against the other hand when I came down with a rebound. It sounded like a gunshot and it gave me a sense of power, of fighting back against these guys who were harassing me. I guess,



Arthur Ashe becomes Wimbledon champion (1975) defeating defending champion Jimmy Connors

I was like some cavalry captain with just a few men in a fort being besieged by thousands of Indians ..in a sense I was saying, "This is my kingdom, stay out."

HE burst on the world spitting venom and punching with jaw-shattering power. And saying he was The Greatest. Cassius Clay from Louisville, who first wore gloves to get back at those who stole his bicycle, punched his way to the top of the world.

When he was chased by thieves who wanted the gold medal he stood on the middle of a bridge and flung the Olympic gold medal into the river. It was this same sense of disdain and confidence in himself that gave him the courage of conviction to refuse to be drafted to the US army to fight the Vietnamese. Instead of going with head bowed to the meaningless war, he went with head held high to jail.

If the 'ebonies' came to symbolise brute power, they were no novitiates when it came to skill and subtlety. The Caribbean storm-troopers have given cricket a new dimension—a blend of force, skill and style.

Blacks play cricket as though it is a struggle for survival in the race of life. The West Indies...hurricane, power, Sobers, Richards, Lloyd, the pace of Garner and Marshall...Whoever knew that you could be graceful and stylish and still be the very epitome of brute power? Much of the light in cricket's hall of fame is emitted by the dark men.

For the dark-skinned, the future is full of light. There is an abundance of teenage talent among the blacks that a lot of them will climb into the record books. The Los Angeles Olympics saw the first black woman in gymnastics 15 year old Dianne Durham.

From Britain, the land of the iron man Daley Thompson—the epitome of all-round athletic brilliance—is emerging another star the 17-year-old Adeoye Mafe who at six feet one inch and 11 stone whose target is now to run the 200 metres in 20.67 seconds the world junior record. As a 13-year-old he 'flew' the distance in 23.3 at 14 in 22.4 and at 15 years in 21.6 seconds.

A sense of spiritual anguish and rootlessness still haunts the blacks. Living in a country belonging to those who tried to subjugate them, a vague feeling of being unwanted veils their thinking.

Yannick Noah, the Cameroun-born Frenchman, wept like a child in front of milling pressmen last year when he announced that he was moving out of Paris to New York.

Like a shepherd in search of greener pastures; a nomad in perpetual transit. No land to call his own. They move on.

I was in for a surprise

Dr. Karni Singh describes how he won the Welsh Grand Prix Clay Pigeon Championships

I DID not go for the trials of the Los Angeles Olympics because I was hoping some bright young man would do justice to the great opportunity to represent our great country at the world's biggest sporting event. I had already competed in five Olympics for my country and felt that enough was enough.

When the dates were announced for the British and Welsh Grand Prix Clay Pigeon Championships in England I wanted to attend both. The British Grand Prix was held earlier than usual, so as to select the British team for Los Angeles, I could not attend it as I was still in India, but I did attend the Welsh Grand Prix as I had gone to U.K. to visit my daughter and her family.

I cannot think of a nicer place for a clay pigeon shooter to spend a week than at the North Wales Shooting School. With their four Olympic trenches they can proudly claim to be one of the best shooting schools in the world. Even with our own world class ranges at Tughlakabad (Delhi), I must say that North Wales and the Bikaner Thunderbolts Rifle Club range in Bikaner are the only places where practices are available to Indian shooters all the year round. I can only hope that the Tughlakabad ranges will soon be open to public for shooting.

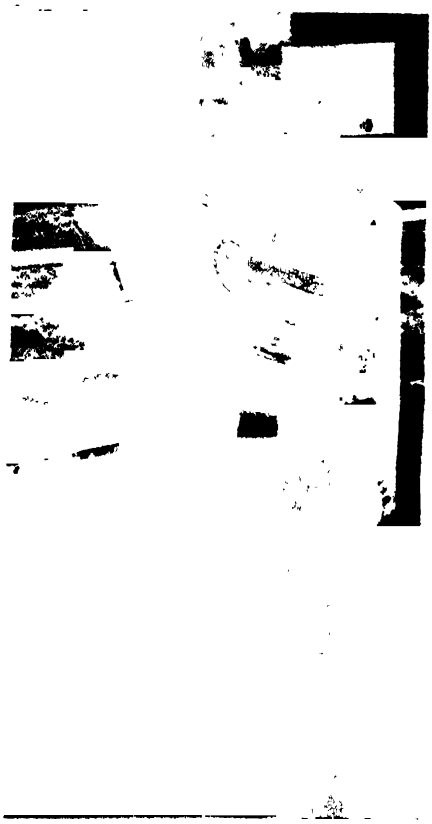
India's clay pigeon scores were lower than I had expected at Los Angeles and so were the scores of the British pair. Peter Boden, U.K.'s entry to Los Angeles, came out quite strongly condemning the Los Angeles' Olympic trap layout. Since I was not in Los Angeles I cannot comment, but can only say that good or bad they were the same for every competitor.

I had decided my best shooting days were behind me but I was in for a surprise. I went only three days before the Welsh Grand Prix began. It is shot on 200 targets, i.e., the aggregate of the North Wales Cup and the North Western Cup, each shot on 100 targets and each having a coveted trophy. In 1981 I had won all three with a 194/200 which is still a record, so is one man winning all the three in one year. But that was three years ago and I am not getting any younger.

However, I have been shooting better this year than during the previous two years. I had worked on my gunfit a little more carefully and perhaps that accounted for the improvement. On my arrival in London I had gone and shot at the Regent Shooting School and had shot a 24, and then a "100 straight," something I had not done for some years. This gave me a lot of confidence to face the Welsh Grand Prix.

Within an hour of reaching Chester, I was on the ranges. The Jones family who owns this prestigious shooting school made me feel completely at home.

Next morning, we started off shooting for the North Wales Cup. I shot a 22 + 23 + 22 + 24 = 91 with one target lost to a trigger malfunction. Mr M. C. Lloyd won this event with a 94 and I was 10th. The next day I went into deep concentration, as it happens sometimes, and I was suddenly on a winning streak. I shot a 23 + 25 + 24 + 25 = 97/100, which gave me an outright win in the North Western Cup in the aggregate for the Welsh Grand Prix. I had 188/200 equalling my Moscow Olympic score of 1980 which had tied me for the 14th place there.



Dr. Karni Singh with the trophies he won in Wales

Mr Amos and Mr Cliffe were yet to finish one last round. As it happened they lost some points and suddenly three of us found ourselves tied for the first place for the Welsh Grand Prix.

I suddenly realised that I would be shooting a serious tie-shoot after 22 years—the last one being in Cairo for the World Championships when Zimenko of U.S.S.R. and I had tied for the gold medal and we shot four series of tie-shoots for Zimenko to take the Gold for his country and India the Silver with 295/300—a bare one point short of the world record then.

The tie-shoot was a tense moment. In the first 25, Cliffe lost one and Amos lost one. A high left target soon gave me a loss too and we were tied again. Then the second session of tie break started. This time again Cliffe lost one and then Amos lost one. I was lucky to go "straight" without a miss. My 49/50 against Amos's 48 and Cliffe's 48 gave me the coveted Welsh Grand Prix. It was a great shot in the arm—my last 100 targets game me a 98/100. I had left India thinking my shooting days were over only to find I could still shoot.

I must admire the way Amos and Cliffe shot the tie-shoot. I just happened to be the lucky man that day. Britain has championship material in these two shooters. Now I have a challenge before me to win the British Grand Prix for my country and that would not be easy but certainly worth a try some day.

Where has the shine gone?

Once one of the most glamorous soccer tournaments of the country, the IFA Shield has now become an extremely lack-lustre affair. **Suprakash Ghoshal** details the reasons

WE have come very close to killing the IFA Shield What was once the most prestigious tournament in the country has now become less glamorous than even the Calcutta League which, for all the publicity it gets, has now become unbearably dull and inconsequential And the saddest part of it all is that so far there has been hardly any effort on the part of the people in charge to pull back from the cliff edge The future of the IFA Shield remains shrouded in uncertainty

What makes a tournament presti gious? To a great extent the standing of the participants, to be sure Sadly, it has been a long time since we have seen a side of all India stature, except for the home trio of Mohun Bagan, East Bengal and Mohammedan Sporting to take part in the Shield Where are the giants of Goa—Salgaocar and Dempo? Where are the mighty sides from Punjab who have provided the nation with a rich pool of talent all these years? And where are the institutional teams who have also play ed an important role in the develop ment of Indian soccer

Year after year the Shield has failed to attract them and in their absence the tournament s character has undergone a sea change It is no longer an all India tournament, as it once used to be—the city s annual feast of top class football

The factors that have brought things to this sorry pass are manifold, although not too complicated to analy se To be frank the IFA itself is a factor detrimental to the growth of this tournament On paper it is the parent body of the game in this State but in effect, it is the organisation that is currently busy presiding over the liquidation of West Bengal soccer

The story of its failure is disconcerting Thanks to its policies, the Calcutta League has now become a sick tournament, earning considerable notoriety for the rampant corruption that has been plaguing it over the last few years And now the Shield has degenerated into a damp squib Perhaps, it would not be unfair to call it a mere extension of the tedious league tournament

It is not in the distant past, however that the Shield saw a number of outstation teams in action. Even participation by powerful teams from beyond the borders was not a rare feature of this hallowed tournament

But things are totally different today Participation by foreign teams has increasingly become a rarity, while most major clubs of the other parts of the country have turned their



A brilliant save by the Bangkok Bank goalkeeper during their match against Mohun Bagan. Babu Mani



Mohun Bagan concedes a goal as Pratap Ghosh fails to stop a header from Bangkok Bank's Pichai Kongsree

acks on the Shield.

It has often been said that lack of funds is the undoing of the IFA Shield. Maybe, there is some truth in it. But the questions that remain unanswered are: does not the paucity of funds reflect discredit on the IFA itself? Does it not point to the inefficiency of the people who have been at the helm of affairs all these days?

In Calcutta, a football tournament of some class is bound to be a success. And so was the IFA Shield in the past. n, what went wrong to make the Shield a losing proposition?

oreover, a lot of major tourna- ents are held in other parts of the country. How do those organisers afford to invite the top teams when the IFA, being the oldest and most esteemed soccer organisation in the country, fail to persuade the glamour sides to take part in the Shield?

In fact, lack of initiative on the part of the top brass of the IFA is a major factor behind the decline of this tournament. True, most outstation teams demand exorbitant amounts of money for their participation, but at the same time it is extremely difficult figure out why the IFA fails to meet e demands when a soccer tourna- ent is such a success in this city.

On the other hand, this correspondent has often come across various charges against the IFA from a number of outstation clubs and they all point to the root of the problem facing this tournament.

There have been allegations of communication lapses, confusion and mismanagement which in many cases have alienated teams willing to take part in the tournament. A sorry state of affairs this.

But who cares? The people at the top are not in the least bothered that the most glamorous tournament in the country has been reduced to a non-event. And as things stand at the moment one can hardly hope that the situation will improve in the near future.

Luckily, some colour was added to the tournament this year by the presence of a foreign team. The Bangkok Bank, a strong side from Thailand consisting of a number of the country's national players.

Initially, there was some doubts about the strength of the side, with rumours circulating in the city's football fraternity that the team was actually an inflated publicity balloon of the IFA.

But fortunately, the rumours proved wrong. In their very first match, the team proved gritty enough to impress the city's soccer connoisseurs.

In keeping with the trend in modern football, they were pretty regimented, in fact, so much so that they seemed programmed. They had a few flair players too, but even these stuck rigidly to a system and, as a result, gave a tough time to their opponents.

They opened their campaign with a 2-2 draw with Mohun Bagan, giving an indication of the kind of challenge they were motivated to offer their opponents during the tournament.

They took their time to settle down, when the home side dominated the proceedings and forged into the lead, but returned into the game with a vengeance shattering the Mohun Bagan defence with well-concerted moves. Calcutta no longer had any doubt about the potential of this youthful Thai team.

The draw paved the way for Mohun Bagan to make it to the semi-final. Bubbling with confidence earned through their success in the league this year, Mohun Bagan put up a really enjoyable performance after a long time. Their showing in the league was hardly impressive. No argument there. And, perhaps, they realised that they needed to pull up their socks



The Bangkok Bank goalkeeper Sisirak Yamsang foils an Aryan attack

to counter the challenge of the foreign team

It was wise on their part to start the game in a blitzkreig fashion, never allowing the Thailanders to settle down, for it was obvious that in both skill and speed the Bangkok Bank boys had an edge over Mohun Bagan

But Mohun Bagan could not maintain the pressure and in the long run made the mistake they looked so certain to avoid

They slowed down halfway through the match allowing the Thailanders to bring the game under control

The Mohun Bagan defence however, played true to their current form They have done a superb job for the side in the league, and a lot depended on how they matched the powerful Thailanders in this crucial tie

But, for a long time the bane of Indian football has been the inability of our boys to sustain their efforts whether in defence or in the attack

The Mohun Bagan defence which did look impregnable for the most part of the match started growing a little lax towards the end and the Thailanders went all out to capitalise on the opportunity And they drew a match that looked certain to go Mohun Bagan's way



A moment from the East Bengal-Mohammedan Sporting match

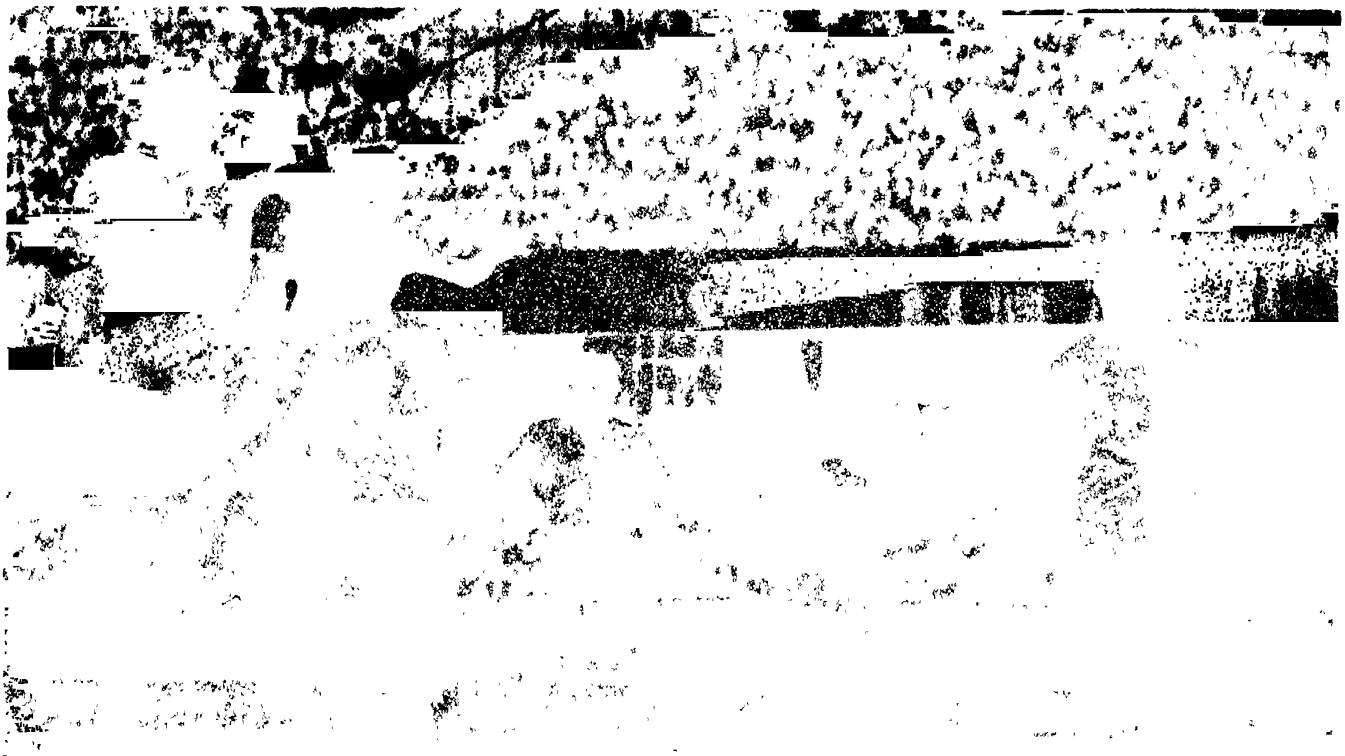
The biggest attraction of the tournament, till the quarter finals was the East Bengal-Mohammedan Sporting encounter. Though they finished a poor third in the league this year, Mohammedan Sporting had maintained a clean slate and the possible outcome of this encounter was the topic of hot speculations in the city's soccer fraternity.

The unexpected happened. Mohammedan Sporting suffered the season's first defeat and East Bengal earned a berth in the semis where they were to meet the mighty young Thailanders, who beat the last year's joint winners Aryans 1-0.

The most interesting piece of news about the 1984 IFA Shield, however, is that the tournament from the quarter finals onwards has been played at the newly-built Salt Lake Stadium. Although it was inaugurated formally during the last Nehru Gold Cup, this year's IFA Shield has marked the opening of the stadium for regular use. From now on, all important soccer matches in Calcutta will be played in the stadium and the big event round the corner is the Asian Cup tournament, which begins on October 9.



A Bangkok [illegible] and an Aryan frontliner sprint to get the ball



A heading contest during the Mohammedan Sporting-East Bengal encounter

England Summer Chess Internationals

Important board meetings

International Master V. Ravikumar reports

THE Summer Chess Internationals in England constitute a major event on the world chess calendar. They are also vital for youngsters aspiring to score title norms. The three international events organised by the British Chess Federation during the summer months of July, August, and September provide excellent opportunities for talented chess players to score title norms.

The British Chess Federation organises these tournaments with the help of private sponsors. Invitations for these prestigious events are sent months in advance, so as to enable foreign players to make necessary arrangements in order to participate

The All India Chess Federation selected a contingent of ten players based on national rankings. National Champion Pravin Thipsay led the team, consisting of Raja Ravisekhar, T. N. Parameswaran (both international masters), Mithrakanth, A. B. Vaidya, Bhagyasree Sathe and the three Khadilkar sisters: Rohini, Jayasree and Vasanthi. The Government of India generously provided air fares for the whole contingent.

The Khadilkar sisters were the first to leave for England in mid-July in order to participate in the Robert Silk International at London Rohini Khadilkar was the runner-up behind Nina Hoiberg of Denmark in this strong women's International tournament. They joined the Indian contingent at Brighton for Britain's premier event, the British and Commonwealth Chess Championship. The majority of the players for this prestigious event were British, but there were players from Commonwealth countries like Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Bangladesh and India.

Britain's leading Grandmaster Tony Miles, the highest rated player in the tournament, was the hot favourite to regain the prestigious title. However, a stiff challenge was expected from Grandmasters Speelman, Chandler and Short, along with defending British champion Jonathan Mestel and a dozen International Masters.

After the initial scramble, International Masters Strauss and Watson emerged as joint leaders with three points in as many rounds. Strauss played a fine positional game to crush Short with an imaginative piece sacrifice, ending up in a mating attack. Miles, Mestel and Speelman fell back with draws.

Raja Ravisekhar, who scored two fine wins in the first two rounds shared the second spot with 2½ points. I lost to Hodgson because of a time pressure mistake from a win position Thipsay, who won the first two games, extended himself in an apparently equal end game against International Master McNab of Scotland. Vaidya and Mithrakanth had a 50 per cent score while Parameswaran had a bad patch in the early rounds and had only one point from three rounds.

Round four saw the clash of the leaders, Strauss and Watson which ended in a draw after a tense fight. Strauss obtained the space advantage in the opening and sacrificed an exchange to obtain a positional bind and a powerful passed pawn. Watson defended stubbornly and the peace treaty was signed by the repetition of moves.

The Australian International Master, Hyorth, pulled off a major upset by defeating Tony Miles, the hot favourite, to win the tournament.

Hyorth launched a flawless king side attack with his lead in development and caught the white king in a beautiful mating net, resulting after a tactical combination. Thipsay recovered with a fine win over Fide master Gary Lane. While Ravisekhar consolidated his position with a solid draw against Hodgson, taking his tally to three points, Vaidya improved his point position with a win over Buchanan, but Mithrakanth ran into Chandler who was regaining his form. The Tamil Nadu youngster defended very well to beat back a violent attack in the sicilian defence, but went astray at a crucial position to lose instantly.

In the next couple of rounds, Thipsay was in full cry. He convincingly crushed Hodgson and Hebden to grab the lead from Short and Speelman. Hodgson was the victim of a dubious novelty in the sicilian najdor variation. Thipsay retaliated immediately with a



Rohini Khadilkar playing a lightning game against the world champion Anatoly Karpov

thematic piece sacrifice which gave him an overwhelming position and the black king was cornered after it was driven to the queen side.

Hebden lost a theoretical battle with Thipsay in the opening Ruy Lopez Anti Marshal. Thipsay won a pawn in the middle game and nursed his advantage with efficient end game technique in the double rook ending. These fine wins took Thipsay's tally to five points from six rounds and put him in the lead ahead of the British Stalwarts.

Thipsay therefore became the only Indian in the modern era to have led the points tally in the prestigious British Championship for two years in succession. Raja Ravisekhar was one point behind him at this stage. After his loss to Basman, Ravisekhar outplayed Gary Lane to maintain his point posititon. I recovered from my bad patch to score over Fuller and reach three points along with Parameswaran and Vaidya.

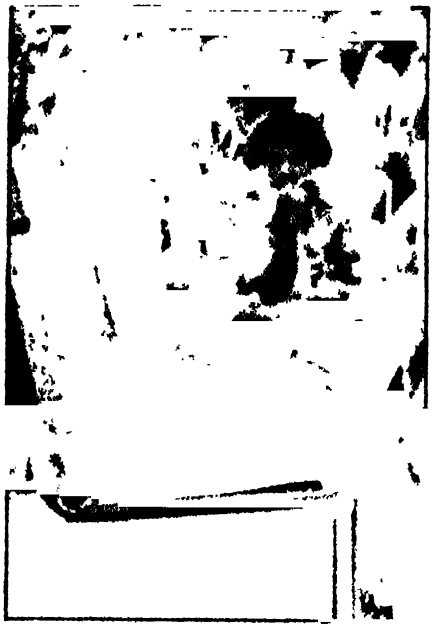
In the next three rounds Thipsay met strong opposition as Murray Chandler put him under severe pressure in a complicated middle game. From a Ruy Lopez, Chandler built up his advantage in the form of a powerful passed pawn but let the Indian champion off the hook when his sealed move turned out to be a strategic error. Thipsay quickly organised counterplay and held the position, but in the next round he lost to Short who neatly exploited an opening inaccuracy to win a pawn and wrap up the issue with a tactical piece sacrifice.

Thipsay later bounced back in round nine with a fluent victory over former world sub junior champion, Stewart Conquest. This crucial win kept alive Thipsay's chances of a Grandmaster norm. At this stage he required to win his remaining games to achieve the norm.

At the end of the 10th round Nigel Short had established himself as the sole leader. Recovering from his loss in the early rounds he turned in a string of victories to retain his supremacy over the rest of the field.

Ravisekhar defeated International Master Hartson in a marathon battle and took his tally to five and a half points, while Vaidya had five and Mithrakanth had four and a half. Vaidya fared well to score his first IM norm, for which he had to win his remaining games.

In the critical penultimate round



T.N. Parameswaran

Thipsay was pitted against the formidable Britisher Miles with black pieces. He employed his favourite Kings Indian defence and obtained an active position, while Miles was on the defensive, patching up the weaknesses in his position. Thipsay, at peak form, sacrificed two pawns for the sake of initiative and then attacked the white monarch. But he had consumed most of his allotted time and his flag was hanging.

Despite playing under time pressure, Thipsay performed extremely well and in time he actually mated Miles. The tense crowd broke the silence with a round of thunderous applause in appreciation of Thipsay's lightning tactical play.

Ravisekhar won easily against Conquest, while I lost to Hebden, and Vaidya lost to Jackson due to an error in time pressure.

In the tension-packed final round, the attention of the spectators focussed on two important games, Short against Chandler and Thipsay against Speelman. Grandmaster Short was the leader with eight points while Chandler was half a point behind. The result of this particular game would determine the winner of the championship. On the other hand, Thipsay who had seven and a half points, needed a win to score his maiden Grandmaster norm.

The Short-Chandler encounter ended in a quick draw. Perhaps the money involved motivated the players to split the point. Thipsay now had his golden opportunity to tie for the championship and register his maiden GM norm.

But this was not to be. Grandmaster Speelman defeated Thipsay neatly by outplaying him in a complex middle game struggle arising from a carokann defence. Speelman equalised with an opening novelty and held a slight advantage with an active piece position. He uncorked a tactical combination, winning two pieces for a rook and reaching a win ending. The rest was just technique. Ravisekhar had a solid draw against Hebden and ended with seven points. The final placings were

1. Short (8½)
2. Chandler (8)
3. Plasket (8)
4. Speelman (8)
5. Thipsay (7½)
6. Ravisekhar (7)

THE British Ladies' Championship attracted 22 participants from four countries. Among the four Indian participants, Rohini and Jayasree Khadilkar were the favourites. But a stiff challenge was expected from defending champion Rani Hamid and the two British International Masters, Sunnucks and Bruce.

Surprisingly, Vasanthi Unni and Bhagyasree Sathe were the early pace setters and at the end of three rounds, they shared the lead with three points each. Rohini fell behind with a draw in the second round while Rani Hamid lost the first game against an unfancied British opponent.

In the fourth round, the leaders Sathe and Vasanthi, met each other. After a tense struggle it ended in a draw in a minor piece end game. Rohini recovered, winning the next two rounds and was half a point behind the leaders, while in the penultimate round Vasanthi defeated her sister Jayasree exploiting the space advantage after 45 moves. Sathe drew with Rohini rather quickly, from a sicilian defence.

In the final round Vasanthi Unni, the sole leader with five and a half points faced Rani Hamid who was half a point behind. Sathe had five points but she had an easy draw.

The game between Vasanthi and Hamid was a marathon battle, ending in a draw at 1.30 in the morning after 104 moves and 16 hours of battle. Rohini won easily, tying for third place.

No More An Art

For cavemen only

ATHLETIC's administrators have been prompted to change the structure of competition javelins because they are terrified that the huge distances achieved with traditional javelins could be dangerous to spectators and even lead to spectator fatalities. The IAAF has agreed to change the specifications of competition javelins by moving their centre of gravity away from the point.

Javelin throwers have come out against this change in a very strong way. They feel that this change might reduce the art of javelin throwing to crude spear chucking. For them the beauty of the javelin as it is presently weighted is that it requires greater throwing technique than brute force.

Hearing of the change, world record holder, Uwe Hohn of East Germany, who recently became the first man to break the 100 metre mark, said: "It's terribly sad for the sport. Why not move the run up back 5 metres or so?"

Said Britain's Olympic silver medallist Dave Ottley: "the javelin will now become a big man's sport like the shot put Up to now, a small man who understood how to flight a javelin could throw every bit as far as a giant. This change will inevitably lead to drug abuse."

Setting The Pace

Free for all

THE *Sunday Times* recently came out with some startling news. They suggested that though the official world record holder for the 1500 metres is held by Steve Ovett with a time of 3:30.77, yet it's not Ovett but Filbert Bayi of Tanzania who is the real recordholder. Bayi set a time of 3:32.2 in the 1974 Commonwealth Games. He won his race from start to finish, and in contrast the subsequent records for the distance—one by Seb Coe and three by Ovett—were all achieved with the help of pacemakers, which under International Amateur Athletic Federation rules is illegal.

The IAAF has always had problems in the implementation of this rule. The *Sunday Times* quoted one IAAF official as saying "It's bloody impossible for us to prove whether an athlete who pulls out halfway through a race was a pacemaker or was suddenly injured or exhausted." So blatant has pacemaking become, especially on the European circuit, and so powerless have the IAAF been in preventing it that they have decided to abandon the rule from April 1, 1985.

Secret Promises?

Captain's talk

WHEN Sunil Gavaskar was given back the captaincy of the Indian cricket team he said, that though a bit surprised, he considered it a great



Gavaskar: demanding captain?

honour to lead the country. Gavaskar also remarked, "I've been getting calls from all over the place. Yesterday even the *Sunday Times* called from London to know the latest."

But what did the Indian skipper tell the foreign publication? The paper reported that Gavaskar "is not entirely happy with his reinstatement as captain for the series of one-days against Australia and the short tour of Pakistan." Gavaskar feeling 'fit and fat' told the London daily on the phone from Delhi that "unless he is also assured of the job in the forthcoming series against England, he will decline the offer."

Has Gavaskar been assured the captaincy for the series against England or has he gone back on his word?

Never Boring

Yorkshire diary

YORKSHIRE's cricket captain David Bairstow has written a book, 'A Yorkshire Diary', and it is to be released shortly. Bairstow narrates quite a few funny happenings.

Mike Bore had always played for Yorkshire and it was only this season that he switched to Nottinghamshire.

At Middlesbrough in 1972, Yorkshire had to lend Gloucestershire a fielder, and Bore was sent out to do the job. Boycott, then captain, was batting. When he was on 68 he hooked Procter and was caught-by Bore at long leg.

Bairstow continues: "Instead of staying on the boundary and looking sheepish, in marched Bore with a great grin on his face to join the celebrating Gloucestershire fielders. When he got back to the dressing-room, he found that his irate captain had picked up Bore's cricket-bag and thrown it into the opposition room."

Dying Young

But winning

DISTURBING reports of premature deaths of a large number of Soviet sportsmen and athletes are circulating in the Western Press. These 'reports' or 'rumours', whatever one would like to call them, are apparently being inspired by material gathered by the American secret services.

It is alleged that as a result of drug abuse more than 50 leading Soviet sportsmen have met with death at an early age.

The rumours first began after the death in 1978 of 26-year-old Alexander Belov. Belov was the star basketball player of the 1972 Munich Olympics and in fact scored the winning points in the controversial 51-50 victory over the USA in the final.

Among the other early deaths are those of the cyclist Gennadi Komnatov, winner of the 1972, 200 km team event who died at 29, wrestler, Awtan Koridee, a gold medallist at Rome in 1960 who died at 30 and modern pentathlete Albert Mokijev who died at 33.

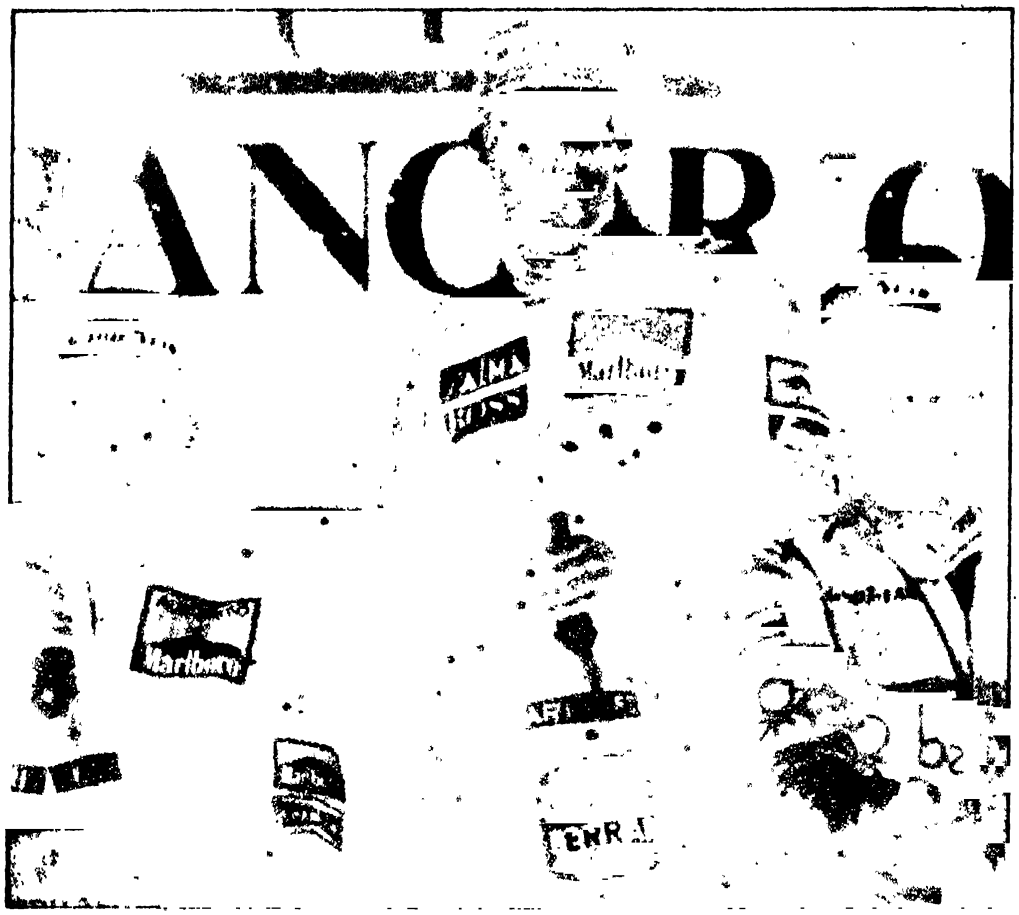
Altogether it is claimed that of the Soviet Olympic medal winners between 1950 and 1980, 45 have died under the age of 50 and 8 under the age of 30. This compares with a figure of 14 deaths among US medal winners, seven of them under 30.



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Cameramen at the Los Angeles [illegible]

We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs should be accompanied by their negatives, which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for



The winner and the runners up at the Italian Grand Prix for Formula I cars: (from left) Michele Alboreto, Niki Lauda and Ricardo Patrese

Morocco's Said Aouita (left) and Britain's Steve Cram snapped at the Coca Cola Athletics Meet in London



The Democratic Vice Presidential candidate Mrs. Geraldine Ferraro (right) and Billie Jean King share a laugh at the U.S.Open



Anatoly Karpov (left) and Gary Kasparov concentrate at the world chess title game at Moscow



DELHI

Getting Tough

FOR all our glorious past in men's hockey, Indian women have not been able to make a mark in the game. True, our girls are the Asian champions, but they do not measure up to world standards. They may well argue that justice was not done to them when they were excluded from the Los Angeles Olympic Competition. But one doubts if they could have made an impression had they been included.

Not that they are far behind in skill. What they lack is power, speed and stamina. An analysis of the results of the women's World Cup games held in Kuala Lumpur last year showed that our girls lost most of their games by goals scored against them in the closing stages. In short, they failed to last the full match.

Now with the Chinese girls taking to the game seriously, not to mention the South Koreans, who are training hard for the 1986 Seoul Asian Games, our women's hockey administrators are worried about maintaining India's status in the continent itself. With this in mind, they have been putting the girls through a hard training programme in preparation for the coming tour to China. The visit, which was to have taken place earlier this summer, has been postponed to the second half of October.

The programme includes morning and evening sessions of vigorous exercise and skill practice under coaches led by Satinder Walia.

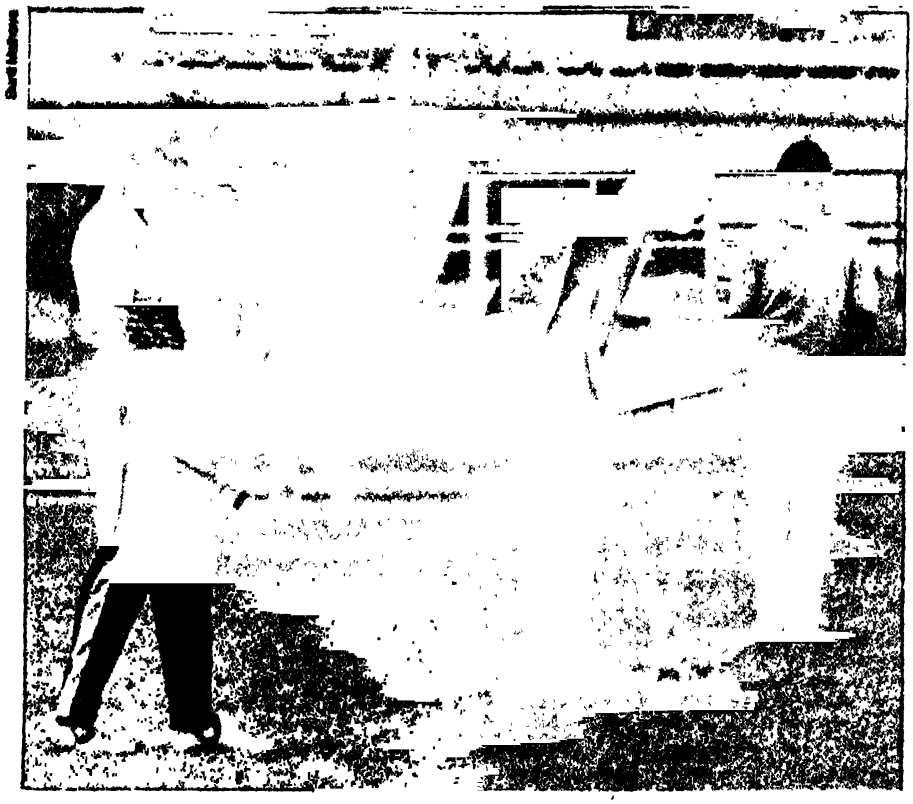
The youngsters will have to go a long way before they can come up to the standard of the Asian Games gold medal-winners. Several places have fallen vacant and the new players are not of the same quality. But one is confident that they will improve.

Hockey among our girls is not as popular as in some European countries or the USA. Unless the hockey administration makes efforts to bring more and more schools in to their fold, it will be hard to build a strong national team in the future.

Luckily, a new source of talent has sprung up. It is the Adivasis of Bihar, whose men have already made a significant contribution to the game. At least seven of the girls in contention for a place in the national team come from this State, in fact, from one school—Government Girls School Bariatu, Ranchi. The Bhengras, Gurias and Purtis are rubbing shoulders with the Kaurs of Punjab and the Albuquerques and Desas and De Mellos of the big cities.

Indian women's hockey could do with more of the toughness of our hardy races. Without it there's little hope for our petite eye pleasers, against the better built Europeans.

A Correspondent



Action at the women's hockey camp in progress at the Nehru Stadium

CALCUTTA

Limca Tennis

TENNIS has always been the forte of the Calcutta South Club. They have kept the game alive with various coaching schemes, especially for the younger players. Recently, the Limca Junior Tennis Tournament 1984 (East Zone) was held at the club's premises. This tournament was only for players up to the age of 18. Sponsored by the makers of a popular soft drink, the players were well looked after and, in the final stages, sported tee-shirts supplied by the sponsors.

The tournament saw a lot of young players from the Eastern region of our country, mainly West Bengal and Assam, slugging it out. In the boys' under-13 singles section, P. S. Krishnan made short work of Asit Chaturvedi to make the final. In the other semi final, Gary O'Brien got past I.B. Barua in a three-set match. The final, which was held on an overcast day punctuated by drizzles, saw Gary O'Brien put up a fight in the first set but ran out of steam to lose 5-7, 1-6 to Krishnan.

Mridul Chowdhury of Assam won the boys' under-15 singles beating Siddharta Laskar 2-6, 6-3, 6-0 in the final.

The boys' under-18 section saw the big hitters in action. Ram Kumar beat P. S. Nilkantan 6-2, 6-1 in one semi final while in the other semi final, Prateek Chowbey won a see-saw game against Amit Chaturvedi 6-4, 0-6, 6-0. The final, too, was a marathon three setter with both the players playing very erratically. Ram Kumar won the first set 6-3 but Prateek Chowbey came back strongly to win the next two sets 6-3, 6-3.

There was just one girls' section and that was the under-18s. Clashing in the final were Malini Mukherjee and young Sukanya Chowdhury. Sukanya,

who is the younger sister of Mridul Chowdhury, the under-15 winner, is the national champion in the under-10 and under-12 age groups.

The winners and runners-up of this tournament will be taken to Bombay where the qualifiers from all the other three zones will join them to compete in the All India Limca Junior Tennis Tournament 1984.

The sponsors plan to make this tournament a regular item on the yearly tennis schedule.

Pradeep Paul

Mercantile Frenzy

INTER-OFFICE sports tournaments create quite a stir among the mercantile community in the city. But it is the football tournament that is the most popular and rightly so since this city is the Mecca of the game in India. The Tenth Mercantile five-a-side floodlit football tournament held recently at the Calcutta Cricket and Football Club attracted a record number of 47 teams.

The teams headed by top seeds Batliboi and Co. and the other seeds MacNeill and Magor, Shaw Wallace and Machinery Manufacturers' Corporation (MMC), were divided into eight groups. The two top teams from each group qualified for the knock-out quarter final stage. The third and fourth teams from each group fought for the Losers Plate.

There were quite a few surprises and upsets in the tournament but the biggest surprise was Dunlop. A mediocre but hard fighting side they came through to the finals without any flashy play, taking in their stride favourites Carritt Moran in the semi final. MMC, by far the stongest side in the tournament, faced little resistance in entering the final. In the semi final they crushed Liptons 3-0.

The final was quite a scrappy affair with the underdogs Dunlop fighting to the bitter end. It was only during extra time that MMC managed to score through Prapul Rawat. In the dying moments of the game Rawat scored again to make the scoreboard look a little more respectable.

But if the final did not match the expectations of the large crowd that had turned up at the CC&FC, then the match to decide the third and fourth places definitely did. Liptons began with their star Ransdale Dean playing in goal due to injury. In spite of this Liptons went ahead. Carrits hit back in the second half and the issue was decided 2-1 in Carritts' favour during extra time.

Defending champions Batliboi had to be content with the Losers Plate beating Lovelock Lewis in the final 1-0.

J. Thomas and Co. were awarded the Fairplay Trophy and Jokai Tea's Ravi Thapa was declared the player of the tournament. In the traditional Superstar contest Johnny Stevens of Carritt Moran successfully defended his title. All praise must go the organisers and the CC&FC for in spite of the large number of entries and the loadshedding the tournament was a resounding success.

Andy O'Brien

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13 September Chris Evert-Lloyd salvages some of her prestige as she beats Martina Navratilova 6-2, 7-6 in a charity exhibition match at Rancho Bernardo, California.

Ramesh Krishnan enters the third round of the $255,000 men's Grand Prix tennis tournament at Los Angeles with a 6-2, 6-7, 6-3 win over Danny Saltz.

14 September The Rest of India team, fresh from their victory over Bombay in the Irani Trophy, are given a 88-run thrashing in a one-day tie against the Asia Cup squad.

The second exhibition match, at Kansas City, between Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe goes the same way as the first with John McEnroe handing out yet another straight set defeat to Borg.

15 September India and Australia are to clash in the final of the third Junior World Cup Asia-Oceania hockey tournament. India beat hosts Malaysia 3-1 and Australia pull of the upset of the tournament with a 2-1 win over Pakistan.

Michael Ferreira, the world amateur billiards champion, is awarded the 1983 Fair-play Award by the International Olympic Committee.

The record breaking 4×100m relay team from USA, anchored by the great Carl Lewis, finishes a poor fourth in an international track and field meet at Tokyo. USSR are the winners with Great Britain and Hungary second and third respectively.

16 September The Rest of India squad comes back with a fighting 59-run win over the Asia Cup squad in the second one-day game at Delhi.

Clive Rice of South Africa is the best all rounder in the world as he wins the Silk Cut Challenge single-wicket tournament at Taunton, London.

Australia beat India 2-1 and win the third Junior Hockey World Cup Asia Oceania tournament at Kuala Lumpur.

Ramesh Krishnan is edged out of the Grand Prix tennis tournament at LA by Jimmy Connors 4-6, 5-7. Connors will meet Elliot Teltscher in the final.

17 September Jimmy Connors wins a see-saw battle against Elliot Teltscher 6-4, 4-6, 6-4 to win the $255,000 Grand Prix at Los Angeles.

Nandan Bal of India retains his Zambian Open tennis championship men's singles crown with a fine comeback to beat Sadic Abdullah of Nigeria 3-6, 6-0, 7-6 in the final at Lusaka.

18 September The third and final one-day game at the Ferozeshah Kotla ground is decided with Kapil Dev's XI beating Ravi Shastri's XI by five wickets.

The world record holder in the high jump, Zhu Jianhua, is beaten by Gerd Wessing of West Germany on the opening day of the two-day athletic meet at Nanjing.

19 September Muhammad Ali is hospitalised at New York after he exhibits signs of Parkinson's disease.

The Indian swimming team wins eight gold medals at the first South Asian Games at Kathmandu.

India's Prakash Padukone shuttles Nick Yates of Britain out of the fourth Alba World Cup badminton championship at Jakarta. Padukone wins 15-5, 15-5.

Ramesh Krishnan moves into the second round of the Transamerican tennis Open championship at San Fransisco with an exciting comeback win over Wojtek Fibak 6-7, 7-5, 7-6.

20 September V. Chandrasekhar, the three time national table tennis champion, has a narrow escape as doctors fight to save his life after excessive fluids had gathered in his lungs. He is out of danger now.

Martina Navratilova equals Chris Evert-Lloyd's record for 56 consecutive victories. Since Lloyd's 56 consists of one walkover, Navratilova's 55 consecutive wins is considered enough to equal the record.



Game, set and mat... whom? ... Ilie Nastase, the ... tennis player from Romania, escorts his wife Alexandra King after t... wedding at the St. James Episcopal Church in New York

Three world titles in 10 months

And wound up broke!

HENRY ARMSTRONG, only boxer ever to hold three world titles at the same time, still takes a bit of holding these days although he's middle-aged.

Henry was eleventh and smallest of the 15 Armstrongs born in Columbus, Mississippi. He had an uneventful childhood until he was 14, when a boy flung a coconut cream pie into his face. He was so mad, he beat the boy up.

'I found I liked fighting,' he remembers. 'I discovered I had a punch and it made me feel great.'

It was the time of the Depression in America. There was no work in Columbus, so he trekked to Los Angeles. When he arrived, all he had in his pocket was 25 cents.

Shoeshine boy

During the day he shined shoes and at night dined on soup at the local mission. He fought at small promotions, often hardly receiving a big enough purse to pay his expenses. Sometimes he was cheated out of his winnings.

In those days, white men were banned from fighting coloured men, so all Armstrong's early opponents were blacks. He soon established a reputation as a featherweight who could punch.

He was on the way up, and the featherweight champion, Peter Sarron, just had to put his crown up against this bright new kid.

Money talked, the fans demanded that Armstrong be given his chance, and in October 1937 the two met. Armstrong won by a knockout in the sixth round.

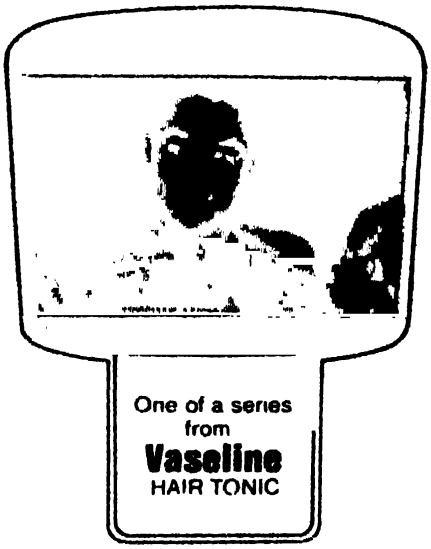
Fought every week

Now he was having a fight a week. 'The money rolled in so fast I couldn't spend it quick enough', he recalls.

Manager Mead decided his man was too good as a featherweight—he ought to move up a class or two and take on lightweights and welterweights.

The welterweight champion was Barney Ross, a legendary boxer who had not been beaten for four years. But time was catching up with Barney. He was no longer so fast around the ring as he used to be.

HENRY ARMSTRONG



The match was made, but Henry first had to reach the minimum welterweight limit of 138 lb.

Mead made him eat huge steaks, drink plenty of beer and water. At the weigh-in, Armstrong scaled 138 lb exactly.

Rain delayed the fight for a week. When it finally took place, Armstrong reckoned he was nearly a stone lighter than Ross.

He swarmed all over the fading champion and won easily on points. Later, he claimed he could have knocked Ross out in the final rounds but carried him because he felt sorry for such a revered opponent.

That didn't quite fit his image as 'Homicide Hank', the man who never let up!

Unequalled feat

Armstrong went on to outpoint Lou Ambers for the lightweight title, and in the space of 10 months he had won three world championships—a performance which has never been equalled.

He went on to challenge for a fourth title, the middleweight crown held by Cafenno Garcia, a tough Filipino who had held Armstrong to a points verdict as a welterweight.

Armstrong said there was something peculiar about this fight, which took place on March 1, 1940.

'One day my trainer told me to go to a certain gym. In a back room there were a lot of men smoking cigars. One fellow put a lot of money on a table and told me it was mine if I took a dive in three rounds. I told him I wasn't interested. Not for a million'.

The next thing that happened was the fight was postponed because Garcia was supposed to have a boil on his leg.

Armstrong fought that fight the way he fought all his fights—all action, punches flying from every angle. He appeared to be an easy winner, but the referee said Armstrong had fouled and took two rounds away from him.

The referee's verdict, a draw, was greeted with cries of 'Robbery' from the spectators.

Armstrong kept fighting and the dollars kept rolling in. But one by one he lost his titles and his money, and the sportswriters turned to other young fighters to build up, like Sugar Ray Robinson and Willie Pep.

Armstrong's addiction to whisky got him into many scrapes and his wife sued for divorce.

'When everyone was screaming "Hiya Champ" I never thought it would end' he said. 'But when it did end, I found I had no money left. I'd spent the lot, given it away or had it taken off me. I was in a mess'.

After his retirement, in 1945, he drank and idled his time away. He tried a comeback, but inevitably it failed.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

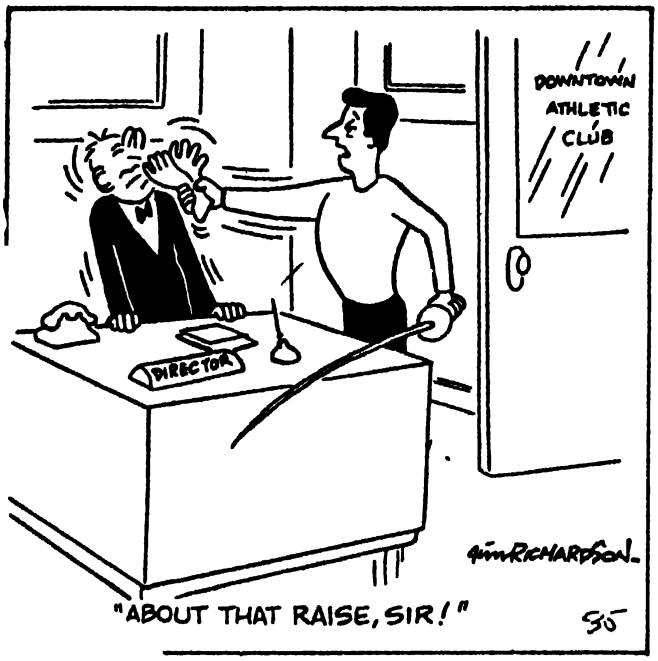
Games Politicians Play

New Delhi: Know why India fared so poorly in the recently concluded Olympics? According to the reader of a popular fortnightly magazine, it's because our politicians and officials in charge of sport only know how to play dirty games. So maybe if toppling governments and chappal throwing are included in the list of international sports and our politicians are hired to coach us, we're sure gold medal winners

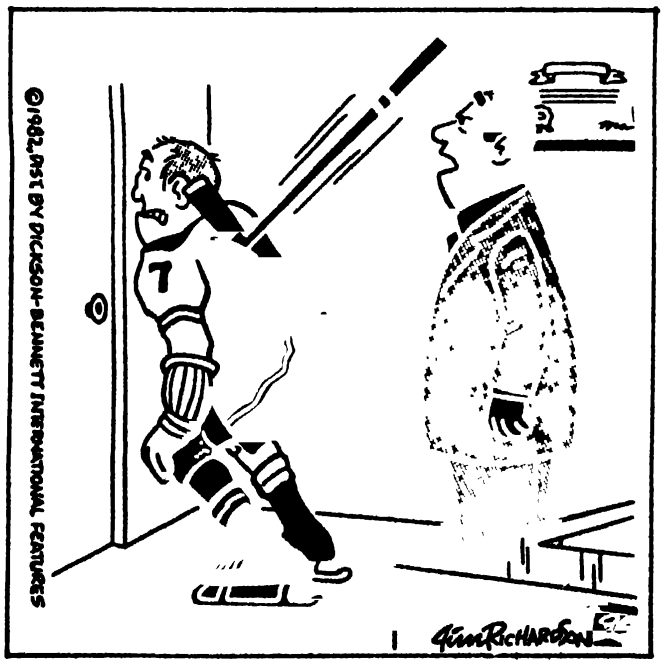
Playing For Jobs

Kerala: If you want a job or a promotion, the best thing to do is to play for it. Degrees and hard work don't count. So now everyone who plays, no matter what and where, expects to be rewarded with plum posts and plumpier pay packets. The Namakuzhi high school in Kottayam has the best volleyball team in the state. But none of the girls have passed exams. So all have been employed as constables!

Bernie Tellis



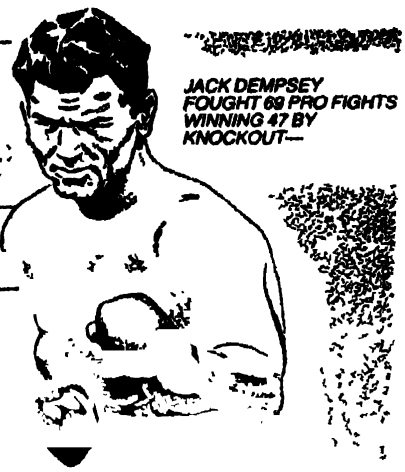






SPORTS CHALLENGE





JACK DEMPSEY FOUGHT 69 PRO FIGHTS WINNING 47 BY KNOCKOUT—

"THE MANASSA MAULLER"





FRANCINA "FANNY" BLANKERS KOEN

OF THE NETHERLANDS WON FOUR GOLD MEDALS IN THE 1948 OLYMPICS ALTHOUGH SHE HELD THE WORLD RECORD IN BOTH THE LONG JUMP AND HIGH JUMP SHE ENTERED THE 100 METRE DASH 200 METRE DASH AND THE 80 METRE HURDLES BECAUSE OF A LIMIT OF THREE INDIVIDUAL EVENTS SHE WON THE THREE EVENTS SHE ENTERED PLUS ANCHORED THE WINNING DUTCH 400 METRE RELAY TEAM SHE WAS THEN THIRTY YEARS OLD AND THE MOTHER OF TWO CHILDREN

WHEN SHE WON THE 80 METRE HURDLE EVENT IT BROKE THE WORLD MARK

CHARMINAR CHALLENGE

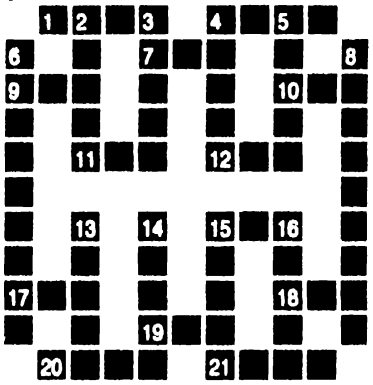
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CROSSWORD

Mudar

256



ACROSS

1 Soccer infringement (4)
4 Japanese table tennis 'great' of the Fifties ends in a circle (4)
7 Middle distance runner from Britain goes circular in the middle, returning (3)

9 and 10 Olympic high jump champion in Tokyo, the exponent of the 'straddle' style, comprises a fastener (6)
11 'This ball is a seven-a-side game played mainly by girls and women (3)
12 The President of the MCC (3)
13 See number 17
15 The editor's initials (1,1,1)

17 and 13 'This' board diving is an alternative to platform diving (6)
18 Initials of the cricketer in 12
19 Initials of cricketer Compton, scorer of the most runs in an English season (1,1,1)
20 The first member of the British Royal family ever to compete in an Europe championship (4)
21 'Mound' for an Australian cricketer from the Golden Age (4)

DOWN

2 Argentinian footballer in the 1978 World Cup ends in a preposition (5)
3 In a table of the bowling averages of say, ten bowlers the one with the—average heads the list (5)
4 A closing-in of the rival forwards round the ball on the ground in rugby (5)
5 Smith, he raised his fist as a form of Black Salute ata the 1968 Olympics and was sent back home by the U S Olympic Committee His first name? (5)
6. Athlete on whom the film *Chariots of Fire* was based The name contains a female undergarment (8,1)
8 Boxing category begins with an insect (9)
13 Cricketing Sex Symbol (5)
14 In India it is League cricket, in Australia? (5)
15 Australia golfer had a brother who played cricket for that country (5)
16 Hotel in Chandigarh with a cricketing background (5)

Excellent: 21-19, Good: 18-17, Fair: 16-15.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

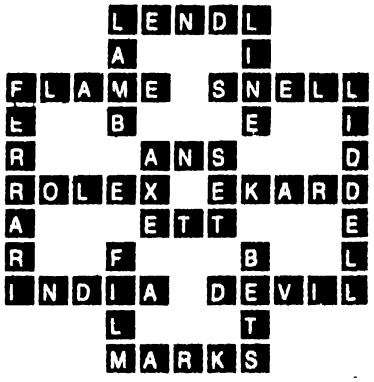
QUESTIONS

1 Who is the only Indian to have won world rackets championship?
2 Who is the first weightlifter to total 1,300 lb (589 7 kg)?
3 Who was Alex 'Hurricane Higgins?
4 Who was nicknamed 'World Cup Willi'?
5 Who has scored most goals in an international hockey career?
6 What is the highest possible master grade (*'dan'*) in judo?
7 Who was 'Bunny Ryan?
8 The youngest player to win the men s singles title in Australian tennis championship became also the oldest player to win the title Who is he?
9 Which is the largest indoor stadium in the World?

ANSWERS

9 The Astrodome (Huston, Texas) which can hold 45 000 spectators for basketball or 66,000 for boxing
8 Ken Rosewall her
7 American born but British-based tennis star Elizabeth Ryan who dominated the early years at Wimbledon though the singles title eluded
6 12th grade (Junidan)
5 Paul Litjens (Holland) who scored 150 goals in 112 games 1966 1970)
4 Willie Schulz association footballer for West Germany who took part in three successive World Cup (1962,

SOLUTION 255

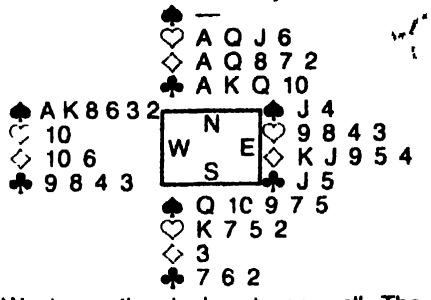


1 J Jamseji (1903-11)
2 Leonid Zhabotinsky (USSR)
3 Youngest player to win world professional snooker title

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Some of Canada's best-known players did not play in the trials for the Olympiad and I must say that ,f this match from the final is indicative of the form, the new team can hardly be fancied



West was the dealer at game all The bidding at the first table

South	West	North	East
	2S	dble	3S
Pass	4S	4NT(1)	pass
5C(2)	pass	pass	pass

(1) A gruesome error, partly because he should have doubled, and partly because his bid suggested length in the minors (2) Expecting his partner to be long in both minors but five hearts would not have been easy as the cards lay South was two down, losing 200 instead of gaining a large number from four spades doubled

At the other table

South	West	North	East
	2S	3S	Pass
3NT(1)	pass	4S(2)	pass
4NT	pass	pass	pass

(1) Four hearts is better, I think, when partner has bid three spades over two spades

(2) Another bad bid, partners do sometimes know what they are doing A diamond lead went to the queen and king East returned the 4 of spades. The 9 lost to the king and the declarer later established his tenth trick by leading the queen of spades and pinning the jack.

This week's quiz: At game to East-West North opens three spades, East doubles and South holds

♠ J 9 4 2, ♡ A 4 ◇ 5; ♣ 10 9 8 7 5 3

What should South call?

Answer: A raise to four, or even five, spades would not be a mistake, but more subtle is a lead-directing bid of four diamonds Over a likely four hearts South bids four spades. If the opponents go to five hearts, a diamond lead may well defeat them. South will plan to win the first heart, give partner the lead, and score a diamond ruff.

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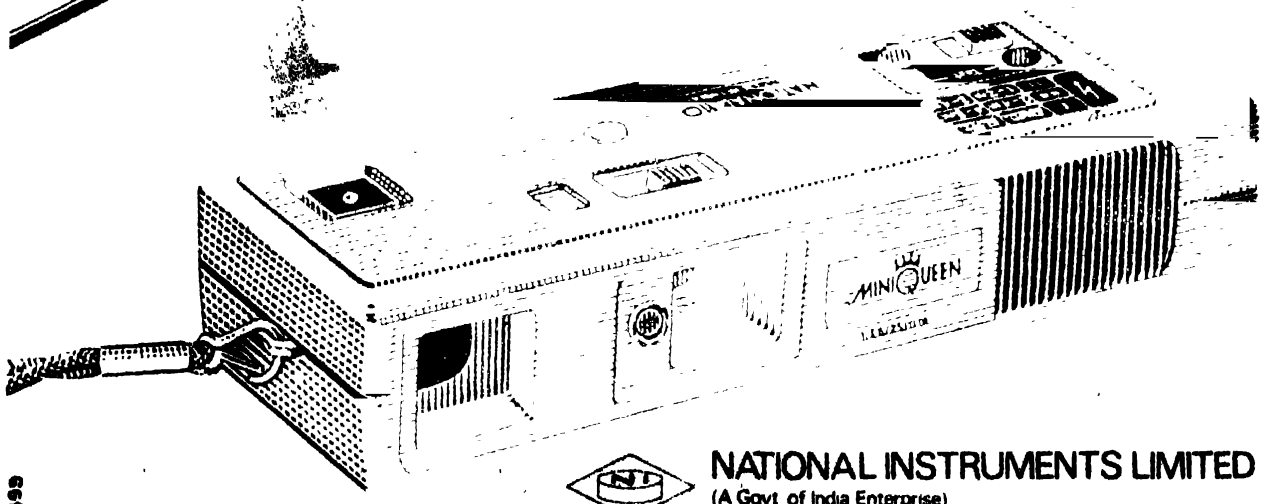
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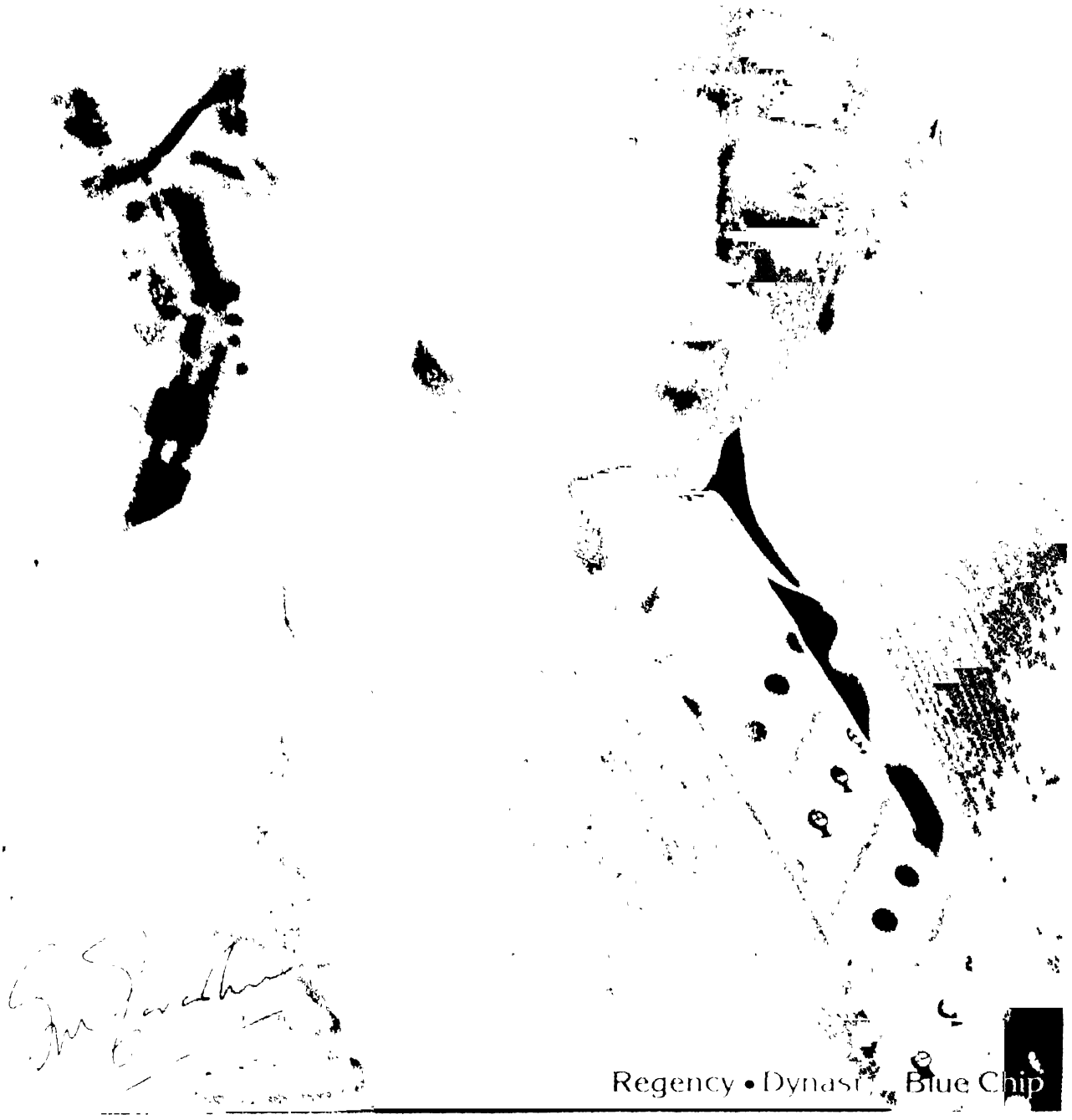
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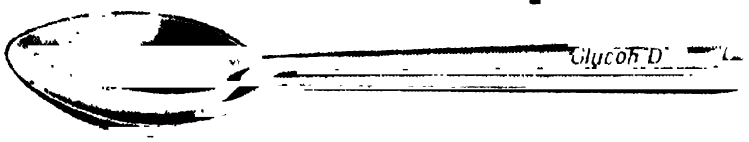
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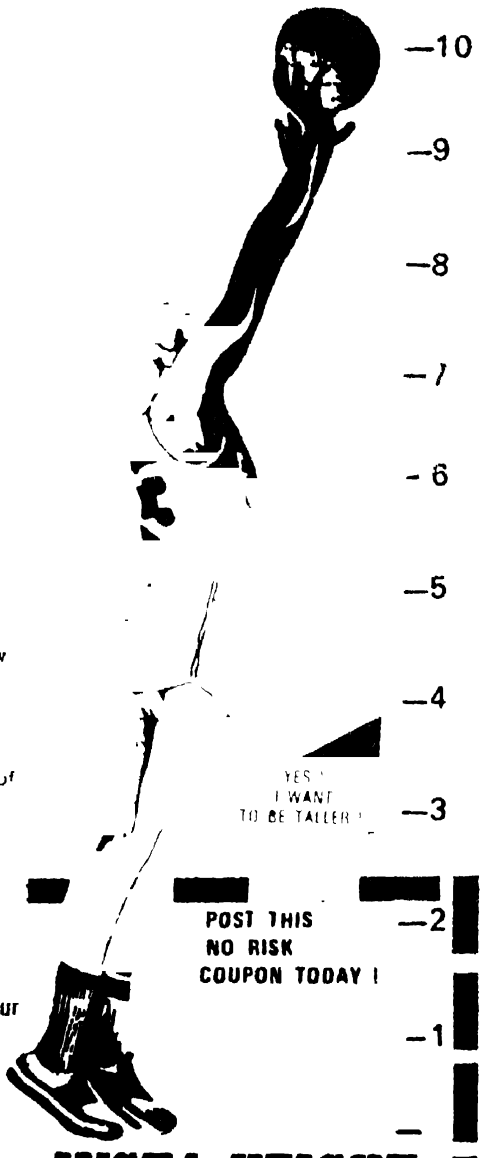
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Kapil, not Sunil

CONGRATULATIONS to Sunil Gavaskar on being re-appointed the skipper of the Indian cricket team.

But it should have been Kapil. Although Kapil lost the series against the West Indies, there was no doubt that he was shaping well and learning to shoulder responsibility easily. Sunil, after all, has a couple of seasons more before he retires and re-instating him doesn't make any sense. Kapil, on the other hand, has still several more years in international cricket.

Again, Sunil has always been a defensive captain which is so unlike Kapil who is the epitome of aggression. So, I think, the captaincy should have gone to Kapil Dev rather than Sunil.

PRABAL GUHA,
Calcutta.

Political asylum

THE dramatic move by the Indian athlete Gurtej Singh to seek political asylum in the US is a grave crime considering the fact that he was representing the country when he defected. In fact, it is an act of sheer cowardice and I think that the Indian government should select players in the future who will not humiliate or insult the patriotic spirit.

DR. PRAHLAD GHOSH,
Calcutta.

No record

I AM a regular reader of *Sportsworld* and I feel the magazine is an outstanding one. But I would like to correct you in one detail.

On page 26 of the 5-11 September issue, the Olympic results were published. These were very informative but for one small thing. In the men's long jump, Carl Lewis was the worthy winner but there was a single star mark next to his distance of 8.54 metres, signifying it to be a new Olympic record.

This is a mistake as the world and Olympic record stands in the name of Bob Beamon of USA. He leapt 8.90 metres in the 1968 Olympic Games at Mexico City.

SUDEEPTA DASGUPTA,
Calcutta.

Towards greatness

JOHN McENROE reconfirmed his No. 1 spot when he pulverised Ivan Lendl in the US Open at Flushing Meadow in New York. As a result, he has now won four US Open and three Wimbledon titles which easily makes him the top player in the world today. If he continues in this manner, he is destined to become one of the greatest tennis player of all time.

S. W. FADNIS,
Bombay.

Somersault

ONCE again, our selectors have performed a somersault on the captaincy issue. The very idea of having deliberations over selecting the captain is ridiculous. In any other country, Kapil would have been the automatic choice. Kapil happened to be our best captain when he pulled India from the bottom to the top position in the World Cup. But all of a sudden, he is regarded as a useless skipper after India lost to the mighty West Indians. Alas, in India, a captain is termed unfit unless he wins.

V. SOUNDARARAJAN,
Bombay.

Right choice

THE Indian selection committee has made the right choice in appointing India's master batsman Sunil Gavaskar as the captain for the forthcoming series against Australia and Pakistan. Sunny is a fine captain with a good cricketing brain. Let us hope that he will lead his team to victory and add yet another feather to his cap.

SANJAYA M. CHODANKER,
Goa.

World Cup to our doorstep

AS per the wishes of the numerous cricket loving public, the World Cup has come to our doorsteps. Earlier, in 1983, India won the coveted trophy for the first time and created history. Now they went one step further.

The ICC, in its annual meeting in July, had decided to stage these matches in India and Pakistan. We hope to see colourful cricket during the 1987 World Cup with the final played at the Eden Gardens, Calcutta.

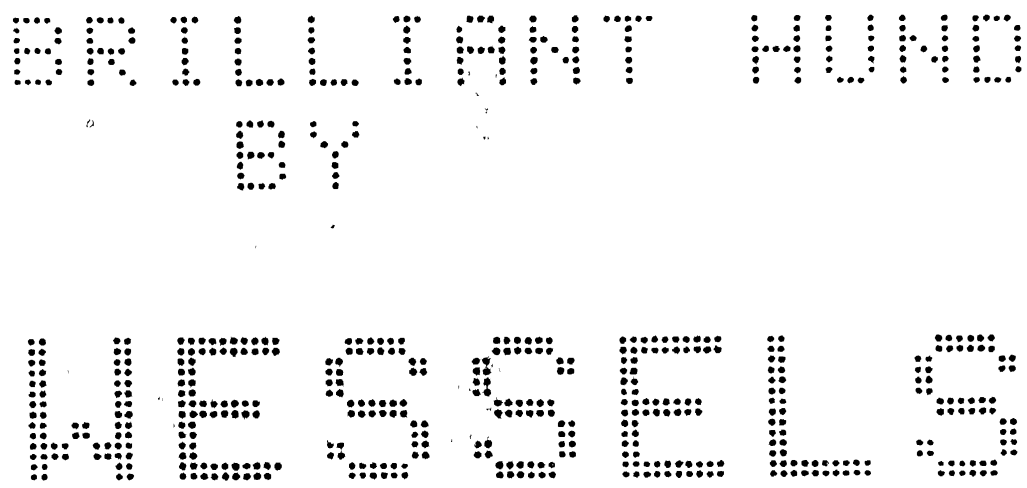
JAYANTHI SUBRAMANIAM,
Madras.

Another one-day feast

Photographs by **Nikhil Bhattacharya**



Kepler Wessels, hero of the game, scored the first century at the Nehru Stadium



A novel message on the scoreboard



Kim Hughes on the way to his sizzling 72



Yallop is congratulated after his tumbling, airborne catch at gully to dismiss Vengsarkar



Kapil provided some stability, but did not last long enough to change the course of India's innings



Ghulam Parkar steals a quick single against the Australian fielding



Sandeep Patil, who shone briefly, launches his attack



Limbering up before the battle

India's outcricket lets her down

Mudar Patherya saw the floodlit game between India and Australia

The [illegible] at New Delhi [illegible] was one of the [illegible] Indian [illegible] Nehru [illegible] Ministry [illegible]

An advertisement [illegible] of the [illegible] stated 'Do not bring [illegible] pocket [illegible] water bottles there [illegible] [illegible] etc to the [illegible]

'Dear [illegible] transistor [illegible] binoculars etc to the stadium'

It all very good to have the President [illegible] cricket match but [illegible] each player [illegible] the hand number [illegible] would show happy he is [illegible] the whole thing but it stops [illegible] from watching [illegible] game and buying his standard [illegible] (altogether) then [illegible] better off without this kind [illegible]

[illegible] proceed of the game were [illegible] to the benefit of Doon [illegible] of Wales without taxing the cells [illegible] can build a dozen more worthwhile causes to organise in [illegible] But once the whole thing appears a big joke [illegible] might *tumshi* really [illegible] don't go ping the hat around [illegible] just because somebody's [illegible] studied there for a short [illegible] contributed to Indian cricket history [illegible] memorial for a school which is not going to become an archaeological relic if funds from a one day [illegible] are [illegible] utilised elsewhere for a school which could do well to generate its own sustenance than seek an international contest as an excuse

Australia won the match by 48 runs. With the accent on batting and considering how often you hear of the side batting down to the last man India was bowled out for 172. Bowled out round your and in only around 41 overs.

The batting made a difference yes but in the overall mix of things it was India's outcricket that mattered.

Wicket keeper Khanna dropped Keplet Wessels off Madan Lal at 27. The batsman went on to make 107.

Later in the innings Sandeep Patil accepted at one bounce what with a bit more alertness might have gone down in the books as Hogan c Patil b Azad.

Fitness appeared to be at a discount. Being only the first international of the season this went around as a convenient excuse. Not convincing however when the Australians with as little a layoff did not appear to have much of weight to spare. The Indians quite a few of them anyway looked like ads for the Shera Lounge programme.

Australia played Lawson Rackemann Hogg and Maguire to comprise their price attack with Hogan to provide the additional and unexpected support.

India retained almost the same side as at Sharjah replacing Roger Binny with off spinner Ashok Patel. Quite expectedly. When you run into a side with five left handers in the first six your first prayer is for a bowler who breaks them away and the second that he does so all night.

Patel was a revelation. Personally he couldn't have expected better. His biggest game previous to this was probably the Duleep final last season where we saw him for the first time. From Cuttack to Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium under the lights is some change in just eight months.

Though not the least with Patel's bowling. Brought in at the end of 14 overs as the second change he had Wessels miscuing a sweep off the sixth ball. End of over one. A maiden.

Patel sent down 10 overs one more than any other Indian bowler. He ended with figures of one for 27 which works out to 2.7 runs an over. What Keynes would probably have approved of when you consider that the other bowlers yielded at a rate of five runs per over!

Australia won the toss and preferred first strike. Graeme Wood, 0, edged Chetan Sharma at 14 but that was India's first and last success for a long time.

Hughes and Wessels carried the score along fairly well the former attacking his partner more judicious. Hughes got his 50 with a superb cut off Shastri for 4 then did ditto next ball.

Wessels midway appeared to be having some trouble against the off spinners Azad and Patel alternatively. He asserted himself at times like when he swung Azad for four casually as if swatting a fly begging our pardon and getting along.

Hughes tried the same next over top edged to Parkar and was out for 72. Nine overs had Patel waited for this.

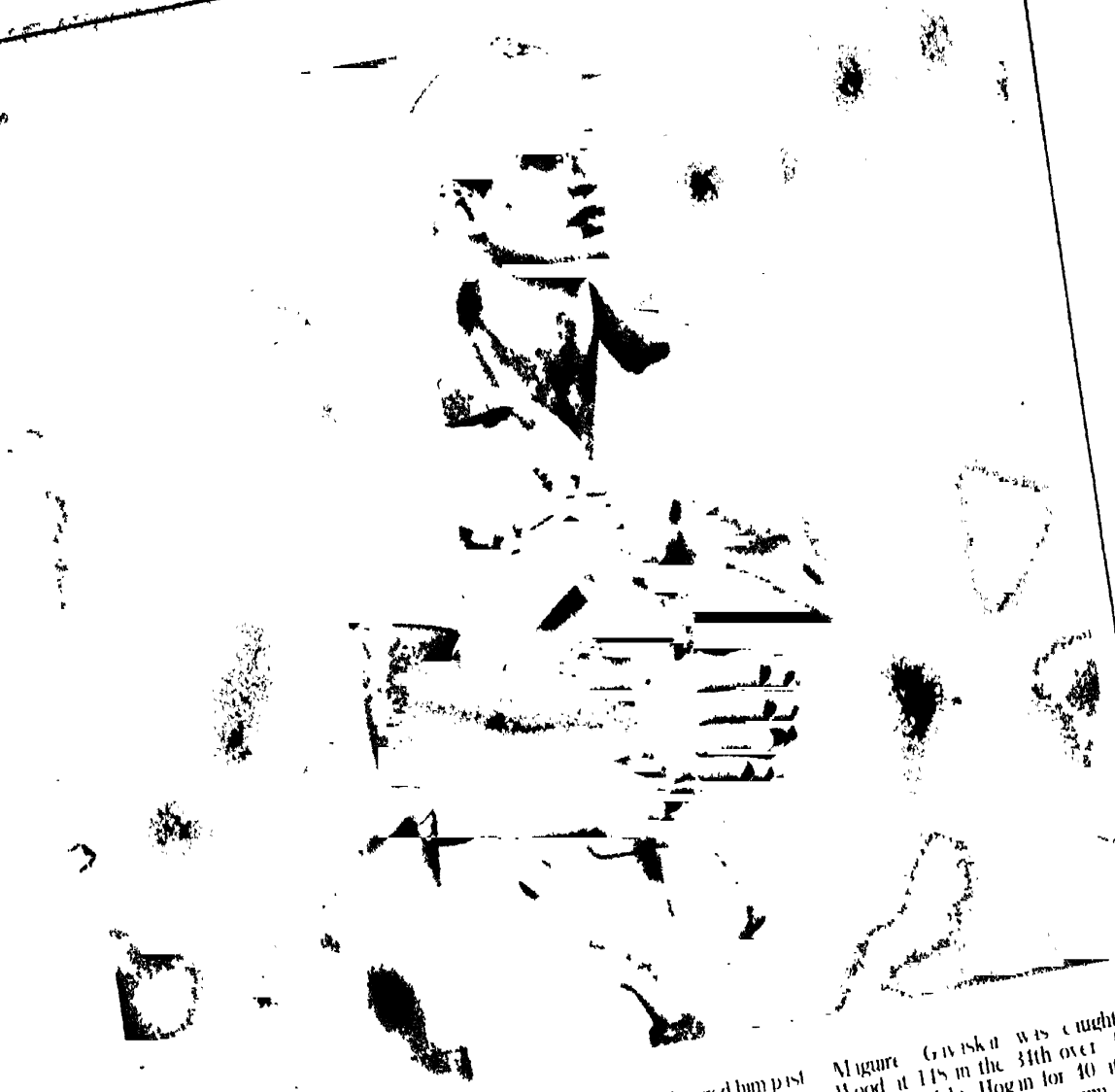
It was Wessels in charge from then on. He teed Kapil over mid wicket for 4 at 174 and Australia two wickets down were going comfortably. The 200 of the innings came up in the 41st over.

Then the turn about. Yallop and Border were stumped Khanna b Azad both for 22 and 0 respectively at 200. Phillips ran himself out at 203 and ten runs later, Wessels fell to the catch of the match. Parkar caught a real blinder at cover in fact, if the ball had gone under a bus, Parkar might have dived below and caught that too.

Hogan was leg before to Madan Lal for six, the bowler's second success, while Lawson holed out to Patel off Kapil for two. Rackemann was run out, the ninth wicket, at the same score and India were left to get 221 in 48 overs.

Khanna left early for 13 to a Phillips catch off Rackemann—a dive that would have done Gordon Banks proud.

Parkar decided to play it airy-fairy. There was more height than length in his shots that night. He drove Rack



gmann above the ground for four then the same to Lawson Parkar bat ted like he might play his tennis He was out in identical circumstances flicking Rackemann to Lawson at the line leg boundary That fatal shot might have in Parkar s little book stood for lob down the line

India s 50 came in the twelfth over Vengsarkar drove Rackemann then square drove immediately after four again Warmed the cockles Patil at the other end flicked Hogg to the bound ary Maguire replaced Rackemann and Patil straight drove him past the screen this time

And then Patil produced his best shot his signature stroke He went on his knee to Maguire and hinged him past cover for four Suddenly we were seeing visions of Patil and Lillee in another contest Adelaide 1974 all over again

But all too soon

Recession follows progression goes an old stock exchange saying Patil was lbw to Hogg for 22 at 76 Vengsarkar was caught by Yallop off Maguire for 35 at 96 and Azad came and went c Phillips b Maguire 0 At the half way stage 24 overs India were a little over 100 runs

Kapil and Gavaskar steadied the ship but at the cost of the run rate Now 90 runs were required in 16 overs Until Rackemann replaced Maguire Gavaskar was caught by Wood at 115 in the 34th over Kapil was bowled by Hogan for 40 at 160 and Madan Lal hit Rackemann down the throat at mid off at 161 He had figures of 10 1 41 1 They ought to call him Wreckemann

Eight overs in which to get 50 runs Shastri was bowled by Hogan for five at 172 That was over Patel the last man lunged forward and edged to Phillips Good night and thank you very much

The season had begun for India on an ominous note Ashok Patel s per formance was all that she could sal vage from it

The 'secret' diaries of Dennis Lillee

Since the fake diaries of Adolf Hitler aroused so much international interest, why not draw a parallel instance in sporting literature? *Wisden Cricket Monthly* saw excellent potential in creating such a situation, so it did not take them long to generate similar debate. And what better sportsman to choose than the legendary Dennis Lillee? Vic Mills responded with a freewheeling narrative that is irreverent and entertaining. We shall be carrying one piece from the debate every month

TODAY we are able to publish the first full account of how the secret diaries of Dennis Lillee were discovered just weeks after his retirement from the game.

It is a drama which involved clandestine journeys across State borders, a visit to an alcoholic former Test umpire now living in a vat of mulled claret in a Barossa Valley vineyard, journeys to England to talk to ex players, including the notorious Butcher of Beccles, and a vital clue provided by one of the last known survivors of a 'sticky dog' at the Gabba.

The key figure in the drama is Bert Ridetheghan, a 51 year old railway enthusiast and journalist with the Perth magazine *Stickybeak*. Ridetheghan found his life dominated by cricket in which the Lillee era played a prominent part. However, long after Australian cricket had crumbled into ruins at the dawn of the 1970s, Ridetheghan remained fascinated by the game and became a collector of cricket memorabilia.

In 1982 the enterprising Ridetheghan raised $160 000 to buy a jock strap that once belonged to Max Walker, the flamboyant former Test player. For Ridetheghan and for historians of Test cricket, the purchase of the jock-strap was to have fateful consequences. Yesterday the story of Ridetheghan's odyssey into Lillee's secret past began to emerge and as the first details of the hitherto unknown diaries become public the storm of controversy begins to rage.

Huge Treble Runs now Lord Dacquiri and *Maitre de* of a trusthouse in Cambridge was allowed access to the 60 volumes of papers held in a Kalgoorlie bank vault. Initially sceptical, he became convinced the documents were genuine. The authoritative Australian handwriting expert Reg de Brecassart of the University of Central New South Wales in Dubbo has



thoroughly examined samples of the diaries and other paper found in the dunny. He compared the handwriting with examples of Lillee's handwriting found on betting slips at various bookmakers in Leeds. He draws attention to Lillee's habit of flattening certain characters such as p o m and s. These and other pieces of evidence led de Brecassart to the conclusion that the diaries are genuine.

Not all expert testimony, however, has been of a positive nature. Eminent landscape architect Sidney Hill, fellow of the Exchange Hotel in Echuca, and Senior Taster in the town of the midnight take away, expressed 'extreme scepticism', while Kimberley Cruise, author of *Lillee—A Study in Tyranny*, expressed surprise that he was never told of the diaries, let alone invited to help authenticate the documents. Amidst this groundswell of uncertainty the controversy continues.

Bert Ridetheghan had no notion of what lay ahead when he purchased Walker's jock-strap. In late 1983, when he set about restoring the threadbare crutch, Ridetheghan found himself receiving visits from prominent ex-Australian cricketers. Conversation over 'a few tinnies' led to reminiscences about the last days of the Lillee era. During one such soirée a highly secret plan, known as Opera-

tion Bewdy, was mentioned.

Bewdy was the cover name for an attempt to fly key cricket officials and secret papers out of Perth to hideouts where the true spirit of cricket had long since died, namely the corridors of the Channel 9 studios in Sydney. Here the welter of cricket fact and fiction would remain completely safe from outside interference.

Of the ten aircraft dispatched from Perth on the night of Lillee's birthday in 1983, one vanished. When Lillee was told that all efforts to contact the plane had failed he displayed great distress and spoke of 'important files'.

Ridetheghan, his curiosity aroused, soon discovered the name of the missing pilot. The next step was to set about tracing the flight path of the doomed aircraft, DKL-OK. The misconception by earlier researchers had been that the aircraft had crashed en route to that other cricketing wilderness, Yorkshire! Ridetheghan found otherwise. The pilot of the missing plane had been buried at the township of Koolyanobbing, 120 miles or so west of Kalgoorlie. But finding the grave was one thing; finding out what happened to the plane and its cargo was another. After all, both he and his editor colleague of *Stickybeak* were now quite blatantly fossicking in the bush, a practice much frowned upon by local aboriginal groups.

Aussie English

GABBA—Woolloongabba, Brisbane's Cricket Ground, where they drink unbelievable quantities of Swan Lager, fight in the stands, have parties, and sometimes play cricket as well.

DUNNY—Colloquially referred to as "the gents' room."

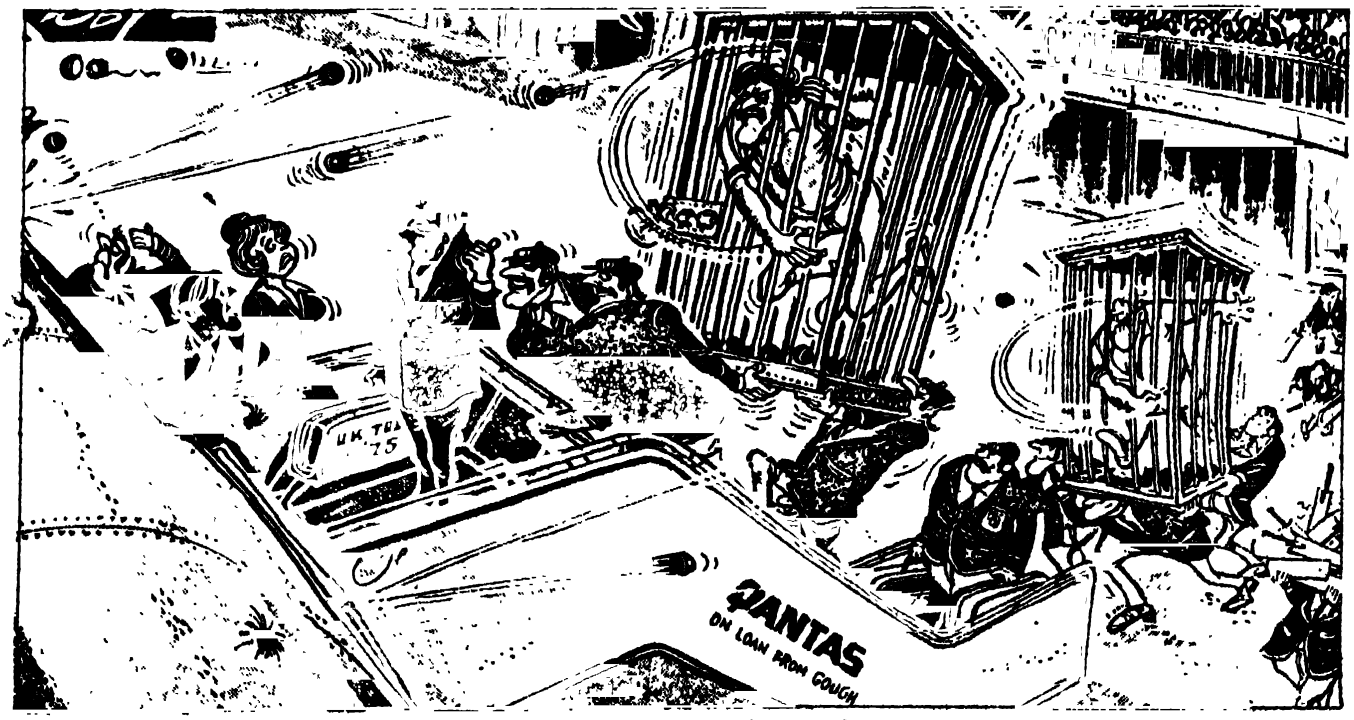
SWAN LAGER—Australia's water of life, which comes in cans. Beer cans. No Aussie would think of watching a cricket match without an adequate supply

TINNIES—What you crack open to get at your Swan Lager.

In February 1984 Ridetheghan returned to Koolyanobbing, this time determined to risk asking questions of the townsfolk. This proved a gamble worth taking. From the wife of a Thorn Birds film extra en route, somewhat dejectedly in the company of career-conscious kangaroos, to Burbank, he learnt how the doomed aircraft was soon losing height above the town. Slowly but surely Ridetheghan began to uncover details of the fate of the cargo. He learnt that debris from the plane included several personal effects of Lillee's and—most intriguing of all—that the wreckage had included a metal box. This was a most interesting discovery, as previously we were aware only of Lillee's attempt to market a metal bat. Inside the box, amidst the confusion of betting slips, headbands, and several sweat-soaked shirts, were exercise books headed 'Sums', 'Spelling' and 'The Sporting Life Guide to Track Form 1982-83'. The majority, however, bore the label 'Property of a Fast Bowler'.

Through his painstaking enquiries Ridetheghan learnt of the identity of the man who had spirited the material away. This sad, pathetic, former Test umpire, forced into exile by the intense pressure from constant appeals by thoughtless fast bowlers, and now resident in a small but homely vat of mulled claret, north of Adelaide, had hidden the diaries in an outside dunny for a few days, then, in the confusion and chaos of Lillee's retirement, had succeeded in transporting himself and the documents across the border into South Australia.

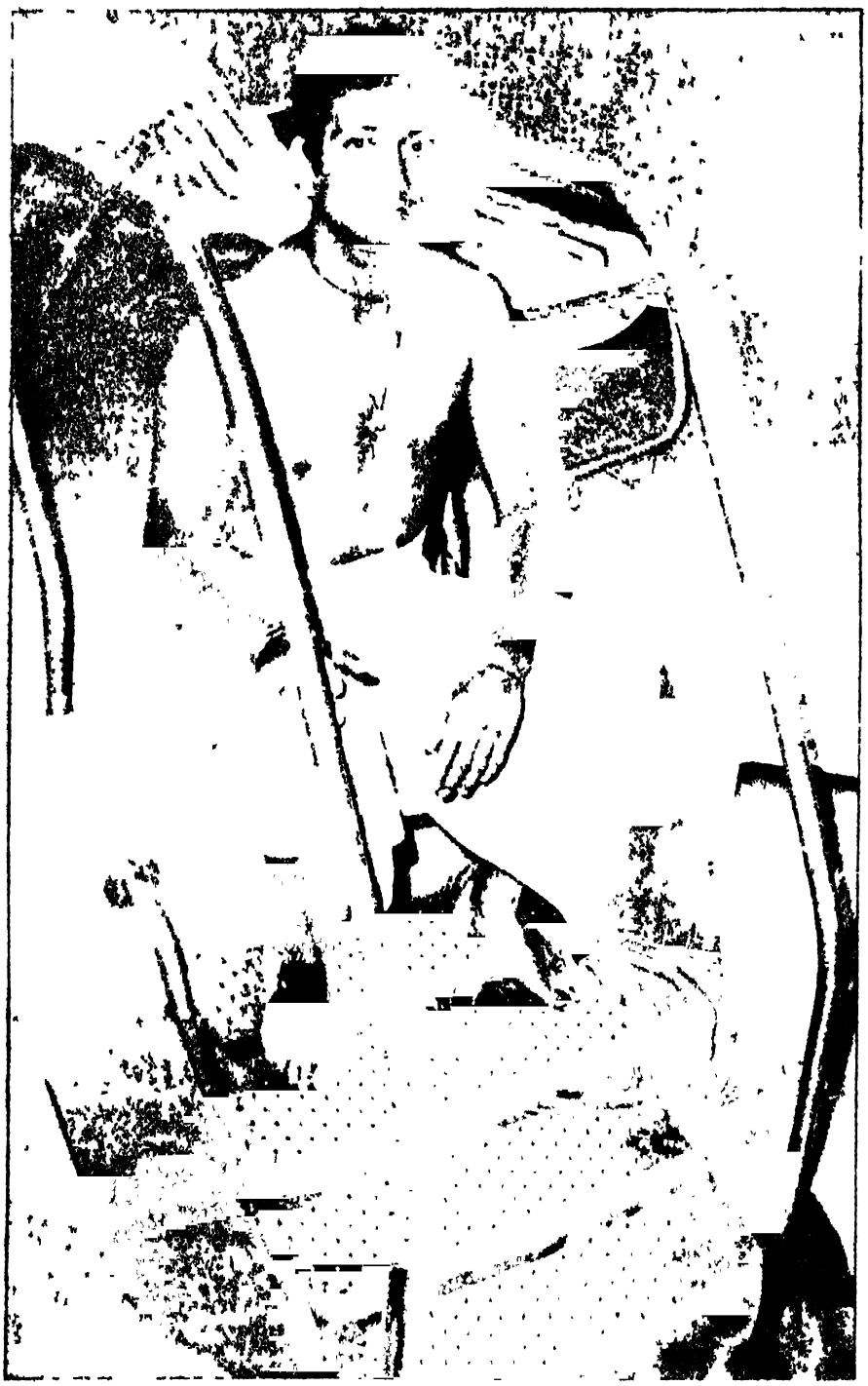
Ridetheghan now tracked him down and persuaded him, for an undisclosed supply of Swan Lager, to part with his hoard. Ridetheghan now adamantly refuses to disclose the route which led him from Koolyanobbing to the eventual discovery of the diaries.



'Just stick them in the cargo hold and show 'em a picture of a Pom batsman at meal times' Paul Rigby and Norm Mitchell illustrate the threat of Lillee and Thompson on the 1975 tour

I have faith in myself

Mohinder Amarnath talks to **Kuldip Lal** after his recall to the Indian Test squad



"I was not well during the West Indies series. I am not making excuses, but this is true"

How does it feel to be back again in the National side?
I am obviously very pleased. After all, the Test team is where everyone would like to be. It's the biggest challenge. This is not the first time I am making a comeback into the Indian team. I believe in working hard for everything. I have faith in myself, even when I am not in the team, I keep up my training schedules. As long as you are keen, there is no way you can be kept out for long.

Did you expect to make the forthcoming trip to Pakistan especially since you were neither called for the Irani Trophy matches nor the first two one-day matches?
Yes, I expected to be picked. Because as long as I am playing, I expect to be in the national team.

Even after the poor match you had in the third one day tie?
Look, you cannot judge a player on the basis of just one match, and especially on a wicket like the one provided. Everyone was struggling because the ball kept low. In fact, if you go by the performance of the three one day matches, then Ravi Shastri is probably the only one who did well. These things do happen at the start of the season.

You are unlikely to get any more match practice before the Pakistan tour begins. Will that hinder your chances of making the Test team? The advantage clearly is with those who will be playing against the Australians.
I don't think this will affect my chances. It's true that I will not be able to play many matches before the first Test, but Test cricket is a different ball game altogether. You cannot have the same one-day side also playing the Test matches. I think I can provide the necessary stability to the middle order.

How would you rate the present Pakistani attack?
A lot will depend on the type of wickets provided for our matches. Without Imran, I think, Pakistan will depend a lot on Sarfraz, Abdul Qadir, Azeem Hafeez and Tauseef Ahmed. Hafeez is the quickest among them.

How did you spend the summer?
I was playing in the Bolton League in England, where I got about 960 runs.

also played four minor County matches and made 300 runs. I also took about 70 wickets.

What made you lose form during the last season against the same sides you had mauled earlier in the year?

I feel there were basically two reasons. Lack of match practice and illness. If you remember, the last season began straightaway with the series against Pakistan. There was just the Irani match at Rajkot before that. There was no time to find my touch in the lesser matches. You had to play Tests all the time.

Secondly, I was not well during the West Indies series. I am not trying to make excuses, but this is true. I should not have played the Delhi Test at all. I was running high fever before the match and also informed one of the selectors about my inability to take part, but he insisted that I play, so there I was, coming in at number seven when my original position was number three. There was no way I could have done well on the field when I was not even fit enough to walk. In the second innings, I was resting in the hotel, when called to bat.

Was there an eyesight problem

Why are you asking me that question?

Because that's what was mentioned in certain reports.

People do come out with weird stories when you are not doing well. It's very simple. You have friends around you only when you are doing well. Otherwise, no one bothers. After the West Indies series, I did get runs in the domestic matches, so where is the question of any problems with my eyesight?

How does it feel to have everyone around you criticising your performance on the field?

Frankly, it doesn't bother me. That was not the first time I was removed from the Test team. I am quite used to this criticism. I never felt anything when I was doing well, so I was not affected when the runs were hard to come by. I just take it as it comes. Everyone will obviously like to do well. But these things do happen in cricket. It's a funny game. Look at Sunil Gavaskar. He, too, had a bad series in the West Indies. He scored about 250 runs, of which 147 came in one Test. Yet he is back in top form.

In such moments, is there anyone behind you trying to encourage you?

Oh yes, my father. He is always around. He is the one man with whom I discuss my cricketing problems. He keeps egging me on. During the Lahore Test of the last tour, my father told me: "Listen, this is an important match for you, since you have made a comeback to the side and you must get a hundred, so play your normal game." On the fourth evening, when I was batting on 67, he came to my room and advised me to play Imran on the front foot. I did exactly that and went on to make a hundred. But this was not the first time his encouragement and advice helped me



Mohinder is bowled by Holding for 26 in the Prudential Cup final in which he was declared the man of the match



"The stance really doesn't matter. It's how you meet the ball that counts."

to perform better. After the disastrous Pakistan tour in 1978, I played in the first Test against Kallicharran's West Indians at Bombay, and then was dropped. I was very depressed and even had a mind to quit the game. Because of this, I decided to skip the North Zone fixture against the tourists at Jullundur. When my father heard of it, he insisted that I play since I had nothing to lose. I changed my mind and got a hundred in that match and another century when I was recalled for the final Test at Kanpur. My father has done a lot in shaping my cricketing career.

Have you received the same encouragement from your captains?
Oh yes, certainly. During the last series, Kapil was always at hand to discuss my problems. Unfortunately, I have not played many matches under Sunil, but he too encourages me a lot. In the Hyderabad Test of the 1982-83 series, we lost Srikkanth early and I joined Gavaskar at the crease. When I played and missed a few hook shots off Imran, Gavaskar shouted from the other end: "Come on, Jimmy, concentrate." That did me a lot of good. I didn't play many hook shots after that for the fear of upsetting him. We put on nearly a hundred runs in that innings.
Sunil is the right man to look forward to, as far as batting is concerned. He has the right technique and temperament. I have always admired his ability to concentrate for long hours. He is also able to adapt himself to all kinds of wickets.

During the third trial match at Delhi, one noticed a change in your batting stance. You have become more side-on. Any special reasons for this change?
Yes I am not as square-on as before. I tried the change during the league matches in England, and was quite successful. I also felt more comfortable, so I adopted it. The stance really doesn't matter. It's how you meet the ball that counts. In the last season, I had an open stance and moved across before the bowler delivered. Now I don't shuffle that much.
I have experimented with my stance, whenever I am not doing well. When I began my Test career in 1969, I was absolutely side-on. Then, during the English series in India in 1976, I was not doing too well and tried to play with an open stance. It didn't help either and in Australia in 1977, I became side-on again. That time I succeeded.
By the time I returned to Test cricket in 1982, I was more open than ever before. The latest change came about after the failure last year. I have not consulted anybody on this. It's just that I feel more comfortable.

Which do you rate your best innings in recent years?
My performance during the Barbados Test of the last tour was very satisfying. Barbados is the fastest wicket in the Caribbean, even faster than the one at Sabina Park. I got 91 in the first innings and was on 14 in the second when I was hit on the face and received a few stitches. But I resumed my innings and went on to score 80, and the more they bounced, the harder I hooked.
I also liked the 86 when we won that historic Test at Port of Spain in 1976. It was a good team effort.

Coming down to the domestic level, why do you think the Delhi captaincy was taken away from you?
Probably because Delhi lost last season's Ranji final and they (the DDCA officials) wanted to give somebody else a chance. My good wishes to the new captain, Madan Lal.

Do you intend to continue playing for Delhi this season?
I am willing to play under anyone, provided I am selected, of course.

Do you have any doubts?
I was not picked in the team to play Jammu and Kashmir at Srinagar, (the match was eventually cancelled).

Look, I have been playing for Delhi for the last ten years and never have I needed to inform them. These things are taken for granted. I keep in touch with my father from England, and the DDCA officials could have confirmed from my father whether I was available or not. I would have reached Delhi in time for the match, if I had been selected. Since I was not required to play that match I returned to India on 11 September.

One hears that you were planning to play in Australia this season if you are not picked in the Test squad.
I don't understand how these stories have been spread. I returned to India *before* I was picked for the third trial match, so where was the question of going to Australia? These things happen only when you are not doing well. Everyone is out to victimise you.

Maybe your father's strained relations with the DDCA has something to do with your losing the Delhi captaincy.
How does my father come in? I am playing for the DDCA not my father. Maybe I am on trial for Delhi as well.

Benefit matches should be done away with

Raju Mukherjee explains why

IN India, benefit matches for cricketers have begun in a big way. Very praiseworthy no doubt. The idea of providing for eminent cricketers in old age is obviously the best method of acknowledging the debt we owe to them. For we must never forget that these men are the real vanguards of the popularity that cricket enjoys throughout the country.

But then a very pertinent issue disturbs me. Are we honestly endeavouring to help those eminent cricketers who are really in need of financial assistance? It is my well-considered opinion that although the concept of benefit matches is most welcome, the mode of operation does not do justice to the high ideal. What is the good use of benefit matches if among the recipients are names of comparatively contemporary cricketers who are surely in no financial distress at the moment.

Make no mistake that these contemporary Test cricketers are without any semblance of doubt eminently qualified to receive testimonials for their cricketing prowess. I have nothing but the highest admiration for these world-class performers for providing endless hours of delight.

But at the same time one wonders if these contemporary cricketers are not gate-crashing into the queue of more deserving older cricketers, most of whom are in real need of a purse now in their old age.

It should not be forgotten that the older generation of cricketers, like C. S. Nayudu, Vasant Ranjane and Salim Durrani to name only a few, were not paid thousands of rupees as match fees during their days of glory.

Hence, it goes without saying that these cricketers now in their old age are more in need of financial assistance than the Test cricketers who have retired just recently. I guess the priority in the list of beneficiaries should be primarily based on age and need. A man like Vasant Ranjane, who served Indian cricket so very dedicatedly in the Sixties, till recently was a very disillusioned man. His status as an ex-Test cricketer hardly did justice to his financial position. However, private aid notwithstanding, the main problem still remains—if the Board of Control for Cricket in India does not lend its helping hand who will?

Numerous such instances can be cited. First-class cricketers fallen on bad days need much more than mere sympathy. This is especially true at a time when the cricket coffers of the BCCI are overflowing.

One major drawback of benefit matches is the organisation part of it. The player who is selected to be the beneficiary for a particular exhibition match is expected to organise everything by himself down to the last detail. The most important aspect of such a system is to get hold of the big names of international cricket. That means personal contact and business sense. And it takes no great imagination to realise that a contemporary player will be able to rope in the modern crowd-pulling names much more easily than someone who played cricket way back in the Forties.

Then again in some extreme cases, through sheer bad luck some beneficiaries lose out because of natural hazards. C. S. Nayudu's benefit match was washed out, resulting in very poor gate receipts. This is, of course, an exceptional case.

A suggestion would be first to make a list of names of first-class and Test cricketers who have served the game for a period of time. The BCCI has fixed a certain limit in terms of appearances. This is very praiseworthy. But care should be taken not to become too rigid in certain deserving cases.

Then from this panel of names, a priority list should be drawn up, taking into account the age and the need of the player concerned. In this way the assistance will reach the old, the infirm and the really needy before the other less deserving cases are looked into.

Exhibition matches as benefit games for players should be stopped. More sensible would be, for example, to keep aside 10 per cent of the net profit after every home series. (This should not be very difficult because these days one home series every winter is the usual routine). For instance say the Board nets a clean Rs. 50 lakhs as profit. From this, a total of Rs. 5 lakh should be earmarked for the players as a benefit fund. And every year two ex-Test cricketers should be provided with Rs. 2½ lakh each. In this way the old cricketers will not only be spared the strain of organising their benefits, but they will also be assured of a reasonable pension in the form of Rs. 2½ lakh, of which 80 per cent should be in the form of a Fixed Deposit account and the remainder in cash so that the money is not misused.

Of course, with the passage of time there must certainly be some modifications made in the existing system. For instance, taking inflation into account, the beneficiary may be given payment at an enhanced rate so that there is equitable distribution all round.

The BCCI has taken an admirable stance of allowing every Indian first-class cricketer, as distinct from Test cricketers, to have a benefit match. I believe certain norms of eligibility have been laid down, such as the number of first-class matches played and so on. This is an admirable way of recognising the worth of ex-cricketers. But then once again benefit matches should be done away with for the same reasons cited above. Instead every year the Board would do well to select five first-class cricketers, one from each zone, to receive Rs. 50,000 each. Here, too, the criterion of selection would depend upon the age and the need of the beneficiary.

Hence, though benefits for ex-cricketers are very essential, it is time we did away with benefit matches for they are not only too cumbersome to organise but also too lighthearted for the good of the game.

QPR and Newcastle United gave us our money's worth

Premen Addy

AMERE seven games have been played in the English first division but a significant pattern is already detectable I had remarked last week that the London clubs might make this their year Arsenal I still feel will be the side to watch which in no way means that the others are simply going to be cannon fodder for the Gunners Not on your life

Indeed Arsenal are second in the table a small goal average away from their great North London rivals Tottenham Hotspurs The latter began the season at a blistering pace then faltered slightly but have since resumed their forward march Their two midfield aces Glenn Hoddle and the Argentinian Ossie Ardiles are currently unfit for football at this level yet even without them Roberts Mabutt, Hazard Galvin and Huyton have kept the men up front Falco Chidozie Crooks and Allen well supplied with the sort of passes that are transformed into goals

The weekend derby was however the Manchester United Liverpool tie at Old Trafford played before a full house of 60 000 There were some breathtaking skills on view and not a little character either United took the lead with a penalty but Liverpool came back to equalise In between goalkeeper Bruce Grobbelaar in the Liverpool citadel made one of the best saves seen on any ground to keep his side in the match

Liverpool have not had the most convincing of starts to the season Nevertheless they remain only three points behind the leaders They utterly took apart Manchester and showed that they can never be written off

In the League Cup Manchester United devastated Burnley 10 and in so doing are looking better by the week Meanwhile Arsenal kept to their winning ways by knocking Stoke City cold with a 4 0 drubbing Nicholas and Rix were in prime form in the middle as were Mariner and Woodcock up front and Anderson and Sansom at the back There was an eye catching artistry about their play which had their droves of supporters roaring with delight

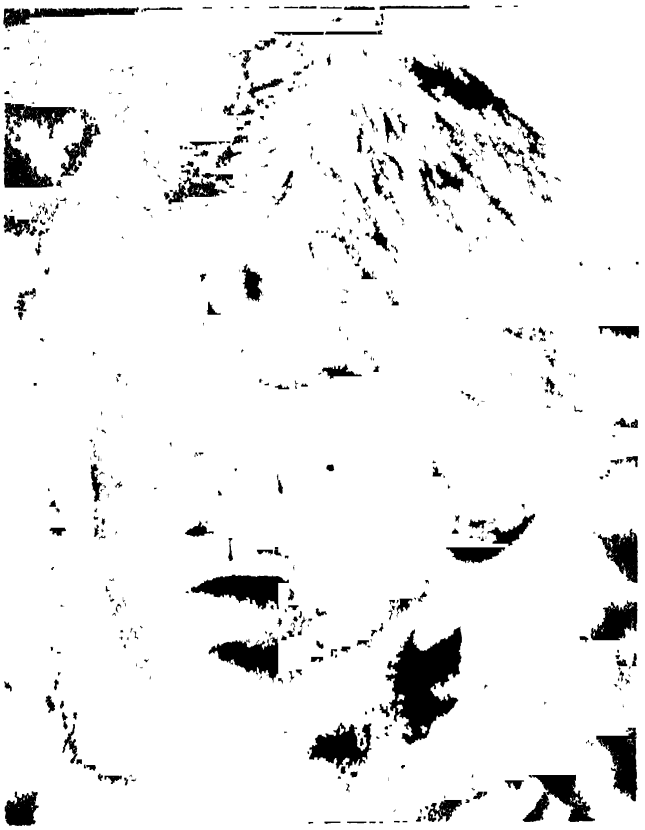
Nottingham Forest too are among the top six but Brian Clough their manager always honest to a fault admitted that his side lacked the big guns capable of making them serious contenders for League honours However his well organised team will be difficult to defeat most days as West Ham found to their cost in a home encounter which ended in a goalless draw

For pure excitement, nothing this season is likely to capture the imagination as the 5 5 drawn encounter between Queens Park Rangers and Newcastle United Having been previously blasted to a 5 0 defeat by Tottenham Rangers seemed shattered at half time when United were four up Their manager during a team talk spoke of recovering some professional pride but hardly bargained for what followed

Within seven minutes of the resumption, Gary Bannister headed home Rangers' first goal and this was followed seconds later by Stainrod's effort which curled wickedly into the net to make the score 4 2

John Gregory made it 4 3 and United knew they had a real fight on their hands They increased this to 5 3, thanks to Waddle and the game appeared over, bar the shouting But Rangers were far from finished as Wicks came up with a fourth goal and with the seconds ticking away for the final whistle Gary Micklewhite banged home the fifth,

Small wonder that after the match a wag asked the doctor in attendance for tranquilisers Bobby Robson the England manager, a distinguished spectator for the occasion said that for excitement it was the best game he had ever seen And Alan Mullery the Rangers manager remarked "You won't see another match like that for another ten years thank God" Quite so Otherwise a cavalcade of ambulances will be required to carry off the victims of heart seizures



Paul Mariner: Back in prime form



Sportsworld

Mohsin Khan: India shall have to watch out for him

Photograph: Nikhil Bhattacharya



They simply took your breath away

Lawrie McMenemy

I NEVER cease to be amazed by the pace of English football in the opening weeks of the season.

Most of the First Division matches I have seen have made me breathless just watching them, and I'm hard-pressed to recall any moments in which a footballer has had the time to settle on the ball and express his creative talents.

There was a good example in Southampton's recent 0-0 draw against Manchester United. Despite the high number of international-class players on view, the almost frenetic nature of the game meant that one had to look long and hard for flashes of their ball-playing skills.

All of which explains why I am reluctant to make judgements of any team at this stage of the season.

Teams will not be able to maintain the 100-miles-an-hour football they are producing at the moment, and it will be interesting to see how many of them can compensate for the drop in their running power and enthusiasm through their technical ability.

I am thinking particularly of Sheffield Wednesday who, like their Second Division promotion partners Chelsea and Newcastle, have had an extremely encouraging start to the season.

I think it's fair to say that most people expected Wednesday to be the least successful of these teams in the first, but till press time, they were fifth in the table behind Nottingham Forest, Tottenham, Manchester United and Arsenal.

Although Wednesday are a positive team, with tremendous character—as they emphasised in fighting back from 0-2 to 2-2 at West Bromwich Albion—I must admit that I do not like their approach to the game.

In common with a lot of other English League managers, coaches and players, I applaud Wednesday for having achieved so much success with their long-ball game, and their tremendous fitness and stamina.

But I am a great believer in teams building attacks constructively through their midfield men, and indeed, feel that it is important that this approach is widely encouraged throughout the First Division, as opposed to that of teams like Wednesday and Watford, because it is the strategy used at the international level.

Watford attracted a lot of criticism for their long-ball game when they entered the First Division two seasons ago, but they seemed to have a stronger justification for the policy than Wednesday. In addition to their First Division results (they finished Championship runners-up), they had outstanding forwards and, indeed, used a 4-2-4 system.

Still, while Wednesday's style is not everyone's cup of tea, it's almost impossible to knock it when you look at their results!

One of the ironies of Wednesday's approach is that their first-team coach, Peter Eustace was renowned as an extremely sophisticated, elegant-looking footballer, in the same mould as Trevor Brooking. Peter was a Wednesday midfielder when I joined the club's coaching staff in the mid-1960s, and I remember that we referred to him as: "The Squire of Stockbridge" (the village in which he lived).

As I said to him last season: "The Wednesday team epitomise all the things that you didn't do as a player!"

As Southampton found in our 1-2 defeat at Hillsborough the other week, Wednesday's work-rate and competitiveness is extraordinary by any standards.

All strikers are expected to pressurise opposing defenders, when they have lost possession, but I don't think I have ever seen front men work as hard in this department as Wednesday's

All strikers are expected to pressurise opposing defenders, when they have lost possession, but I don't think I have ever seen front men work as hard in this department as Wednesday's.

I was particularly impressed by Lee Chapman, the former Stoke, Arsenal and Sunderland centre-forward whose ability as a target man caused Mark Wright all kinds of problems. I also liked midfielder Andy Blair, whom Wednesday bought from Coventry to replace Gary Megson, and right back Mel Sterland.

It wasn't difficult to appreciate why Sterland was included in England's squad for the East Germany match. He is strong, brave and an exceptionally effective attacking player.

I'd say that Manchester United's Mike Duxbury is going to find it very difficult to remain in England's No. 2 spot if Sterland maintains the form he showed against Southampton.

But as for Wednesday's chances of remaining among the Championship leaders, I prefer to reserve judgement!

When discussing the teams who have had a good start to the season, Birmingham—one of only three teams with maximum points till the time of our going to press—are also worthy of special mention.

They were relegated last season as a result of being held 0-0 at home by Southampton in their last match. As we were walking towards the dressing-rooms at the end of the game, Birmingham's manager Ron Saunders told me: "We've got exactly what we deserved."

The comment was typical of Ron, a down-to-earth character who has never been one to delude his players, or indeed himself.

Players will always respect a manager who is honest with them, which is why Birmingham are a pretty good promotion bet even at this frantic stage of the season.

Small is beautiful

Terry Gibson explains that skill and speed are more important than brawn for a footballer



Arthur Albiston (left) and Osvaldo Ardiles in a tussle for the ball

There was a time when aspiring centre-forwards and centre-halves not built like brick outhouses were often the victims of prejudice. Sorry son, you're too small to make it were the words these men most feared. But as times have changed, so has the game. There has always been a place in football for small, tricky wingers, small, clever inside forwards, or small, nimble full-backs. Now, in the faster moving, more mobile game, small can be beautiful in other less likely positions. Terry Gibson, Coventry's 5ft 4ins 21-year-old striker, is not only convinced that being small actually helps. He also believes that giant defenders are becoming a thing of the past.

The days of the traditional beefy English centre-forward are just about over. Mark Hateley, my predecessor at Highfield Road, may be trying to spark a bit of a one-man revival but managers now see speed as the main requirement in a forward.

They rarely find that quality in a big man and I have noticed in recent years that smaller strikers like me are no longer so unusual in the game. And the recent European Championships in France threw up another interesting fact: central defenders are also getting smaller. They have to be in order to cope.

In the past it was always the big Jackie Charlton type of centre-half up against a Martin Chivers. Now that teams play a more mobile game they need defenders with greater all-round ability. Defenders these days must be comfortable in possession and be able to bring the ball out of defence with authority to create the extra man. The days of the big ugly defender just *wellying* the ball out of the penalty area are gone. If a centre-half wants to kick you, he'll do it whatever size you are. I would rather lack a few inches and be nimble than tall and slow.

Being small probably helps because you are often able to wriggle past a centre-half while referees are liable to be protective towards you against the bigger fellows. As a youngster, watching present-day Portsmouth manager Alan Ball taking on the world in an England shirt was a great influence on me . At schoolboy level, representative teams tended to contain not the most skilful players, but the ones with the most powerful physique.

I was good enough as a youngster to play for England schoolboys. But while all the lads I played alongside in those days suddenly sprouted up, I was left behind. But seeing 'Bally' proved to me that you did not have to be big to be successful and the modern game should encourage youngsters even further that they need not worry about stature.

People still comment about my size and are convinced that it works against me. When I take my Old English Sheepdog Flossie out for a walk my mates reckon I should get a saddle instead of a lead!

But just look around the First Division and you can see a wealth of talent possessed by the 'tiny terrors' Kenny Sansom, Pat Nevin, Micky Thomas, Vince Hilaire, Adrian Heath, Eric Gates, Remi Moses, David McCreery, Ossie Ardiles, Geoff Pike and Garry Brooke have one thing in common. They are all 5ft 6ins and play in the toughest league in the world.

And when you look at the central defenders who are fighting for international places you can see the trend continuing. Who would have thought a few years ago that a player standing 5'10" like my former Spurs colleague Graham Roberts would play centre-half for England? And Terry Fenwick and Dave Watson, who did the job for England on the tour to South America, are both under six-foot.

Central defenders must have the traditional qualities of the old stoppers. Heading ability, tackling and physical presence are just as important. But successful defenders need to be able to pass a ball accurately and have the pace and tactical awareness to deal with forwards who may have the edge on skill.

It is probably true that being short does inspire you to try that much harder. I have been my present size since I left school and although I was convinced that I would get taller, it just never happened. And when I made my First Division debut for Spurs at 17—against Stoke in December 1979—I remember thinking that they were all giants. Everybody looked massive compared to me but since then it's been my speed that has carried me through.

Yet Spurs seemed to be hanging around undecided about giving me a contract. In fact I only turned professional a month after that Stoke game and was then loaned to Swedish side Gothenburg while they wondered what to do with me! But, in the end, it all came right for me and my departure to Coventry last October was inspired simply by me seeking a better deal. I had already proved that I could play at that level.

In any case, I never doubted that I would make it. A number of clubs were after me when I was at school and Belgian giants Abderlecht offered not only to sign me on but move my whole family out to live in Brussels. I was only 14 and it was a tempting offer. They were even prepared to provide a tutor and although I did go over for a few games I was never too interested.



Terry Gibson

Then, soon after playing my first game for Spurs, I remember West Brom's Ally Robertson flooring me with a tackle, then sticking his face within inches of me snarling: 'you're scared of me.....come on son, admit it'. I may have been but I wasn't going to show it because players do try to intimidate you because of the size difference. They get frustrated when they can't catch you so they try it on.

But the big men no longer rule. And, although some older fans may miss the rough and tumble of the scraps between centre-forwards and centre-halves, the emergence of the new breed of footballer demonstrates the technical improvements in the modern game.

Advantage, India

Suprakash Ghoshal previews the Asian Cup qualifying tournament

WHEN India embarks on their Asian Cup campaign it will be the first time in recent years that the third most populated nation in the world will take part in an international football tournament not as the underdogs. Given the kind of opposition they had to face in the pre-Olympic and the last Nehru Cup at Calcutta, or for that matter on the recent tours of China and the West Indies, this is a far easier tournament and India should aim to emerge successful.

The kind of opposition India will have to contend with for a berth in the finals of the Asian Cup, to be held in December, is surely not awe-inspiring. There should not be much cause for concern. Some of them are little known in international football while India, despite their mediocre performances in recent international outings, has earned some respect as an upcoming force in Asian football.

One of the teams in the fray is Pakistan. A virtual non-entity. One of the leaders in the world of cricket is nothing more than a mere fledgling in the world of football, something rather surprising given the development of the game all over the Asian continent over the last decade.

There were two other unknown quantities in the competition, Japan and Macao. But they have opted out and the race is now confined to India, Malaysia and South Korea.

Of course, North Yemen is there, but it is highly unlikely that they would offer much of a challenge, although it is a fact that the Arabian nations have achieved considerable improvement in soccer over the last few years. There is Saudi Arabia, there is Iraq, there is Kuwait and so on. Along with China, they are the flag-bearers of the emerging Asian challenge. And it is obvious that things would have been much more colourful had these nations been here to fight it out with the others in the field.

Thus, India's chances are not as murky as they were in the recent outings. But a big question mark still hangs on India's preparations for this tournament. Did the Indian football bosses wake up to the fact that this time India stood a bright chance to make it to the finals of the Asian Cup?

It did not seem so. In keeping with their style of functioning, the men in charge once again opted for eleventh hour preparation. They got down to business when they were clearly running out of time. There were only two weeks or so to go for the tournament when the names of the probables were announced and that too when some domestic tournaments were on, n which most of the probables were supposed to play. And the only encouraging piece of news till that stage was the chief coach Mr. Ciric Milovan was here to resume the training.

But the selection took everybody by surprise. It was backdated on the one hand, and myopic, on the other.

It was said that the selections were made purely on the basis of our boys' performances in the Great Wall championship in China and also the tour of West Indies. But both the tours showed India in very poor light. And one could not help but question the wisdom behind retaining the same boys, instead of having a fresh look at the field.

But myopia seemed to plague the AIFF just as intensely as ever. For some unknown reasons, the selectors, or rather the spotters, as the AIFF secretary Ashoke Ghosh, likes to call them, clung to an outdated list and thus disappointed the followers to some extent.



Bikash Panji—tremendous promise

This, however, is not to say that the selection procedure had gone totally haywire Most of the players who were expected to be in the team were here, but there were a few glaring omissions too One wonders how the topscorer of the Calcutta league can fail to get a call to the selection trial True, Debashis Roy is not the man for the future He no longer belongs to the upcoming generation of footballers, but then his best days are not over yet, and he has provided ample proof of that

The question of Debashis's selection reminds us of that untoward incident that shocked the nation during last year's Rovers Cup Debashis was one of the men involved in it, and one wondered whether that was the reason why he did not get the nod

Perhaps it was, but there was no definite explanation forthcoming from the AIFF

Similar was the issue regarding Monoranjan Bhattacharya, indisputably the best defender in the country at the moment He was the central figure in that alleged incident and AIFF had taken steps against him But the action was challenged by him in the court And now the man is missing from the list of probables Can one be blamed for attributing it to the AIFF's wrath towards Monoranjan?

But what was more amazing was that the AIFF lacked the courage to clarify their stand No question regarding Monoranjan found an answer from the AIFF secretary Ashoke Ghosh, although there was a strong rumour that feelers were sent to Monoranjan to the effect that he could find a place in the team provided the court case was withdrawn But Monoranjan reportedly remained adamant

As if this was not enough, the AIFF exposed themselves to further criticism by selecting some totally undeserving players Footballers as offform as not to find a place in their club teams were given the nod There was Pem Dorji, there was Babu Mani and several others who had recently got into a lean patch

The most important players among the probables obviously are Parminder Singh, Atanu Bhattacharya, Tarun Dey, Sudip Chatterjee, Bikash Panji, Prasanta Banerjee and Biswajit Bhattacharya. Of these, the Mohun Bagan halfliner, Bikash Panji, is growing into an exciting player. His game, on the ball as well as off it is very much in the mould of an ideal medio and, even better, the youngster has got speed, a quality most Indian players are lacking Panji should prove an asset to the team

One problem of India at international level has been that the AIFF has often ditched players of tremendous class too early for no fault of theirs own Simply because the AIFF has not seen eye to eye with them on certain issues or some of the top officials have anything personal against them that they have been dropped from the national side I am thinking particularly of Subrata Bhattacharya That's what happened to him It was criminal to keep him out of the national squad for so long for reasons that have nothing to do with football He is a superb player, who could go out there and run the show against any team But his brilliance has never really been harnessed And to me, that's hardly a compliment to our approach to the game And the most encouraging piece of news regarding the Asian cup selections has been the reinduction of Subrata in the squad of 24 probables

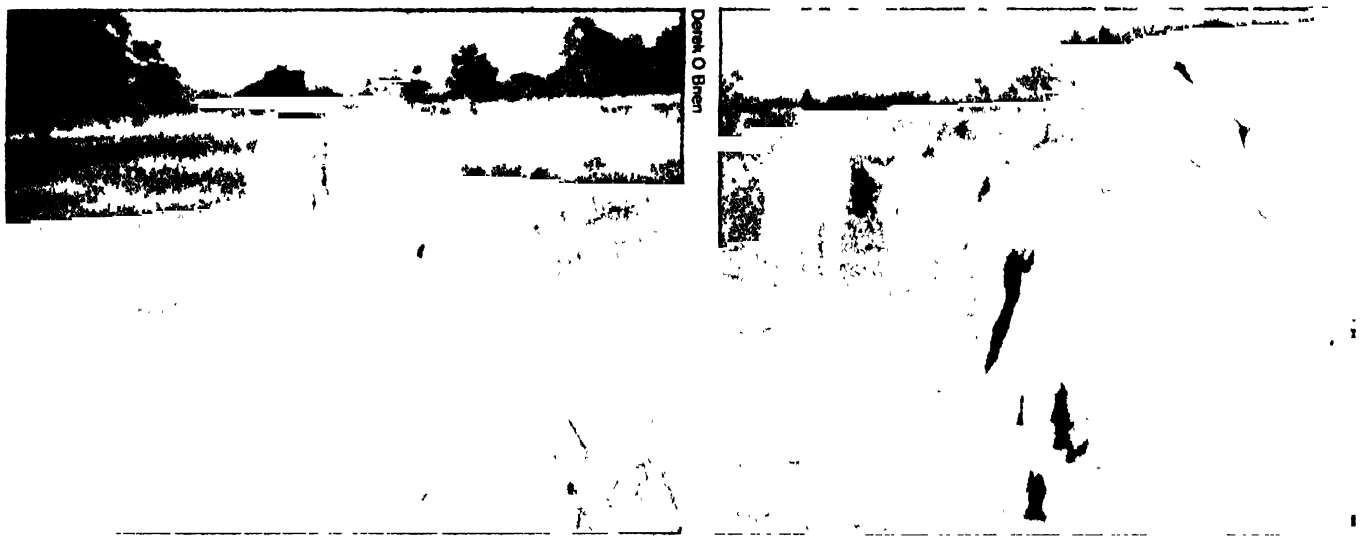
As for the foreigners, the storm-troopers of the tournament will obviously be the South Koreans. Strong and sturdy, they are the exponents of the latest style that has been emerging in modern football and the rest of the field is likely to experience a tough time from them.

The Malaysians, of course, will be no less a contender for the top honours, but in all likelihood they would not be able to outshine their neighbours Korea, in performance as well as glamour

But all things considered, it is advantage India all the way It is their home ground and the opponents are no giants All India needs at the moment is to get rid of their inferiority complex that has been their undoing on most occasions.



Subrata Bhattacharya—welcome back



Feeding at the paddock (left) and back to the stables from the paddock (right)

will throw little light on, is the grit of this game mare Arriving in Calcutta rather late in the season after a perilous 36 days at sea, Pendraggon's Charm was then taken by truck to the farm

There were four of us who kept the mare company on the 48 hour drive to CNSF An elderly Sikh driver who discussed matters ranging from Amitabh Bachchan to the Akal Takht, Roderick Cameron, the 24 year old manager of the farm and son of Captain Cameron, a syce who smoked over 40 Maharaja *bidis* a day I was the fourth, a sub-editor turned copywriter-cum-beer drinker

The *dhabas* en route were, as usual, hospitable except for the bugs in the *khatias* The only traveller who stayed aloof was our honoured guest, Pendraggon's Charm Whenever our truck stopped—at level crossings, for tea breaks or check points—there was always a crowd around it. Everyone wanted to know if this really was a racehorse and even our syce got bored giving the same explanations over and over again But there was little else on the journey that was boring. A journey full of beer, biryani, broodmares and bumps

I was lucky

Two days after we arrived at the Chota Nagpur Stud Farm we had the opportunity of witnessing a covering. The protagonists were Midnight Cowboy and Pendraggon's Charm. She was first introduced to a "teaser", a spirited pony whose task was to put the reluctant maiden mare into the mood for mating The pony did its job well—no reward for him, unfortunately The teasing successfully completed, the mare meekly submitted to the vigorous advances of Midnight Cowboy

The mares are covered in this way each time they come into season until safely tested in foal, approximately 40 days after the last covering date

With regard to fertility—one of the major hazards of thoroughbred breeding—Midnight Cowboy is no source of anxiety to the stud All ten mares covered by him this year are believed to be in foal and in 1983 only one of the nine mares he served turned out barren

Apart from Loyal Scholar II, Tiffany, Highland Gold and Pendraggon's Charm, the four imported brood mares, the stud spares no effort to look after its old faithful mares Captain Cameron describes these mares as 'pot boilers'

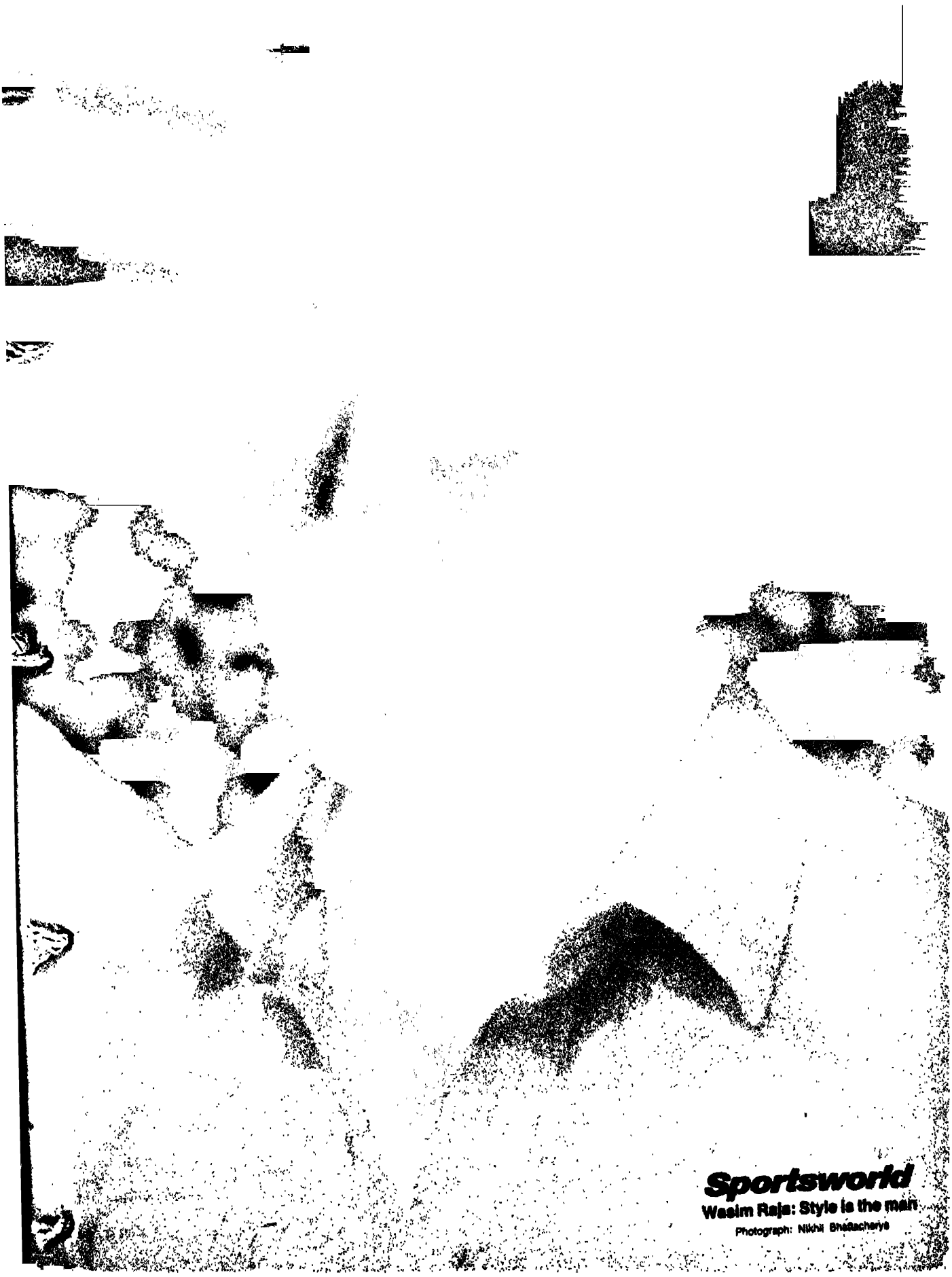
The special favourite of the stud is the aged halfbred Proud Mary, who does not need a syce to accompany her to the paddocks for grazing Although her track successes at the RCTC were confined to the lowest classes, there was never any doubt that she was a big hearted animal She completed a hat trick of wins at the Tollygunge Gymkhana races, after which she was sent to stud The old lady of CNSF, Proud Mary Yes, still going strong.

Another old faithful, Gravity's Rainbow, produced Gold Bug whose recent "sensational" upset will undoubtedly benefit the farm. Gold Bug's handsome half brother by Midnight Cowboy will be in the sale ring early next year along with the produce of Purnima, Evening Peal and Miselto, all home bred mares of the CNSF Besides, there is also a winsome soft eyed sister of Highland Pride out of Proud Mary All these yearlings are the produce of Midnight Cowboy who is shaping to be a successful stallion despite the mediocre mares he has served so far

Despite every effort made by the Chota Nagpur Stud Farm to give their horses the best nutritional requirements, one cannot get away from the fact that the quality of soil in eastern India is not suited to top class grazing grounds It is for this reason that horses bred in the north and south of the country are far superior The breeder is confident that these efforts will produce the desired results in future and he is not unduly perturbed by the ominous trends that are plaguing the horse breeding industry at present Captain Cameron's policy is to concentrate on breeding both expensive horses with classic potential and low priced useful handicappers to suit the pockets of average owners who want some fun and profit from the sport He is of the opinion that horses of the middle price bracket—around Rs one lakh plus—will not prove remunerative except by fluke.

Ten days well spent at a stud farm taught me a lot. Next time the starter's cone goes up: "Loading-. They're off". Thinking of Midnight Cowboy .the teasing...

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Sportsworld

Wasim Raja: Style is the man

Photograph: Nikhil Bhattacharya



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The Queen is no more

Adi Davar

WITH racing carrying on simultaneously in four centres one tends to miss a lot of what is happening all over the country, so what better way than to have an individual look at how the nags were faring in Mysore, Pune, and Calcutta.

MYSORE

With the season almost half way through, it came as a bit of a blow to hear about an ex-Mysore Derby winner's death while racing. Queen Of The Hills owned by Dr. M.A.M. Ramaswamy, a winner of seven Classics in the course of her short but brilliant career, had the curtain brought down on her achievements when she fell in the course of a race and subsequently had to be destroyed. It was the filly's first appearance after a very long lay off that had been riddled with set backs and it was unfortunate that it had to end this way. Ridden by jockey Kudereth Khan it is understood that the filly broke her off fetlock and fell, thus dislodging Kudereth Khan who was injured pretty severely. Thus ended the victorious trail of a filly who had won such laurels as the 1000 Guineas and the Derby in Mysore only a year before.

But problems dogged her from the outset. Speaking to trainer Aris David months ago and looking at the care with which he handled her made one sit up and appreciate the fact that it was a combination of superb care and supreme courage on the part of the filly that got her to race and win. It is sad that Indian breeding will not be able to utilise a filly of the capacity of the Queen as she is no more, but her reign will long be remembered.

PUNE

Form rarely works very well in this centre and half the time it leaves the average racegoer scratching his head and furrowing his brow in a futile attempt to understand how certain things came to pass, and some didn't. But with the running of the newly instituted Pune Derby just around the corner, it would be only appropriate to talk about its outcome. On form and paper, the race looks a cakewalk for the Chenoy trained filly Eminence. By Grey Gaston out of Tina's Way, this nicely put together chestnut, built more along the lines of a colt, has very impressive credentials and although she did get beat in the Bangalore Derby she looks close to invincible here.

Watching her in action in the F.D. Wadia Cup earlier in the season would have made even her sternest critics sit up and gasp in disbelief as she clocked an unbelievable time and toyed with her only adversory all the way. Of course it was over a distance of 1400 metres and Eminence has been undefeated up to a mile.

Western India certainly does not appear to have anything even remotely in the class of Eminence and that ought to be indication enough that to all intents and purposes, bar accident or the fact that she does not run Eminence should come in alone.

It was unfortunate that Camineto,the wonder filly from the Rashid Byramji camp failed to make a successful comeback in the Owner's Association Cup last week. Carrying 60kg, the daughter of Grey Gaston flattered on entering the straight but it was only to deceive and she found both the weight and her long six-month layoff from racing telling on her as she failed to get the better of Greek Tycoon, a horse she would easily have beaten had she been at her best.

Plagued by a suspensory ligament ailment and then a sesmoid joint, it is a wonder in itself that Camineto still managed to race and it is a tribute to Rashid Byramji to have brought her so close to victory after injury had put her out of training.

CALCUTTA

What with the glamour of Pune, the Classics yet to be run in Mysore and Hyderabad, Calcutta has been relegated to play second fiddle in the Indian racing arena, racing mainly on weekdays. But all the same their racing still has an average of six runners a race—an average quite a few centres cannot boast of.

The Bengal Area Cup showed Calcutta racing at its competitive best. Aureus ridden splendidly by jockey Nicky Bird just about got up on the last stride to beat Buttinsky but the unlucky runner was Shaka. Making his run in the last furlong the hapless colt was moving the fastest at the close but was badly hemmed in on the rails and it cost him the race.

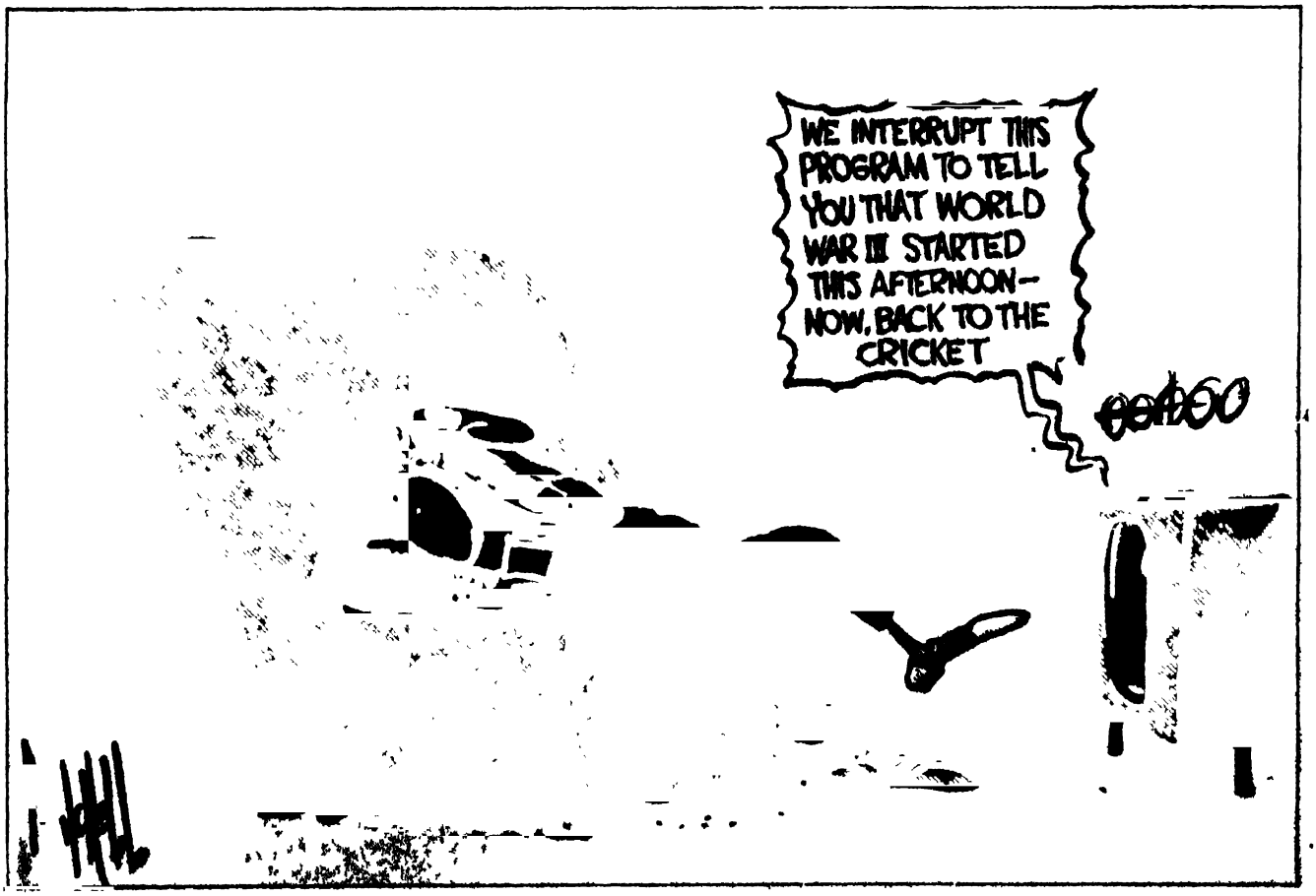


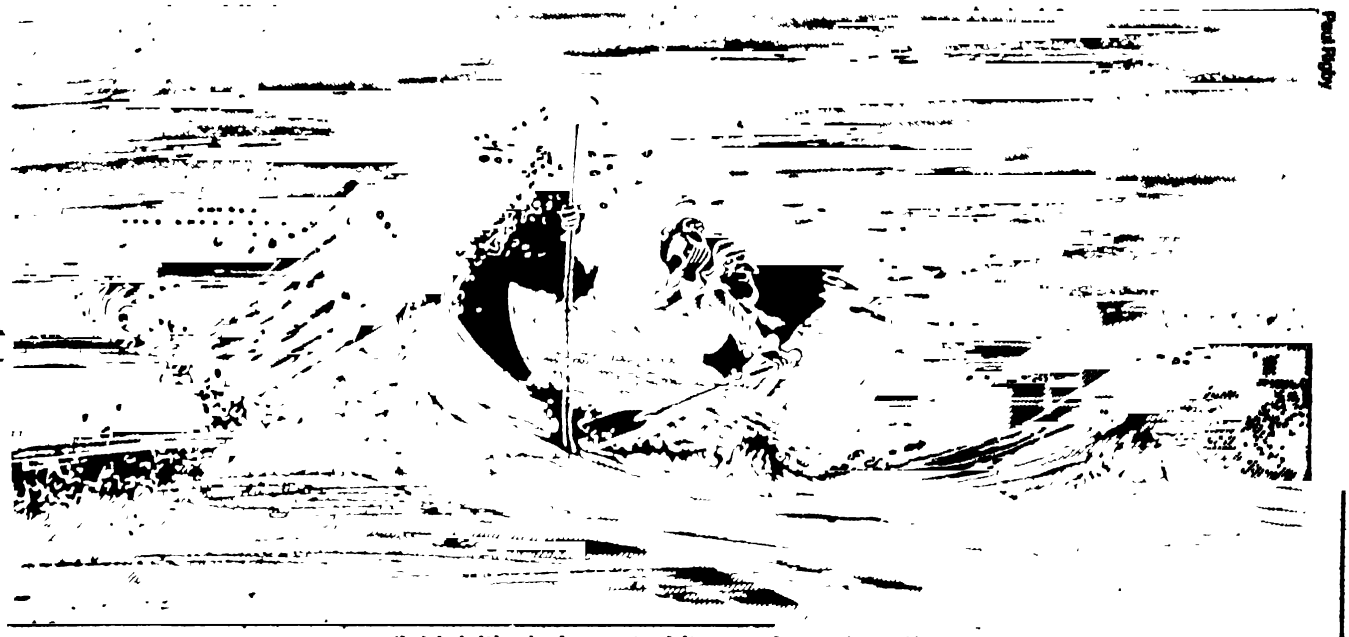
R.S. Gupta

Eminence—looks a certainty for the first Pune Derby

Cricket's rich heritage of humour

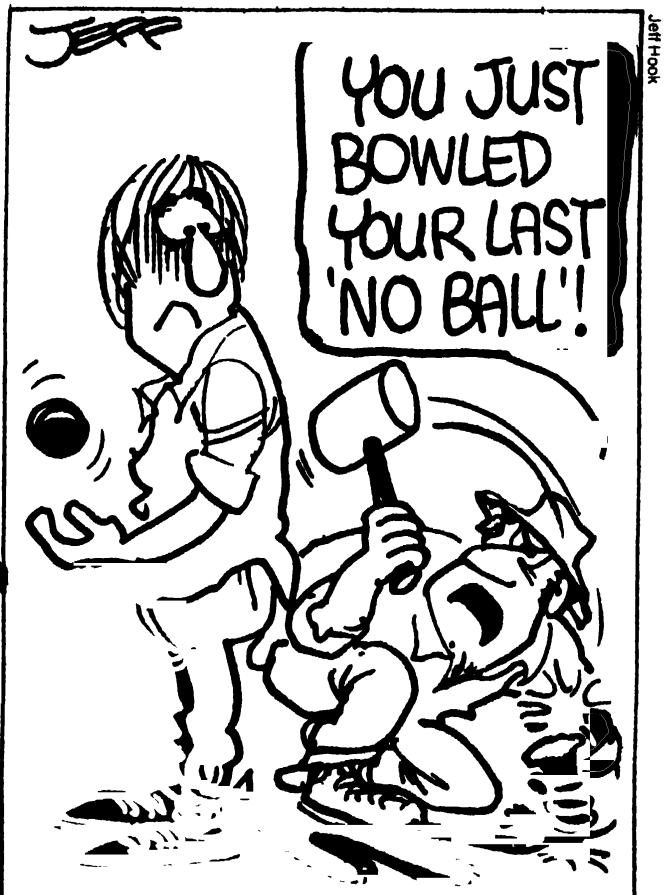
Prominent at cricket grounds throughout the world have been writers and photographers, apart from the players and spectators, of course. But there has also been a band of cartoonists, ready to seize any incident and project its funny side. Theirs is not an easy task by any means, as anyone connected with cricket will tell you. There is little about the game itself that is earthshakingly humorous. Most cricketing humour, therefore, stems from the foibles of the men who play it or the millions around the globe who worship it. These four pages present the best offerings from *Cartoonists At The Cricket,* edited by Ken Piesse and published by Curry O'Neil Ross of Melbourne, Australia





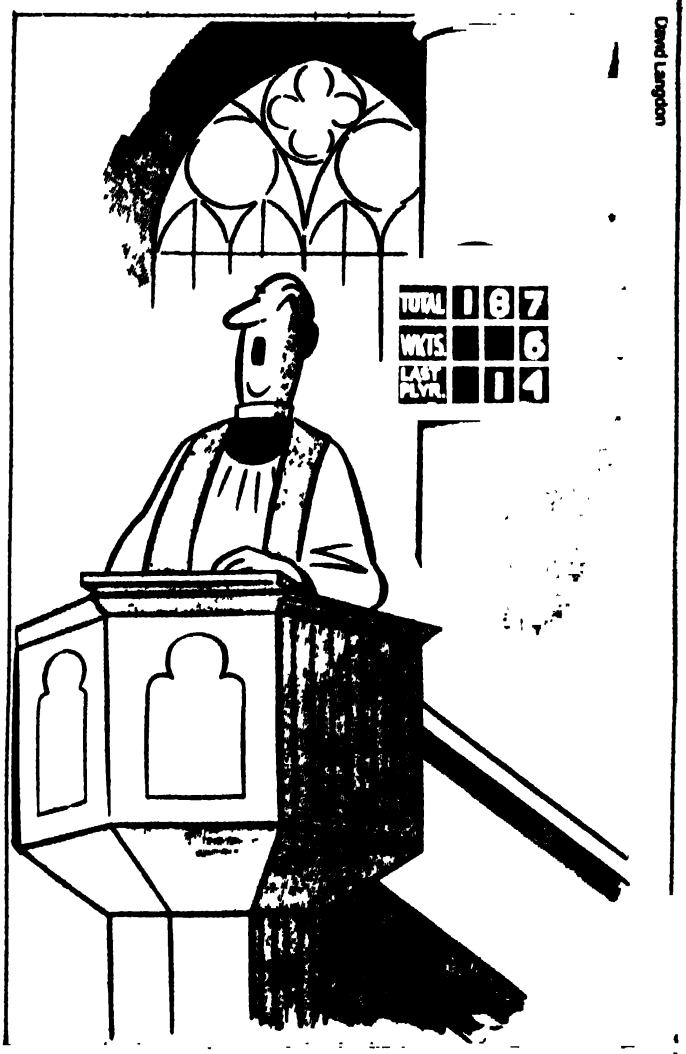
Paul Rigby

'I think it's drying out a bit—get the pads on!!'



Jeff Hook

Jeff Thomson s no balling problems threatened Australia s chances of winning several one-day games



David Langdon

Alan Langoulant



'Well, you tell her. Greatest hour of need or not, she can't bat for England'

Frank Reynolds



The Batsman: 'Tell yer wot. You be England and I'll be Victor Trumper!'

Trumper was a thrilling stroke maker who enjoyed remarkable success in the tamp English season of 1902 being mainly responsible for his team w nning the Ash c The Au tr al an team used to travel to the ground by coach Trumper was so valuable that before all w ng the coachman to drive off skipper Joe Darling would t k l V r aboard?

Harry Hargreaves

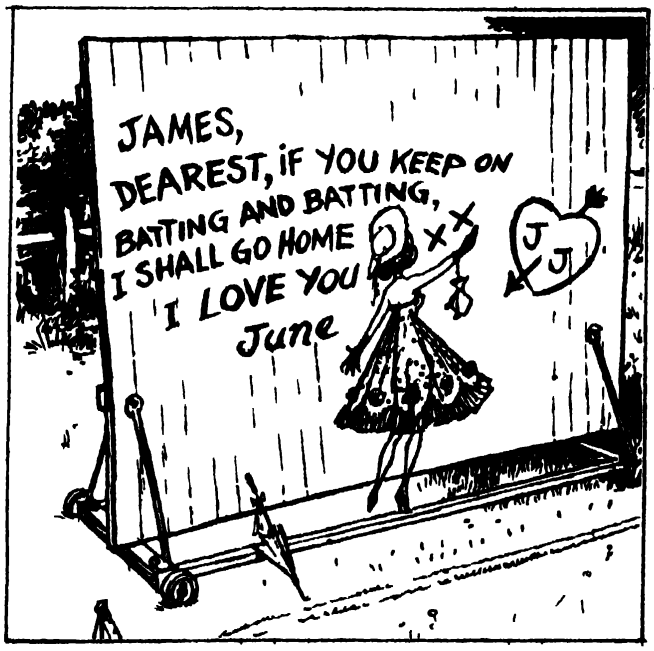




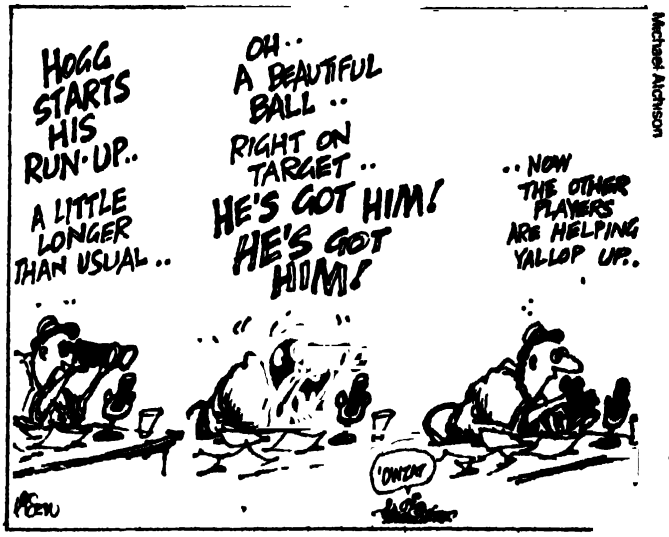
Alain Langoulant

'You know, for a moment I thought that ball of yours was going into the lake!'

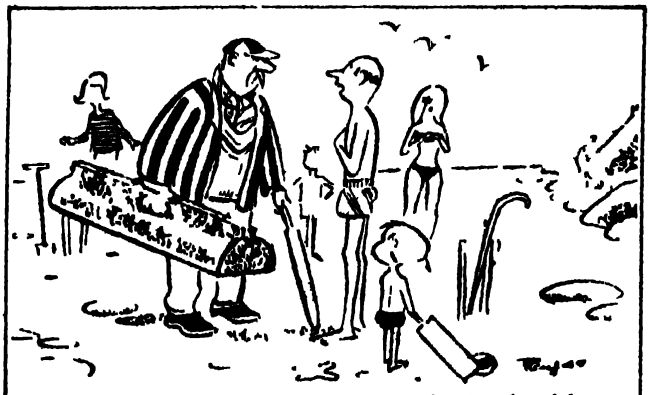
Langoulant comments on the fabulous Marsh brothers from Western Australia Graham Marsh (golf) and Rod Marsh (cricket)



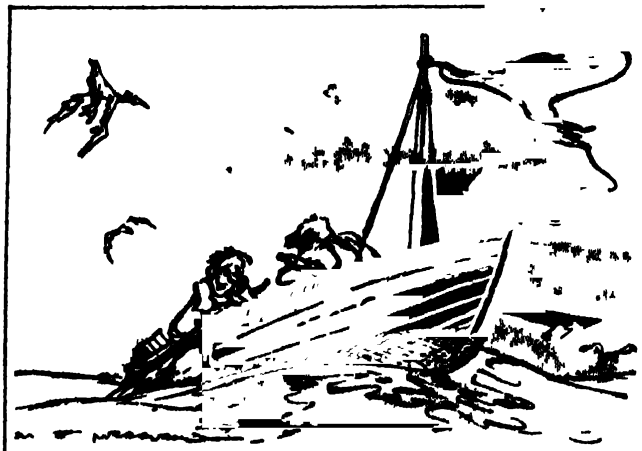
Harry Haderaps



Michael Atchison



'I should have warned you—we don't take this beach cricket too seriously



Emile Mercier

'First the flamin' ship sinks; I break me leg, then the blasted sail rips off! Our water's almost gone—and now we've missed the first Test!'

First South Asia Federation Games

Surfeit of mountain gold

Subhash Sarcar reports from Kathmandu

WINNING doesn't come easy. India's haul of medals at Kathmandu certainly looked impressive, but before one gets carried away, one has to remind oneself that the opposition was sadly mediocre. Seen in that perspective, the Indian performance assumes little real significance except for the rare joy and honour of topping a medal tally.

There were initial doubts about Nepal's ability to handle the inaugural South Asia Federation Games, featuring India, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Pakistan, the Maldive Islands and Bhutan, apart from the hosts. The questions were soon cleared, although Kathmandu's main venue, the Dasarath Stadium, had only six lanes for athletics.

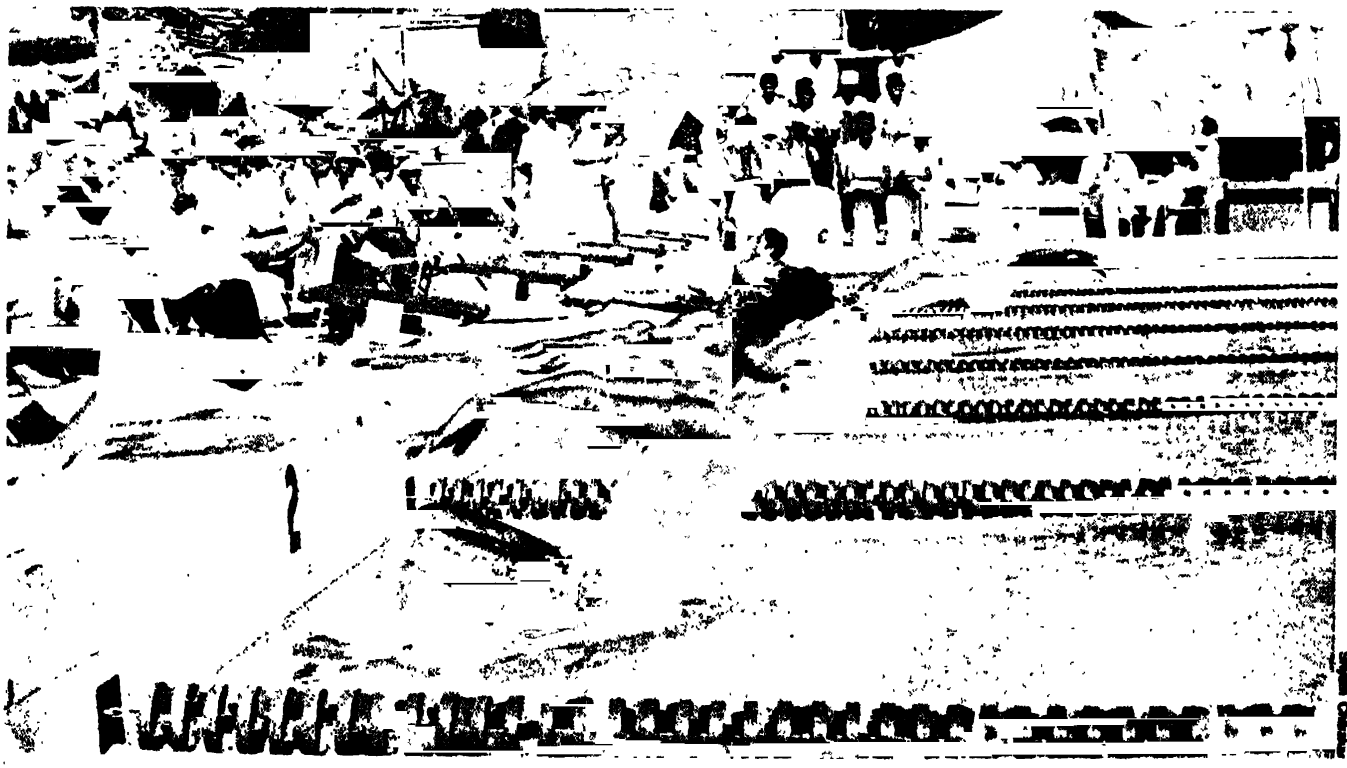
The organisers, backed by King Birendra and ably led by Sharad Chandra Shah, worked tirelessly and must have been dismayed by the sight of heavy rain on the morning of the opening ceremony. But the stadium was crammed with thousands of schoolchildren actively participating in the colourful ceremony and, without a hitch, the first SAF Games were under way.

The crowd was missing thereafter and the handful that witnessed the heroics on the track were lucky to have been there for Nepal's proudest moment when Baikuntha Manandkar and Arjun Pandit won gold and silver in the marathon. India, as expected, bagged almost all the track and field honours but Sri Lanka and Bangladesh caused a few worries when they won most of the sprint and relay events.

There was a slightly Chaplinesque aura about the Indian athletes, some of whom did not even know which events they were supposed to participate in. Enquiries showed that a few of them were only informed of their events at Kathmandu. The convenient curtain of an excuse for an Indian loss on the track was that it is the off season for our athletes. Thankfully, the Indian contingent fared well, but if truth must be told, this was due to entirely to the lack of opposition.

Considering this was a minor meet, there was still a high level of bungling and confusion caused by the Indian selectors. Hijri Nagarwala, ranked among the fastest sprinters in the country, was aghast to learn at Kathmandu that he was only included in the 4×100 m relay. As it ultimately turned out, Nagarwala was part of the relay quartet, but not before he spent a few mystifying hours wondering what he was supposed to be doing.

Pavittar Singh made little impact in the 400 m and the 4×400, but young Rajinder Sharma salvaged some prestige by finishing third in the former event. The relays slipped out of India's grasp because men like Pavittar and Bagicha Singh did not have the steam to contest the speed of Ranjit



The start of the men's 200m backstroke with Wilson Cherian getting a flying start

Aluvihare and Chandratillake in the 4×400 m. Ghulam Kibria was the lone member of this event who was worth his place in the side. The appalling baton changing between Anand Shetty and Adille Sumariwala made India pay dearly in the other relay event. The girls did better than their male counterparts with Shiny Abraham stealing the limelight.

Sisters Pushpa and Aswini Nachappa, Vasant Kumari, Sany Joseph, Beena Peter, Elizabeth Vasanta Kumari and long jump gold medallist Hemant Kumar Patel will flourish if they are properly groomed and trained. Young Satyanarayana, who is basically a 1500 m runner, was made to run the gruelling 10,000 m and he finished the race with bleeding feet. India's Inder Singh won the race leaving Nepal's Ameeri Yadav 400 m behind. Asiad bronze medallist in the triple jump S. Balasubramaniam was a disgrace. His overconfidence made him pay heavily. He had six faulty jumps and India failed to win anything in this event.

India's swimmers dictated terms despite the relatively novel experience of competing in a pool 4,000 feet above sea level. They swept 24 gold medals out of 26 events, but most of the timings were below the respective swimmers' best performances.



Julian Bolling

Khazan Singh, with eight golds—two of them from relays—was the undisputed star of the show. He and Bengal's Bula Choudhury were the only two who improved the national marks in the 100 m freestyle and 100 m butterfly, respectively.

The Indian women were a class above the opposition, thanks to the Sood sisters—Anita and Kavita—Persis Madan and Bula Choudhury along with Sarita Kinare, Lorraine Varghese, Meena Thapa and Sonal Nanavati.

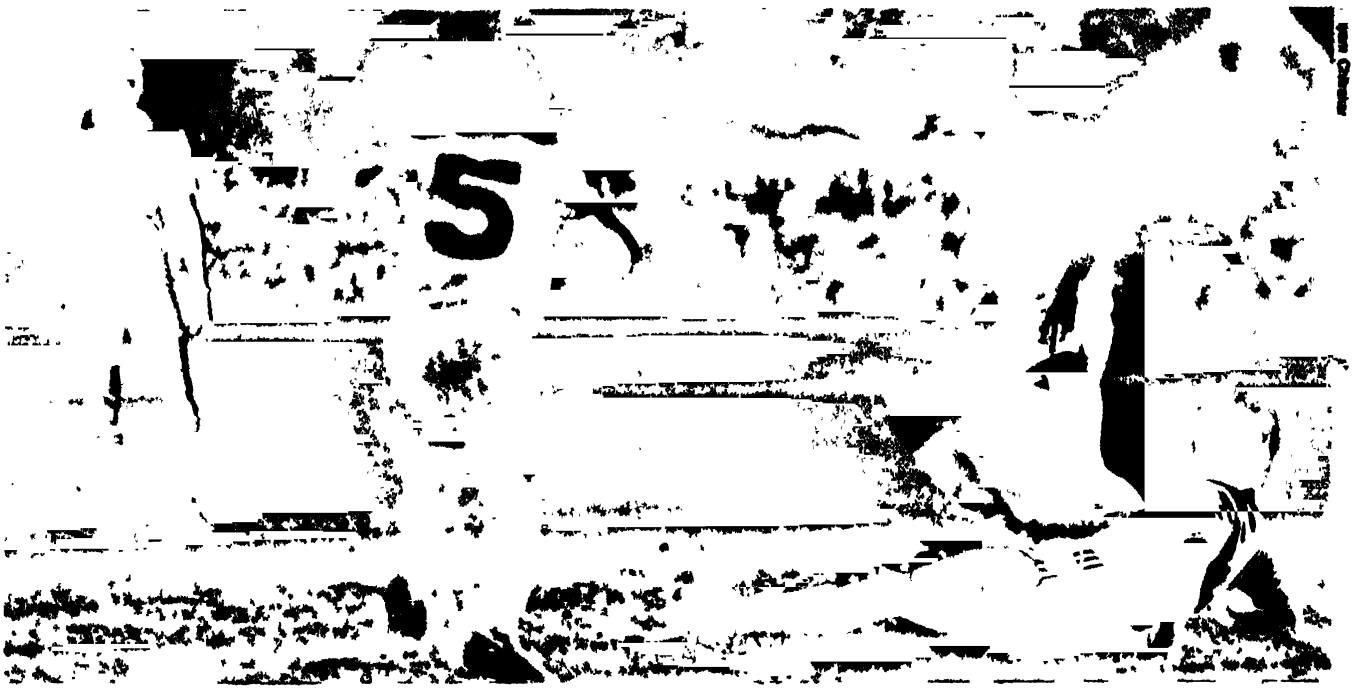
There was also a move to get Javeda Begum—a reserve swimmer—a medal, by including her in the 4×100m relay squad. This would have meant dropping Anita Sood, who refused as she was understandably upset at the turn of events.

A clean sweep by India's men swimmers was thwarted by a 19-year-old Sri Lankan, Julian Bolling, a Royal College student who is the national champion and son of a former Sri Lankan international. He did his country proud when he wrapped up the gruelling 1500m freestyle final with panache, leaving behind him seasoned campaigners Dharampal Tokas and Mohinder Kumar. Bolling took a second gold in the 400m freestyle, but did so in Khazan Singh's absence. He followed this with a total of two silvers to prove the only threat to India's dominance.

India's success in the pool was followed by impressive performances



The 5000m event in progress. Satnam Singh (26) won the gold



Nepal versus Bangladesh. The hosts won the football final

in the weightlifting arena with a total collection of seven golds In addition, a new national record in the light weight class was set by Jagmohan Sapra (122 5 kg in the snatch, plus 152 5 in the clean and jerk for a total of 275 kg, an improvement of 2 5 kg) The other categories proved to be a cakewalk for international Mahendran and Tamil Selvan though Pakistan's burly Ghulam Dastgir Butt wrested the middleweight gold from Harnek Singh, with a total lift of 295 5 kg, which was a handsome 25 5 kg more than the Indian strongman

Boxing at the Dasarath Sports Complex had the usual allied controversy about judging Each of the four Pakistani contenders went home with a gold medal but two were suspiciously close bouts against Indian boxers India, with representatives in each of the eleven weight categories, had to suffice with five golds One could not help wondering if this was because there was no India representation on the jury especially since two of the five judges happened to be from Pakistan In fact, in a singularly ludicrous situation a lone Indian protest was nullified for the simple reason that the protest fee had not been paid

The rule book clearly states that any team must be accompanied by at least two officials, but there were none with the Indian contingent apart from Mr Narsi and Capt Adajania, who were there as special invitees of the Nepal Olympic Committee The quality of the supervision can be gauged from the fact that two referees—one from Thailand the other from Sri Lanka—had to be suspended

Since there was not enough time for a full fledged selection procedure eleven boxers were flown to Kathmandu on the basis of their performances in the recent Services Championships Except for internationals Kamle and Shanmugham—who encountered little resistance—the rest of the squad comprised newcomers

Nepal's boxers performed remarkably earning two golds Their vast improvement stems from the two coaches one Russian and one South Korean One will surely be hearing more of their boxers who will be trained by an American coach for the ensuing Asian Boxing Championships at Bangkok next January as well as the Seoul Games

Rupak Sharma, who took the oath at the gala opening ceremony, also closed the Games in style when he led Nepal to a 1 2 win over Bangladesh to take the soccer gold Their victory was not as sweet as it might have been if an Indian soccer squad had competed However, the absence of an Indian side had a twin effect—on the crowds as well as on the balance sheet of the first SAF Games.

Shyam Chitrakar



Baikuntha Manandkar at the start of the marathon. He gave Nepal her first gold





P. T. Usha joins the 'Run for Fun' at New Delhi recently

We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs should be accompanied by their negatives, which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for.

The trials and tribulations of Vimal Kumar

Novy Kapadia investigates

A LEAN and gaunt 59 year old man with silver streaks in his hair and an unkempt appearance trudged the streets of Delhi seeking justice for his son an international badminton star His name is G Unnikrishnan Nair the father of Vimal Kumar the No 3 ranked badminton player of India The father a badminton enthusiast was in Delhi trying to seek justice from Vasant Sathe (Minister for Chemicals and Fertilisers and President of the Badminton Association of India) for his son who has been threatened with suspension from the sport for two years

The Vimal Kumar and Badminton Association of India (BAI) imbroglio commenced when the 22 year old Kerala based star sent a requisition on 6 February 84 for permission to participate in the All England French International and Stratsbourgh International tournaments at his own expense For one month in spite of repeated requests by telephone and telex Vimal Kumar did not receive any intimation from S R Chadha the secretary of the Badminton Association of India

Vimal Kumar had to reach England by 18 March to play the qualifying round of the All England Championship and so approached the International Badminton Federation (IBF) seeking direct entry to the All England Championships as a qualified international player

On 9 March 84 Vimal Kumar received the long awaited reply from S R Chadha The secretary of the BAI was most unhelpful and stated thus I am afraid the Committee did not sanction your request The Committee decided to allow only the currently selected Thomas and Uber Cup team to participate in the European circuit tournaments

Upset at this stepmotherly treatment from the BAI young Vimal Kumar wrote to S R Chadha expressing his anguish at being denied an opportunity to get international experience without seeking any financial assistance from the Association not from the Government Vimal Kumar was being sponsored by his employers Air India

On being advised by the IBF to directly telex the English Badminton Association to secure his entry Vimal Kumar tried this ploy On 13 March 84 Sharet G Rowan of the English Badminton Association sent a telex message to Vimal Kumar which reads as follows Entry not accepted at present Cable sent to Chadha regarding your substituting for withdrawn player Suggest you consult Chadha"

It is extremely ironical that the English Association took special interest in trying to secure the entry of Vimal Kumar and were willing to accommodate him for a withdrawn player Unfortunately our own BAI were callous to the aspirations of India's most promising badminton player after Prakash Padukone and Syed Modi

Vimal Kumar now seemed to be at an impasse as S R Chadha refused to help His father now sought political help Talking to *Sportsworld* G Unnikrishnan Nair said "With great hope we ultimately contacted the Chief Minister of Kerala K Karunakaran through Minister M P Gangadharan and got his assurance on March 15 that the President of the BAI (Vasant Sathe) had given his verbal consent by telephone for Vimal to proceed and play the international tournaments

An overjoyed Vimal proceeded to play in the international tournaments In the French International Badminton Championships he did exceedingly well winning the singles crown for the second successive year by defeating West Germany's Jurgen Gebhardt 15 3 15 1 in the final

After this triumph Vimal proceeded to London where he stayed with a friend and practised daily at the Wimbledon Club In fact Vimal Kumar has got the singular honour of being the first Indian player to receive the membership of the Wimbledon Squash and Badminton Club

All seemed blissful for Vimal Kumar He spent the summer months abroad training and playing in tournaments steadily improving his game Suddenly on July 5 there came a bombshell from the BAI which des



Vasant Sathe: asked the BAI to reconsider

Image makers



K. Karunakaran: intervened on Vimal's behalf

Dilip Asad

troved Vimal's peace of mind and made his summer of '84 the summer of discontent.

The letter was a show cause notice to Vimal Kumar. It stated that, "It has come to the notice of the Association that you participated in the (1) French International and (2) Stratsbourgh International without permission of the Association. The Executive Committee of the Association has resolved to issue notice to show cause as to why you should not be suspended for a period of 2 years from playing in India and abroad for violating a directive of the BAI."

Vimal was given time till August 15, 84 to reply, otherwise action would be taken against him This directive reached Vimal's residential address in Trivandrum and completely upset his father

Initially, Vimal's father tried to seek the help of his state association On August 17, the secretary of the Kerala Badminton Association, K. Chandrasekharan Nair wrote a letter to S R Chadha pleading for clemency. But the attempt proved abortive.

In the month of August, G. Unnikrishnan Nair came to Delhi to request Vasant Sathe (President of the BAI) to stop the show cause notice from being implemented and thus prevent Vimal Kumar's promising career from being nipped prematurely.

In the plea to the President of the BAI, Vimal's father pointed out several aspects of his career. He said, Vimal has even ignored the offer of the Kerala University to join the medicine course since he felt that his studies for medicine may not give him time to devote to training.

With Parliament in session, a harassed G. Unnikrishnan Nair had to literally run from pillar to post to seek meeting with Vasant Sathe and present his petition. He did, however, finally succeed. Vasant Sathe accepted the petition and impressed upon the Executive Committee to reconsider the case but the matter is pending and Vimal's future is still uncertain.

A visibly troubled and upset G. Unnikrishnan Nair told *Sportsworld* that, "the behaviour of some of the BAI officials is vindictive as they think that Vimal is a close associate of Sanjay Sharma and others who tried to form a players union, because, otherwise Vimal has never given any cause for complaint. The distressed father finally returned home to Trivandrum in September without getting an authentic written assurance from the BAI or from Vasant Sathe that the threat of suspension on Vimal would be revoked and no further action is being planned against him.



Vimal Kumar: career in the balance

Slazenger sponsorship

AT present, Vimal Kumar, has earned a lucrative contract with Slazenger to play ten tournaments on the European circuit starting from November. Slazenger are to sponsor his entire European trip. Vimal would also tour Denmark along with Prakash Padukone and participate in the Scandinavian Masters tournament.

The sponsorship by Slazenger is a fortunate opportunity for young Vimal Kumar as it will provide him further competitive experience and improve his game. It should also give his career a psychological boost at a juncture when he is still under threat of suspension for two years by the Badminton Association of India, and so this sponsorship by Slazenger is enabling him to continue play badminton at the highest level.

It is hoped that wiser counsel will prevail and the BAI will be magnanimous enough to forget this episode and not harass Vimal or his father any more. After all, what is most important is continuous exposure to top class international badminton since it will considerably improve Vimal's game.

If he is then denied the honour of representing India because of the petty vindictiveness of the BAI, a situation may arise where he is compelled to stay abroad (Denmark or England) and earn his living as a professional. In that case Indian badminton will be the loser.

At present the BAI executive committee is adamant and refuses to withdraw the show cause notice. So the onus at present is with the BAI president Vasant Sathe to try and persuade his executive to reach an amicable settlement with Vimal Kumar and withdraw the two-year suspension threat. With Vimal Kumar in India at present it would be best to discuss the situation with him now and arrive at a solution which is satisfactory to both the BAI and the badminton career of this young Keralite.

No substitute for good football

Suprakash Ghoshal reports on how an exciting final created history at the newly-built Salt Lake Stadium

I WAS all for Mohun Bagan and East Bengal putting the emphasis on creative, attacking football when the two met for the battle royal in this year's IFA Shield final. A thriller was what this whole city needed to rekindle her interest in Calcutta football, given the insipid treat Calcuttans have been offered by their stars throughout the season.

My prayers were heard. The final proved a resounding success and the point was hammered home once again that there is no substitute for good football.

Even history was created. This was the first battle between the two giants to take place in the newly-built Salt Lake Stadium, which is a gigantic symbol of India's growing ambitions in sport. About 90,000 people overcame the city's harrowing transport problems to make their way to the threatre of action. This was the biggest crowd ever to witness a sporting event in this city and nothing less than top class football would have been in the fitness of things.

Much, however, depended on the attitude of the two coaches, P K Banerjee and Amal Dutta. Although neither of them can be labelled defensive, one could not rule out the possibility of a mediocre show, for an East Bengal Mohun Bagan encounter seldom rises to any great heights with tension scaling fever pitch, and the general attitude seems to be 'we must not take chances'.

But, for once that policy was abandoned and, perhaps, the motivating factor was the latest change in the rules of the tournament. From this year there will be only one winner, a draw leading the protagonists to the grind of a tie-breaker.

Another factor was PK himself. Over the years he has always been a great believer in positive football and it was only natural that the Mohun Bagan boys set the pace of the game at a high scale. They surged forward in a series of powerful moves and it was all luck that denied them an early goal to forge into the lead.

Moreover, there were a few flair players in PK's arsenal, and the Mohun Bagan coach conceived a strategy to make the best use of them. Naturally, the game promised to be an absorbing one right from the beginning.

It's a pity that today there are not enough teams who encourage players to fully express their creative talents. Instead most clubs seem to be convinced that workers serve their purposes better.

Yes, they do, on a few occasions, but I have never known a successful team based on workers alone.

In PK's scheme of things, the emphasis was on the attacking skill of some of the young nuggets that he has found in Mohun Bagan this season.



D P Sinha

Their joy knew no bounds: Kartick Sett being hugged by team-mates after his match-winning goal

There were the diminutive Krishanu Dey and Babu Mani; there was the fast and omnipresent Bikash Panji, who is always a source of danger for his opponents, and some of the other established stars also.

Together they are capable of providing what is known as entertaining football which can be effective in terms of results also. And Mohun Bagan almost tilted the scales in their favour when they got a number of scoring opportunities early in the match.

The most exciting youngster in the Mohun Bagan camp that afternoon was Krishanu Dey. He is growing into a class player, and but for his lack of speed—his Achilles' heel—this young man would have been a sensation among the current upcoming talents. He could have been a rolls royce of a forward by now. But then he has got a lot of football ahead of him and one can hope that his talent will bloom in the coming years.

It was a foregone conclusion that Krishanu would be the prime figure in East Bengal's list of targets. He would have to face a lot of pincer attacks from the East Bengal central defenders. In other words, he would be bottled up and one expected that PK would do something about that.

But Krishanu was sent too much upfront, fully exposed to the counter-attacks of the powerful East Bengal defenders. No less than four East Bengal boots challenged Krishanu whenever he was in possession, thus nipping many a dangerous move in the bud. He would have served his side much better as a game-maker, a role which he did take on from time to time and spelt danger in the East Bengal goalmouth. But on the whole the East Bengal defenders were successful in neutralising him, which was very much a part of their strategy.

The hero of the East Bengal defence was Monoranjan Bhattacharya. This match was one more occasion when every football follower realised what the Indian national team for the Asian Cup would be like without the gritty Monoranjan. Overcoming a painful muscle pull, Monoranjan proved the chief sentinel in his side's defence, almost impossible to beat. His was a flawless performance—something he can be proud of.

There can be little doubt that the East Bengal frontline had much more thrust than their counterparts in Mohun Bagan and from that point of view East Bengal were the favourites, in a way.



Kartick Sett's move thwarted by the Bangkok goalkeeper Yamsang Sirisak

But East Bengal was taken by surprise when Mohun Bagan started the game in a whirlwind fashion, without allowing the East Bengal frontliners much scope to show their prowess in the initial stages of the match.

But the story was different in the second half. East Bengal's forwards upset Mohun Bagan's rhythm and avenged the pressure Mohun Bagan had put on them in the first. And Mohun Bagan lost a match that should been theirs.

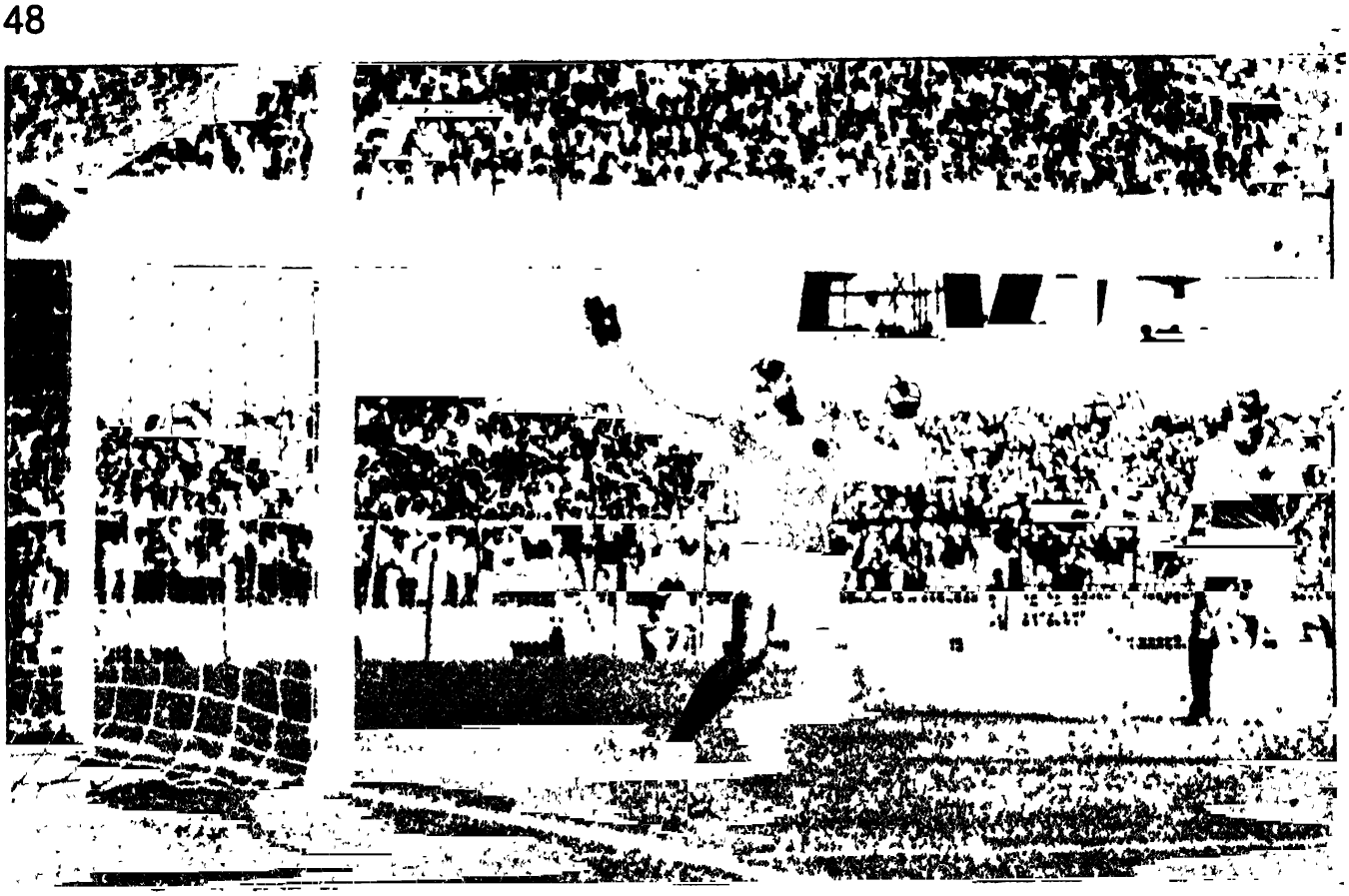
Mohun Bagan, however, had a great performance against Mohammedan Sporting in the semi final. The latter had given them much trouble since the beginning of the current season, but Mohun Bagan avenged it all in style.

In fact, Mohammedan Sporting is in deep waters now. The affairs of the club are in a shambles, discipline simply non-existent. There have been allegations of financial bunglings and even worse, one of the top officials was arrested by the police on charges of financial irregularities.

All this surely told on the morale of the team. It was very rare that all members of the team practised together before this tournament and the coach would not have been surprised even if Mohammedan Sporting had done worse. The coach Abdus Sattar was a dejected man when he met the Press after his side's ouster from the Shield tournament. He has had such an impressive record of performance against the big teams of Calcutta this year, but the season ended on such an unhappy note for him.

"After the trouble started, things became absolutely hopeless in the club. The incidents were a dampener on my boys' spirits and they hardly did any preparation for the Shield, especially this important match against Mohun Bagan. My team started so well, but could not keep it up and now the Calcutta football season has left us empty-handed," Sattar lamented.

The great thing about this year's IFA Shield is that most of the matches were played in true competitive spirit, although the only foreign entry, Bangkok Bank turned out to be a flop. And the quality of football that was on display in the final will surely go a long way to restore the tournament's lost glamour.



Goal: East Bengal win the 1984 IFA Shield tournament



Shyamal Banerjee beats Subir Sarkar



Both Moidul Islam and Aslam Khan look worried as they foil a Mohun Bagan move



Danger in the East Bengal goalmouth during the final

with a tennis-ball in a narrow courtyard, what makes one boy grow up to be Sunil Gavaskar?



The improvised conditions made the first rays of the sunny days come shining through The courtyard at Chikhalwadi which was the kindergarten of Gavaskar s cricketing education dictated its own set of rather unorthodox cricketing rules To play the ball against a window pane meant being declared out So Gavaskar devised a way of hitting the ball straight down the wicket and along the ground ince it was virtually impossible to get him out legitimately his team-mates cooked up rules that applied only to him They even went to the extent of appealing and declaring him out by majority verdict when the ball hit his arm

What that narrow courtyard gave the world was not just an athletic youth with a good eye and a taste for cricket But a thinking cricketer who became India s batting colossus But what s the stuff that goes into making a colossus, a legend a champion?

The technology of the 'Run Machine'

Technique is the core of cricket

Even Gavaskar, the perfect touch artist you see today, had his share of troubles in coming to terms with the technique of batting His biggest bugbear was his habit of angling his bat on the defensive stroke

This invariably resulted in him being snapped up in the slips To re-inforce this chink in his armour, Gavaskar put in hours and hours of practice and gave himself up to the counselling of Kamal Bhandarkar his first formal coach He modelled his batting along the lines of the legendary Conrad Hunte whose secret was a straight and high backlift and a frontfoot right up to the pitch of the ball As a matter of fact Hunte saw Gavaskar play for Bombay University in the Vizzy Trophy Though Gavaskar didn t notch up many runs, Hunte was thoroughly impressed by Gavaskar's technique



The old master was quick to recognize the tremendous potential of the young artist Hunte s faith in himself as a judge of cricketing talent must ve got a leg up when he saw Gavaskar play again, in his first test series as a member of the Indian team on the Caribbean tour of '71 He was a whirlwind come of age The artist who'd honed his art into a science

Gavaskar s graduation from the narrow courtyard to test cricket wasn t a fairy-tale climb to fame It was hard fought

He sweated at every stage and worked till his technique was good enough to gain him a promotion to the next From the anonymity of the courtyard to Shivaji Park, to University cricket, to Ranji Trophy and finally to test cricket was a hard run Not only did Gavaskar manage it in doing so, he hit every known batting record in the world of cricket out of sight Nothing sums him up better than the words of Don Bradman ' For many years I've admired his technique, attitude and dedication He's the world's greatest opening batsman, an ornament to the game

The long run of the 'Run Machine'

According to Botham, "He stands out among contemporary batsmen for his durability, composure and high technical performance at a time when all test cricketers face tremendous pressure " That's quite a compliment

Once Gavaskar got a start in test cricket, the precision and concentration with which he set about laying the foundation of his long innings, innings after innings, match after match, series after series, became almost mechanical in its consistency A thousand runs per 19 innings The highest number of hundreds, the fastest thousand, the maximum thousands in a calendar year, the highest test aggregate, the only one to

hit a century in each innings thrice, the only one to hit three hundreds in a consecutive innings twice, the only one to . . . it's enough to say that the Run Machine kept the statisticians on their toes. At 34, with 13 years of test cricket behind him, Gavaskar broke the great Don's record for the highest number of centuries. It was a clear indication that though time may have spiced his hair with grey, it has been unable to erode his stamina and his staying power.

The greatest show on the green

Gavaskar is a pure delight to watch. He has a repertoire of strokes that run the circle from third man to deep-fine leg. Let alone the spectators; even Keith Miller, one of the great fast bowlers of all time when asked where he would like to bowl to Gavaskar said, "Bowl? I would just like to stand in the slips to enjoy his batting. And there will be no work to do." The elegance of his craft, the range of his strokes, the power and style of his drives, the almost balletic form of his footwork, the purity of his technique, all keep you so captivated that it takes a statistician to jog you out of your dazed admiration to tell you that another record has fallen to Sunil Gavaskar.







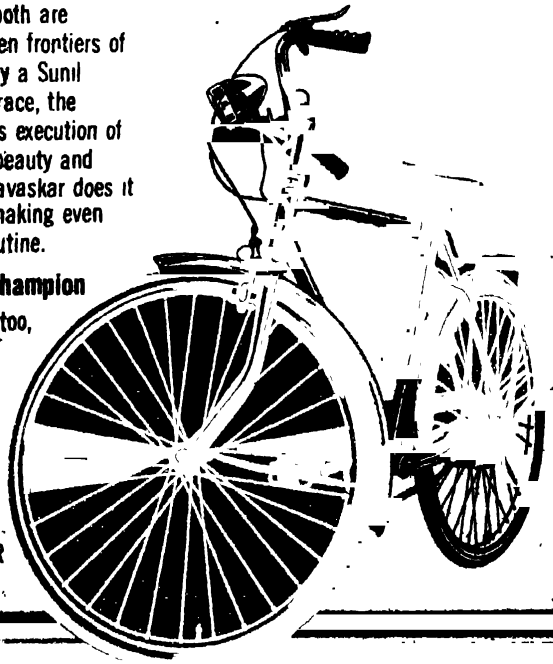
The feather-touch operation of the 'Run Machine'

It's the common feature of all the greats that they make the most difficult things look easy and effortless. Of course, behind that effortlessness is a lot of effort. Lot of sweat, patience, perfection, discipline. When the body and the mind both are pushed to a precipice, and when frontiers of tolerance are crossed, then only a Sunil Gavaskar discovers the easy grace, the fluidity of motion, the effortless execution of strokes that dazzle with their beauty and beguile with their ease. And Gavaskar does it with exceptional consistency, making even this exceptional consistency routine.

BSA SLR: Built like a champion

BSA SLR, the sporty bike, too, is built like a champion. Engineered with the same precision and perfection of technique. Built with the same painstaking eye for quality and detail. Built tough to last long. And built to run smooth and effortless. BSA SLR is a delight to watch too. With CP Spokes, fork lock,* white wall tyres, reflector pedals, matching saddles and handgrips, and a wide range of colours. Standing, it's as moving a sight as when it's on the move.

* Patent Pending



BSA SLR Built like a champion.

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DELHI

Talent Searching

THE most heartening aspect of the Delhi leg of the Limca Junior Tennis Championships was the entry of nine tiny little boys from Rai, the Haryana town, bordering Delhi. These boys belong to the Motilal School of Sports, a Haryana government public school, and the pick of the lot was 12-year-old Deepak Gehlot. The son of a teacher in the same school, Deepak has learnt the rudiments properly and if he takes after his father he should also acquire the physique for tennis. For a boy of his lean frame and short stride his movements on the court are impeccable. He has a smooth service action and good ground strokes to follow it. Because of lack of height he takes a big swing to volley. Gehlot lost here to a player from Allahabad who looked older than him (in the under-13 quarter final) but not before forcing him to three sets. But by then he must have caught the eye of the AILTA director of coaching, Sumant Misra.

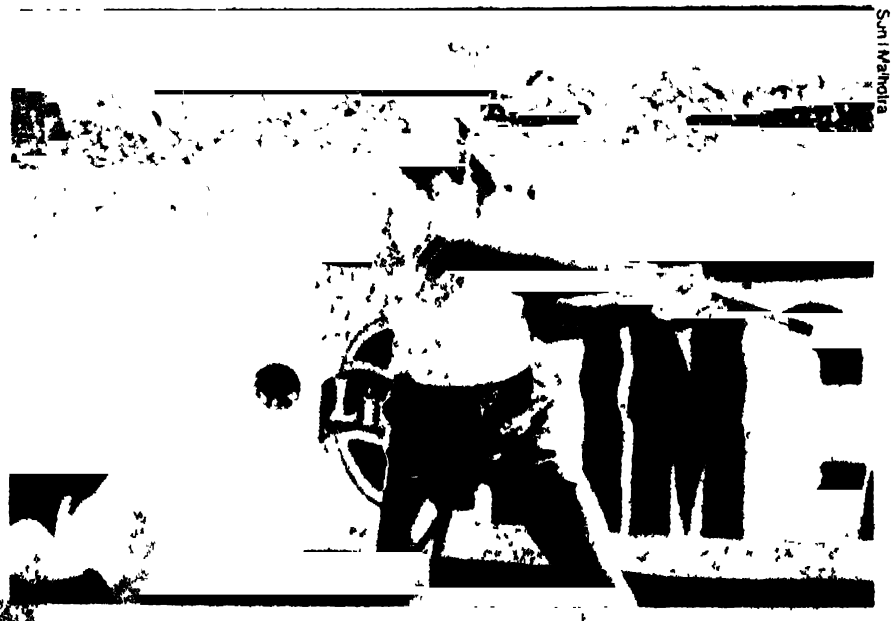
Another boy to make a good impression in the under-13 group was Aditya Sachdeva of St. Columbus School, Delhi. Like Deepak he too is twelve and a seventh class student. He has been brought up in a tennis environment, his father being a reasonably good club player. His father took him to the U.S.A. recently for a short coaching stint and he showed his improvement by entering the final after beating Gehlot's conqueror, Jayant Awasthi.

But he could do little against Rohit Rajpal in the final. Rohit is now at the take-off stage and his progress will be keenly watched in the coming years. A. Amarnath, Gaurav Sharma and Ashwin Damodaran are some other names worth noting.

The under-15 event was a one-boy show. Iqbal Dulara dominated it and must have found little satisfaction from his one-sided victories. For better competition, Iqbal should have played in the under-18 section and Rajpal in the under-15. Iqbal, who has been doing very well for the past 2 years, is in danger of stagnating if he does not move out and play the circuit.

The under-18 event was a disappointment. None of the boys looked tough enough for a three-set match. It was a foregone conclusion that the Austrian schoolboy, Sebastian Koch, could beat all others standing at the baseline. His baseline shots are hit so well that he rarely allowed anyone to charge to the net. He beat Shiv Walia, a bespectacled left-hander, dropping two games in each of the two sets. Rajveer Ranawat lost to Walia in the semis but he has good strokes to back his reasonably powerful serve. But his approach to the game looked very casual and movement very slow. The Dulara sisters, Afshan and Kehkashan, met with little opposition. Afshan beat younger Kehkashan in the final.

A Correspondent



Sunil Malhotra

Iqbal Dulara: A cut above the rest

MADRAS

Clearing The Mess

THE Tamil Nadu Table Tennis Association had become sick body in the last decade and it had become obvious that only a thorough overhauling of the existing office bearers would better the lot of the game and the players in the state.

In the last ten years little has been done for the development of the game and encouragement of the players.

However the clouds have at last been lifted and the atmosphere is much better now, thanks chiefly to the fact that the office bearers who were in control for the last decade or so have been removed. The new office bearers, with D. Lakshminarayanaswami from Coimbatore, as president and T. N. Lakshumanan from Tiruchi as the Secretary, are a knowledgeable and enthusiastic set of people who promise to do a lot for the game and the players.

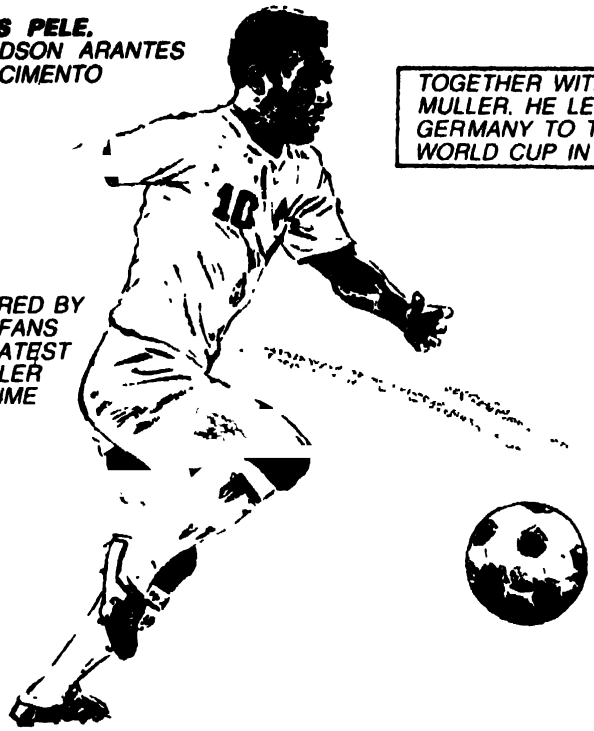
In fact, they swung into action within days of being elected. First they met with representatives of the Tamil Nadu Table Tennis Players Welfare Association and patiently heard the problems of the players. This was a welcome change for the previous TTTA committee was always at loggerheads with the players. They then met with the District Clubs and took note of their suggestions. The TTTA executive has divided the 16 districts into four zones and formed various sub-committees to help them in their work. Strict norms have also been set up for selection and ranking.

The TTTA is also conducting the South Zone Championship at Coimbatore next week, and in order to ascertain the exact number of players in the state, the TTTA has decided to issue registration cards to them.

The new office bearers have certainly started in an earnest manner and if they continue their good work there is every indication that Tamil Nadu will do even better in the Nationals.

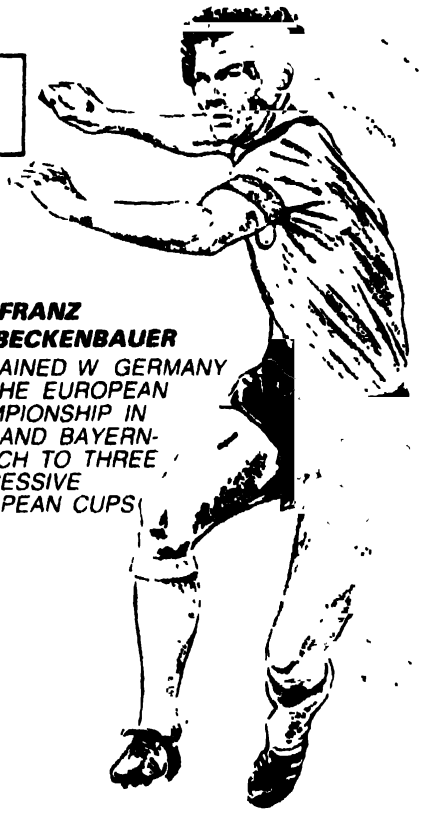
Partab Ramchand

BRAZIL'S PELE.
BORN EDSON ARANTES DO NASCIMENTO IN 1940.



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MODERN SOCCER AS WE KNOW IT TODAY DATES FROM OCT 26 1963 WHEN THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION WAS FOUNDED IN THE FREE MASON S TAVERN. HOLBORN IN LONDON ENGLAND

PELE S ABILITY TO PRODUCE THE UNEXPECTED THE SELFLESS TOUCH THAT SET UP SO MANY GOALS FOR TEAM-MATES THE CONTROL OVER THE BALL THAT ALLOWED HIM TO OUTWIT THE CLOSEST MARKING AND THE SOARING HEADER AND SHOOTING POWER ARE ALL LEGENDARY THE BLACK PEARL IS DEFINITELY THE ALL TIME GREAT OF THIS GREAT GAME

TOM FINNEY—NOW RETIRED.



REGARDED BY MANY AS ENGLAND S GREATEST PLAYER EVER IN WORLD CUP PLAY. HE SCORED 30 TIMES IN 76 GAMES.

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21 September Zola Budd, the South African runner who had taken British citizenship just before the LA Olympics, decides that she will no longer compete as a British athlete. This is due to family problems.

Sebastian Coe is voted the best male athlete of the year by the British Athletics Writers' Association. Tessa Sanderson of javelin throwing fame is named the best woman athlete.

Qamar Zaman, the Pakistani squash expert, outplays Greg Pollard of Australia to move into the final of the Singapore Open Squash Championship. Zaman wins 9-5, 9-4, 1-9, 9-3.

22 September Muhammad Ali is discharged from hospital where he had been undergoing treatment for Parkinson's disease.

The first South Asian Federation Games draws to a close at Kathmandu with India taking top honours in the medals tally with 44 gold, 28 silver and 16 bronze medals.

Martina Navratilova notches up her 56th consecutive win and breaks Chris Evert-Lloyd's record for the most consecutive wins by a woman tennis player.

23 September Zhu Jianhua, the world record holder in the high jump, strikes form after a long time as he jumps 2.35m to win the event at a one-day international meet at Peking.

The Fifth Avenue mile meet is won by John Walker of New Zealand.

Pakistan's Qamar Zaman retains his Singapore Open Squash Championship title.



Zola Budd—running back



Sebastian Coe—this year's best



Martina Navratilova—new record

24 September Han Jian of China shuttles past Yang Yang 15-12, 15-10 to win the men's singles crown at the fourth Alba World Cup Badminton Championships in Jakarta. The women's title is won by Li Lingwei who gets past Han Aiping 10-12, 11-4, 11-7.

John McEnroe wins the $ 265,000 Trans-American Open tennis championship at San Francisco beating Brad Gilbert 6-4, 6-4.

Lorraine Mollar of New Zealand is just nine seconds faster than Carla Beurskens of Holland as she crosses the finish line of the $ 65,000 Paris Avon International marathon at Paris.

25 September Martina Navratilova is the highest money winner on the women's professional tennis circuit.

Aaron Krickstein, the 17-year-old American tennis professional, beats Sweden's Henrik Sundstrom 6-7, 6-1 to win the Geneva Tennis Grand Prix.

26 September Calcutta soccer giants Mohun Bagan and Mohammedan Sporting clash at the Salt Lake Stadium in the semi finals of the IFA Shield football tournament. Bikash Panji scores to take Mohun Bagan into the final.

27 September P. Mithrakant, a young chess player from Tamil Nadu, upsets British International Master Robert Bellin in the Accumax Asian chess tournament at Bombay.

Anatoly Karpov win the sixth game against challenger Gary Kasparov to lead 2-0 in the World Chess title contest.

Greatest athlete in the world

But he died in poverty

EVERY Olympics throws up its hero the man or woman whose name becomes known wherever sport is loved and followed It may be a Zatopek, a Nurmi a Jesse Owens or a Mark Spitz

The 1912 Games in Stockholm was no exception It turned up a man who was acclaimed 'the greatest all round athlete in the world

But the hero whose name was on everybody's lips during that 10 day festival of sport appears in no official record of the Games in no roll of Olympic honour

That man was big Jim Thorpe a member of the all conquering United States team

An immensely powerful man he was born near Prague Oklahoma in '88 of American Indian parents six foot tall weighing more than 180 pounds, he came into athletics comparatively late after a gruelling baptism in fitness, strength and courage in the hurly burly of American football

Thorpe was a natural athlete and gifted sportsman Not only did he excel at lacrosse, hockey and basketball He was also a fine swimmer and boxer

In the 1912 Olympics Thorpe was in the US athletics team competing in the decathlon and the pentathlon Thorpe won both almost as he pleased The opposition was not just beaten, it was annihilated

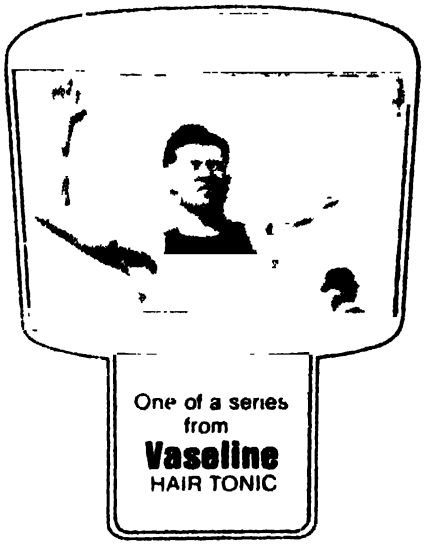
Thorpe won four of the five events—the long jump throwing the javelin, the 200 metres sprint and the gruelling 1500 metres—in the pentathlon

King's tribute

The decathlon, ultimate test of all round athletic ability, comprised 10 specialist events spread over three days, with points awarded based on the existing Olympic record for the events.

There were four track races – the 100, 400 and 1500 metres and the 110m hurdles — and six field events the long jump, high jump, pole vault

JIM THORPE



discus, shot and javelin Incredibly, the iron man from Oklahoma won all but javelin and long jump!

He amassed an astonishing 8412 points—688 more than Sweden's Hugo Wieslander, and 1000 more than the third-placed competitor

Sweden's King Gustav V told Thorpe Sir, you are the greatest athlete in the world

Few people would have disagreed with that accolade In a short athletics career Thorpe clocked 10 sec for the 100 yds, ran a mile in 4min 40 1 sec leapt 6ft 5in in the high jump and 23ft 6in in the long jump hurled the discus 125ft 8in and the javelin 163ft

Jim Thorpe and the victorious Americans went home to a tumultuous reception Thorpe's was the name on everyone's lip America liked to think that his feat in the pentathlon epitomised America's superiority in athletics

Bombshell

Into this atmosphere of justified satisfaction the United States Amateur Athletic Union tossed a bombshell some months later

Thorpe, they said, was a professional sportsman! His Olympian feats must be struck from the record books, his gold medals handed back and awarded to the runners-up.

Someone found out that Thorpe had been paid for playing in minor baseball games

Thorpe didn't deny the charge. It was true He simply hadn't realised that by accepting money for playing baseball he had forfeited his right to compete in amateur athletics competitions

Sentence was duly carried out. The record books were rewritten, the gold medals returned to be re-presented.

Wieslander refused to accept the pentathlon gold To him Thorpe was the only man with a right to it. He preferred to keep the silver medal he had won honourably

Thorpe then became a true professional sportsman As if to prove King Gustav's words true, that he was indeed the greatest athlete in the world, the man who had won fame as a runner and football player, and who had starred in a dozen Olympic athletic events turned to baseball for a living In 1913, he signed for the New York Giants for $4500, and in a six-year top class career played also for Cincinnati and Boston

And when his baseball career ended, he returned to his first love—American Football — and played that professionally until 1926.

Yet Big Jim died in near-poverty at Lomita, California, in March 1953.

Even after death, Jim Thorpe continued to be honoured Burt Lancaster starred in a film of his life, 'Man of Bronze' An American town was named after him.

There, to this day, stands a memorial 'inscribed with the King's tribute: Sir, you are the greatest athlete in the world '

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

Soccer Crazy

Set priorities

ENGLAND have staked an early claim to host the finals of the 1988 European Championships. But they will face stiff opposition from West Germany.

Uppermost in UEFA's collective mind, when it comes to judgement day, will be the redoubtable behaviour of English soccer fans. They are considered throughout Europe, and perhaps the world, to be the most barbaric.

Not that France's, this year's host, fans were much better behaved, but at least one of the French vandals had impeccable taste. He broke into a hired car being used by one of the officials of ISL, the promotions agency who handle commercial deals for FIFA and UEFA.

When the official returned to his vehicle after watching a match, he discovered that a thief had broken in. The thief however, had ignored the camera, clothes and other personal effects of value.

All he took was one copy of the June edition of *World Soccer.*

Rest In Peace

Lie down

SO Ian Botham is off for his lie down. "Good night sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." Well if playing football for Scunthorpe United can be called rest.

For Scunthorpe United "these are times of adversity" according to manager Frank Barlow. Boardroom trouble and strife is just part of it. The team has just two points from five games, lies third from bottom in the .fourth division and had a first team squad reduced to thirteen. So the club is eagerly awaiting Botham's rejoining.

Botham, on his part, is standing his ground in Taunton, benefit year commitments keeping him there.

"I know he'll be with us as soon as he can, and we are looking forward to seeing him", said Barlow. "We could do with the lift he will give us."

Yes, so could the English cricket team touring India and Australia this winter. But perhaps Botham will come back from his break, bowling like Joel Garner. Just as good, he might come back bowling like Ian Botham.

Sign Language

Boycott out

OLE "STAN" MORTENSEN, Derbyshire's Danish fast bowler has been playing in England for two seasons now. During his first season he was asked if his daughter Julie, then one year old, understoood any English.

Mortensen turned to Julie and said to her "Boycott—out." Without a second's hesitation the young girl thrust her index finger skywards.

The story comes from Peter Hargreaves' recently published book *Derbyshire's Dane.*

Fit and Fat

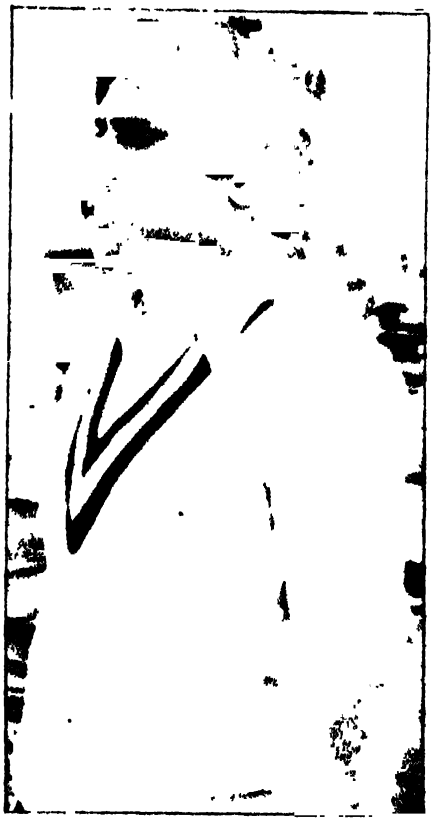
Signs of prosperity

IT seems that the Indian Press misses out quite a lot of home news. A London newspaper recently carried a news item under the heading *Indian fitness below standards.*

No, the item did not deal with the Indian contingent that went to the LA Games.

It is about the Indian cricketers. The item said that the Indian cricket squad to face Australia in the one-day series is not up to international standards of physical fitness. And this is according to the gentleman who ran a short fitness camp prior to the series.

Dr. Tandon is also quoted as saying, "The six days I have been given to get my players into acceptable physical shape to play a team like Australia is totally inadequate. I once considered Kapil Dev and Roger Binny models of physical fitness, but now they have put on so much weight it's impossible for them to maintain their own form." Don't cricketers owe anything to the game and its followers?



Kapil fit or fat?

Love And Win

Time to try

ONE player on the professional tennis circuit who is definitely having a dream season is John Lloyd known better for being the husband o Chris Lloyd. It seems the separation and the recent reconciliation between the two is having a good effect on thei games.

Chris recently defeated Martina Navratilova, her first victory over the world's number one woman player since 1982.

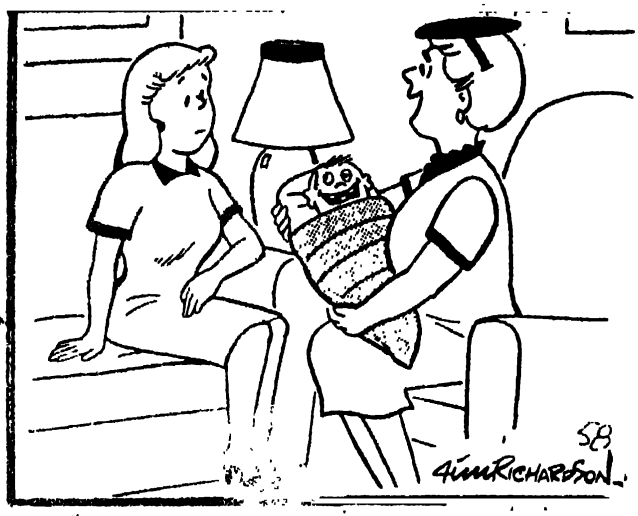
Husband Lloyd began his comeback (to tennis) from the US Open, where he reached the last eight beating, among others, Johan Kriek and Henrick Sundstrom and going down eventually to Jimmy Connors. Lloyd has kept up the good work consistently since then.

At 30, this seasoned campaigner knows that getting better is much more than just an exercise of climbing a mental staircase.

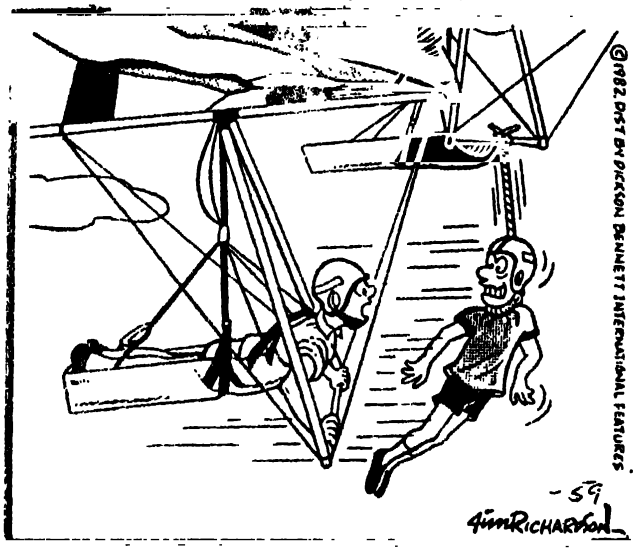
"I don't see any reason why... I can't make the top ten myself," says Lloyd. "I don't know if you can acquire that deep absolute fire that Chris (his wife), or Borg or Jimmy (Connors) have," he says in his trans-Atlantic Essex-Florida voice, "These real champions have unbelievable motivation, and I find it astonishing and amazing the way they can get themselves up day after day."

"For years I went around wasting my talent the way many youngsters do today. Then I realised that time was running out for me. Something inside me is telling me that now is the time to try."

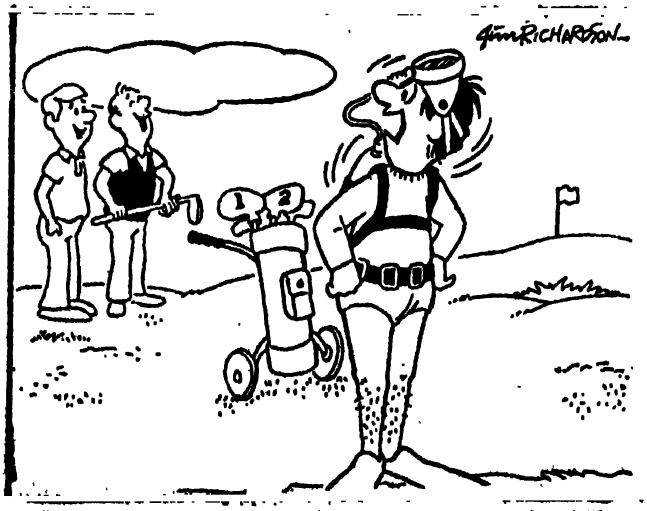
A determined guy like that needs marriage to luscious Chrissie Evert!



"MY HUSBAND IS SO PROUD—HE SAYS OUR SON IS A BORN [illegible] KEY PLAYER!"



"YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT HANG GLIDING."



"GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, BUT JUST REMEMBER—I'VE NEVER LOST A BALL IN THE WATER!"

Boys Will Be Girls

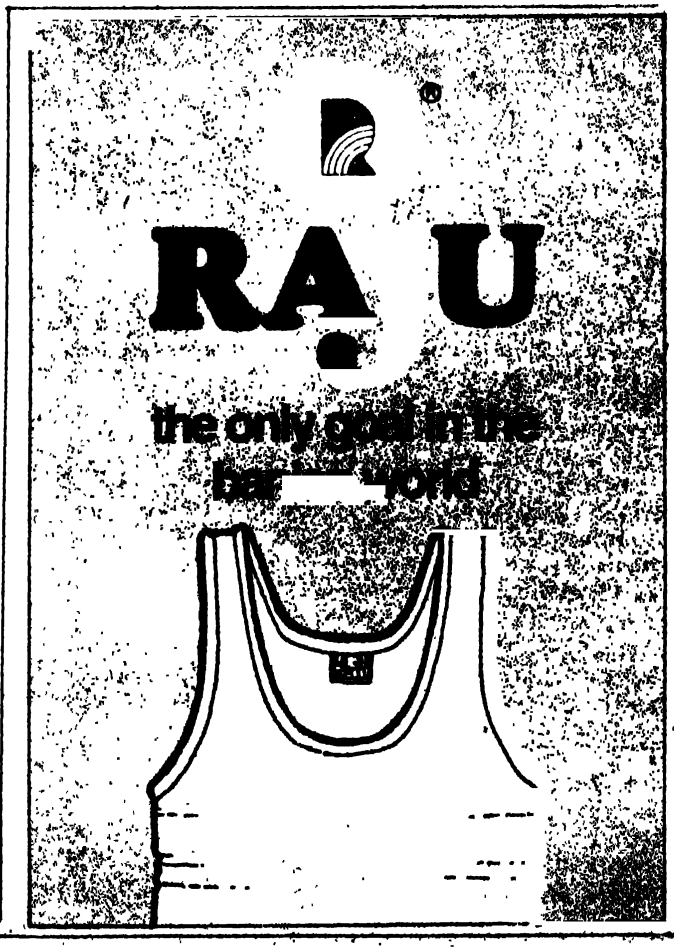
THE boys of Ampthell Rugby Club have refused to play against one member of the Oxford Old Boys. The problem is that the player is definitely not a boy.
Jean McCollester was and still is a girl. "I just happen to like rugby and I'm fedup with all this nonsense about swerves and curves", says the 10 stone, five-foot-eight-Jean.
It's true. Nowhere in the rules of rugby does it say that females cannot play!

Quote

PHIL EDMONDS on his recall as an England cricketer, "The youthful arrogance has gone. I may still be arrogant, but at 33 I couldn't claim to be youthful"

Horse Reading

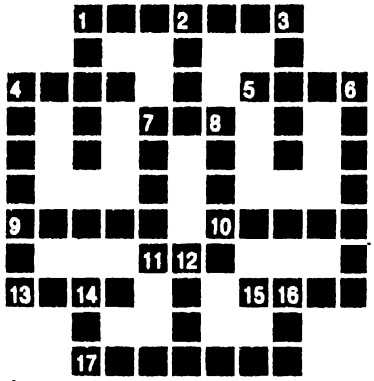
THE Dyslexia Foundation of Britain is looking for people who think they can beat Jimmy Hill on horseback.
The Charity is looking for more participants in their "celebrity flat race." "Lining up with Hill are, Nelson Piquet (used to driving more than one horse power), David Brown of cricketing fame, Lucinda Green and Maureen Piggott the daughter of "the long fellow."



CROSSWORD

Mudar

257



ACROSS

1 Italian soccer player now famous, contains a metal (7)
4 Alternative to pace in the bowling attack (4)
5 Fosbury became famous for this particular style of going over the bar in the high jump event (4)
7 Cricketer Brearley s initials (1,1 1)
9 Five-a-side form of pelota played with leather gloves in the open court has a sex goddess in the middle (5)
10 Not the 'lesser Waltz (5)
11 Cricketer Milburn's physical loss jumbled up (3)
13 Calcutta First Division soccer side begins with a state of conflict (4)
15 Luxuriant growth for an important TCCB official (4)
17 Spanish champion at Wimbledon comprises what people go to the beach looking for (7)

DOWN

1 Economic value for an English bowler of the early Seventies (4)
2 Lines on the sides of a tennis court (4)
3 Pakistani leg spinner who played for years as Surrey's all rounder (1,4)
4. Game played with a rattan ball on a badminton court was an exhibition sport during the Asiad in 1982 (1,6)
6 Full credit to this Australian tennis player (3,4)
7 'Humorous Hampshire all rounder, now retiring, was flown out to Australia as a replacment on their last trip there (5)
8 Woman tennis player currently on the circuit begins with a kind of sweet cake (5)
12. Directions for comical Essex spinner (4)
14. and 16. Mexican tennis plater who died in an air crash contain a light source (1,5)

Excellent: 19-17, Good: 16, Fair: 15.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 What is the motto of the Asian Games?
2 What is the colour of the Asian Games flag?
3 Who gave the torch used to light the Asian Games 'flame ?
4 The name ' Asian Games was preferred to "Asiatic Games suggested earlier Who suggested the names?
5 Who was the first Asian to become a member of the I O C ?
6 Who lighted the Asian Games flame for the first time?
7 Who composed the Asian Games Hymn?
8 Who was the first-ever Asian Games competitor to become president of the A G F subsequently?

ANSWERS

1 EVER ONWARD
2 White
3 Maharaja Yadavindra Singh of Patiala
4 Jawaharlal Nehru and Prof G D Sondhi respectively
5 Dr Jigoro Kano of Japan
6 Brigadier Dalip Singh (India)
7 Col C B Rigor (Philippines)
8 Prince Gholam Reza Pahlavi of Iran who was a member of the Iranian contingent which participated in the Second Asian Games

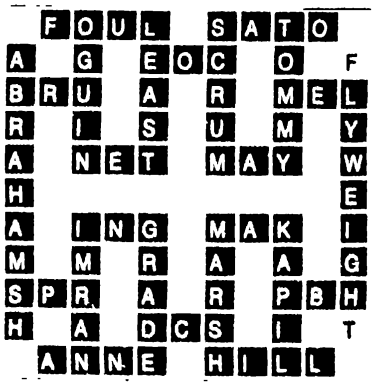
BRIDGE

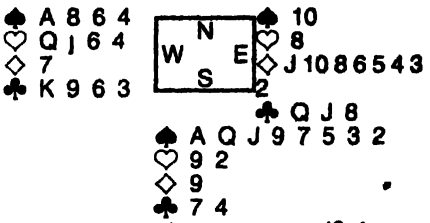
Boris Schapiro

You are happily contemplating the North hand below when your partner who is vulnerable deals and opens four

♠ none
♡ A K 10 7 5 3
◇ A K Q
♣ A 10 5 2

SOLUTION 256





spades What do you respond? A correspondent from a university observes that it was tempting to bid the grand slam but that he could think of no intelligent way to transfer the decision to his partner, who might hold a solid suit - So he simply raised to six spades

If North wants to try for seven he can bid 5NT inviting partner with a no-loser suit to bid the grand slam However, there is a slight danger with a void, partner with a suit such as A K Q 10 x x x would treat it as solid and there might be a loser

West led his singleton diamond against six spades and the declarer played a second round of diamonds, discarding a club West ruffed, and there was still another trump to lose

Declarer should have ruffd the second diamond but as the cards lie that would not have helped My correspondent observed that South could have made the contract easily by ruffing the second diamond with a high trump There he shows a little inexperience West must decline to overruff and the defence will come to two trump tricks As the cards lie, there is no way to make six spades against reasonable defence

New books *The Mistakes You Make at Bridge, by* Terence Reese, Roger Trezel (Gollancz, £7 95 or £4 95), describes exactly the mistakes you—sorry, your partners—make in bidding, defence and Dummy play

Victor Mollo s latest *I challenge You* (Methuen £7 95), consists of 200 problems, very well set out and not too difficult

Bridge· *The Elements of Defence,* by G C H Fox (Robert Hale, £8 25), is the sound stuff you would expect from the chief training officer of the E B U Teachers Association

Eric Crowhurst's *Acol in Competition* (Pelham Books, £7 95 in paperback), is a reprint of a work that is long, thorough, always interesting

Terence Reece s book, *The Expert Game* appears for the first time in paperback (Robert Hale, £2 95)

This week's quiz: Partner opens one spade and you hold

♠ K 7 4, ♡ 10 4 3, ◇ Q 4 2, ♣ A J 6

What do you respond?

Answer: Some players would respond 1NT, for which you are a bit strong, and some two clubs, which doesn't really solve the problem I am a strong believer in raising to two spades This is helpful to a partner who has, say, 6-4 2-1 distribution with a rather weak suit.

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More politics than Australia
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Cover painting of Sunil Gavaskar by Subrata Gangopadhyay

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SAF Games

IN the recently-concluded South Asian Federation Games at Kathmandu, India emerged as the country with the largest haul of medals. Against the athletes from such countries as the Maldives, Bangladesh, Bhutan, Sri Lanka, etc., the Indians had a cake-walk. But there is no cause for euphoria considering the fact that some of the winners could not even better their own national marks.

So, the important thing is that these small countries should endeavour to become better and better, so that there will be a keen competition for the Indian athletes in the second meet at Dhaka.

SUSANTA BISWAS,
Calcutta.

Only politics

DAVID WALLECHINSKY's article about politics being kept out of the Games made interesting reading. But we will never benefit from his advise because in India, whenever you mention sports, it means 'only politics.'

ARTA MISHRA,
Cuttack.

Detrimental

I sincerely believe that, the way that the Indian cricket team is selected, the day is not far off when players and personalities like Kirti Azad will rule the roost. The motto of Indian sports seems to be 'Regionalism, Parochialism, and Nepotism'.

The sooner the people concerned with sport realise that sport and politics are detrimental to each other, the better it is for the game.

TANIYA GHOSH,
Calcutta.

Bold decision

Our superstar Sunil Gavaskar is once again leading India in the forthcoming tour to Pakistan. It would be still better if he were to be appointed captain against England as well, without waiting for the outcome against Pakistan. This bold decision would instill greater confidence in the team and enable Gavaskar to work out strategies against both the countries well in advance.

DR. SHYAM N. SHUKLA & ALI SAJID HUSAIN,
Lucknow University.

IFA Shield

Before the IFA Shield final, the question on everyone's lips was whether East Bengal would be able to win the match. And win it, they did. A superlative goal by Kartick Sett in the 37th minute of the second half sealed the fate of Mohun Bagan.

By this victory, East Bengal have established themeselves as the better team with their superior team work and skill. So, I extend my congratulations to captain Bhaskar Ganguly and the other players of the East Bengal team.

RABIN KUMAR CHATTOPADHYAY,
Uttarpara.

Wrong axing

KUDOS to the Indian cricket selectors for choosing a 'safe' side to Pakistan. But why axe Ashok Malhotra, who played so well against the West Indies last year?

Moreover, it is not very wise to persist with Anshuman Gaekwad and Mohinder Amarnath, both failures of the previous season. Instead they could have tried out Azharuddin, Arun Lal or Padam Shastri.

PRABAL GUHA,
Calcutta

Why blame the captains?

WHEN a team loses against the West Indies, everybody blames the captain. But is it rational to blame Kapil Dev, Hughes or Gower when all their teams have suffered ignominous defeats.

The West Indians have become so powerful in all the departments of the game, that no team can put up a worthy fight. So, the fault lies with the whole team rather than with a particular captain's inefficiency.

ANJAN LAHIRI,
Fulia.

Got a problem? We'll solve it

So your backhand isn't crisp enough
Your sprint starts are slow
Your penalty corners go haywire..
Your off breaks don't pitch on a length
Readers are invited to write in if they have any specific technical problems related to sport
Their queries will be answered by eminent sports personalities of all-India stature All letters should be marked 'Problem Corner.'

Gavaskar is not as good as Bradman—but very close

In the opinion of **Sir Len Hutton,** Gavaskar might have been bracketed with The Don if he had been born in England or Australia, instead of India. This extract, from Hutton's book, "Fifty Years in Cricket," just released in London by Hutchinson Books Ltd., deals with the greatest Test batsmen of all time

"And now that I have gone through the whole of my career, and look back to the time I was a young man, I am far from regretting that I have been a cricketer, and he who has never indulged in this noblest of pastimes, be he prince or peasant, has missed one of the great enjoyments of life."....Richard Daft, a member of the legendary Nottinghamshire and all England teams (1893).

RICHARD DAFT's simple sentiments, written all those years ago, are still re-echoed by every cricketer. Alternatively, I could have quoted my erstwhile Pudsey St. Lawrence partner, Edgar Oldroyd, who used to say in broadest Yorkshire, "Lad, if I were coming ageaan I'd want t'do same. I've enjoyed my cricket."

I had my good times, I had my hard times. It wasn't nice to finish before my time and have to start a new career at an age when most businessmen were forging ahead. Fortunately, I had some business acumen, but not every cricketer is so lucky. I couldn't see myself as an umpire or a school coach. Being a cricketing knight put me apart, but, if anything, I have always tended to underplay that side of my career.

Cricket can be a cruel taskmaster, and the critics and public overdemanding, but the game has given me an entry into a world that, in all likelihood, would have been closed to me. Yes, indeed, I would like to be sixteen years old again, on the threshold of a career, but I wouldn't want to start with the knowledge that I had when I retired, for half the fun of cricket, like life itself, is in finding out for yourself by trial and error and pitting your wits against the next fellow.

I am assuming that I would have the same love and interest in cricket as when I first set out to play for Yorkshire half a century ago, and I should feel as inwardly invigorated as I do when I go to New York. New York has that effect on me. I hope I would be fit and not undergo the pain and heartbreak of an arm injury a second time, and be spared the medicals I had to undergo every two or three years to ascertain the extent of my disability. Nor, obviously, would I want a sizeable chunk of my career to be lost by war.

I would like to have played more brilliantly. Every now and again everything in my career seemed to come together, and an innings is etched in the mind. There was the 62 not out on the Brisbane sticky of 1950; then 174 in three hours against a Transvaal attack, including Athol Rowan and Geoff Chubb, at Johannesburg in 1948; there was the 205 that took so much out of me at Kingston in 1954, and 100 in a county game against Worcestershire at Huddersfield in 1953.

Reg Perks had got me out so many times that he was beginning to think of me as his rabbit, and I was determined to show him, in the only way I could, that it was time to put the record straight. Such innings make spectators sit up, but in your heart you know it can't be a standard performance. Only Bradman sparkled most of the time, and even he had his failures, but he reached the stage when a failure was even more spectacular copy for the critics than a big score.

One of the joys of regular Test cricket is the opportunity to study at close quarters the master batsmen and bowlers of the world, and, in later years, I have watched them with equal fascination from the Press Box. Rhodes' ultimate accolade was to say quietly: "This chap is a good player." One to have won his ungrudging admiration would surely have been Sunil Gavaskar.

I have a feeling that if he had been born English or Australian, many of the better judges would have been tempted to bracket him with Bradman. Gavaskar is not as good as Bradman, but very close, which automatically puts him in the very highest class of batsmen of all time.

He is a small compact man, thicker set than Bradman, but of a similar height, and, like all true champions, can play off both feet with equal facility. He uses a medium-weight bat and hits the ball hard enough with precise accuracy to beat the fieldsman, but not hard enough to knock it out of shape.

He cuts, pulls, and drives the half volley beautifully, often through midwicket and to back his natural accom-



"If I were to recommend a schoolboy to copy a modern master I would rather go for Gavaskar than Richards..."

plishments, he has the concentration, will-power and temperament of a record breaker. I admire, too, the positive and quick movements of his feet and the almost feline grace with which he gets into position to deal with the bouncer.

I have had the good fortune to have seen many memorable double centuries in Test matches, and Gavaskar's 221 at The Oval in 1979 should, at the very least, be bracketed with Stan McCabe's 232 at Trent Bridge and Wally Hammond's 240 at Lord's, particularly bearing in mind the important fact that India started their second innings in the seemingly impossible position of needing 438 runs in 500 minutes to win. They reached 429 for eight, and I am tempted to think, thanks mainly to Gavaskar, India's cricket came of age during that tense and gripping last day.

For once English partisanship was abandoned as half the country longed for India to win. Gavaskar was by far the best batsman of either side in the series—England had Boycott, Gooch, and Gower—and at his peak was undeniably the world's leading number one.

Bombay is a far cry from Pudsey, but I see a lot of myself in Gavaskar's early years. The same irrepressible forces drew us to cricket. We came under its spell as soon as we learnt to talk, and Sunil broke records at every level, including becoming the first Indian to score 5,000 Test runs.

In four Tests in the West Indies on his debut series, he scored 774 runs, and the first of his double centuries for India came in only his fourth Test. In four Tests in the West Indies, he scored 774 runs—and that in his maiden series.

At thirteen he scored a century in a Bombay schools tournament, and a year later was in the All-India Schools Association competition. Some of my generation might stand by Vijay Merchant as India's greatest, and Alec Bedser insists he remains the finest Indian batsman he has seen on all types of pitches, with none from overseas better on difficult English conditions. But I do not think in my span of playing and watching I have seen a better Indian batsman than Gavaskar, who probably had more relish for a big score than Merchant, as well as having a technique which gave bowlers less chance.

Certainly Gavaskar has a model technique. If I were to recommend a schoolboy to copy a modern master, I would go for Gavaskar rather than Viv Richards who, though a great player in every sense, depends enormously on his eagle eye.



"By example, Worrell unified the islands as no man, cricketer or politician, has done before or since...."

I have seen Richards play many innings and score many runs, and I have never banished the feeling he could miss a straight ball. That might seem a naive observation, but he hits the ball so often off middle and leg stumps that I think, against a bowler able to hold the ball up, he might be in a bit of trouble.

Richards' technique is based on a remarkable eye, footwork, and powerful forearms and he is extremely effective on the on-side. Most of today's topline batsmen are predominantly onside players, and, as most bowlers try to move the ball in, it is easy to understand why. It made a refreshing change to observe the young Essex bowler Neil Foster in his first Test against New Zealand at Lord's in 1983 deliver the ball close to the stumps instead of wide of the crease. I would dearly love to watch Richards against a quality outswinger or leg break bowler.

Richards is immensely strong and a joy to behold when he is on song and timing the ball sweetly, but I do not think he is quite as correct as Gavaskar. Gavaskar plays straighter and more like Bradman. If I were captaining a side against Richards I would pray for an outswing bowler and set the field accordingly—certainly with a mid-wicket on the leg side—but Richards might well answer me, "As long as they make the ball move into me, I shall hit them to leg." For a well-built man, Richards is light and nimble on his feet, which almost goes without saying for a batsman of his stature.

Having aired my one suspicion about a weakness in his technique, I would not hesitate to put him alongside George Headley, Everton Weekes, Frankie Worrell, and Clyde Walcott as the best five batsmen to come out of the West Indies. I put Gary Sobers apart for the moment.

I would not dare to put the specialised batsmen in order of merit, and I am never sure whether to put Headley as the supreme champion. In the 1939 home series he had me totally



"Bradman reached the stage when a failure was even more spectacular copy for the critics than a big score."

absorbed by his methods. For a comparatively small man, he surprisingly used a long handled bat, and though he wasn't a particularly good driver, at least by comparison with his other strokes, his pulling and square cutting, he was as near to Bradman as it was possible to get, and he was positively brilliant off his back foot.

I never saw any batsmen play the ball as late as George. Sometimes his stroke was delayed so long that you felt certain he had been bowled, but he was so well positioned that his bat would come down and he would complete his intended shot with consummate ease. Many a bowler strangled his cry of exultation. The ability to have so much time and play so late was one of the hallmarks of his genius.

Apart from an inward breath of sheer disbelief that the tiny island of Barbados could produce three such batsmen—all born within a mile of each other over an 18-month period—there are two observations I would like to make about the three W's.

First, I would never argue vehemently to put them in any order of ability, second, as an opposing captain, I do not believe it was possible to contain them once they were set. All three had so many shots, were able to improvise so readily, and basically were so good that no captain could logically set up a field to close them up. I would look around and think I could do with four or five more fielders.

Worrell was the most stylish—indeed, his elegance faithfully reflected the innate culture of a man whose attainments off the field were equally distinguished—Weekes was the hungriest run-gatherer, and Walcott arrived at number five or six (surely no side has ever had a better number six) when the bowling had usually lost its freshness, to attack with his heavyweight strength. He hit the ball with the power of a mule's kick, particularly off the back foot.

Walcott once modestly said that if his name hadn't started with the letter W nobody would have thought of putting him in the same class as the other two, but such an assessment can be brushed aside with a Test record of 15 centuries, the same as Everton Weekes against Worrell's nine.

The vagaries of cricket are endlessly fascinating, and it still comes as a surprise to be reminded that, at one stage, Clyde kept his place by keeping wicket. He was behind the stumps when I first faced Ramadhin and, as I took guard, he said to me, "You'll have trouble with this fellow, Len, I'm trying to pick him, and I'm standing two yards further back than you."

All the W's made a tremendous impact on world cricket. Worrell's death from leukemia was a tragic loss in every respect. By example, he unified the islands as no man, cricketer or politician, has done before or since, and I cannot think of a cricketer anywhere who possessed his serenity—he declared himself to be a fatalist—or his genuine friendliness.

His match temperament was ideal. Before an innings he would take a nap, and often he played a Test innings as free of care as in a friendly. Frankie will never be forgotten for his marvellous ability and polished style, his captaincy, and as a man whose character far transcended such divisions as colour.

Walter Robins, when managing the MCC, in the West Indies, asked him bluntly if he ever thought he was disadvantaged being black. "I only notice I'm black when I'm shaving", he replied.

If Weekes reached 20 or so, I used to fear the worst, for experience taught me he would take some getting out and would not be satisfied with a first hundred. Everton, compact, so quick on his feet, had the mentality of a big score man with the difference that he had so many strokes that the runs came quickly.

Rohan Kanhai suffered by comparison with Weekes only because of his inconsistency. But when in the mood he was savagely brilliant, even within touching distance of Bradman. Clive Lloyd? Well, some may argue with justification that if my list of five specialist batsmen from the Caribbean could be extended to six, he would automatically be there.

I confess I do not know where to put him. Undoubtedly a fine, aggressive, dominating player, he shone at both Test and one-day International level, particularly single-innings matches. I often felt, however, that he was prone to take more of a chance than the three Ws and would lose his wicket when in full flight.

Train to Pakistan

Mudar Patherya turns nostalgic

SHEEKH kebabs in Peshawar, the Khyber Pass an hour and a half away; grim Pathans, armed and waiting. And badaam and pista.

Yarning with Fazal Mahmood one rainy evening in Lahore, singing our blues in Faisalabad and crying into our soft drinks in Hyderabad. Prohibition country.

Shivering in double-sweater conditions in Rawalpindi and crooning with Mehdi Hasan in Karachi. Cricket by day, culture by night. Memories of Pakistan.

The danger with every Pakistan tour (p)review lies in it being mistaken for a sociological document.

The tour for us alternated within the ambit of a few faces. Imran, Zaheer, Mudassar, Miandad and Amarnath during the day and the sling-ink sharing your room at night. If you preferred to room single then either you stayed out for as long as possible or spent the long hours clacking away at the typewriter in solitude. Pakistan is what you make of it.

Personally speaking, the country was a revelation. The people, their attitudes. We were shopping at Faisalabad one evening for marzipans and sundry when the shop-keeper became aware of our nationality. It's easy to tell in fair-skinned West Punjab. When we had placed our orders the shop-keeper wouldn't accept the money. *"Aap to hamare Mehmaan hain. Paise to zindagi main kabhi bhi kamaa lenge."* Refreshing philosophy.

At Multan the restaurant owner after having laid out a special vegetarian dinner would not present the bill; at Lahore perfect strangers offered to drop us to the stadium; at Karachi a kind old gentleman invited us to pick up whatever we wanted from the supermarket. Unbelievable.

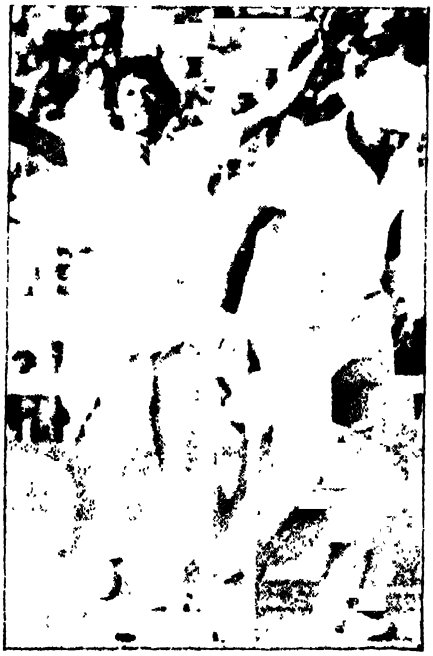
There are some fine places in Pakistan, if you don't have to use cricket as an excuse for seeing them.

Peshawar is Pakistan's Kabul; as you drive down to the Khyber Pass with Afghanistan on the other side just a few kilometres away history sends a tingle down the back. You are in Pathan country now—children carry guns as if they were going to brush their teeth with them!

My accompanying driver related how it was possible to hear gunshots in the distance at night—the Mujahideen resisting the Russians on the other side of the border.

But over to the cricket. The series was dominated by Imran Khan. Of this he never gave a more emphatic preview than at Karachi on Christmas Day '82. Gavaskar hadn't a prayer to the ball that bowled him, Vishwanath shoulder-armed and found the ball cut back into his stumps, Amarnath was out leg before, Patil hardly saw the ball which bowled him while Kapil Dev seemed almost relieved when playing on for one. From 102 for one to 118 for seven. The series had been won and lost. That evening not a single Indian turned up at a party to celebrate that festival in the hotel where they were staying.

Imran's statistical contribution was intimidating. As bowler he took 40 wickets at 13.95, scored 247 runs, averaging 61.75 including a century and captained his country to a 3-0 victory over arch rivals. Towards the end, Imran's psychological superiority was demoralising. If he had tried to bowl with an orange he might have got a wicket each time!



Gavaskar is bowled by Imran at Karachi in the second Test. His dismissal triggered off the collapse.

The Indians were flummoxed for a reply. One batsman explained: "It's almost impossible to play Immy. Two balls leave you at 85 mph and while you expect the third to do the same, it blurs in and you are out leg before. It's almost like a quiz down there." There was so much despondency among the tourists that one could almost touch it.

Safely speaking, Imran's must be one of the greatest bowling performances of all time. One delivery in Karachi quite summed it up. Gavaskar was bowled by an inswinging yorker, the ball of the series, and needless to say, it would have bowled any other batsman. It bowled Gavaskar! Swing and speed, they accounted for our Moscow without snow.

Mudassar and Zaheer completed the misery. Day in and day out we watched them, wondering what on earth it would take to get them out. One scored centuries by force of habit, the other by reflex action. One was almost apologetic, the other his own boss.

Zaheer averaged 130 each time he stepped out, hit a double century, missed another by 14 runs and the third by 32, got his 100 first-class hundreds during the series and at one stage had a sequence of six centuries in as many successive innings. Statisticians almost went cuckoo with delight.

Indian bowlers waking up in the middle of the night, breaking with sweat and being haunted by visions of Zaheer hitting balls back at them: if indeed they saw such dreams I shouldn't have been alarmed.

Surprising as it may seem, Mudassar scored more runs than Zaheer in the series—761 at a slightly lesser average. Increasingly prolific as the series progressed, he was frustrating to watch. As an opener, Mudassar's assignment was to weather the shine. Of this he never did a better job than at Lahore when he made 50 on a quickish surface. When he walked out with Mohsin Khan, Imran at number seven had his pads on.



Sunil Gavaskar (left) with singer Noorjehan



The series was dominated by Imran Khan



Zaheer walks in after his 99th century at Rawalpindi



Afghan refugee children near the Khyber

In the fourth Test Mudassar made 231, carried his bat for 152 in the fifth and ended the series with another century.

The circumstances of that last innings dismissal were somewhat comical. Mudassar anticipated a bouncer, shut his eyes and turned his face towards square leg. It was a harmless full toss which he might have hit for four. On the contrary, he was out leg before for 152.

Miandad's was impish genius He played as the fancy took him At Gujaranwala he hit Kapil Dev for four fours off as many balls. For sheer insolence of attack, it was without parallel. Then at Hyderabad, when at 199, he walked out to Manmder—he might even have been whistling—and hit him over long off for six. Miandad did things in style that series—or nothing at all

The only step-down from a cricketing point of view was the failure of the spinners. Qadir was successfully negotiated and an embarrassment whenever he was bowled, then overbowled.

Indian batsmen tending to 'read' the spin in the air, found him easy meat At Karachi an Indian front-liner picked Qadir's wrong 'un in flight, quipped. "Googly!", then pulled him for four. The bowler was not amused.

On the other hand, the only two Indians to instil some pride in the old bean were Amarnath and Gavaskar. Amarnath got three centuries in three drawn Tests. But cometh the hour and cometh the man; his high noon came at Faisalabad in the second innings when he kept India going with a fighting 78. Once he was out his end caved in and Gavaskar was left stuck to his guns for 127, the only time an Indian has carried his bat in Test cricket

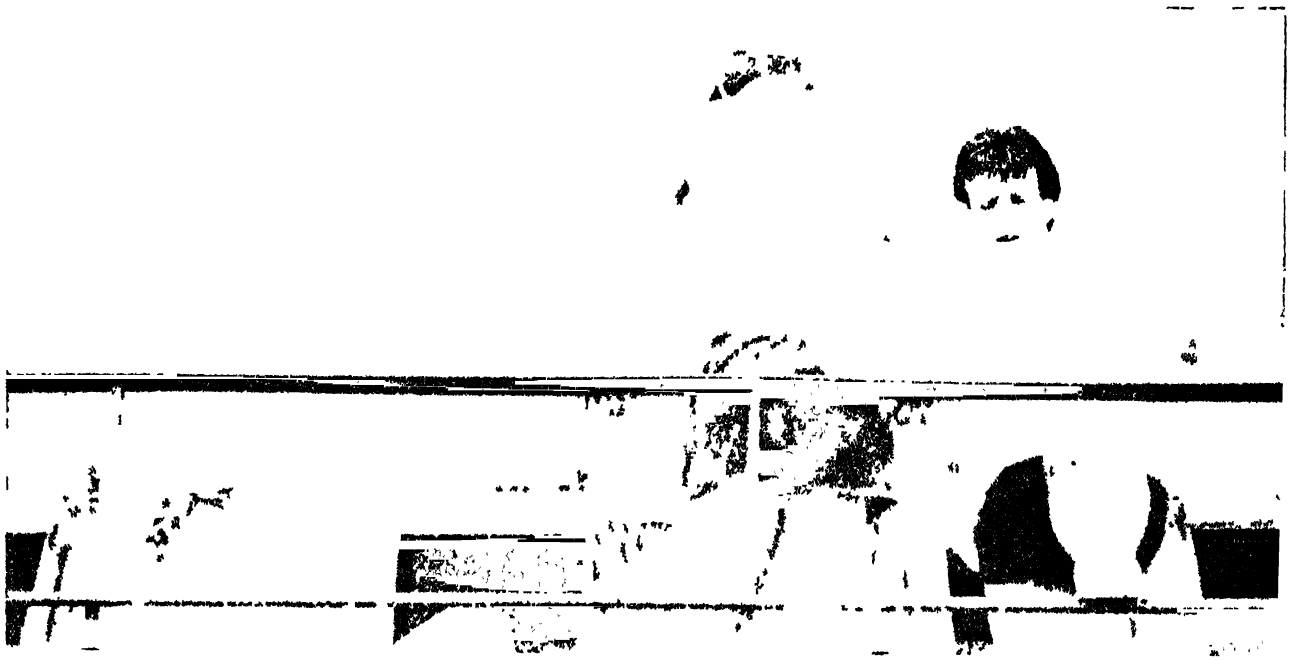
Pakistan was Gavaskar's plague-spot that series. For once he struggled to surface and set a personal example His leadership came under question. After all, he had lost first, to Pakistan and second, 0-3. The head had to roll

Gavaskar returns to Pakistan this month with the captaincy restored. Quidnuncs are already suggesting that it might be a dead series, what with Gavaskar and Zaheer in charge. Both politicians of the plod.

But one has learnt to 'pass' as bridge playing readers shall appreciate. It could be risky to speculate. One is better off at the stock exchange.

High and dry in the rain

Nikhil Bhattacharya's Jamshedpur photographs



Waiting for their kitbags to arrive—(from left) Kim Hughes, Allan Border and Geoff Lawson



The covers are off but cricket is a long time away



Down came the rain and Kapil Dev had to return without facing a ball

An exercise in futility

Partab Ramchand reports on the rain-marred one-day international at Trivandrum

ILL-FATED. That one word perhaps best sums up the events of the Trivandrum one-day international, the second in the series between India and Australia.

The Board of Control for Cricket in India obviously did not learn a lesson from what happened last year in the series against Pakistan. The first Test was played at Bangalore in the third week of September. Rain robbed almost two days of play. The third Test was played at Nagpur in the first week of October. The equivalent of a day's play was lost again due to bad weather. Why, even going back a year, the Test match against Sri Lanka at Madras was affected by rain.

A major talking point was the rules governing these one-day games. With the match starting 45 minutes late because of a damp outfield, the controversies started and became more and more voluble with each further interruption. For a start the captains, the managers and the umpires, after mathematical calculations agreed that the fifty-over match be cut to 37 overs each.

Nowadays it would seem that for an umpire to qualify for such international games he would have to be proficient at arithmetic and in addition to his other items would also have to carry a calculator in his coat pocket. In Bob Merriman, their manager, the Australian team have a very well informed and precise man. Cast in the traditional mould of the Australian, who is known to play hard but fair, and strictly in accordance with the rule book, Merriman was always present with a set of rules.

Unfortunately there were a couple of clauses dealing with playing conditions in Merriman's copy, which were missing from the copy that umpires Ramaswamy and Swaroop Kishen had. This led to a great deal of confusion and it was only after hectic consultations between the umpires, the captains, the manager and the Board observer Gulshan Rai that things were sorted out with a good deal of 'give and take.'

But the Indian side gave more than it took and as umpire Ramaswamy put it, "We seem to be playing more under the Australian Cricket Board rules rather than the Indian Cricket Board rules." It was not a classic case of Indian hospitality but instead was a classic bloomer made by the Board. How could they have slipped up on a basic point like providing identical copies of the playing conditions?

Hardly had the Australians started their innings after bowling India out for 175 in their 37 overs when a sharp shower forced them into the pavilion. A halt of 40 minutes meant that the visiting team's quota had now been reduced to 32 overs.

The KCA was hard pressed because of inadequate facilities and equipment. The dressing rooms were an apology.

Now began a discussion of the number of overs to be bowled with the inner circle restriction. In Australia, the side batting second and having its innings interrupted by the weather gets a proportionate reduction in the number of overs to be bowled with the constraints of the inner circle. This clause was not in the copies with both teams, but was accepted by the two managers and captains as being fair enough to enforce.

But all this came to nought because, shortly after the Australians resumed, there was a second downpour and this was heavy enough to cause the match to be abandoned—the first one day international concerning India to meet with this fate.

Yet another hot topic was the ridiculous criss-cross itinerary. In the opinion of many officials and umpires, it was anything but an ideal tour programme. An itinerary that forces the two teams to fly from Delhi in the North to Trivandrum, almost the Southern tip of the country, and then from there to Jamshedpur in the East and then swing to the far West (Ahmedabad) shows little regard for the geography of the country.

Considering the limited time in between matches, it was cutting it too fine and with plane connections not easy to come by and flights being delayed, the whole thing seemed rather risky. The players themselves seemed tired, jaded and even disinterested. More than one player was heard lamenting "This endless travel makes us so tired. We get little sleep and sometimes have to land at the venue on the morning of the match. How can we be expected to perform up to expectations?"

The match itself, largely because of the weather, was an exercise in futility. There were only two noteworthy aspects about it. The first was the batting of Vengsarkar. On a wicket from which the ball tended to jump up even from a good length spot, the tall, Bombay batsman batted brilliantly to make 77. He used his feet well to counter the menace of the pitch, and hit seven fours and three sixes. A six to extra cover off Hogan was symbolic of his mastery.

The other noteworthy aspect was the bowling of Rackemann. The tall, blond, Australian speedster gave an object lesson in the art of bowling in limited overs cricket. His figures by themselves were incredible—8-4-7-3.

Lastly a word about the organisation. The Board's move to give such international games to non-Test centres is, on the face of it, one to be applauded. But then, the venue should be fit to organise a match of this stature. The Kerala Cricket Association officials did put in a lot of hard work. That was evident. But they were hard pressed because of inadequate facilities and equipment. The dressing-rooms at the University Stadium Ground were an apology.

There is just no point in playing such games at makeshift venues like the University Stadium for neither the game nor the players benefit. But who cares for them? For the Board, the tour programme has to be gone through and that, and only that, it seems, is of paramount importance.

Farcical Mosaic

Andy O'Brien reports on the fiasco at Jamshedpur

ACCESS to easy air travel appears to have distorted the sense of proportion of those who determine international cricket itineraries.

If the Indian team that visited Australia three years ago had reason to complain about a crowded itinerary, Kim Hughes' side that played here could justifiably claim the same. After the Australians landed in New Delhi on September 26, it was one mad rush for the two teams as they scrambled from the capital to Trivandrum to Jamshedpur to Ahmedabad and finally to Indore.

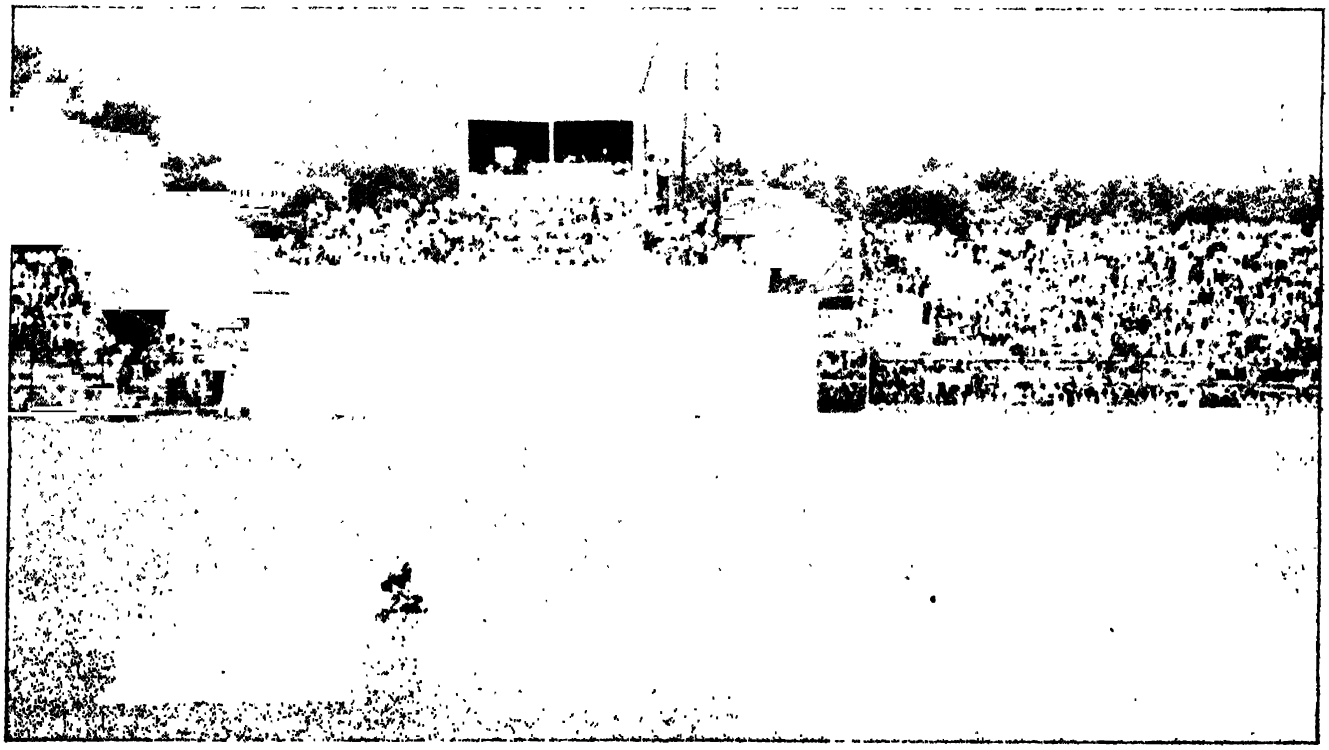
It therefore came as a relief to everyone, especially the organisers, when both teams checked in at Tisco House, Jamshedpur, an hour before the scheduled start of the game. It was plain as daylight that the travel from Trivandrum to the Steel City via Madras and Calcutta had taken its toll on the players. It was hard to believe that the same cricketers would be playing an international match in just sixty minutes' time.

The players' problems began with their arrival at the Calcutta airport on the evening prior to the match. On arrival, the players found to their dismay that no one had arrived to receive them. Accordingly, they had to make their own arrangements for overnight hotel accommodation as well as transport to and from the airport.

If the Indian cricketers were indignant with the arrangements—or lack of them—the visitors were even more incensed. Bob Merriman, the manager of the Australian team, made a tremendous effort to conceal his irritation on arrival at Jamshedpur. "On a cricket tour," he said, "one expects flight delays and allied problems, but this was a different situation. We were ignored in Calcutta and it became a little hard to take."

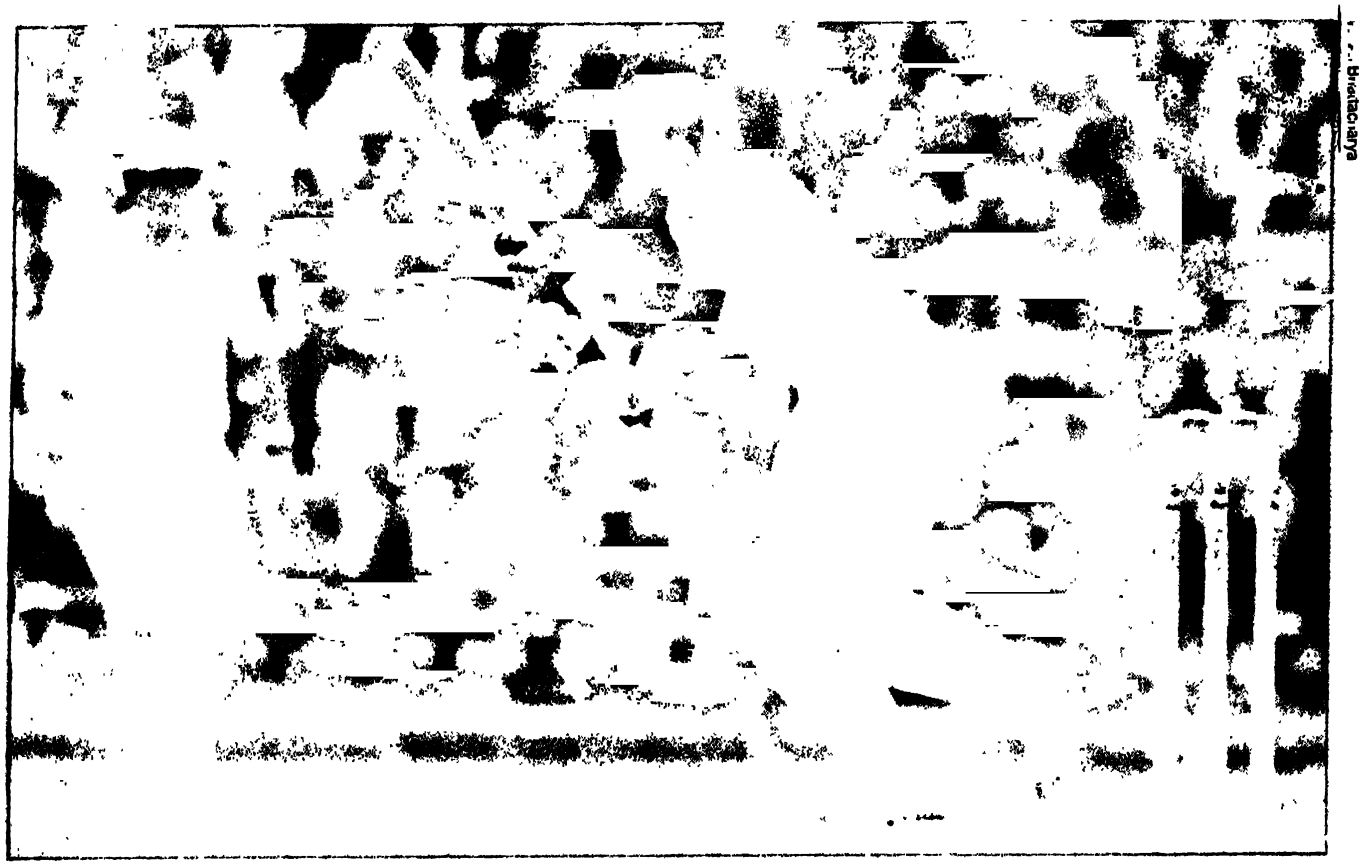
Apparently the confusion arose because the Bihar Cricket Association (BCA) was given to understand by the Board of Control for Cricket in India (BCCI) that the BCA's responsibility as hosts began only after the teams landed at Jamshedpur. The BCA thus felt that they were not responsible for what happened at Calcutta and blamed both the BCCI and the Cricket Association of Bengal for the Calcutta fiasco. The only person present from the BCCI at Jamshedpur was P.R. Man Singh and he was there solely in the capacity of an observer. The most he could do—and did—was to apologise to Mr Merriman.

Despite their unhappy experiences and obvious fatigue, the teams were at Jamshedpur to play cricket. Spectators, oblivious of the problem that was soon to surface, anticipated a good game of cricket in conditions ideal for the game, despite overnight rain. Bright sunshine, a lush green outfield, a lively looking wicket and a picturesque stadium surrounded by hills seemed to provide the perfect combination. But the drama was only just



Nikhil Bhattacharya

The long wait...



Parker glances, one of the few shots one saw at Jamshedpur

beginning.

The game would begin later than scheduled because the players' kit had not turned up. Apparently the Fokker Friendship aircraft that brought the players to Jamshedpur from Calcutta had not been able to take the extra load of the kit and it was decided instead that the baggage would go by road. This was in spite of an assurance given to Bob Merriman that the kit would always travel with the players, but there was no way out.

There being no officials in Calcutta, a stopgap emergency arrangement was made by Erapalli Prasanna, the Indian team manager. He somehow managed to hire a vehicle for the cricket gear which left Calcutta at four in the morning, about five hours before the start of the match.

Since it normally takes six hours by road from Calcutta to Jamshedpur, it was hoped that the match would start by ten o'clock instead of 9.15 am as scheduled.

As time passed and there was no sign of the van, the organisers became increasingly worried. Eventually, it was decided that a highway search should be made for the vehicle. So, while a packed Keenan Stadium sat watching the Australian players in shorts and T-shirts playing an impromptu baseball game and the umpires going through the motions of inspecting the pitch, the Bihar Police went off in search of the missing vehicle. Where was the van? Did the driver know what he was carrying, or did he just tamely queue up with the many trucks on the Bihar-Bengal border?

It was a real test of patience for the spectators, but they took it very well. Not a single announcement was made to explain why the start of the game was being delayed. Yet it was only at about 11 o'clock that restlessness began to set in. Spectators started demanding explanations. Why, they asked, were the players fooling around instead of getting into whites and getting on with the game? Eventually, the organisers had the unenviable task of publicly announcing that the game was being delayed due to certain "technical reasons" but as soon as these were overcome, the game would commence. The crowd settled down again for another hour of fruitless waiting.

Meanwhile, closed door meetings had begun. Russi Modi suggested that the idea of having an international should be dropped and instead some "light festival, fun cricket" should be played. It was also decided that the spectators should be refunded their money.

Then came the news that the van had been traced, somewhere near Ghatsila, about 80 km away and was on its way to Jamshedpur. The elusive van finally arrived shortly after noon. It was then announced that the game would start in ten minutes. But the organisers did well to stick to their decision to refund the spectators' money.

Plans of having a festive cricket match were dropped and the official status of the match was retained, though truncated to 24 overs per side.

Play began at 12.30 much to everyone's relief. After 22 minutes of play and 5.2 overs, rain provided the curtain on the comedy of errors that was this one day international.

In their professional attitude lay their success

Haresh Munwani reports on the Aussie victory at Ahmedabad

THE difference between the two teams India and Australia in the fourth one day international was perhaps the attitude of the players And this was crucial The Aussies were more professional, while application seemed to be lacking among the Indians Every member of the visiting team contributed something and on the other hand the home team came up short in terms of determination and a sense of urgency Not surprisingly, the touring team scored a facile win by a convincing margin of seven wickets, with a little more than two overs to spare to surpass India's total of 206 for 6 wickets made in 46 overs

With their triumph at Ahmedabad, the Aussies had the series in their pockets having won the Delhi game while the fixtures at Trivandrum and Jamshedpur were unfinished due to rain It is the best performance in terms of results by an Australian team in the sub continent or for that matter anywhere away from home," commented Kim Hughes the skipper "I am very pleased What else can a captain want? Our win was perhaps more creditable because illness deprived us of the services of Rodney Hogg one of the best fast bowlers in contemporary international cricket"

For the home team, the 1983 World Cup champions, it was not the best of ways to start a season, and a seven-month gruelling one at that. Most of the leading batsmen could not find their form the fielding was poor by one-day standards and the bowlers lacked both penetration and bite

Talking of the Ahmedabad victory, Hughes felt, Our effort was particularly more satisfying because we were chasing a total where the asking rate was four runs per over and yet we achieved the target for the loss of only three batsmen And at no stage was there any panic among our ranks."

Ravi Shastri and Binny, the makeshift openers, started somewhat tentatively to Lawson and Rackemann. Binny, in particular, was not too sure of himself and had problems middling the ball, while Shastri was careful enough not to attempt anything over-ambitious Lawson bowled intelligently keeping the batsmen guessing with his variation and movement

After ten overs had yielded 32 runs, Lawson was replaced by Maguire from the pavilion end and soon the Indian openers were playing with a lot more confidence, which seemed to do wonders for the run rate 31 runs were plundered in three overs to hoist the hundred partnership for the first wicket, the first time any side was achieving it against Australia in one day cricket

Binny, in particular, was the more aggressive of the two openers and notched up most of his boundaries in the region between mid wicket and mid on Immediately after crossing the fifty mark, which included eight hits to the fence and consumed 65 deliveries, Binny departed In the current one day series against Australia, India's main problem was bad starts Binny and Shastri corrected that and justified their promotion in the batting order But alas, the latter batsmen frittered away the advantage and failed to consolidate the position

Shastri lost his concentration and in an effort to force the pace was, like Binny, stranded outside the crease by a delivery from Tom Hogan, who bowled intelligently and to his field Never known for his consistency Sandeep Patil failed again, which meant that in each of his three outings he never crossed the quarter century mark

Both Madan Lal and Kirti Azad were unable to push the score along which stood at 161 for 6 after 40 overs. But as soon as Lawson and Hogan finished their quota, Azad was a transformed man He went berserk, dispatching the ball in an exhibition of brute power to the far corners of the field

In the 45th over he predeterminedly stepped out and lifted medium pacer John Maguire for a six once over mid-on and then over mid-off Just to show he did not have favourites, Azad repeated the dosage to Rackemann, except that this time he hit a couple of boundaries in addition

Kepler Wessels and Graeme Wood, began the Australian innings, with the explicit purpose of surviving the early overs so that the initiative did not pass on to their opponents. After Chetan Sharma had bowled three overs, Gavaskar in an intriguing move replaced him, bringing Binny into the attack The latter gave 21 runs in two overs and from that stage onwards the Australian batsmen were in total command of the game, pacing themselves sensibly, Wood and Wessels hoisted the fifty in the 13th over. And with the bowling failing to make any impression on the batsmen, a run out seemed to be the only way to separate the two Wood, famous for being involved in run outs, (he is thus nicknamed Kamikaze Kid) was the first to leave after he had made 32, while Wessels exited, caught behind for 42

The other big partnership around which the Aussie total was built, was between Kim Hughes and his deputy Allan Border for the third wicket, which produced 73 runs Hughes (29) left after Kapil was surprisingly enough able to convince the umpire about a ball's ultimate direction that hit the batsman on the pads. Border (62 not out) and Yallop (32 not out) carried on the good work to steer their side home

With four of the five Australian batsmen being left-handers, the exception being Hughes, none of the Indian bowlers settled down to line and length, which is what one-day cricket is all about In the final analysis if the Indians were outplayed in all departments of the game by the Australians the reason was because the latter were more professional

There is more politics here than in Australia

Allan Border tells **Partab Ramchand**

SPORTSWORLD: At what stage of your career do you think you are now?

ALLAN BORDER: Well, I feel any batsman peaks between the ages of 28 and 32. So I would like to think that I am in the second year of my peak. After 32, there are a lot of questions as to whether one can continue to play with physical injuries and personal problems. Perhaps, the motivation factor, too, is reduced a bit. But at the moment I don't see any reason why I should not continue playing, and performing well, till at least I am 32.

Your exploits in the West Indies early this year certainly seem to substantiate your statement about you being at your peak. What would you think were the reasons for your tremendous success?

Well, first of all I guess I just struck form. Everything I tried came off. But the main thing was that I was not awe-struck by their battery of fast bowlers. Having faced them before, I could do a better job than any of the youngsters who were possibly cut down quickly because of the reputation of the fast bowlers. I played within my limitations.

But even by playing within your limitations, you got over 500 runs with two centuries

Yes, I did get a lot of runs and I must say it was most satisfying. It is always a gratifying thought if you get a lot of runs against the West Indies, rather than against any other side.

Who would you rank among the fastest of the West Indian pace quartet?

Well, I would say Joel Garner was the most difficult, the most dangerous pace bowler to encounter even though he was not the fastest. He always was tops when it came to line and length and never gave you a moment's respite. But the one thing that really set him apart was the fact that because of his enormous height he could make the ball come up even from the good length spot. Malcolm Marshall was probably next to Garner in causing us problems but he did it with his speed.

Kim Hughes has gone on record as saying that he is confident of beating the West Indies in the coming winter. Given the background of the thrashing you took just a few months ago, don't you think it is just wishful thinking?

No, I really don't think so. For one thing, in the last twelve months, the Australian team has built up a tremendous team spirit.

Secondly, we always do better in Australia where the pitches and conditions suit us and then there are huge crowds rooting for you.

Thirdly, we have a lot of fine young players whom we hope to cap this year and are hopeful they will do well. In fact, some youngsters did rather well under the circumstances, in the West Indies. It was a long hard tour of three months and I feel the experience has made them tough. I am inclined to agree therefore, with Kim's (Hughes) assessment and opinion.

You said there are some promising youngsters coming up. Could you name some of them?

The way the selectors here pick the sides leaves me bewildered. Their policy seems to be to pick an eleven from all over the country, instead of selecting the best.

There is an opening batsman from my own state of Queensland—Robbie Kerr. And then there are two fine up and coming middle order batsman in Michael Haysman from South Australia and David Boon from Tasmania.

Going back a few years, it is said that the entry of WSC on the scene hastened your debut for Australia. Would you agree with this?

Yes, I guess so. The Australian team in those years was a very strong, balanced side and I could not have got a look-in. But once I got in I was able to consolidate my position. In the higher class of cricket you tend to improve, that is, if you are really good enough and here I feel the tour of India in 1979 did a lot to further my game. I certainly learnt a lot during that trip.

It was about this time that you made the switch from New South Wales to Queensland. What made you change and in retrospect do you feel it was a correct decision?

I made the switch initially for greater security. I wanted a good job and better financial prospects. This I got, and side by side my cricket too improved. So all in all, it was a right decision.

How much has Greg Chappell influenced you?

Quite a bit I would say. He helped change my mental approach, he advised me not to get uptight about certain things—cricketing and non-cricketing. And I certainly learnt a lot by watching him bat and lead.

Coming to the present, don't you think the Australian team is in a period of transition with the retirement of Chappell, Lillee and Marsh?

Yes, those were three tremendous blows and initially it was felt very



At the moment I do not see any reason why I should not continue playing, and performing well, till at least I am 32

much as only to be expected But I feel that slowly the boys have come to accept the fact that the three are not my more with the team and have learnt to play their roles admirably The three months in the West Indies already started the rebuilding process And as I said there are young players coming up and hopefully the transition period will not be for long

Some are better players of pace and others are able to encounter spin better What would be your honest assessment of yourself in this regard?

Well no one really is joyful in facing fast bowlers on a green track and similarly no one is comfortable facing top class spin on spinning wickets It is the batsman's ability to adapt himself to the conditions that make him sell a better player Let me cite a personal example Abdul Qadir had us in all sorts of problems in Pakistan a couple of years ago But when he came to Australia a year later, we were able to get the better of him A lot really depends on the surface and considering that I honestly feel I have not done badly against either variety of bowlers

A word about the Indian team What changes do you see in the side you encountered during the 1979 visit and the present squad?

Well there is hardly any change as far as I can see and would say both the Indian teams are equally strong They were going through a period of transition in 1979 having just lost the services of Bedi Chandrasekhar and Prasanna But a new line of attack was built up around Kapil Dev Otherwise there is basically no change in the character of the squad about the only major one being that there is no Vishwanath You have fine players in Sandeep Patil and Kapil Dev while Gavaskar is still good And then there is Mohinder Amarnath

But he is not in the present one day squad

Yeah and I can tell you I am flabbergasted The way the selectors here pick the sides leaves me bewildered Their policy seems to be to pick an eleven from all over the country instead of selecting the best. There seems to be more politics here in the selectorial policy than in Australia

To end on a personal note When you started out in international cricket your approach was likened to that of Lawry Now you are being hailed as the new Harvey ' Where exactly would you put yourself?

Well I did not see Harvey play and saw very little of Lawry Frankly, I don't know how accurate these comparisons are but personally speaking, I would prefer being put in the same bracket as Harvey who was a stroke player rather than Lawry who was more stodgy in his approach But ultimately, I would say that I have my own style my own technique and I am happy to be just Allan Border

Big guns of the commentary team

Pearson Surita looks back fondly on some of his colleagues



IN RETROSPECT, this comprehensive tour of the cricket fields of England not only set the seal on my, by then, twenty years career as a cricket commentator but gave to me a maturity which I might never have otherwise achieved. But then, sitting week after week with those whom I had always considered the greatest talkers on the game with, perhaps, one or two Australians, Alan McGilvray in particular, must have had its effect. Some of their competence, indeed brilliance, must have rubbed off on me. If I had held my own with the natives, then it was because so many of the natives were pundits.

Brian Johnston was and remains the common factor, present and presiding at every Test match. He was a devotee and a master of the pun or paronomasia, as he, a declared classicist, would perhaps rather have it. A change in the battery of Indian slow bowlers would evoke: "At last, Prasanna in excelsis!" or the square leg umpire reduced to a "semi-cigarette." Dear Arthur ('art-a') Fagg. Such usage would continue to come throughout the day and this had made him a most delightful broadcasting companion.

In spite, however, of his apparent bonhomie and charm, Brian struck me as being a somewhat moody man. In the course of the 1959 Indian tour, some of us members of the BBC Test Match Commentators Club went down to Haslemere for a Sunday afternoon game. Brian was keeping wicket and appealed for a stumping which I, "Fagging" at square leg, thought was not out and said so. Brian was quite incensed and went on about it a bit but after play the greatly generous hospitality of the president of the home side washed out the memory of that and we became chums again.

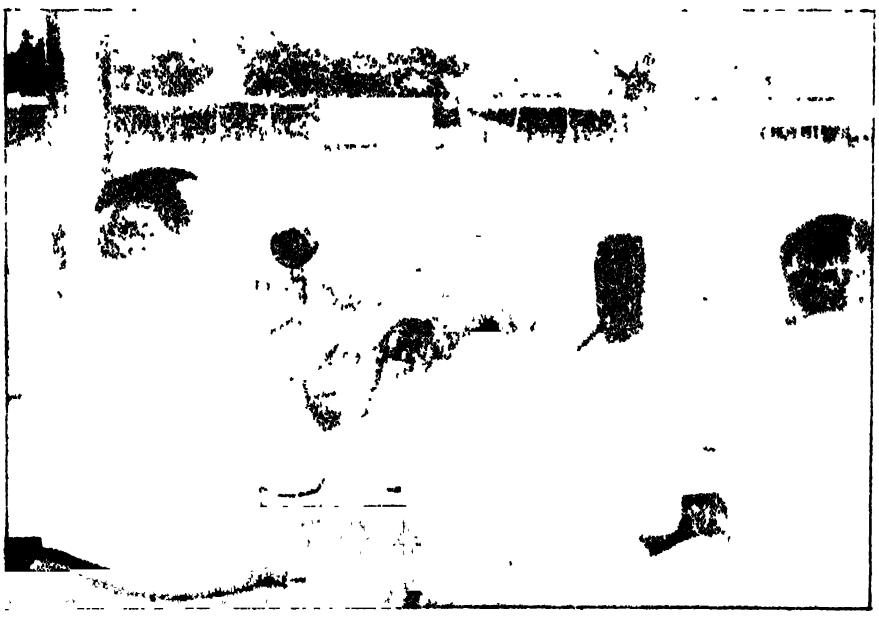
However, on another occasion some years later, Brian and I went down to Sofia Gardens in Cardiff for a Saturday afternoon stint. The contract stated "to share commentary." But Brian kept the microphone to himself until quite late in the day's play when he addressed some inconsequential question to me. I was about to remark that I didn't know what I was doing in Cardiff but I thought better about it and merely emitted an inconsequential grunt.

Again, a few years later, when Australia were touring England, I went into the commentators' box at Lord's, as is the wont with any of our fraternity who might be visiting. I think it was Christopher Martin-Jenkins who was talking at the time and when he had a moment to spare he asked me how the game was doing in India. Brian chipped in saying: "It's no use asking Pearson a question, he never has an answer" or words to that effect. I simply had to congratulate Brian on having such a superb memory! Of course, no one else in the box could follow what it was all about. Just as well, perhaps.

John Arlott, on the other hand, was a model of propriety. Rated the finest talker, certainly, and one of the finest writers on the game, John could never bring himself to say anything remotely unkind about anyone. With his deep insight into the game and his brilliant analytical mind, he would seize on the finest of points and expand upon it in some of the finest English that I have heard spoken.

Arlott's other passion was wine, of which he was a connoisseur of the highest class. I remember the occasion when we were dining at a hotel, in Manchester I believe it was, and Brian J. went off and ordered a bottle of wine which was duly presented at our table wrapped in a napkin. This was testing time for John who took a couple of sips, identified the wine and even announced the year in which it was made.

Continued next week



The author (left) sharing the mike with Berry Sarbadhikary (extreme right) during the 1951-52 series against Nigel Howard's MCC side



Sportsworld

Salim Malik: Pakistan's young hope

Photograph Farooq Usman

England will never find fast bowlers with this system

Imran Khan explains why quick men are at a premium, despite the level of county competition in England

AFTER England's 'blackwash' at the hands of the West Indians, the necessity to find fast bowlers has been highlighted. In response to this, Webster's Brewery has come up with a £100,000 scheme to uncover fast bowling talent hidden among the young athletes of Britain. The theory is that an athlete has more chance of becoming a fast bowler—in contrast to the old-fashioned view that if one was big and strong, chances were that one could hurl the ball at a great speed. Cricket followers in England saw how the supple and co-ordinated Malcolm Marshall was yards faster than his bulkier English counterparts.

There is absolutely no doubt that one needs to be athletic to become a fast bowler. However, what this scheme seems to have overlooked is that being athletic is just *one* aspect of fast bowling. To coach an athlete into hurling the ball with a proper bowling action is going to take some doing. Each individual has his own action. He discovers it through trial and error over a period of time. None of the West Indies pacemen have similar actions. Marshall, the quickest of the lot, is fairly open-chested and unorthodox.

Most importantly, what no amount of coaching can instil into any athlete is enthusiasm and cricket sense. To play any sport at a professional level one has to have immense love for the sport. In cricket one has to have even more dedication than in other sports—simply because of the length of the game. At my school, Aitchison College in Lahore, we had a very high standard of sport, especially in athletics. But there were many allround athletes who gave up cricket because they could not sacrifice their Sundays to play. One had to be fairly crazy about the game to study six days a week and spend the entire Sunday playing cricket.

It is this enthusiasm which is needed for competing in international sport. Through this dedication is born cricket sense, depending partly on a person's intelligence but mainly on experience. Cricket sense made Lillee and Roberts the two most outstanding fast bowlers of my time. They were both great analysts of batsmen's strengths and weaknesses. This cricket sense cannot be instilled into anyone by any amount of coaching. There are no short cuts. One has to play and take a lot of interest in the game.

I would say, therefore, that an athlete who loves cricket doesn't need a scheme to be spotted by some county. Fast bowling in England can be encouraged by making attempts to popularise cricket to attract talent that possibly goes into more lucrative sports such as soccer.

... the structure of county cricket puts enormous demands on a young up-and-coming fast bowler. Seven-day-a-week cricket is just too much.

Perhaps even more important among reasons why fast bowling does not flourish in England is that the structure of county cricket puts enormous demands on a young up-and-coming fast bowler. Seven day-a-week cricket is just too much. Fred Trueman once told me that they played more three-day Championship matches in the good old days.

Two of the promising English pacemen, Pigott and Foster, have already had pins to keep their spines together, while Dilley (the quickest of the lot), after a series of injuries, has missed the whole of the 1984 season. Alan Ward, who promised so much in the late 1960s, eventually gave up after breaking down regularly during the heavy county programme. Chris Old, who started as a fast bowler, had to settle for medium-pace because his body simply couldn't take the pace of seven-day-a-week cricket. In fact, that is just what county cricket encourages: medium-pace. And there is plenty of it.

The only two genuine English fast bowlers of my time, Snow and Willis, played hardly any county cricket, and whenever they played they had fairly slight impact. The overseas fast bowlers who did make an impact were already matured pacemen. They have been better equipped physically to take the strain of cricket day in and day out. Even then, after a couple of seasons either they start breaking down and missing chunks of the season or they just cut down their pace and run-up, e.g. Clarke and Hadlee.

Another side effect of the overabundance of cricket is the lack of competitiveness and aggression in English cricket. This is so obvious when viewed against the Australian and West Indian game. Consequently those countries—despite playing only a third of the amount of first-class cricket played in England—have consistently produced better pacemen. A competitive, aggressive atmosphere brings the best out of a fast bowler. Anyone who has played county cricket knows how hard it is for a quick bowler to bowl flat out in the middle of August, especially if one's county is nowhere in the running for honours.

Sixteen four-day first-class matches would be the ideal structure for county cricket. The need to get wickets rather than conserve runs would automatically place more emphasis on attack, while the rest between matches would not only help fast bowlers recuperate but also help prepare them mentally for the next match. High over rates can work against young pacemen who are struggling with their runups. Similarly, impractical rules like one bouncer per over should be done away with forever. That rule was even more harmful for English batsmen, who have no such restrictions to protect them abroad.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Hats off to this powerful performer



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UNION CARBIDE

The search is on

Ted Dexter, former England captain, is applying every effort to find a fast bowler for his country

RESPONSE to my appeal for members of a Fairer Cricket Club has hardly been overwhelming. The postbag has not been empty, but letters by the hundred would be in overstatement.

The silent majority seem to accept the trend towards ever decreasing over rates in the recent Test series—under 14 per hour—emphasis on fast bowling, the injury rate to batsmen, and the token contributions by slow spinners. There has not been a hint of a stumping, not a single catch in the finer leg-side close catching area, and few enough batsmen clean bowled. The diet of lbw and caught at the wicket, slips or batpad remains steady, with variety sadly lacking.

I am indebted to The Cricket Society and The Council of Cricket Societies for their interest and concern. Lindsay Whitehurst and Karen McCreedy have already formed their own pressure group called TUBOS, 'The Unofficial Board of Selectors,' encompassing subjects such as pitches, changes in the laws, and media influence. Well done.

Mr De Brittenden remembers the 1926 Lord's Test when 410 overs were bowled in three days, with Larwood, Tate and Gregory in action, and Gerald Brodribb believes that between 1919 and 1939 county cricket averaged 22 overs per hour.

Mr Mildenhall, Mr Phillips, Mark Piper, Cameron Greaves, James Smart, Sam Turner (14) Sean O'Brien, Mr Pirouet, and M.A. Lunt (who is actually prepared to give some of his time) all supported my aims and objectives, but I hardly feel that we form a quorum for a new and separate group. What we can all do is to beaver away in our own areas of influence, trying to make ourselves heard; which shouldn't be too difficult above the deafening silence of the uncaring and uncommitted.

Having gained a small band of supporters, I hope I am not risking total rejection by my involvement in the Webster's Yorkshire Bitter Fast Bowler Sponsorship. I may look as though I have broken ranks on the basis that if you can't beat them, join them; but this is not the case.

Fast bowling *perse* is, of course, not the root cause of stereotype slow-moving cricket. In the ideal game on a hard pitch, with a true bounce, it is the genuinely fast man who is needed to break through before the ball goes soft. Then comes the turn of the slow men and the occasional stock bowler. Just because bowlers are fast, it does not follow that they must have hugely long run-ups or take all day to walk back to their marks. There is only a percentage in that while there is enough in the pitch and enough life in the ball to make it profitable to play four quickies per side—as at The Oval in the fifth Test—West Indies; Marshall, Garner, Holding, Baptiste; England, Agnew, Botham, Allott, Ellison, who all gain breathing space for themselves and for their bowling partner by taking their time between balls.

Fast bowling *per se* is, of course, not the root cause of slow moving cricket. In the ideal game on a hard pitch, with a true bounce, it is the genuinely fast man who is needed to break through before the ball goes soft.

The six potential fast bowlers whom Bob Willis and I hope to discover via a massive pub poster campaign, questionnaire entry forms and eventually, trials for the most promising 300 at Edgbaston and The Oval in October will at least be given the right start to their careers—and that will include as short a run-up as is compatible with maximum effort at the crease.

Those who discount the importance of the run-up altogether will have received a setback watching Michael Holding at The Oval. He evidently became more effective when he lengthened his run in the second innings' came in more quickly and really let fly.

There is undoubtedly an ideal distance for each different individual to get up speed, depending on his stride and natural gait, and we hope to learn a bit about that from Wilf Paish, athletics coach to Olympic javelin gold medal winner Tessa Sanderson. Apart from the obvious difference between bowling with a straight arm and throwing the javelin, there is the other more fundamental dissimilarity concerning the number of repetitions required.

Tessa Sanderson had to make an all-out explosive effort to win the gold. The fast bowler has to stay out on the field all day and be prepared to give his best as many as 140 times. Obviously he needs to bowl within himself for much of that time but, despite the divergence, we still hope to break new ground in training and preparation by listening to the athletes. The other deficiency in our squad of young fast bowlers will obviously be experience. It will be up to Bob Willis and me, with the assistance of John Snow, Alec Bedser and perhaps, occasional input from Fred Trueman and others, to help them bridge this gap.

At the same time we all know that genuine speed—and here I am talking of that extra 15-20 mph above the legal speed limit (70)—breaks through to new ground where absolute control of line and length is not quite so important.

Often enough a raw fast-bowling talent—remember Jeff 'Thommo' Thomson? —is initially dismissed on the basis that the man 'can't bowl straight.' But what tends to happen then is that the wide ones are not scored off, the occasional ball on target reaps a reward, and the budding fast bowler keeps his place in the team.

Opportunity is often all that the young athlete really needs, and it was not long in Thommo's case before a fast-bowling competition recorded him as being not only the fastest but the straightest as well!

We are getting completed questionnaires by the hundred every other post. Somewhere out there among the young are the six talents we hope to discover and train. We also intend to ensure that anything they achieve in cricket will be to the credit and not the detriment of the game.

Wisden Cricket Monthly



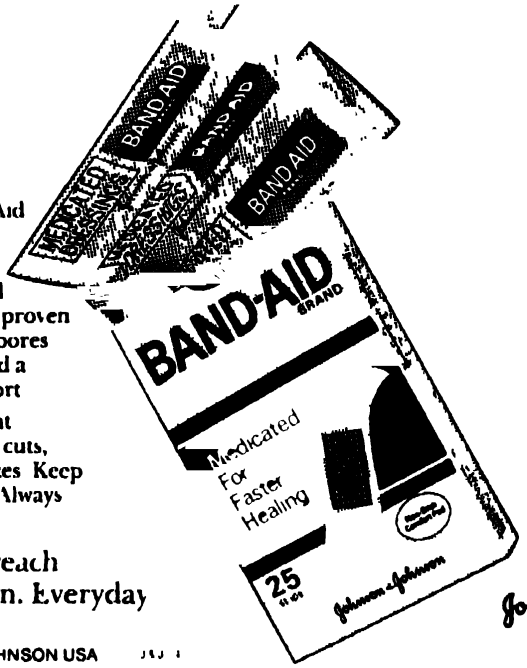
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How do you set targets for Greenidge, Haynes, Richards and Lloyd?

David Gower reviews England's summer of discontent

SO finally it is time to reflect upon what most people would probably describe as a disastrous summer for English cricket One can't exactly argue with the figures a 5 0 defeat in the major Test rubber not a result to inspire followed by a disappointing draw with the Sri Lankans Reflecting upon all that is going to be about is little fun as the rest of the summer has been

It all goes back to some early morning in April when somehow instead of breaktasting leisurely at the Westmoreland Hotel on a morning of the MCC v Essex match I came to be in the I V *am* studios with Jimmy Greaves asking Can we beat West Indies? My answer then became a mini catchphrase for many of my subsequent interviews that if we did not believe we could win, there would be no point in turning up for the matches

Looking back through the one day Texaco Trophy contests the victory at Trent Bridge has to be remembered as the only satisfying result of the summer What subsequently became clearer was that although one is allowed good days against West Indies—and obviously in a one day game that makes the difference between winning and losing—over the longer period their overall strength and increasing resilience to any threat of pressure keeps them comfortably ahead

Though that was hardly tested in the opening Cornhill Test, at Edgbaston, where the match at no stage seemed evenly balanced (the major change I would make now would be to have asked them to bat first), the second Test, at Lord's became the clearest example of the difficulty of maintaining the competition all the way through the match For four days the game stayed even, before they assumed total control and rather embarrassingly cruised home, thanks to some memorable batting It is somewhat ironic in terms of the blackwash to think we declared then apparently out of reach of defeat One thinks of the number of times in discussions one has heard the expression You cannot make declarations for Richards i e when trying to set a target for Somerset What about setting targets for Greenidge Haynes Richards Lloyd ?

Again at Headingley where the vagaries of the pitch would have given us perhaps enough help to bowl them out given a reasonable number of runs to play with say about 250– most hope disappeared when Malcolm Marshall single handedly in every sense demolished our promising second innings That along with Michael Holding's batting (smash one

... if we did not believe we could win, there would be no point in turning up for the matches.

miss three *ad infinitum* or at least to 59), were two clear examples of the opposition resisting what pressure we might have been threatening to apply

Virtually everyone at some stage made a telling contribution even Garner with the bat when he kept his captain company for 30 vital last wicket runs at The Oval It is one lesson lower sides are appreciating every run that can be scraped counts, and of course the weaker the side the more that theory holds

What of our own efforts? Allan Lamb stands head and shoulders above the rest, with his four Test hundreds being a remarkable achievement He probably has not received the praise deserved, thanks to one or two other matters, clouding the issue But he has certainly made up for any shortcomings in the previous 12 months or so Ian Botham had his ups and downs as he will always do, having magic spells with bat and ball He is always going to be criticised more than other mortals for his lesser spells especially when the ball disappears off his bowling But he remained the leading wicket taker, even if Allott was our most consistent and reliable bowler

Without going through the rest of the side save to give all due credit to Paul Downton for all his efforts with gloves and bat (and also following on in the field from Bob Taylor in the motivation area) it would surely be fair to say that for the new players especially starting against West Indies was never going to be easy

In many ways it would have been fairer to have finished with the fifth Test at The Oval Coming to the Sri Lanka Test after all that had gone before was never going to be easy, despite the predictions and our own general confidence that victory should be England's Putting them in on the first morning was not easily done. Expectations that the day would develop into a swing bowler's dream disappeared all too quickly Easily in hindsight I can change my mind now, and I am unlikely to ignore a flat pitch in favour of a possibly-swinging ball too quickly again I grant that a heavy England total over the first two days might have been enough to thwart Sri Lanka's obvious determination

It has not been my happiest season. When people ask if I have enjoyed it, I have to admit that it has not been fun in the literal sense But I have been proud to be England captain through it all, and look forward to using the experience to good effect as soon as possible

All is not quite as bleak as some others would try to make out

Steve Davis

The cue-ball king

STEVE DAVIS, the 27-year-old world snooker champion, once listed his ambitions as: "to see snooker as a worldwide sport—and for me to be champion of the universe." A conversation with the man they call the "Romford Robot" gives you the feeling that Davis was only half joking.

Indeed, if there was such a title, then for the 6ft 2in ginger-haired king of the cue-ball, nothing but No. 1. would be good enough. When asked how he maintains his motivation, the three times world champion says simply: "I still love the game."

Barry Hearn, his manager and close friend comments: "I'm waiting for the moment when he says: "I don't feel anything anymore." But if he paces himself as well as he did last season, and prepares well for the big tournaments, I can't see anyone stopping him."

Just how does Davis maintain the consistency that has broken the hearts of Alex Higgins, Jimmy White, Ray Reardon, Terry Griffiths, Tony Meo et al during his six-year professional career?

"In the past," says Davis, "I have gone through stages during a season where I have blown hot and cold. I felt the interest slipping away.

"But all that needs to happen is for me to lose a match. That is the kick up the backside which makes me even more hungry."

Hearn gives a recent example: "During the summer we took the 'family'—Steve, Terry Griffiths and Tony Meo—to the Far East.

"Steve hadn't done much practise and he got murdered by the Asian champion in Thailand. That really shook him up. He just got his nut down and ran away with the Hong Kong Masters.

"It just proved that he is still prepared to pay the price and make the sacrifices." That kind of reaction to adversity is a pleasant reminder that Davis is far from the machine he is popularly mistaken for.

And the series of television programmes entitled 'A Frame with Davis', in which he shared the spotlight with such entertainers as Bernard Manning, Norman Wisdom, Max Boyce and Lennie Bennett, demonstrated the cheeky charm that comes easily to this enigmatic young man.

Davis, born in South London but brought up in East London—arguably the highest earner in British sport—and his cool determination to secure for life the comforts to which he has become accustomed is often misconstructed as representing a soulless, two-dimensional character.



Steve Davis

Davis is indeed a calculating snooker player. His game is devoid of the flashes of brilliant inspiration with which 'Hurricane' Higgins or 'Whirlwind' White can illuminate a frame.

"Once a tournament starts I try to blot out everything else from my mind and concentrate totally on snooker." he says.

"During a tournament when I am not involved at the table, I spend hours practising, potting the colours on their spots and working on long shots.

"I try and get the routine shots off-pat, so that at the moment in a match when there is a chance to clear up, I can switch on to 'automatic pilot' with confidence that I am hitting the cue ball correctly."

But he is a man who succeeds in leaving his work at work. Home for Davis and his family, father Bill and mother Jean, is deep in the heart of the Essex countryside. It is his refuge from the addictive 'man in a suitcase' existence on the professional snooker circuit.

There he reads novels by Tom Sharpe and listens to the jazz-funk of Chaka Khan and the Pointer sisters. If those pastimes are in line with flash nouveau riche image of recently abandoned Romford, then the hours he spends playing chess and the piano suggest another, less easily identifiable side to his nature, an area of his character that allows a passion for cricket, the least 'automatic' of all sports.

"My other interests allow me to relax from the pressures of snooker. They probably help me keep things in perspective.

"It would be very easy for me to get totally wrapped up in the game of hotels, night-clubs and the rest, if I did not make time to do other things. "It helps that I get on quite well with myself. I enjoy my own company and that makes it easier for me when I am on the road. It can be lonely."

Davis at the table is a model of absolute concentration. The concentration which would, in the right circumstances help him become 'snooker champion of the universe.'

But, as Hearn insists: "He is not a machine.

"Steve has made the decision to pay the price for success. He virtually sacrificed seven years of his teenage life to become the best. But he knows exactly what he is doing.

"He is totally different outside snooker, but the problem for him is that the British public are not the greatest at appreciating consistent winners."

The 'secret' Diaries of Dennis Lillee

The mystery deepens further. Are samples of Lillee's handwriting authentic? **Vic Mills** investigates

ALL Ridetheghan would say is that the trail led to Kakadu, Wollongong, Broken Hill, Bolivia, Gundagai, and finally England, where he interviewed ex-Test players including, he claims, Close Barbeque, the notorious 'butcher of Beccles'.

There is little doubt that the diaries, if authenticated, will turn cricket history upside down. Huge Treble-Rum, now Lord Daiquiri, the one Englishman to have seen extracts of the diaries, had the following to say: 'Lillee, writing in typically ebullient style, answered many of the questions that world cricket in the past decade has left unanswered. Why did Ian Chappell bare his bottom to the Australian public? Why does Derek Randall ceaselessly adjust his box? What makes an England touring side susceptible to short balls and hookers? Has Kerry Packer always looked the way he does? Why is Bruce Laird called Stumpy? And does Richie Benaud wear a wig? Pausing just long enough to ask the Queen for her autograph, Lillee moves quickly on to provide a remarkably illuminating and frank insight into the delights and delusions of a Test cricketer.

He attempts to unravel the true feelings of three months in the life of a surgical support. The sheer ecstasy of being hit in the groin by a delivery from Michael Holding. The amazing double life of Rodney Marsh, Australian Test wicket-keeper and free-scoring inside forward for Queens Park Rangers, Tampa Bay Rowdies and England. Lillee pulls no punches as he describes his somewhat mystical ability to ride roughshod over the wishes and standards of the Australian Cricket Board; and his attempt to take cricket out of the Stone Age and into the Iron Age with the introduction of his metal bat. Finally there are in-depth essays on Boycott, Brearley and Miandad, together with a stimulating look at the world of betting and bookmakers.

Treble-Rum found no reference to drugtaking nor wild sex parties; however he had access to only seven of the 60 volumes in Kalgoorlie.

In the light of such sensational disclosures, we in conjunction with Ladbrokes and Joe Coral, have purchased extracts from *Stickybeak*, and, subject to positive authentication, will serialise the more controversial aspects of the diaries in the coming weeks.

YET Treble-Rum went to see the diaries with great scepticism. "No cricket writer had ever hinted that Lillee might have kept a diary ... there have been so many forgeries circulating: forged knitting patterns of Rachael Heyhoe-Flint, falsified accounts of sermons by the Rev. David Sheppard."

When he began to examine the diaries, Treble-Rum's views quickly changed. 'The one thing that impressed me most was the volume of the material. I asked myself whether it all could have been constructed out of the imagination and incidental faces. I decided that it could not. I know Lillee's handwriting. I know his signature. We use the same betting shops. I know the changes in it between 1968 and his retirement. It seemed to me that an operation of forgery on that scale was heroic and unnecessary.'



In the quest for authentication for the diaries, Lord Daiquiri was just one of many top flight professionals asked to participate. *Stickybeak*, the Perth magazine and fulcrum of this whole saga, engaged three independent experts to check samples of writing.

The noted Australian handwriting expert Reg de Bricassart said, 'The diary extracts were written by Lillee. Romeo Facoletti, owner of a pizza parlour close to Lillee's home, commented, "The shape, spectrum and graphological and physiological characteristics of the writing and signatures of Dennis Lillee are identical with his orders, regularly placed, for three large seafood pizzas heavy on the anchovies, one fries, and two side salads, hold the coleslaw.'

Some of the reservations regarding authentication are easily overcome. For instance, how could Lillee have written in his diary an account of the attempt on his life by English cricket writers in 1974 when he was injured in the attack? The answer is simple. The diary entry is made four days after the attack, and, in dodging their questions about his supposed line of delivery aimed at the body, Lillee appeared to suffer bowel and bilious problems. Entries in the diaries around this date refer to the English press corps as 'making me sick... giving me the s...s... and becoming a pain in the a..e.'

The main difficulty for the experts was to overcome the hitherto historically accepted notion that Lillee has an aversion to writing, and had never been seen making diary entries. *Stickybeak*'s evidence for this is a note scribbled on the back of an admission ticket for the Bong Bong picnic races, in 1970: 'From now on I shall record my actions and thoughts in notes, in order to preserve them for posterity, then, like every other Test cricketer, and with the help of a ghost writer, I shall produce the definitive life story and sell the publishing rights for a vast amount of money'.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Continued next week

Provideo: unforeseen champ

Adi Davar

A GUTSY Newmarket trained two year old colt is poised on the threshold of a new Twentieth Century record in England having won 13 races from 17 starts and finishing second in the rest. Named Provideo by his owner-breeder Ahmed Foustok, he won the first two year old race this flat season and has since averaged a win every ten days. Trained by Bill O'Gorman, and ridden in each of his outings by Tony Ives, Provideo has equalled a record set by Nagwa in 1975, and by Spindrifter in 1980. But it's still a long haul to the all time record held by a little chestnut horse The Bard, back in 1885 who won all sixteen of his sixteen starts.

Provideo which is Latin for 'I foresee' has nothing in the names of either his sire or his dam to suggest why he is called what he is, and if the classicist who named him can produce any evidence that what he foresaw was what has come to pass he would want his head examined.

By Godswalk out of Nadwa, Provideo is a tribute to the skill of trainer Bill O'Gorman, a man who established quite a reputation as a trainer of sprinters, and two year olds in particular. He accepts that it is unusual for a horse to run as consistently as this, but he doesn't think there's anything freakish about his ward. In fact, it is reliably understood that in his opinion Provideo is not burning himself out and he will be all set for next year's campaign as a three year old.

From what jockey Tony Ives has told the British Press, it seems that Provideo gives the impression of being a rather irritable and impatient horse who gets sort of tretful before a race. He wears blinkers, but they can only be put on when he's out on the course, because if they are put on in the paddock he'd kick the fence down.

By the time he gets down to the start he's usually reasonably composed but he runs his races in a way which would suggest either that he can't really be bothered or that he isn't enjoying competition. Even when he inevitably wins by long margins, he generally gives the appearance that he dislikes more things than he likes.

Fortunately for his connections, however, one of the things he hates the most is having other horses run past him in a race, and it is this quality that has probably got Provideo where he is today.

Neither trainer nor jockey thought that Provideo was very good at the beginning of the season because he always had to be ridden out to win. Ives thinks the horse has improved but the trainer Bill O'Gorman isn't too sure about that. He agrees that there has certainly been no deterioration, but he reckons that nothing the horse has done could be called a surprise. He's extremely tough, and never knows when he's beat.

In the light of Provideo's impressive record, it is intriguing to note that his grand sire Dancer's Image ran as many as fifteen times as a juvenile in the USA and was crowned with success on eight occasions. However, he obviously began to feel the rigors of his hectic racing schedule and the following year he won the Kentucky Derby only to be disqualified because of traces of a drug named butazolidin being found in his system. It is a drug that is only used on unsound horses and Dancer's Image needed it to race.

Provideo's dam Nadwa was trained by the same man who trained Provideo, Bill O'Gorman. She won two races as a two year old, and Provideo is her first foal and he has certainly boosted her value as a broodmare in no uncertain terms.

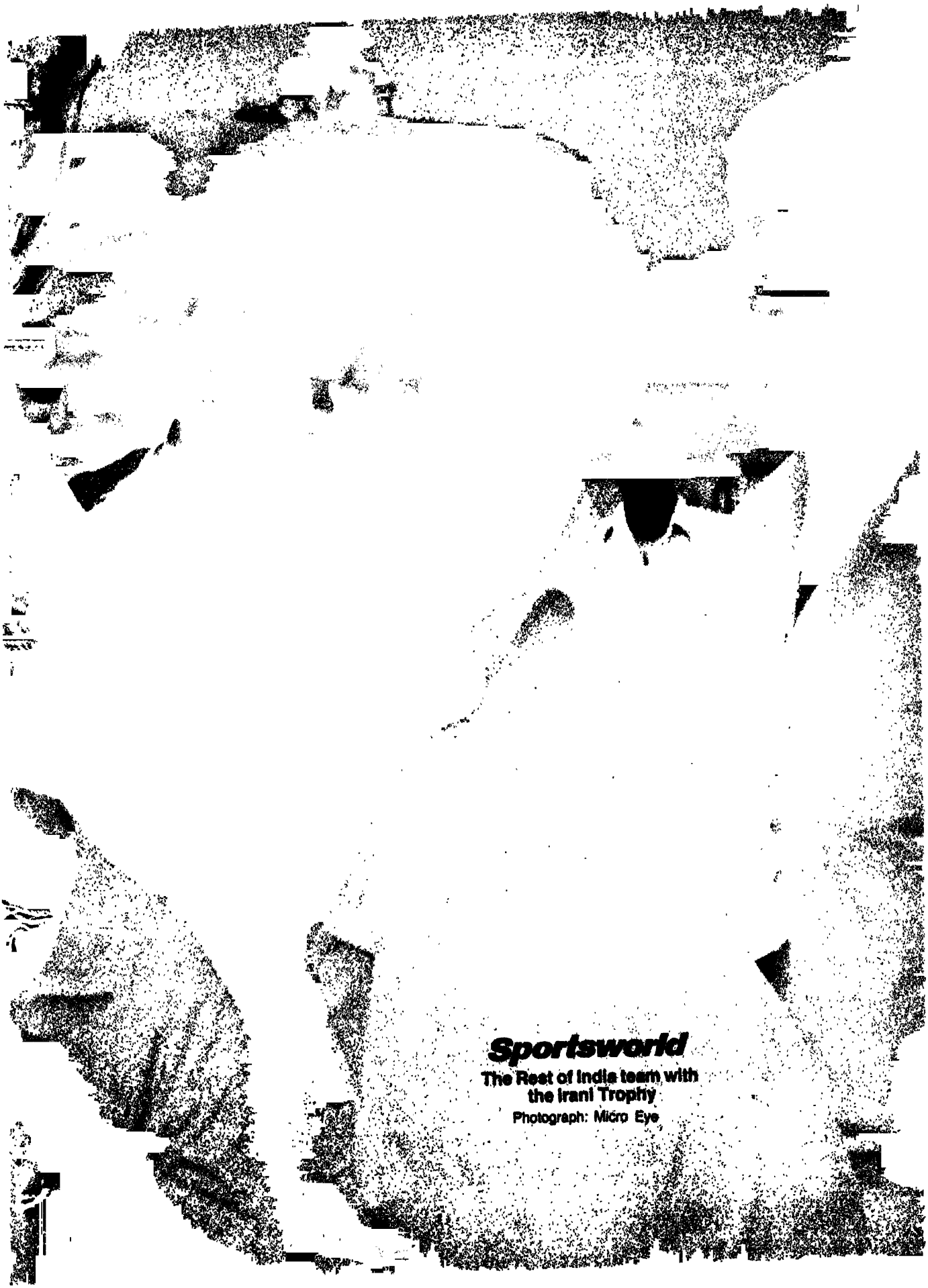
Provideo's Record

DATE	COURSE	PARTICULARS	DISTANCE
22.3.84	Doncaster	won by 4 lengths	1000 metres
28.3.84	Catterick	won by 7 lengths	1000 metres
11.4.84	Lingfield	beaten a length	1000 metres
14.4.84	Thirsk	beaten a head	1000 metres
28.4.84	Ripon	won by 6 lengths	1000 metres
2.5.84	Catterick	won by 4 lengths	1000 metres
12.5.84	Lingfield	beaten a short head	1000 metres
4.6.84	Leicester	beaten one length	1000 metres
9.6.84	Folkstone	won by 4 lengths	1000 metres
14.6.84	Catterick	won by 3 lengths	1200 metres
17.6.84	Beverly	won by 2 lengths	1000 metres
29.6.84	Beverly	won by 7 lengths	1000 metres
7.7.84	Doncaster	beaten a head	1200 metres
9.7.84	Haydock	beaten a short head	1200 metres
16.7.84	Ponterfract	won by 2 lengths	1000 metres
26.7.84	Windsor	won by 5 lengths	1000 metres
2.8.84	Sandown	won by 5 lengths	1000 metres



Kapil Dev with
Photograph:

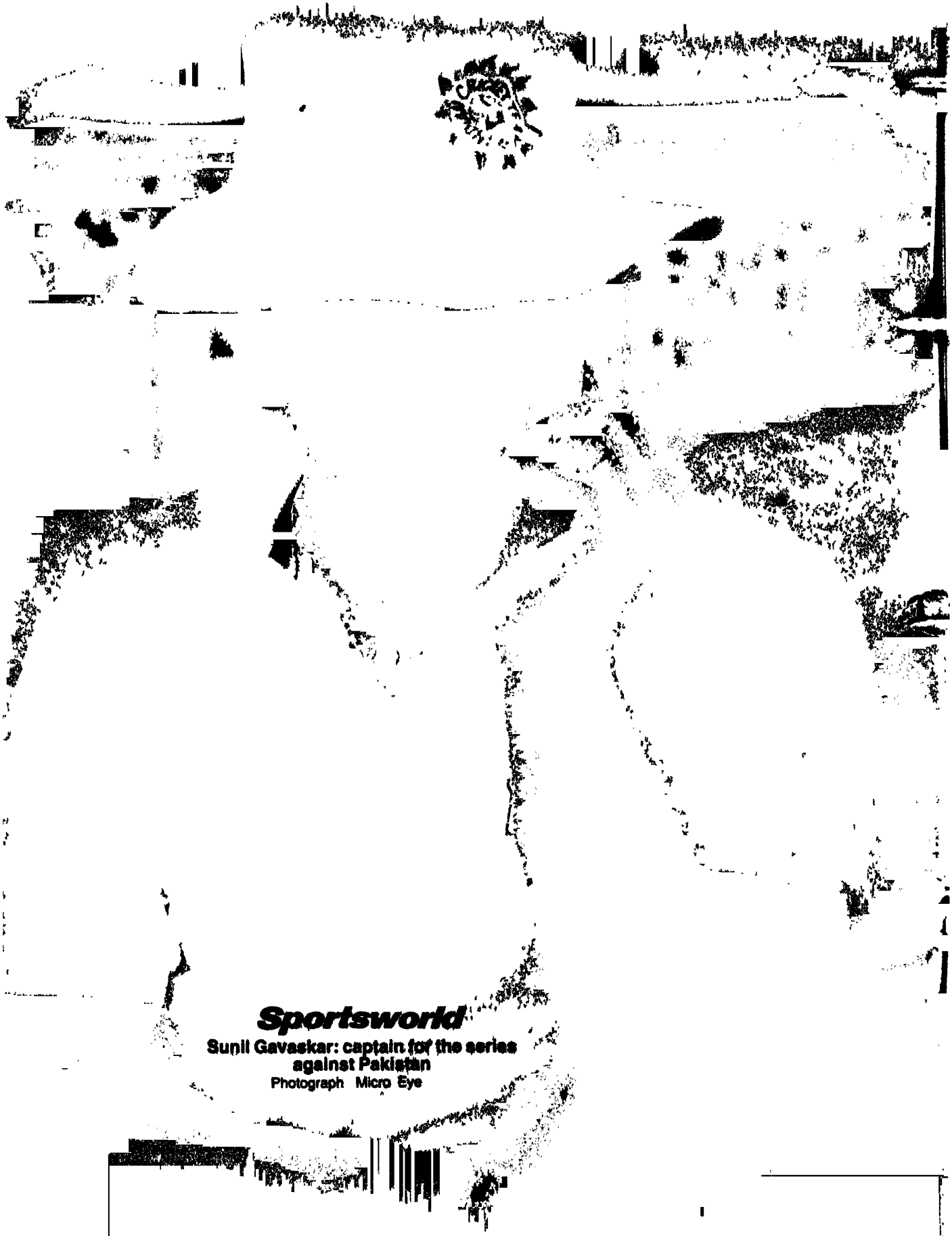




Sportsworld

The Rest of India team with the Irani Trophy

Photograph: Micro Eye



Sportsworld

Sunil Gavaskar: captain for the series against Pakistan

Photograph Micro Eye

McEnroe's team rides again

George K. George reports on the US victory against Australia in the Davis Cup semi final

THE Australians came with a blank cheque. If they had been able to cash it, they could have kept one of their prized possessions a little longer. If it bounced, it was over. As it turned out, it bounced and the Davis Cup slipped away from their hands. The youth of Pat Cash was no match for the experience and talent of John McEnroe.

Some day, Australia will cash that cheque again, as they did last year. Pat Cash will lead them to another Davis Cup win. But not this time, not on US soil, not against his idol Jimmy Connors and the brilliant John McEnroe, not even against Peter Fleming's awesome strokes.

As Fred Stolle aptly put it, the first time the Australian fans at Portland, Oregon, were able to wave their flags was when John Fitzgerald broke John McEnroe in the reverse singles to take the first set. Pat Cash gave them another opportunity to wave the flags a couple of hours later, as he scored his first win over Connors to provide some semblance of respect for the final score.

The Australians had arrived in Portland for the Davis Cup semi final in high spirits. The superb performance of Cash at Wimbledon and at the US Open, coupled with the impressive record of John Fitzgerald in the doubles and mixed doubles at the US Open, had raised great expectations. Moreover, these two men had led the Australian team to victory in last year's final against Sweden.

Two years ago, Australia did not have much of a team to represent them in the Davis Cup and other international competitions. Suddenly, they are a formidable team, which on any other day could have beaten the Americans on their own soil. The void created by the premature retirement of Peter McNamara has been filled by the equally sudden rise of Fitzgerald. Pat Cash has fulfilled the promise he showed as a junior, while Paul McNamee and Mark Edmondson are hard-hitting veterans who can score some pretty impressive wins for at least another two or three years. The future looks even brighter. Young Mark Kratzmann, the Wimbledon and US Open junior champion looks like the Rod Laver of the future.

Australia's 3-2 Davis Cup victory over Sweden in last year's final was an unexpected shot in the arm for the tennis programme Down Under. This, in turn, has led to a tennis revival in Australia and the present Davis Cup team is fuelled by a new competitive spirit.

Even fanatical supporters of the Australian team might not have expected them to win at Portland against the world's number one and number three singles players and the top-rated doubles team. However, a tight contest and a narrow margin of victory were anticipated. Hardly anyone expected a one-sided series.

The miracle of Melbourne found no repetition at the Memorial Coliseum in Portland. The Americans had walked away with a 3-0 lead at the end of the second day, without losing a set. In fact, at no stage till then had there been any evidence of real competition.



Associated Press

Sweden's Mats Wilander: Will he stop the US in the final?

The draw certainly favoured the Americans as Connors was pitted against Fitzgerald in the second of the opening singles. Aussie skipper Neale Fraser had delayed the decision on his singles players till the Tuesday morning. Although McNamee had a higher ATP ranking, Fraser decided to pick 40th ranked Fitzgerald instead. Last year he had fully justified his Davis Cup selection. After his improved display at the US Open a month ago, he was expected to do even better this time around.

John McEnroe and Pat Cash clashed in the first of the opening singles encounters. McEnroe was scheduled against Fitzgerald in the first of the reverse singles, which made the Connors-Cash encounter even less significant. By then, the strong Americans would have had every opportunity to dethrone the reigning champions.

As expected, McEnroe scored over Cash. Yet, foregone conclusion or not, he was not supposed to demolish the young Australian—who resembles him so much on court—by a 6-3, 6-4, 6-1 score. At the beginning of the match McEnroe appeared confused and gave away six break points on his first service game. He managed to hold serve and gradually worked his way back into the match. After levelling with Cash at 3-3, he forged ahead to take the first set.

In the second set, the mastery of McEnroe began to manifest itself. He began mixing up his shots more fluently and intelligently. His experience came in handy as a few bad calls drove both sides crazy. In the sixth game of the set, the umpire reversed a call following an appeal by McEnroe and an intervention by US captain Arthur Ashe. Cash lost his cool and his concentration and also—more crucially—lost serve in the very next game. Three consecutive erratic volleys did the damage. "The overrule took my mind off the match and I lost my concentration," the Australian said later. "It went downhill from there."



Jimmy Connors' presence lent solidity to the talented US squad

McEnroe could not agree more He felt that Cash was right about getting upset It should have been overruled in five seconds, not a minute and a half," he commented He also felt that as he was serving at 40-15, Cash did not have much of a chance to break him in that game

The third set belonged entirely to McEnroe Experience, it seems, made all the difference in this crucial set McEnroe played a varied game and kept Cash guessing most of the time He did not play his best game simply because he did not have to McEnroe, famous for playing at the level of the opposition, did not seem to sweat at all in this set against the younger Cash

McEnroe feels that his opponent has been overestimated To him, it was almost like the media hype before his match against Stefan Edberg at the US Open McEnroe also feels that the recent publicity in favour of Cash has not helped the young Australian. "It puts even more pressure on these guys," he remarked. "They think they have to perform better than they're capable of performing and that only makes them worse " That certainly seemed to be the case with Pat Cash in this match.

Jimmy Connors, facing John Fitzgerald, was up against another overestimated opponent who had also shared the limelight at the Open Again, this match, too, was a demolition job by an experienced expert. The score read 6-3, 6 3, 6-2 against Fitzgerald.

The fate of the Aussies had already been sealed as they called on Mark Edmondson and Paul McNamee to play the doubles on the second day John McEnroe played a fair game, while Peter Fleming led the attack and played impressive tennis The only service break by the Australians in this tournament came in the course of this match.

McEnroe lost serve in the third game of the third set but he struck back with a vengeance and broke

McNamee right away. McNamee had been the weak link in the Aussie combination from the very beginning and the Americans had earlier broken him twice to obtain breaks in the first and second sets.

Now it was Edmondson's turn to be broken, with another break of McNamee's serve giving the Americans a 5-3 lead and assuring them of another straight sets victory. Even a break point against Fleming at that stage was of no avail, for nothing could stem the tide.

McEnroe and Connors both deserve credit for showing up for the merely academic reverse singles matches. Seldom in such situations have the reverse singles matches produced so much interest and enthusiasm. John Fitzgerald played a consistent game to take the first set from John McEnroe and looked a lot better than the world's fortieth ranked singles player. He went neck and neck with McEnroe and held serve without problems. In the ninth game, McEnroe doublefaulted to give Fitzgerald the decisive break which he gratefully accepted to win the set 6-4.

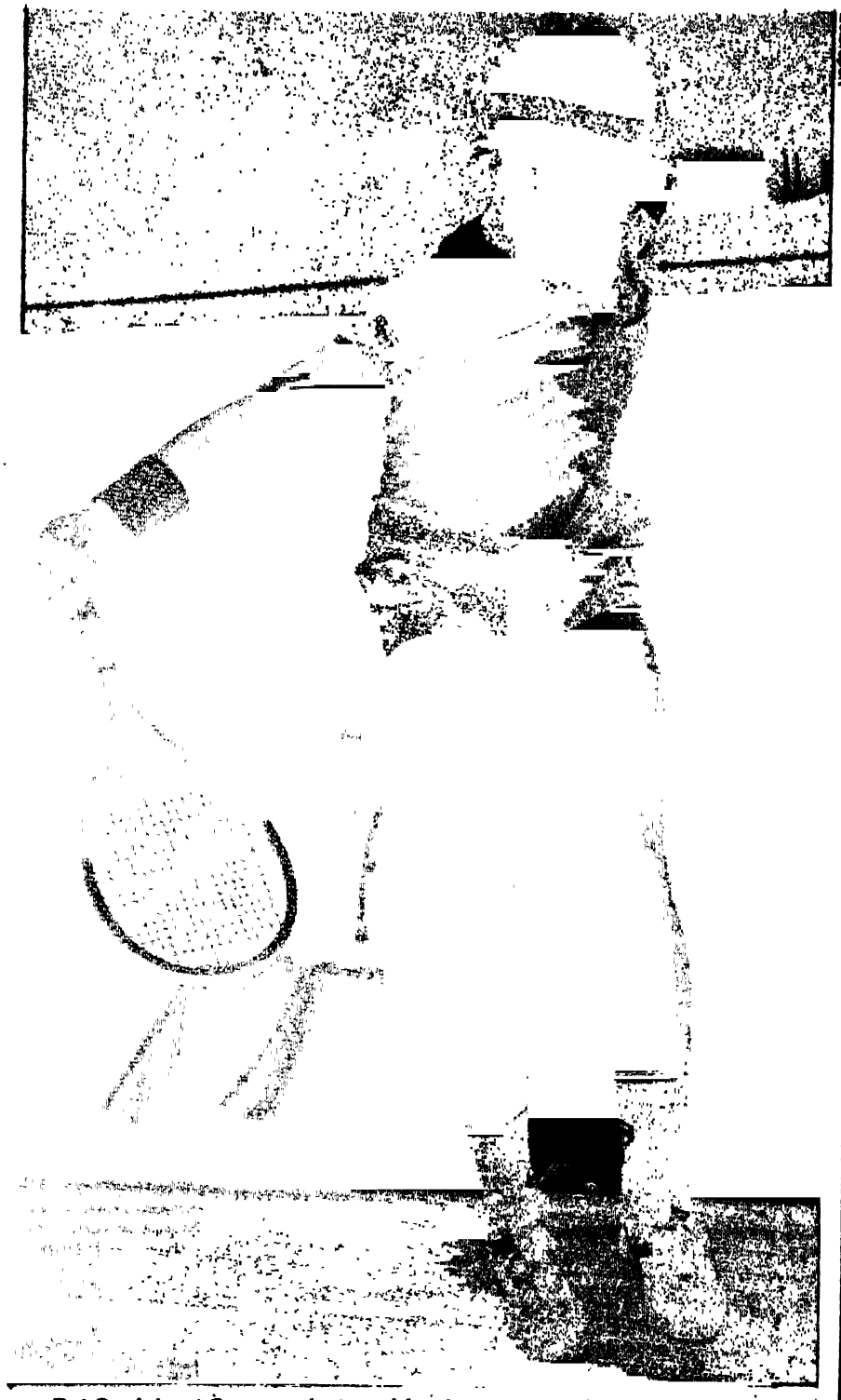
But, as Fitzgerald found out to his cost, you have to be careful when you hurt John McEnroe's pride. As in the doubles, he hit back with fury and fire. His service picked up and he broke Fitzgerald right away to take a 4-1 lead, taking the set at 6-2. McEnroe broke at the earliest opportunity in the second set and could have extended his 4-0 lead to a quick win, but he allowed himself to be broken instead and gave Fitzgerald his only game in the set.

Jimmy Connors could have broken Pat Cash in the very first game of their match but he did not. He simply was not in the match. Cash took it 6-4, and Arthur Ashe was frank enough to admit later that it is hard for players like Connors to get into a dead match like the last reverse singles.

It was Cash's first win over Connors, whom he respects tremendously. The admiration, incidentally, is mutual. Three years ago, Connors had predicted that Pat Cash was the player of the future. He certainly has gone a long way to fulfilling that prophecy. This win over Connors is more than merely statistics for the Australian.

The Americans were by far the better team, thanks to the presence of Connors. He has promised to be available for the Davis Cup finals and will also play for the United States next season. McEnroe was the first to acknowledge and appreciate his presence in the US team. Without Connors in the lineup, the American singles attack would have looked unpredictable. At Portland, that problem did not exist.

Ashe did not think that the Australians played badly. "On a carpet of this speed, if McEnroe and Connors get rolling, there isn't much that anyone can do. The Aussies are not in our singles class and the same goes for the doubles," he remarked.



Pat Cash beat Connors but could not prevent an Australian defeat

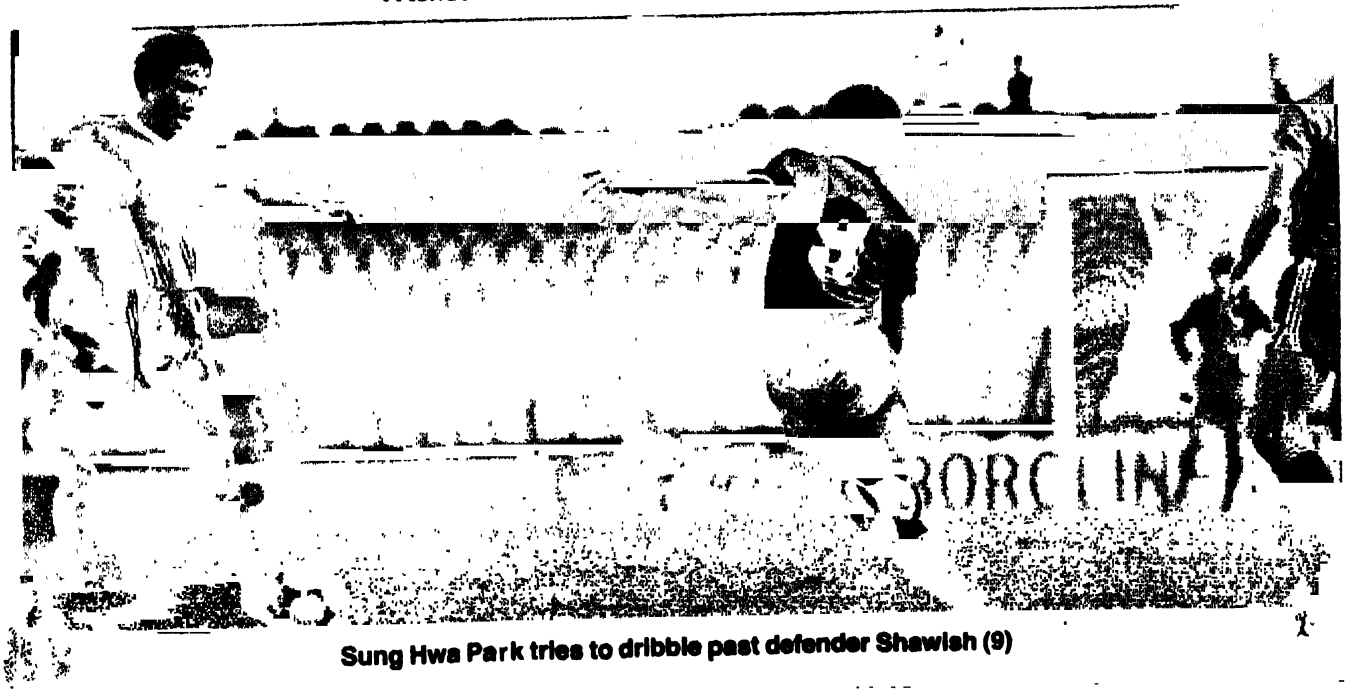
Asian Cup Qualifying Tournament

The curtain goes up

Nikhil Bhattacharya was at the Yemen-South Korea match



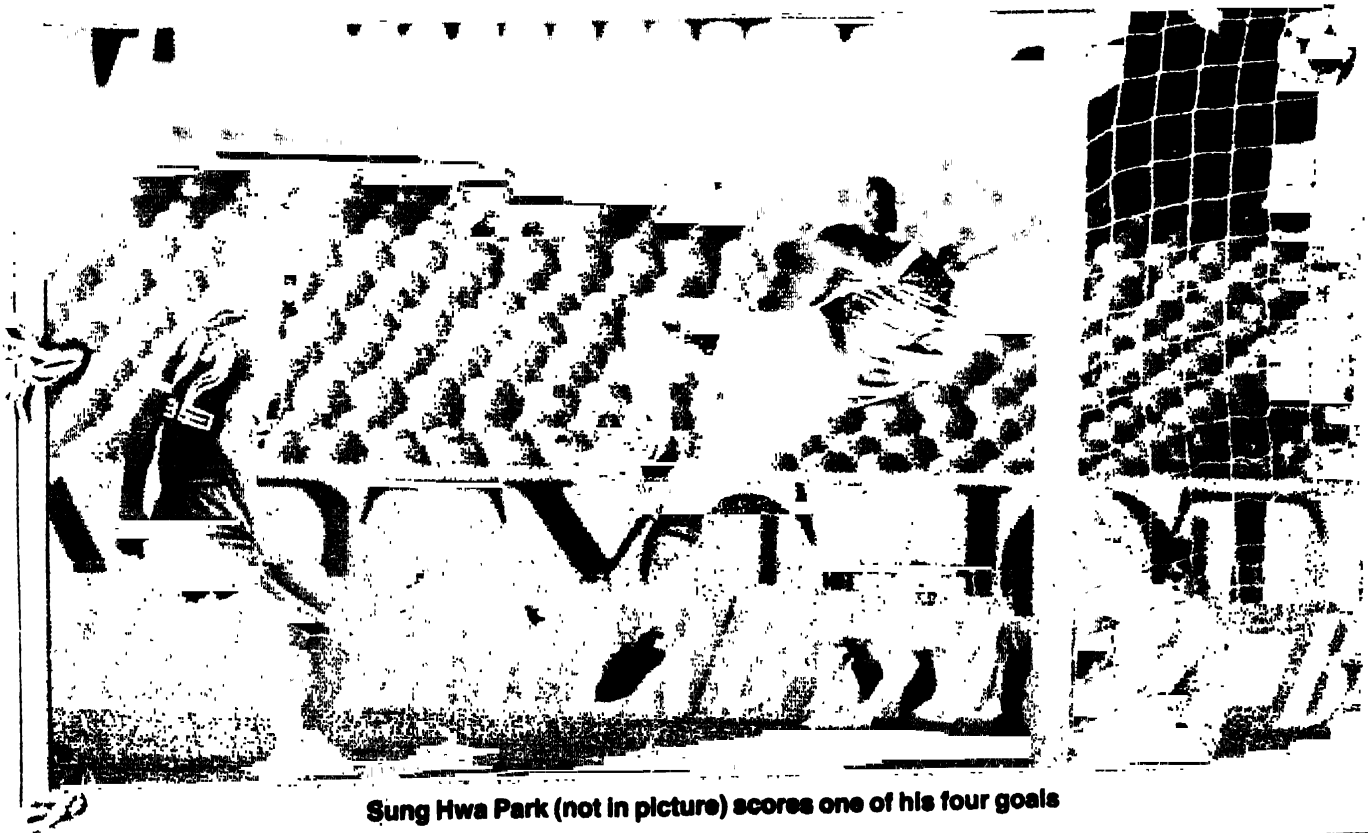
A tense moment in front of the Yemen goalmouth



Sung Hwa Park tries to dribble past defender Shawish (9)



One that missed... Hae-Won Chung heads out



Sung Hwa Park (not in picture) scores one of his four goals

Boy George made them dance to his tune

Bobby Charlton explains that George Best, football's wayward genius, could have been the greatest player of all time

FOR an all too brief spell George Best was probably the world's supreme footballer.

He could shoot, dribble, pass, head and tackle.

He was murderously quick. He was brave, strong, imaginative and astonishingly cool.

What more could you ask of him?

Well you could have asked him to turn up now and again.

George became about as reliable as a rusty watch. If he showed up on time it was an event. Sometimes he didn't show up at all.

By then he seemed to be appearing in the gossip columns more frequently than on the sports pages, and a succession of stunningly attractive females was decorating his life.

It has been said that George was as symbolic of his age as the Beatles were in those swinging Sixties. Yet within five seasons of being voted European Footballer of the Year in 1968, George had come to the end of his first-class career. He was just 26.

The demons had caught up and George eventually admitted to being an alcoholic, his mind a confusion of broken promises and blighted dreams.

He could and should have been the greatest player of all time, better even than Pele and Di Stefano, and in failing to achieve that pinnacle, to establish himself fully as one of the game's great heroes I believe he contributed vastly to the decline of British football.

For a while everything about George was heroic: a working-class upbringing in the raw, red-bricked streets of Belfast; the inventive application of immaculate skill, courage, dark good looks. If only he had lasted longer.

He might have done but for the savage physical and emotional blows Matt Busby took at Munich that awful day in February, 1958.

After losing a team, people that he loved and almost his own life, Matt became understandably more pragmatic and George, who signed for United as an amateur in 1961, was never really exposed to the discipline I experienced during my early days at Old Trafford.

I could see the sense in allowing George to develop naturally, but once the wayward aspect of his nature began to surface Matt should have been unyieldingly firm. "The rest will come in time," he said when ordering his staff not to tamper with George's progress.

It certainly did; not only memorable feats of skill and daring that added greatly to Manchester United's stature as one of the world's great football clubs, but the scandal, the bitter recriminations and ultimately of course, a tragically premature extinction.

There was no longer a ceiling on salaries. Prior to 1961 the maximum weekly wage laid down by the Football League was a derisory £20 during the playing months and £17 in the close season.

Greater earning power gave the professional footballers a new status and for a young man with George's immense gifts the horizons must have appeared unlimited.

We had little in common beyond the colours of Manchester United. Seven years George's senior, I had settled down to married life when he began to assume the image of a pop star, responding instantly to the mood that was gathering momentum throughout the land.

He was murderously quick.He was brave, strong, imaginative and astonishingly cool. What more could you ask of him? Well, you could have asked him to turn up now and again.

It was all there: the Beatle haircut, the trendy gear, the white Jaguar saloon, the braceleted entourage of hangers-on who persuaded him that conformity was for kicking into touch.

A good marriage might have worked for George, and once, in strange circumstances, I got the impression that he was keen to settle down.

We'd played for the rest of the United Kingdom against Wales at Cardiff, and next day, on the journey back, I invited George home.

Never having much to say to each other, we'd hardly spoken since leaving Wales, so I was astonished when George agreed to get off the train at Crewe where, for convenience, I'd left my car.

My wife and daughters were away and George settled on a settee in the lounge, feet up, watching TV, flicking through magazines while I fixed a meal. When we'd eaten he sat back and began to ask questions that were entirely out of character. "Who does your garden, Bob?"

I told him that a man came in once a week to keep it tidy. He asked if Norma had anyone to clean. He wanted to know how much the carpets and the furniture cost.

I was baffled. Then it came to me. George was thinking about getting married.

"That's it," I said to Norma when she returned the following day. "That's why he came here. He wanted to see what our life was like."

Sure enough, within a few weeks, George had established a serious relationship with Eva Haraldsted, a pretty Danish girl he'd met on tour, and she came to join him in Manchester.

But the "engagement" didn't last and it wasn't long before he bought a ludicrously gadgeted house in

Bramhall where, besieged by curious sight seers, he often sat brooding with only the demons for company. He was obsessed with the idea that he wouldn't live past his thirty-fifth year and pursued by the dark vision of mortality that afflicts most of us, he became even more unreliable

Hounded by the Press and television which must accept some of the blame for his destruction, George blundered from one outrageous escapade to another

Rather than suffer the aggravation of refusing requests for appointments, George granted them all but with little or no intention of turning up

On one occasion he failed to keep a lunch date with Michael Parkinson and the film actor Rod Steiger in London.

When after two hours, it was clear that George wasn't going to appear, Mike apologised to his famous companion

Steiger smiled 'That's how it is with superstars," he said philosophically

In George Best's case the brilliant flame began to flicker and dim when he lost the blinding speed which, when wed to exceptional change of pace, was the most crucial element in his game I'm convinced that he set out to be the greatest player on earth, a status he might well have achieved but for that crazy lifestyle

George wasn't easy to play with and there was no point trying to involve him in schemes that required the co operation of other players like Denis Law who for all his great prowess as a goalscorer was marvellously astute if he sensed an opportunity to put someone else in for a strike at goal

We used to say that George would only take up golf because he hated passing with the ball and that the most unselfish run in football was one in support of him

I was far from being the perfect team player and had a tendency to select the wrong option, long passes when shorter ones were more profitable and certainly safer, remained a flaw throughout my career

But George carried individualism to an extreme and, however exciting this may have been for the onlooker, it was maddening when the team suffered.

That experience became so commonplace that I decided to wait for an opportunity to ignore him. It came in a match against Nottingham Forest



George Best with his wife Angela

when we were two goals ahead with only a few minutes left

George was out on the left touchline, poised as he so often was, head up, the ball under perfect control, frustrating the tackles that were being launched at him

Right, I thought, this time you aren't getting any help, and I stood still

George came infield and passed me at a gallop, heading for the opposite touchline, the full back in close pursuit

I still hadn't moved What would George do now? Back he came, from right to left, and once again, I watched him go by He was back where he started I was still stationary when George decided to cross my path again, but it had got beyond a joke

"You greedy little. what a bloody goal "

Before I could complete the curse, George had crashed the ball into the roof of the net. What could you do with him?

I often wonder whether things would have worked out differently for George had he been able to play for England or, indeed, Scotland

I'm sure that he was so proud to play for Northern Ireland but with respect, Windsor Park Belfast isn't quite the same as Wembley or Hampden Park There were no World Cups for George and for a player with his enormous talent, that was a tragedy

I wasn't surprised when he didn't turn out for my testimonial game in September 1972

We were never close friends, and by then I sensed a definite sourness a clear resentment of the bond I had with the club

He also knew that I felt he'd taken far too many liberties

In his revealing autobiography *Where Do I Go From Here?* George states that he wasn't the only Manchester United player to believe that I should have retired much earlier than I did, but that the others were reluctant to speak up in public as he did

Looking back, recalling remarks that were passed from time to time I'm sure that's true

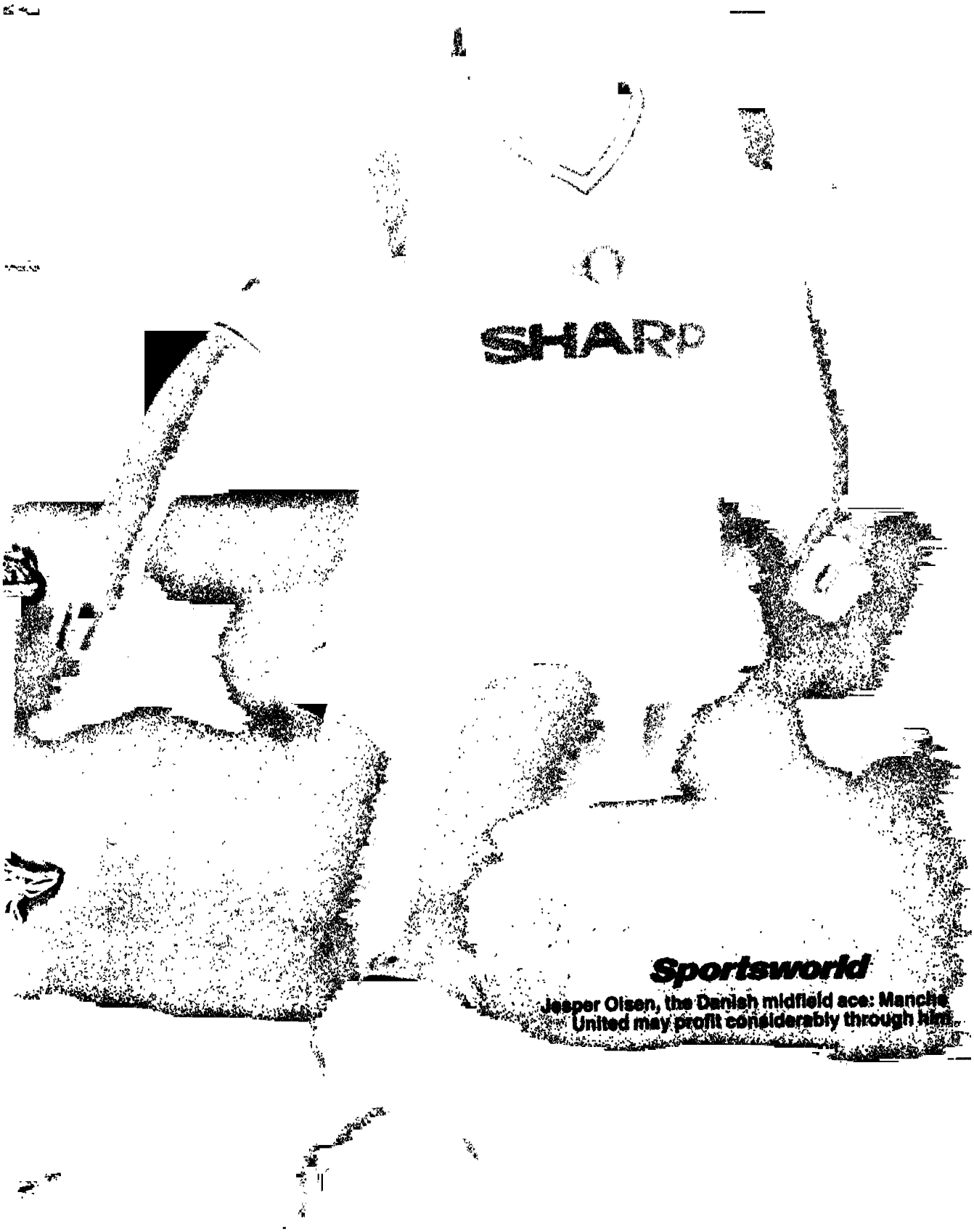
I bear George no grudges It was a privilege to play with him



Sunil Malhotra

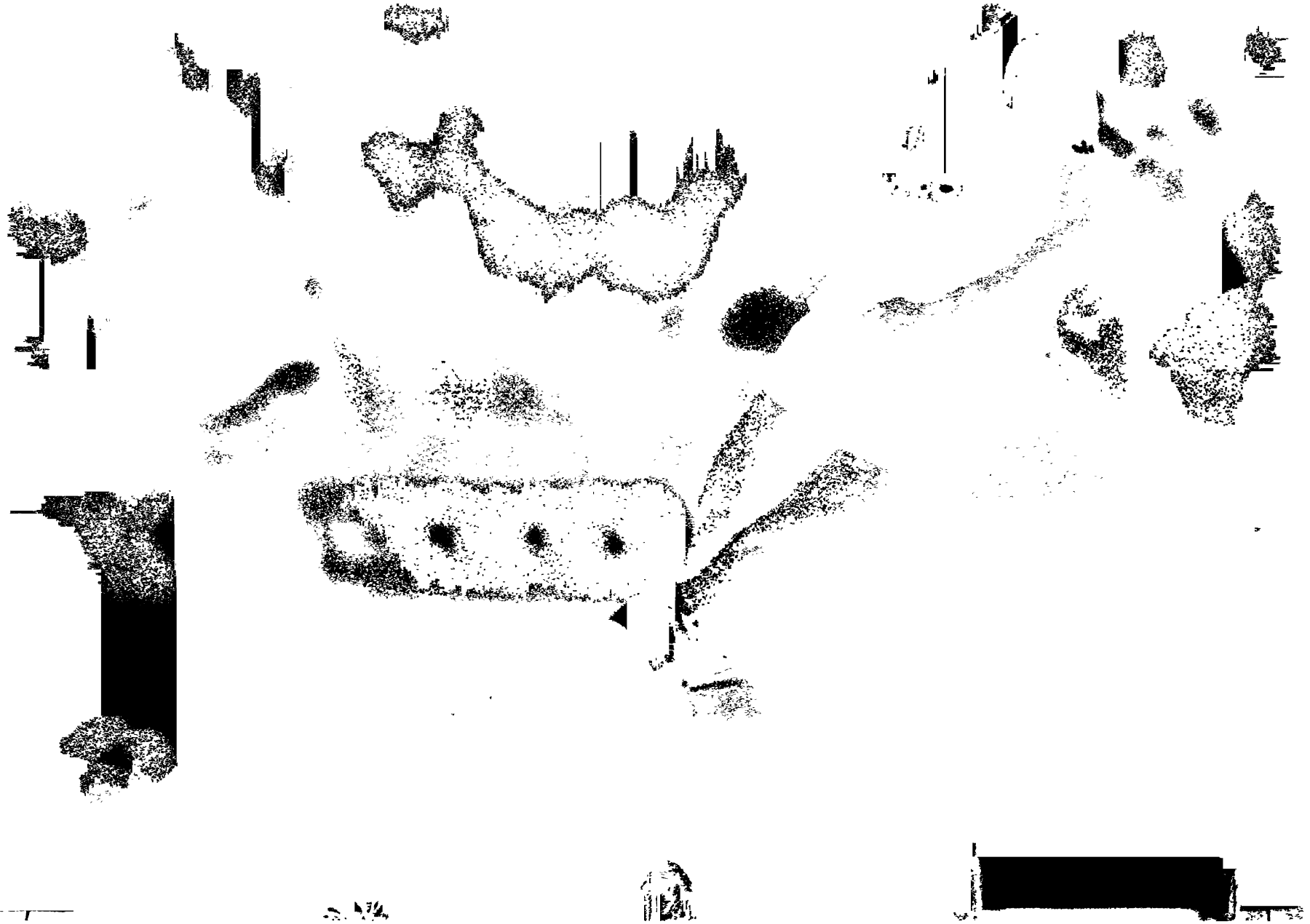
Capacity crowd at the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium?

We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs must be accompanied by their negatives which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for



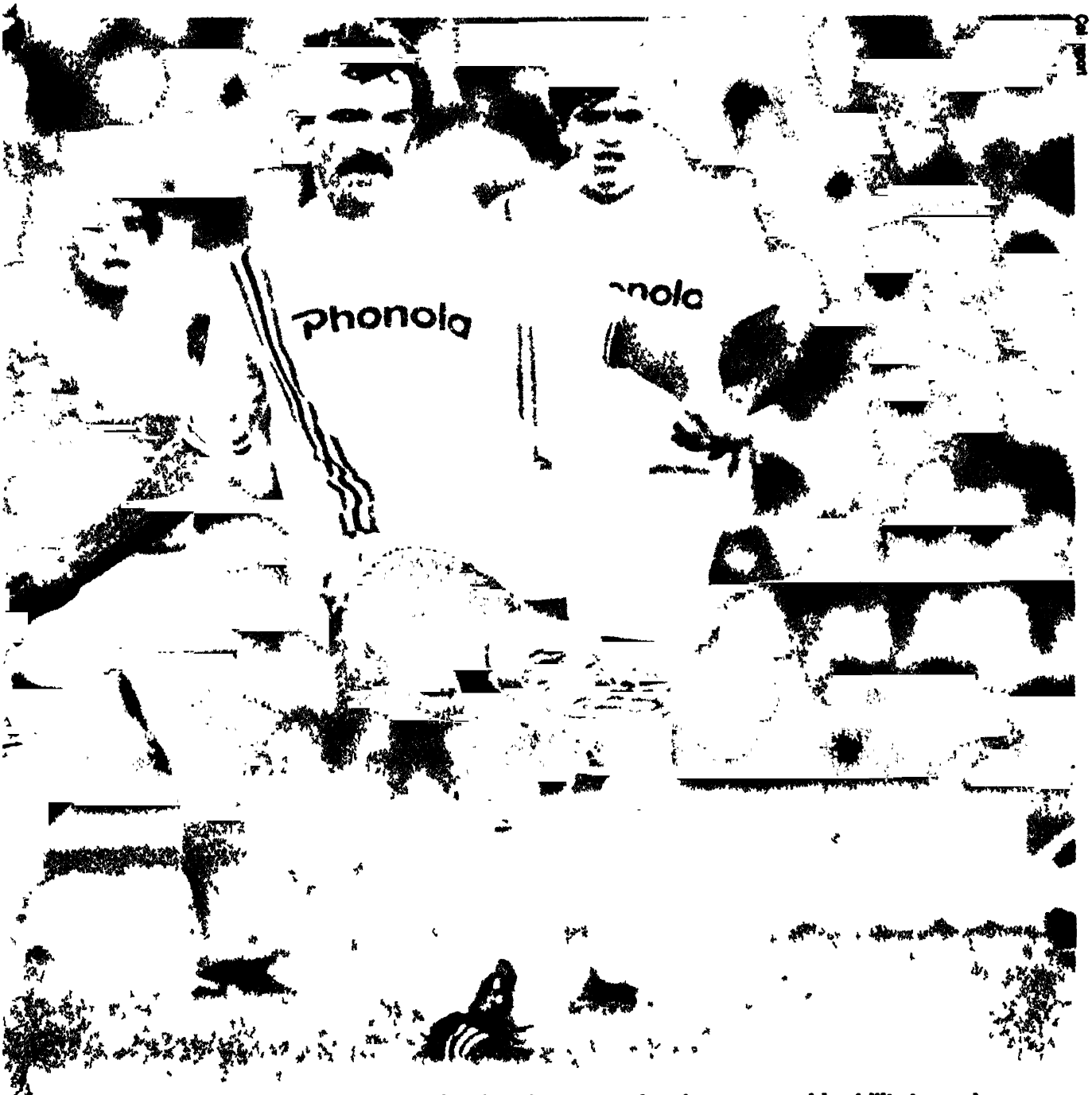
Sportsworld

Jesper Olsen, the Danish midfield ace: Manchester United may profit considerably through him.

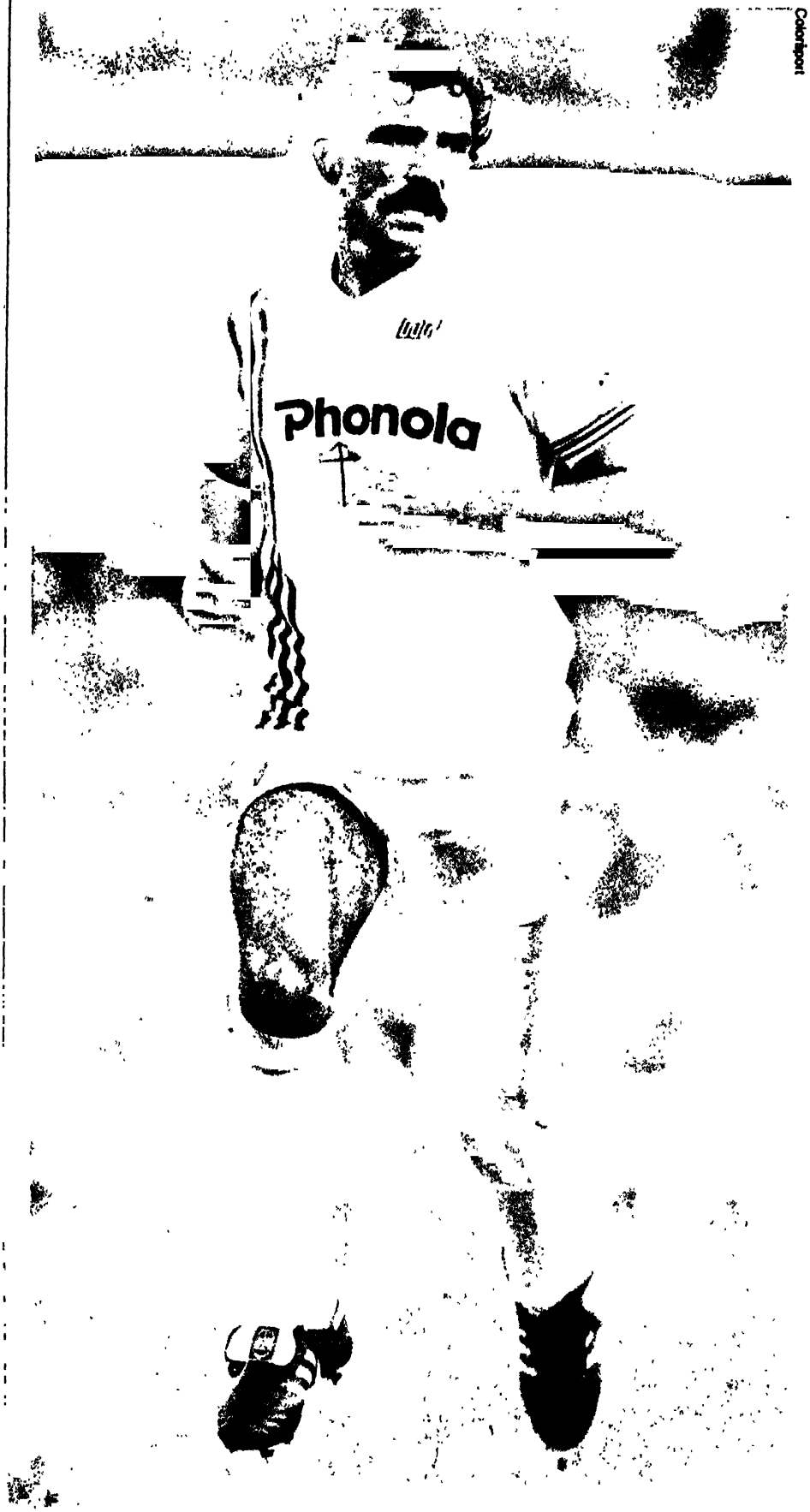


Move over, Graeme Souness ...here comes Sammy Lee

Lawrie McMenemy reckons that Lee has earned his reputaton as conductor of Liverpool's orchestra



Graeme Souness: The one question mark against Lee, in Souness's role, [illegible] his ability to read a game



Colorsport

WHO would have thought that Sammy Lee would emerge as the top contender for Graeme Souness's crucial central midfield role in the Liverpool team?

Up to this season, this stocky 25-year-old was largely unnoticed among the stars around him in the Liverpool side, not to mention those in the England XI. He operated on the right side of their midfield and his responsibilities in that position made him look no more than a workmanlike footballer.

Now, Lee has been moved to the middle of the midfield stage, into Souness's role as the conductor of the Liverpool orchestra, and from what I have heard, he isn't making a bad job of it.

Lee is no Souness. The Scot, transferred to Italy's Sampdoria in the summer, is arguably the most complete midfield man in Europe. But there is no doubt that Lee deserves a lot of credit for the manner in which he is tackling this challenge.

It's an awesome task and, indeed, I should imagine that many other First Division footballers would be frightened by it.

I had a close view of Lee in the Souness role during Southampton's 2-0 win over Liverpool at The Dell last season. Souness missed the match because of a family bereavement and, hard as Lee tried to compensate for his absence, I felt Liverpool missed him badly.

Still, I know that Dave Sexton, who once put Lee in the central midfield position in the England Under-21 team, talks in glowing terms about Lee's performance.

And it's possible that the more matches Lee has as Liverpool's midfield general, the more he will rise to the special attributes and qualities needed to do the job effectively.

There are a number of English League footballers who have blossomed through taking on greater responsibility. Two who spring readily to mind are Kevin Keegan and Alan Ball.

Kevin hardly gave the impression that he could become the most complete attacking player in Europe when he started his English League career as Scunthorpe United's outside right, and Alan, among the most astute midfield men I have known, was once in a similar right-side slot to that filled by Lee.

Lee has always struck me as being

a rather underrated footballer technically. In addition to his tremendous running power, he is an extremely neat, precise distributor of the ball. That, of course, is true of every Liverpool footballer, which is one of the reasons why this extraordinary team tend to make the game look so simple!

The one question mark against Lee, in Souness's role, concerns his "vision" and ability to read a game. Souness is a master tactician, who can assess situations and produce the right passes exceptionally quickly. The same could be said of Alan Ball, whose sharp footballing brain enabled him to continue as a First Division footballer until the age of 38.

The speed with which Alan responded to situations was best illustrated by his brilliant first time passing. Before one Southampton match, I remember a teammate asking him: "Are we going to get a lot of your one-touch football today, Alan?" He just smiled, and replied: "No...I'm going to make it half a touch!"

He wasn't entirely joking....his distribution was so quick that, on some occasions, it seemed as though the ball had just struck his foot, as opposed to him making a conscious effort to put the right amount of pace on it. That gives an example of the technical expertise which Sammy Lee must aim for.

Apart from Lee, the other aspect of Liverpool's midfield play which has been of particular interest to me has been the form of John Wark. Liverpool have long been renowned for getting a high number of goals from their midfielders and the signing of Wark from Ipswich at the end of last season will continue to stand them in good stead in this department. It was Wark, of course, who scored the only goal in Liverpool's European Cup first round, first leg win over Lech Poznan in Poland, bringing his total in such competitions to 19 in 26 matches.

It is important for teams to have midfield men with the ability to score goals, because strikers are marked so tightly, but men who get into the penalty area as often as Wark, Bryan Robson (Manchester United) and David Armstrong (Southampton) are very rare.

I often get onto Southampton's captain Steve Williams about this. Steve is similar to Ray Wilkins in that, in striving to dictate the pace and tactical pattern of a match, he strives to be constantly involved in the build-up play. For example, if he plays a ball from right to left, he will follow it with the aim of getting it back, instead of leaving it to someone else to keep the attack flowing, and move into the opposing 18-yard box.

Fortunately for Southampton, Steve's style of play complements that of Armstrong, a man in the same mould as Wark and Robson who, in fact, was the highest midfield scorer in the First Division last season with 19.

Still, I do think Steve should score more goals than he does. As I keep reminding him, Graeme Souness's responsibilities as Liverpool's 'playmaker' didn't stop him getting a reasonable quota!



Bryan Robson: rare talent

Is Liverpool's reign drawing to an end ?

Premen Addy

IT scarcely seems believable, but Liverpool are currently 12th in a First Division of 21 teams. It is never safe to bait a First Division lion which may at any time come roaring out and put its adversaries to flight, yet one cannot help wondering if Liverpool's long and matchless reign at the top of English football is at last drawing to an end.

They certainly are missing Souness as captain and midfield general, and also Rush whose bite up-front proved as lethal as cobra's last season. The former now plays in an Italian shirt, the latter, still nursing an injury, is not expected to return to the side before December. Undoubtedly, there remains other big names, but with the two principal cogs missing, the machine coughs and splutters in a manner to which friends and foes are unaccustomed.

Liverpool's cause has not been helped by the erratic goalkeeping of Bruce Grobbelaar. Against Manchester United, his breathtaking save against a Bryan Robson pile-driver kept Liverpool in the match and had his opponents shaking their heads in disbelief. Yet a week later, his lack of consistency allowed Sheffield Wednesday to beat Liverpool 2-nil at Anfield (not many in the land can boast of such a feat).

Grobbelaar, who has frequent rushes of blood, stormed out of his goal and played the ball straight to the feet of Imre Varadi who coolly put it back into the net with a 30-foot drive. Wednesday's second goal was also a product of Grobbelaar's misjudgement. With things looking less than rosy, manager Joe Fagin could have done without these calamities. Normally, a taciturn man not willing either to proclaim or declaim in public, he nevertheless stated for the record that his goalkeeper had let the side down. Honest to a fault, Joe exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I've got problems."



Colorsport

An aggressive Tony W[illegible]

However, there were few problems when Liverpool beat Lech Poznan 4-ni in the European cup. They went into the next round or a 5-nil aggregate. The recent traumas of league football were forgotten, as the Merseysiders recovered some of their lost magic and authority.

John Wark scored a hat-trick and his partnership with Rob Ronnie Whelan and the burly and aggressive Mike Robinson provided the cutting edge which tore the Polish defence apart.

The absence of Souness was felt, but Dagleish played deeper to cover this gap. The hope is that his vision and inventiveness will become the midfield spark which has sadly been lacking so far. The news about Rush is that he is making a satisfactory recovery. All is not lost. Not yet, anyway.

Meanwhile, Tottenham remain at the top of the First Division table. At the weekend, they triumphed 4-2 over Luton and showed that while their defence is weak, their midfield and strikers are humming like bees.

If Clive Allen, the expensive buy from Queens Park Rangers, was forced to stand down because of suspension and injury, his replacement, Garth Crooks, who was fast fading from the scene, has jumped back into the spotlight with a hat-trick against Halifax and another against the Portuguese club Braga in the UEFA Cup ties which Spurs eventually won 6-nil. They went into the next round on a 9-nil aggregate.

Arsenal have the same number of points as Spurs, but behind on an inferior goal difference. Beating Coventry 2-nil, thanks to two late goals by Tony Woodcock and Paul Mariner, they have kept their North London rivals well within their sights.

Manchester United are a further two points adrift. They played impressively against West Bromwich Albion,but were perhaps a shade lucky to take the match 2-1 with a disputed penalty.

Nottingham Forest, lacking the necessary fire power to win a major trophy, according to Brian Clough, their manager, were flattered by their 3-1 victory over Norwich. The result puts them behind Spurs on goal difference. However, their midweek encounter with Bruges of Belgium in the UEFA Cup saw their departure after a lone goal defeat. The first leg at Nottigham having been a goalless tie, the Belgians went through with a solitary goal aggregate.

Another quick exit in the same competition was made by Southampton who lost 0-2 to Hamburg of West Germany despite a heroic performance by Peter Shilton in goal. Dynamo Berlin put out Aberdeen, champions of the Scottish premier division. But Scottish pride was kept alive by Rangers and Dundee United who beat Bohemians and Aik Stockholm, respectively, in the UEFA Cup. In the European Cup Winners' Cup, the Scottish flag was kept aloft by Celtic, who beat Ghen of Belgium 3-nil and took the round on an aggregate score of 3-1.

The most exciting tie of the week was undoubtedly Everton's 5-4 win over Watford, still languishing at the bottom of the English First Division. After the 5-all between Newcastle and Queens Park Rangers the previous week, we are almost reconciled to the prospect of one thriller every seven days or so.

North of the border in Scotland, the present placings in the premier division threatened to repeat the pattern of last season. Aberdeen are two points ahead of Rangers.



Paul Mariner: one of the scorers against Coventry

Birmingham's burning ambition

Mick Harford, star Birmingham striker, gauges his team's chances of promotion to the First Division this season

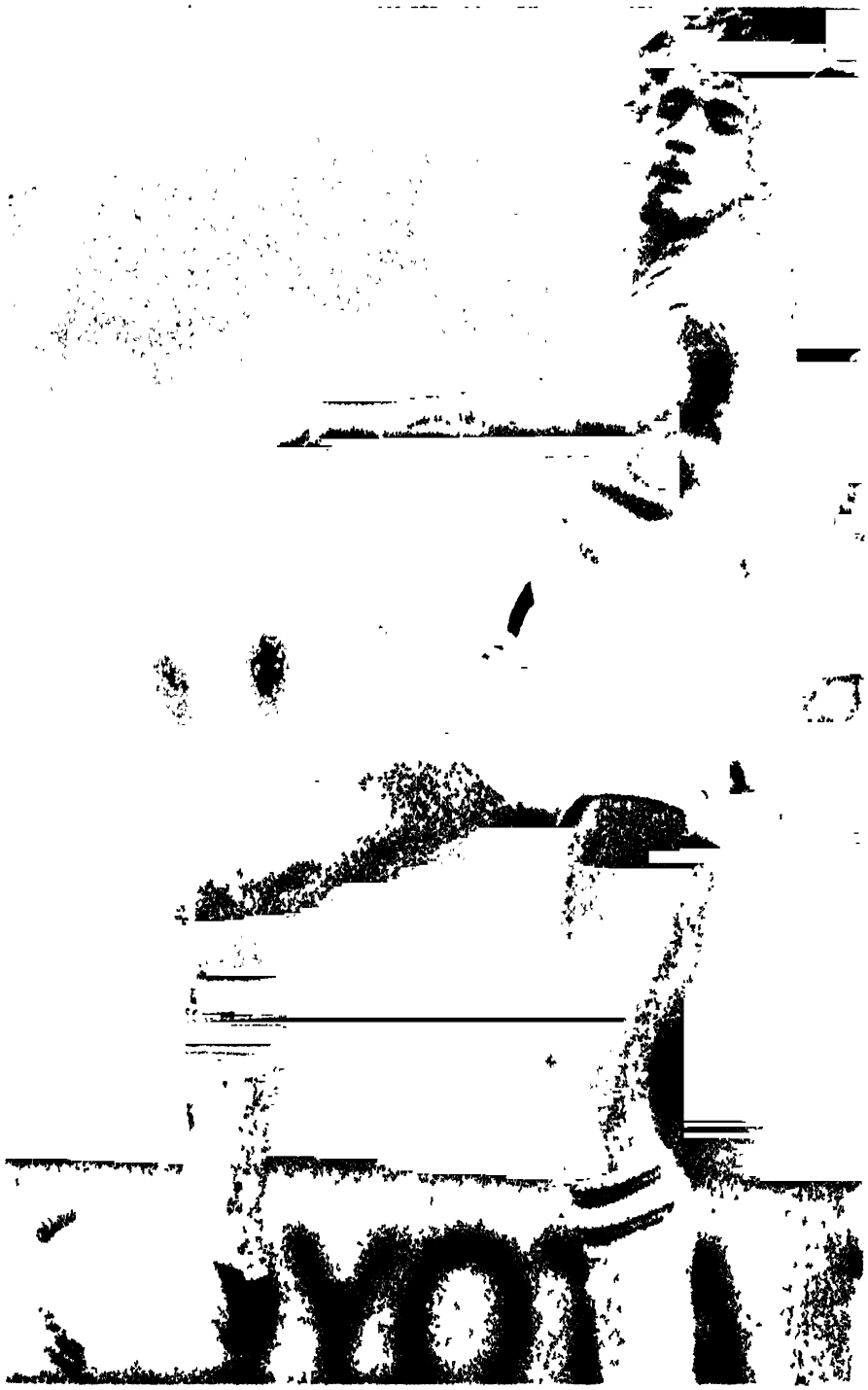
Birmingham's underrated striker Mick Harford is confident that his side will return to the First Division this season at their first attempt. And he believes a year in the Second Division will give the much-maligned Midland side the ideal fillip to re-charge their batteries and provide a springboard for lasting success as a First Division club.

Harford, a confirmed member of the old fashioned centre forward brigade, attributes Birmingham's encouraging recent results to manager Ron Saunders' astute moves in the transfer market during the summer. Here's how he assesses their chances of maintaining their excellent start.

ONE of the reasons I am certain we will bounce straight back into the First Division is that we have been achieving good results while playing well below our potential. Tommy Docherty said after we beat Wolves at Molineux last week, that he thought that both Leeds and Oxford were much better teams than us. All I can say to that is the Second Division has yet to see Birmingham at their best.

It is true that good teams often produce the right results when they aren't firing on all cylinders, so it is very satisfying for us to be setting the pace knowing full well there is so much room for improvement. We have had to suffer a lot of stick recently because of our so-called bad boys' image. There is no disciplinary trouble inside the club, nor is there likely to be with a man as hard and fair as Ron Saunders in control.

What happened to some of our players off the field during the summer was blown out of proportion. As for the criticism of our conduct on the field, we play no harder than anyone else. I feel particularly sorry for Robert Hopkins in this respect. He was very unfortunate to get sent off against Portsmouth two weeks ago and I think to some extent referees have become more aware of him because of his reputation.



Mark Falco: one of Tottenham's unsung heroes

I just hope people will start talking about what the team is achieving. Relegation can often mean a drastic fall in attendances and consequently a loss of revenue, but if we can continue winning, the crowds will come flooding back in larger numbers than when we were at the foot of the First Division.

I noticed that when Malcolm Macdonald talked recently about the inevitability of a Super League, based on support, he mentioned Birmingham as a possible candidate for inclusion. While I agree with Malcolm that within ten years there will be a Super League, the potential support of 25-30,000 at the club would make Birmingham a certainty for inclusion. If that happens then Ron Saunders should take much of the credit for the club's revival.

In the space of two years, he has rescued the club from financial ruin and during the close season again showed his financial acumen in offloading two of our stars and replacing them with four quality performers ....at a profit!

Many of our supporters were disgusted when he sold Noel Blake to Portsmouth and Howard Gayle to Sunderland. But the 'imports', David Giles, Ken Armstrong, Gerry Daly and Wayne Clarke have definitely improved the team. More recently, he has signed goalkeeper Mark Prudhoe from Sunderland for £25,000—and sold Tony Coton to Watford for £350,000!

Wayne Clarke has been a revelation, his sharpness having added a new dimension to our attack. To me, he shows the same clinical finishing that made his brother Allan such a great player at Leeds. It has taken Wayne a long while to emerge from his shadow and establish himself as a top player in his own right. Ken Armstrong, bought from Southampton, has slotted in easily alongside Billy Wright and I can't think of a better central defensive partnership in the Second Division. They complement one another perfectly. Ken is all aggression while Billy has the vision and pace to cover any mistakes.

However, the presence of Gerry Daly(acquired from Coventry) will undoubtedly prove to be Ron's most inspired signing. His experience and enthusiasm has already had a profound effect on our midfield and Leicester fans will confirm how important he is in helping them with promotion



Gerry Daly: definitely improved the team

two seasons ago.

From a personal point of view I haven't been happy with my own form so far this season, but was flattered when I read that Jimmy Greaves rated me as one of the country's top strikers and a dark horse for an England call up.

I certainly think that every England team should have a traditional centre forward in its lineup. After all,the 'big hustler' often causes consternation to continental defences in European club games. For me, the best centre forward in the country in recent years has been Peter Withe. He was unlucky that international recognition came so late in his career.

Mark Falco, one of Tottenham's unsung heroes and very much in the Withe mould, has been mentioned recently as a possible candidate for the England number nine shirt, and he has proved to be a deadly finisher against foreign opposition. But the man for the job is Mark Hateley. He possesses all the qualities I admire in a central defender. He is strong in the air, mobile on the deck and, as he showed against Brazil, he is a deadly finisher. He can only improve by playing in Italy and must be given an indefinite run to prove his worth, starting with England's crucial World Cup qualifier against Finland.

Of course, I would love to be widely considered a serious challenger to Hateley. That's why I was disappointed when my proposed transfer to Queens Park Rangers fell through at the start of the season. Now I'm hopeful that I'll soon be back in the First Division limelight again, with Birmingham.

Age Limits

Staying alive

DR FERDIE PACHECO, who was Muhammad Ali's doctor from 1964 to 1977, has called for boxers to be retired by the age of 35. "No boxer should be allowed to fight beyond the age of 35, and even more preferably 30", Dr Pacheco said recently.

In 1976 Ali told Pacheco, "I don't have it any more. I see things to do but I can't do them. Am I through Doc? Should I quit?"

Two fights later Pacheco quit the Ali corner, "You are shortening your life. I do not want you to fight again", he told the champion.

"Boxing is no good for kids younger than 15, nor men older than 30. For anyone between these two ages, I say fine, even to my own son. But after 30, shoot the guy in the leg before letting him get into the ring. Boxers stay around too long."

Apart from the age, Dr. Pacheco will also be campaigning for thumbless gloves, barring boxers who have suffered detached retinas, exams that would include eye inspection before a bout, having an ambulance present at every bout and having boxers make a weight, within four pounds of the required weight, three days before a bout. This will prevent abnormal weight loss just before heading to the scales.

Cover-point

Fine leg

THE unthinkable has happened. On the cover of the latest issue of *The Cricketer* magazine there is a woman.

For 63 years, no *Cricketer* editor has dared commit such an outrage, but then no editor before Christopher Martin-Jenkins has had his hands on colour pictures of an England opener with a season's combined Test and one-day international average of 119.2

The cover girl, Janette Brittin, who flies out to Australia with the rest of the English women's touring team in early December, admits that women's batting, where the premium is on timing and technique, is at present way ahead of the bowling. "There are some good bowlers, but women just lack the height or strength to whip it through", she says. All the three summer Tests against New Zealand were drawn and so in the hope of obtaining definite results this winter (or the Australian summer) the Test matches Down Under will last four days instead of three.

The Cricketer cover also reveals what the international batswoman is wearing these days--knee length socks, thigh pad above the cricket pad and pleated skirt.

"Some say that showing a bit of thigh, like they do in women's golf, helps create interest in the sport," says Jannett. "But I must admit I do feel more compact batting in trousers especially on a winter day" says the cover girl.

Waxing Wayne

All-rounders

WHO says Ian Botham is the only English cricketer to play divisional football. Botham will be helping the fourth division Scunthorpe United during his lay off from cricket.



Larkins: good striker

But Northants cricketer Wayne Larkins has been quicker than Botham in breaking his soccer duck.

A forward in the classic blunt instrument mould, he scored twice in Wellingborough town's 4-3 victory over Rushden Town, in the Southern League Cup.

When is Kapil Dev joining Mohun Bagan?

Burnt Out

Unhealthy indications

RECRIMINATIONS begin in West Germany over the injury problems which resulted in 17 out of the country's 61 athletes withdrawin from their events at the Los Angeles Olympics. A number of leading medi al and sporting authorities have suggested that it was not merely bad luc which led to the number of injuries.

It is reported that as many as eigh per cent of the German athletes at L arrived at the Games carrying injuries. The main reason given is ove training and inadequate medical care.

Among those who pulled out with injury were a number with high expectations of a medal including European 400m champion Hartnurt Webe

Even before the Games started, both West Germany's world champions, the 800 m runner Willi Wulbec and the 3000 m steeplechaser Patriz Ilg withdrew because of injury. So di the European 5000m champion Thomas Wessinghage

Said Wessinghage, "By the time Olympics came around, a lot of athletes were burnt out or got into injury problems."

He is convinced that the spate of injuries indicates that the future of West German athletics is far from healthy. "The national federation has rested too long on a few big names," he said. "Many Germans train too much but don't race enough."

Bought Off

False champions?

THE International Football Federation will, if necessary, conduct an inquiry into allegations that Cameroc were paid more than 100,000 dollars to draw their 1982 World Cup match against Italy.

Italy contacted FIFA and asked them to investigate news report that Cameroon had been "bought off" Apparently the Italians want to set th record straight and do not want to be remembered as false champions.

Enzo Bearzot, the manager of Italy's 1982 World Cup winning team, said he would resign if the allegations went unpunished. "I do not want to see years of honest work lost like this," Bearzot, 57, was quoted as saying.



SIR DONALD GEORGE BRADMAN

IN 80 TEST INNINGS HE SCORED 6996 RUNS WITH TWENTY NINE CENTURIES, HIS HIGHEST SCORE BEING 334. HIS AVERAGE (99.94) WOULD HAVE BEEN AN INCREDIBLE 100 HAD HE NOT GOT OUT FOR A DUCK IN HIS LAST INNINGS



THE DON OF CRICKET. FROM 1930 TO HIS RETIREMENT IN 1948 HE DOMINATED THE BATTING OF THE WORLD. A KEEN EYE AND EXCEPTIONAL POWERS OF COORDINATION GAVE HIM THE ADVANTAGE IN HIS COMMAND OVER ALL TYPES OF BOWLING. HIS INSPIRATION WAS CONFIDENCE IN HIS OWN ABILITY. BY ITS VERY EFFICIENCY HIS BATTING IMPLIED A RUTHLESS SELF-CONTAINMENT

Illustrations by Subrata Gangopadhyay

CHARMINAR CHALLENGE

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport.

STATUTORY WARNING: CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

28 September Australia beat India by 48 runs in the day and night limited overs match at the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium, New Delhi Kepler Wessels scores a superb century to pave the Australian victory path

India takes a 2-0 lead over Denmark in their Davis Cup World Group relegation clash at Aarhus, Denmark Ramesh Krishnan makes short work of Peter Bastiansen 6 0, 6-1, 6-4 while Vijay Amritraj thrashes Michael Mortensen 6 0 6 1, 6-2

29 September Denmark fight back into the Davis Cup tie against India with their doubles combination of Peter Bastiansen and Michael Mortensen upsetting Anand and Vijay Amritraj 6-4, 7-5, 6-4

Anatoly Karpov takes a 3-0 lead over his challenger Gary Kasparov as Kasparov resigns the seventh game

The Davis Cup World Group semi finals find the USA taking a 2-0 lead over defending champions Australia and Sweden build up an unbeatable 3-0 lead over Czechoslovakia to make the final

30 September Ramesh Krishnan gets past a late surge by Michael Mortensen of Denmark to win 6-2, 6-3, 10-8 and save India from relegation from the World Group of the Davis Cup

USA beat Australia to enter the final of the World Group Davis Cup tennis

George Rhodes, a 69-year-old printer from London, wins £91, 891 in a jackpot wager with five pence splashed over seven winners in as many races.

1 October The one day international between India and Australia at Trivandrum is washed out due to rain after Australia score 29 for one in reply to India's score of 175.

Yannis Kouros, a 28-year old Greek nightwatchman, wins the Spartathlon. This race is run non stop from Athens to Sparta, a distance of 250 kms

2 October Hanif Khan, the Pakistani hockey inside left, calls it a day and announces that he will not be taking part in any further international hockey meets

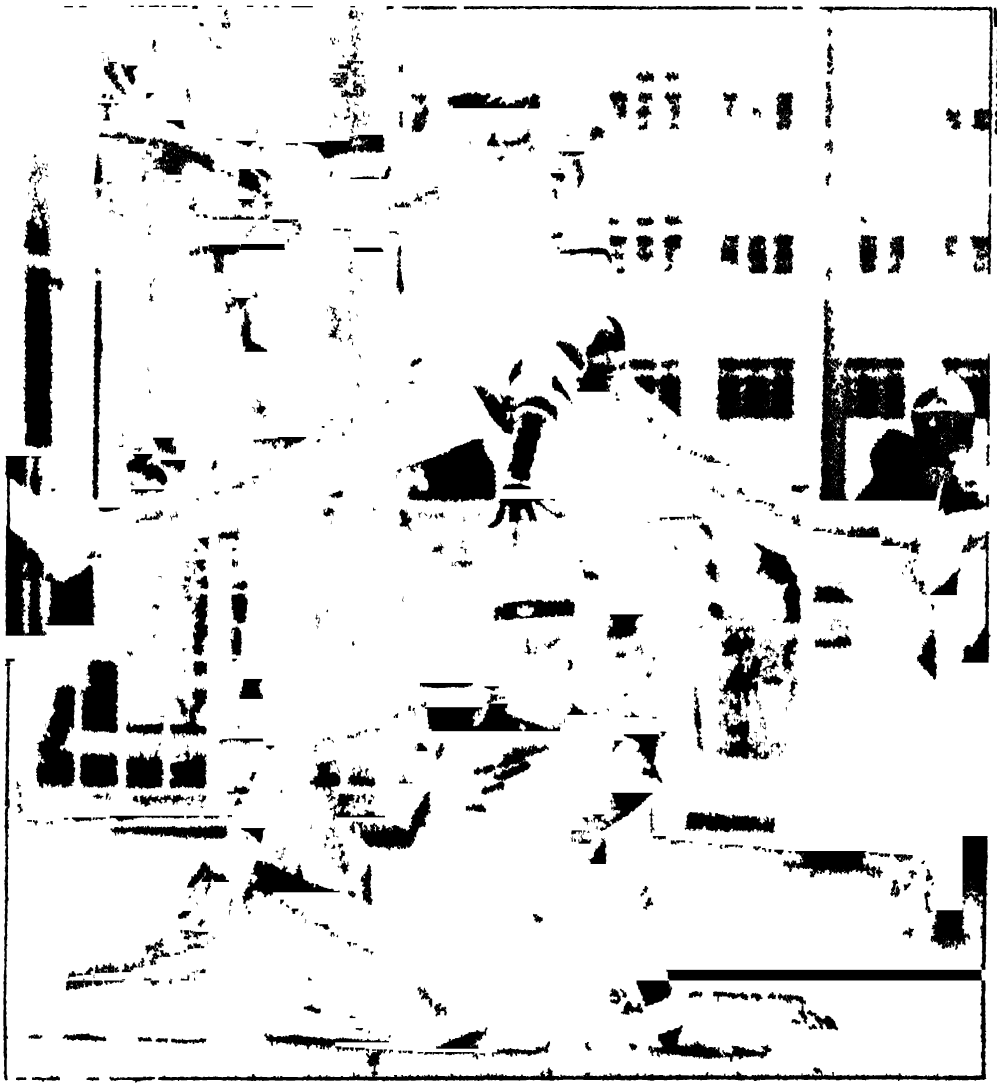
The International Olympic Committee's president Juan Samaranch bestows the Silver Olympic Order medal on Zhong Shitong, the president of the Chinese Olympic Committee

3 October The Jamshedpur one day international cricket match between Australia and India is a fiasco as the kit turns up at noon with the match scheduled to start just after 9 a m

International master Raja Ravisekhar wins the Accumax International Masters Chess Tournament at Bombay

4 October Bob Merriman, the team manager of the Australian team currently touring India, discloses that Rodney Hogg will be flying back to Australia as he suffering from bronchitis.

5 October Australia thrash India by seven wickets at a game at Ahmedabad to wrap up the one day series.



Associated Press

British models, Joanne and Carol, exhibit some of the new Adidas tennis outfits at a preview of the Adidas range for 1985 at London

'Tomorrow I'll die', he said

And millions saw it happen

DONALD CAMPBELL's death was the most publicised in the history of sport. It was estimated that a fifth of the world's population, watching television, saw Bluebird somersault and disintegrate on Coniston Water, in England's Lake Dis-

His last fatal run was shown countless times on the newsreels For weeks he had been telling newsmen and TV reporters 'I know what you're here for The second best story is me breaking the world record The best story is me getting the chop '

'If the chop comes, I'm going to be travelling bloody fast when it comes '

He was His speed on that run on January 4, 1967 was 328 mph, the highest ever achieved on water . but it didn't count The official record is 285 213 mph set up by Lee Taylor Junior on Lake Guntersville, Alabama, USA on June 30, 1967

Premonition

Campbell (46) had a premonition that he was going to die The night before, he drew the ace and Queen of Spades in a card game Said Campbell 'Mary Queen of Scots drew the same two cards the night before she was beheaded I have the most awful feeling that I'm going to buy it this time '

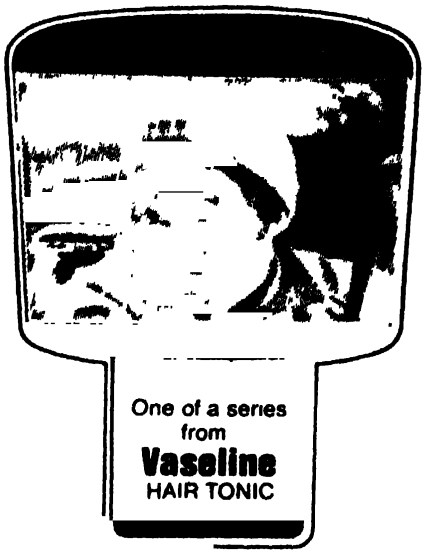
Bluebird was launched at 8 40 a m Conditions were ideal The speed on the first run was 297 mph, nearly 21 mph better than the existing world record at the time.

Campbell could now cruise back at around 260 to break the record or aim for 303 to become the first man to break 300. Campbell chose the higher speed. He always was a gambler He had waited nine long weeks at Coniston for this moment

His voice could be heard 'I'm starting my return run'. Then: 'I'm tramping... she's going'. Bluebird went up and over and was no more. Nor was Campbell. His body was never found.

No inquest was held. The Home

DONALD CAMPBELL



Secretary told the local Coroner that there were enough witnesses to testify that Campbell was killed in his turbo-jet engined 2¼ ton Bluebird K7

His father

Campbell was the son of the former world and sea speed record holder Sir Malcolm Campbell. They were remarkably similar—egoistical, kind, considerate, debonair and daring. They were wealthy exhibitionists who were never satisfied with success There was always another record to be broken

Campbell junior was born on March 23, 1921 on Kingston Hill in Surrey. At 16, while at school at Uppingham, he caught rheumatic fever, which was later to keep him out of the Services in the Second World War

He dabbled in various business enterprises, but his passion was for speed and in 1949 he bought the old Bluebird car and jet speedboat from his father's estate. His first attempt to improve the world speed record on water was a failure

Later that year he took Bluebird to America but it capsized and sank. A month later he increased the record by 14 mph. And in May 1959 he raised it to 260.

In 1964, he tried again and this time his speed was 276. After his attempt in 1955 he decided to make a try at bettering the land speed record of 394.196 set up by Cobb in 1947. The cost was prohibitive, nearly £2 million, but eighty firms contributed and Campbell was able to make his first run at Bonneville, U.S.A. in September 1960.

After 1.7 miles his maximum speed was 325. Then Bluebird spun and rolled on to her side, finally shooting up into the air and crashing Campbell sustained a broken eardrum, a ruptured ear, a skull fracture and concussion

The car was rebuilt and modified and further trials took place on Lake Eyre, Australia. In 1964, after nine years' trying, Campbell set up a new record of 403 mph.

Wrangling

He was the first man to break the land and water records in the same year. But his successes had come only after much wrangling and adverse publicity.

Sir Alfred Owen, one of the main backers, riled Campbell by suggesting that the racing driver Jack Brabham should be allowed to drive Bluebird. Campbell, who was suffering from back trouble, refused. He also issued writs against Owen for slander.

Later the two men shook hands and Campbell went ahead with his record-breaking runs. But it had not been a happy time for him or his backers.

Another racing driver, Stirling Moss, had entered the controversy, saying that he thought a racing driver was better suited to the job than a record breaker like Campbell.

A year previously, the American Craig Breedlove had been timed at 407 mph but it didn't count because his vehicle was three-wheeled. In 1965 Breedlove won back the record from Campbell with a time of 613.995 mph in his jet-engined 'Spirit of America'.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

BANGALORE

A New Hope

PHILLIP PILLING, the Bombay-based Yorkshireman celebrated his 33rd birthday in a big way, hitting the top spot among professionals in the Bangalore Golf Club's Pro-Am and Caddies Golf Championships which attracted nearly 100 golfers from all over the country

This is the fifth triumph for Pilling who pocketed the prize money of Rs 7,000 plus an additional sum for playing two best rounds And he made it a tournament to remember with a record four round tally of 290—which is three strokes better than last year's winner Brandon D'Souza however, Brandon finished a dissapointing fifth at 300

The talented 18 year old collegian from Delhi, Karan Atwal lifted the Wills Trophy for the best amateur with a brilliant effort of 293 (72-74 70-77) and he along with Pilling and Delhi caddie Hyder Khan had the distinction of breaking par on this tight course

In spite of the course being fast there were some very good cards and that was mainly due to the excellent condition of the greens

Pilling began with a fairly good card of 75 in the first round, but there were so many better efforts that he found himself in fourth place with five others The best card in the first round came from Delhi caddie Inderpal, hardly known here He had par 71 with Basad Ali, Bamby Randhawa and Chinni on 73 and three others on 74 with Brandon low down on 77

Inderpal went four over on the second day but Pilling and Delhi's Mittan Lal struck a fine patch to get level par cards to catch up with him at the top, all on 146 Three strokes behind them were Bunty Randhawa the Gulmarg Open winner, his young Calcutta colleague Ajay Gupta and Chinni

Came the third day, when usually the pressure builds up, but that's where Pilling showed his class with five birdies in his under par 70 to leave the field seven strokes behind His nearest rival was Bunty Randhawa, while Inderpal and Mittan went seven over to go out of the reckoning

Bunty caused a little flutter on the final day for within three holes he had cut the lead to three, playing two under while Pilling had two bogies His hopes were still alive after the first nine, but the back nine saw Pilling strike a purple patch with pars all the way which Bunty just couldn't match and the Yorkshireman emerged a grand winner His last effort was 74 Bunty 290 (75-74-74 71) was second Rohtas third on 298 (80 73 72 73) followed by Basad Ali (73 78-75-73), Inderpal 299 (71 75-78 75) and Brandon on 300 (77-76-74-73) and Hyder Khan with the day's best card (under par 70) on 301

Karan Atwal could well turn out to be our next Asian Games champion, for his performance was absolutely top class He hits them long and straight and excels in the short game too His putting was good with the 'plum' being a 30-footer in the third round His card of 72 in the first round was the best while Rajeev Mohta came up with a 73 and David Hill, five down after the first three holes recovered remarkably for a 76 Atwal increased his lead over Mohta with a 74 in the second round and with a great 70 with five birdies drew away on the third day with a seven stroke lead He had 77 on the final day but Rajeev Mohta despite a fine 72 had to bow to the Delhi collegian who finished with 293, two strokes better than Mohta's Kanwal Inder finished third on 307 followed by David Hill 312, David D'Souza 313, Om Prakash 314, Sarvpal Singh 319, John D'Souza 320 and Sanjeev Mehra 322

Anil Arvindam



K Gopinathan

Atwal: Impressive

TRICHUR

Joint Triumph

IT somehow seemed appropriate that Bengal and Tamil Nadu should ultimately share the Mir Iqbal Hussain Trophy for the National Sub-Junior Football Championship Not only were the teams evenly matched in the final, but the two sides were the best in the tournament

On the eve of the final one knew it would be a keen tussle, for in the semi-finals, both teams had given fine performances

The final, watched by around 8000 spectators and played on the same ground the Federation Cup was played in May this year, was an exciting encounter

Tamil Nadu took the lead in the 48th minute A cross from Gunakannan was handled inside the box by Bengal deep defender Prasantha Das Ramesh Peter converted the penalty kick But the lead was short lived as Bengal got the equaliser within six minutes Following a free kick about fifteen yards from the box, Tapan Das pushed the ball sideways and right half Prabir Barua met it and sent a lightning shot which went booming into the net

There was no further scoring in the 70 minute tussle and because of bad light, extra time was not played The teams agreed to share the title. Bengal won the toss and earned the right to keep the trophy for the first six months But the hosts were so elated by this joint triumph that they celebrated in right royal style as if they had won it outright And so overjoyed was C R Viswanathan, Secretary of the Tamil Nadu Football Association, that he announced that the victorious team would be sent to Cochin to watch the Nehru Gold Cup Tournament early next year

The organisation of the journey went off smoothly and if there was one major complaint it was directed against the All India Football Federation, who did not send any talent spotters "Catch them young" may be an age old cliche but the wisdom behind it still holds true. However, it would seem that the AIFF does not swear by it. Now that India has started taking part in international junior tournaments, talent spotters are a must at all national meets.

Partab Ramchand

DELHI

Kathuria Back

DELHI's top internationals choose the State championships to settle their scores with the Delhi Table Tennis Association officials. There have been occasions when players have withdrawn after playing a couple of rounds, either feigning illness or giving some other unconvincing ex-[illegible] In fact, the top players these days show little respect to the local circuit and invariably one finds a footnote at the time of the release of the State rankings saying so and so has not been ranked for lack of data! If the player himself is asked to give the reason honestly, he will perhaps write: " .could not play in local tournaments for lack of monetary incentive!"

This year's State championship was again caught in a storm, fortunately only in a tea cup, created by international Manmeet Singh, who took it upon himself to come to the rescue of another competitor in distress Jyoti Batra was two games down against a computer science student of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madhavi Karmalkar, when Manmeet thought a grave injustice was done to her by allowing Madhavi to play with a racquet that, he believed, did not conform to the latest rules of the game

The rule says that the two sides of the racquet must have different colours of rubbers. But, because of the paucity of rubbers the Table Tennis Federation of India has ruled that only players in the zonals, and, that too, from the league stage onwards, should adhere to the new law But Jyoti and her "well-wishers" insisted that it was applicable to all. Manmeet then threatened to withdraw from the next day's final unless a satisfactory clarification was given to him by the authorities. A pity, he did not know the rule because he did not bother to participate in any of the major tournaments this season.

Manmeet may not know his rules, but the same cannot be said about his game as he showed in the final against Rajat Kathuria. He did not win it but certainly played his part to make it a thrilling affair. For over an hour the two produced table tennis of high standard. Rajat won it eventually in five games 21-18, 23-25, 22-20, 18-21, 21-19 and it was nice to see this stocky youngster showing signs of a serious comeback.

This was his second win over Manmeet, having also beaten him in the St. Columbus final. The previous day, he overcame Sudhir Phadke in the semi-final after losing to him twice in the earlier tournaments. With Manjit, who could not play in the State championship because of his father's illness, Phadke, Manmeet and Rajat, Delhi will have a strong line-up in the nationals

Madhavi, who was awarded the semi-final after Jyoti refused to continue, however, lost the final to Deepshikha Soni. Deepshikha, who had earlier lost the girls final to Anuradha Dhawan, won 21-17, 21-13, 20-22, 21 17. Sanjay Modi won the boys title, beating Vijay Krishnan 21-18, 21-19, 21 10.

A Correspondent

MADRAS

Building Ambitions

THE city will soon have a modern football stadium, well in time for the Jawaharlal Nehru Gold Cup International Tournament scheduled to be held here in early 1986.

A high power committee, set up by the state government to go into the details of the project, initially examined the possibilities of constructing the stadium at two sites.

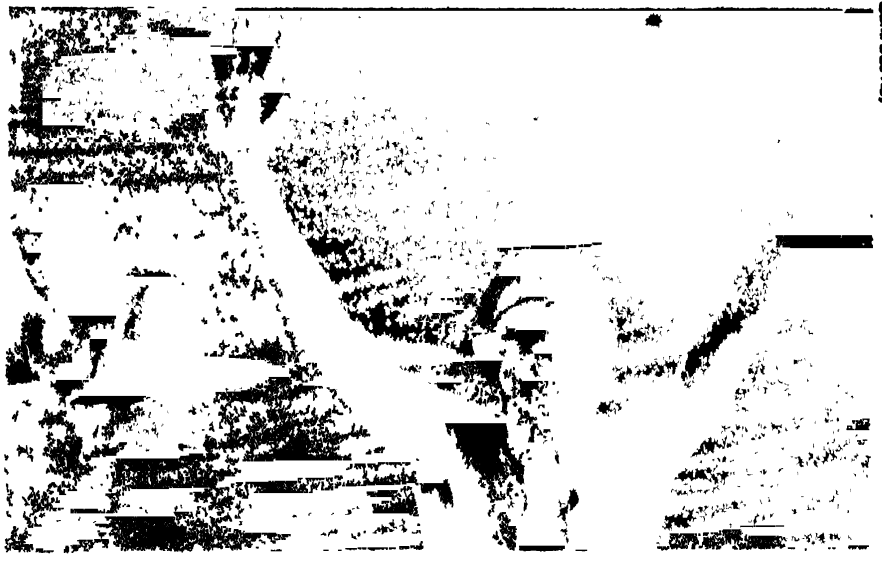
One was to convert the existing Nehru Stadium, where almost all the football played in the city is held, into a fully fledged modern stadium. The other proposal was to construct it at the Nungambakkam Corporation playgrounds.

Both proposals were rejected by the engineers of a Calcutta firm who have been given the job of constructing the stadium. They were of the opinion that the areas were not enough for a stadium of the size and capacity wanted by the Tamil Nadu Football Association and the State Government, who are bearing the cost (over ten crores of rupees.)

According to the contractors, to build a modern fully-equipped stadium with a capacity of over 75,000, an area of 40 acres will be required. The state government, keen to fulfil the promise made by Chief Minister M.G. Ramachandran during the Nationals held here earlier in the year, allotted land for the new stadium. The site is at Taramani behind the Indian Institute of Technology campus and the area is a sprawling 56 acres.

Mr C.R. Viswanathan, Secretary, TFA said that the contractors, who had earlier constructed the Salt Lake Stadium in Calcutta (capacity 1,20,000) had taken up the Madras job as a challenge and they were confident of finishing the job in 14 months—well before the international competition starts.

Partab Ramchand



Sunil Das Roy

Laxman Halder after winning the 74km swimming competition organised by the Murshidabad Swimming Association

Himalayan Rally Preview

A mountainous task well done

TRAVELLING 3,800 kms by car is tough. Travelling 3,800 kms by car at high rally speeds has to be experienced to be believed. Small wonder the Himalayan Rally is reputed to be one of the toughest rallies in the world. The fifth Himalayan Rally will be flagged off from New Delhi on 28 October. Run over four legs, this rally will take the competitors on a jaunt of the Himalayan ranges and back to the finish at Delhi on 3 November.

This rally is the brainchild of Nazir Hoosein, a former rally driver who is now the chairman of the Himalayan Rally Association. He first envisaged using our Himalayan ranges to build a rally that could merit international rating. It took him ten years to get the show on the road and finally, in 1980, the first Himalayan Rally was flagged off. It was the first time an Indian rally was granted international status.

It was a great success and netted the country valuable foreign exchange as there were plenty of entries from abroad. But the rally calls for tremendous planning and organisation. At least eight or nine months before the scheduled flagoff, the organisers begin coordinating all the different things that go into a successful rally.

Most rallies are run in legs. This means that the rally is divided into different sections. And the Himalayan Rally is no exception. The first leg of the rally will take the cars from the National Stadium, New Delhi where the rally will be flagged off, to the forest sections after Ramnagar.

This run will bring the cars to the regrouping control at Dehra Dun. From Dehra Dun there will be a shorter run which will see more forest sections before finishing at Naini Tal. This picturesque town is at the end of the first leg and is a major halt to let rallyists enjoy themselves and feast their eyes on the scenic beauty.

The second leg will expose the cars to some rough mountain terrain as the route will be a dirt track on the mountains to Barrechhina. The track will loop through Berinag, Bageshwar, Kausani and on to Ranikhet which is also a regrouping control. Passing Ranikhet, there will be the 175 km tarmac run which is quite famous among past Himalayan rallyists. This long run is logged to be travelled at 60 kmph but, as the rallyists will tell you, maintaining that speed on those high forest areas is next to impossible. After you've grown some muscles from all the gear shifts called for by this high speed, the rally enters Chaupta, then on to Tilwara and Tahri Garhwal. This leg ends in Mussoorie.

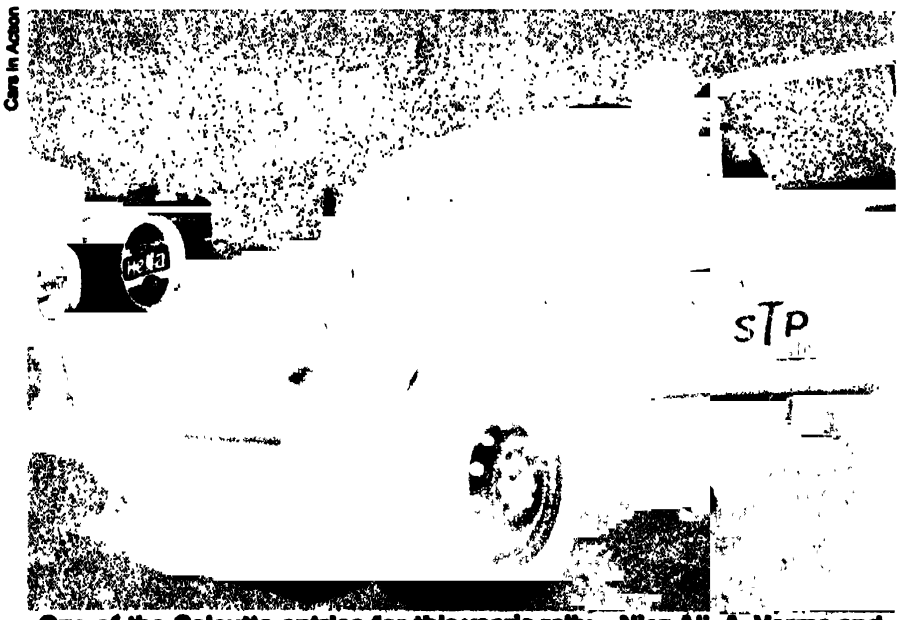
At Mussoorie, the rallyists are treated to a luxurious stay at the grand Savoy hotel after which they embark on the third leg. The third leg will take the cars into Himachal Pradesh via a difficult mountain road to Tiuni, Purola, Uttarkashi and back to Mussoorie via a looping run down to Tehri Garhwal. Mussoorie is another regrouping control after which the cars move on to Nahan, Rajgarh, Dhalli to end the third leg at Simla.

On to the fourth and final leg, the cars roar off towards Narkhanda. From there it is onto the famous Jalorie Pass. The Jalorie Pass is considered by many to be the most strenuous section of the course. After the Jalorie Pass it is on to Mandi and then to another regrouping at Wildflower Hall near Kufri. From here the rally will run to Mahan and then to the last regrouping at Rai. After this it is straight to the finish which is the National Stadium, New Delhi.

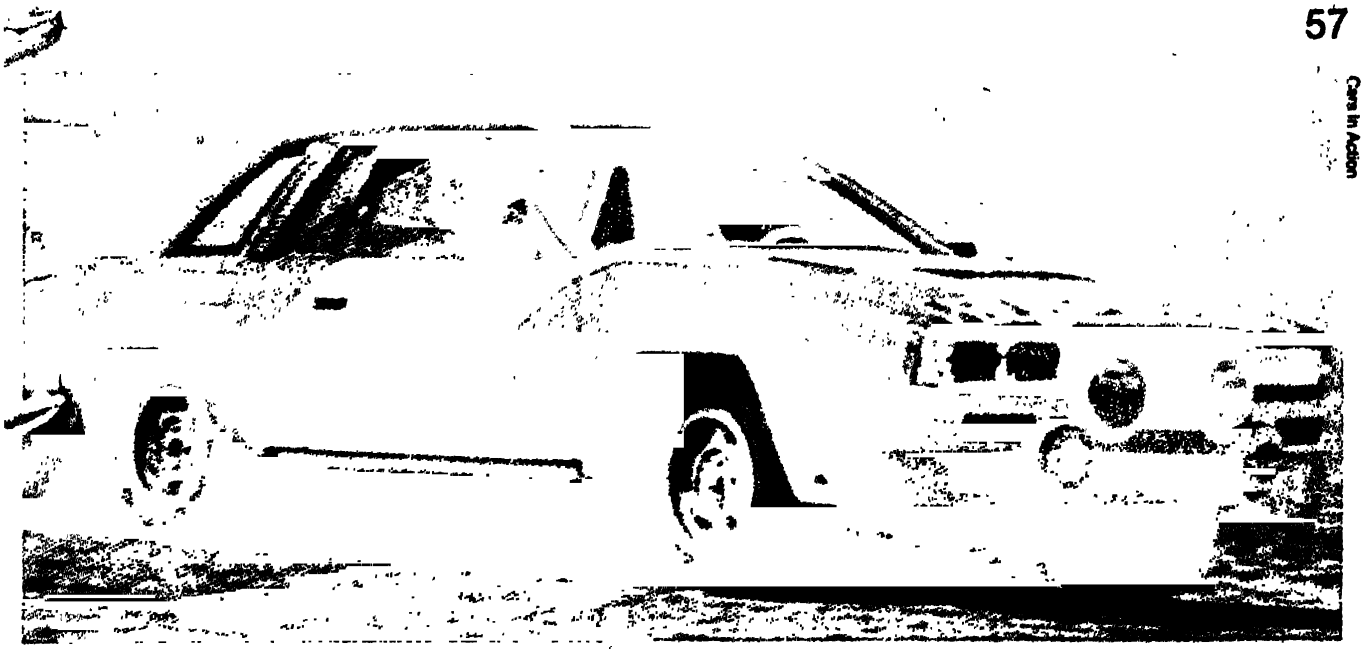
Although the last four rallies have been run over four legs, the organisers were planning to change it to five this year. They felt that five legs would make both service and administration easier for competitors and the organisers. But eventually they reverted to the customary four, so as to prevent the rally from dragging on for one extra day. This being the reason given, the actual purpose of changing back to four was that the rallyists preferred to tackle the strenuous Jalorie Pass in daylight. With a stopover at Mussoorie, the pass would have to be tackled at night. Also, in consideration was the fact that the Indian cars, which are much slower, would be able to avail of much more rest at the major halts.

Moving on from the rally proper to the people who are the rally, it must be said that these daredevils in their cars are sure to get their fair share of thrills and spills. Jayant Shah from Kenya will be trying to make it three-in-a-row. He won the last two rallies and this year will be driving his trusted Nissan 240 RS with utmost

Cars in Action



One of the Calcutta entries for this year's rally... Niaz Ali, A. Verma and C.K. Singhi are taking part in this Lada Niva. The Lada is a Russian off road vehicle and runs on permanent four wheel drive



The Nissan 240 RS is ideally suited to the Himalayan conditions

confidence as he is very familiar with the route and the hazards to be expected.

With two Himalayan Rally wins to its credit, the Nissan 240 RS would be expected to be a rally car par excellence. Unfortunately, this is not the case as this car, although very robust and reliable, is just not fast enough for the European type rallies. The rallies held in Europe require the cars to maintain much higher speeds and this is where the Nissan comes a cropper.

The first Indian entry for this year's rally, also the first entry anyway, was a Jeep. This marks the first time that a works entry has been submitted for the Himalayan and speaks of the favourable trend that could follow. Mahindra and Mahindra's Jeep will be driven by Minoo Nanavati and he will be assisted by the Bathenas who are well famous on the Indian racing scene. Powered by a Peugeot engine that runs on diesel, the jeep can run in both two and four wheel drive.

Also among the competitors will be a ladies' team. Meena Bhanusali and Nisha Sutaria, along with two more ladies, will be joining the fray. This team will be the first Indian ladies' team to participate in the Himalayan Rally. They will also be the second ladies' team to take up the challenge, the first being the duo of Marianne Hoepfner and Ode Dencker-Andrsen. These ladies competed in the first Himalayan Rally and surprised everyone by finishing a very creditable second behind Shekhar Mehta.

Meena Bhanusali has plenty of Himalayan experience as she was the co-driver and navigator for her brother Kantilal in the previous two years. They finished second in the Premier Padmini stock class in 1982 and first in the same class in 1983. Nisha Sutaria is a famous name where track racing is concerned. Her forte being two wheelers, she has the distinction of being the only woman to compete with men in circuit racing all over India. The ladies have everything ready from their side and were anxiously awaiting sponsorship.

With the advancement of the rally and the recognition it is getting from all over the world, more and more advanced machinery is being entered. One of the rallyists, Abraham Thomas, an Indian based in Kuwait, is entering a Saab 900 Turbo. This car displaces 1,995 cc and is capable of sustained high speed. Thomas has quite a jinxed association with the Himalayan Rally. In 1982, he entered in a Subaru 4 x 4 but was unable to finish. Last year he entered in his Saab Turbo, but ended up being a mere spectator as his car could not be airlifted from Kuwait. So he has a few things to prove this year.

Another Indian, Rajiv Khanna, will be at the wheel of a works-prepared Opel Manta 400. This car is more powerful than Thomas' Saab and displaces 2,410 cc. Jaswant Singh Pandey will be at the controls of a Toyota which is comparatively less powerful than the other two cars with a displacement of just 1,452 cc.

A great honour has gone to Pradeep Nair this year. He has been invited to drive for Pipers Workshop of England. Pipers are a leading private workshop of rally cars and their rally team has stamped their dominance on the British rally scene in Talbots. In the Himalayan, Nair will be the first driver of their Skip Brown car rally team.

Also in the fray will be last year's runners up Harpal Singh Choda of Kenya and the ace rallyist from Finland Rauno Altonen.

With just about ten days to go for the flagoff, the rallyists are working in a frenzy to get all their gear ready and cars tuned for top quality performance. The organisers, who have set up the rally headquarters at the Ashok Hotel in Delhi, are all set. Air India and the Shipping Corporation of India have assisted the rallyists in transporting their cars to Delhi. Indian Oil, as usual, have made arrangements for the supply of 93 Octane for the rallyists at selected points along the route. With over three hundred international rallies all over the world vying for selection into the coveted dozen that merit World Championship classification, the Himalayan Rally is going all out to prove its worth. It will be very creditable to the rally if the World Championship status is achieved.

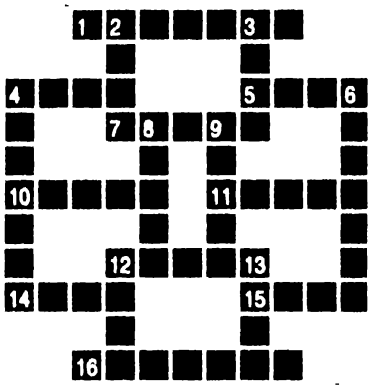
It all depends now on the organisation during the running of the rally and the performance of the rallyists themselves. All the very best to them and, maybe in 1985, we'll have Championship status.

Pradeep Paul

CROSSWORD

Mudar

258



ACROSS

1. Boxer at Los Angeles ends in 'humour' (1,2,4)
4. Korbut in gymnastics and Morozova in tennis (4)
5. Actor as well a bridge player of international repute (4)
7. Swimming champion at the Montreal Olympics stutters in the end (5)
10. To guide for a cricket shot (5)
11. Motor racing champ has a loop in the middle (5)
12. At the receiving end when Sobers hit six sixes at Swansea in 1968 (1,4)
14. A Parsee for an Indian captain (4)
15. 'This' Bearzot was the manager of Italy when it last won the World Cup soccer (4)
16. Indian cricket selector contains an alternative (1,1,5)

DOWN

2. Torvill and? Famous ice skaters both (4)
3. Famous for his voyages across oceans on rafts, 'this' Heyerdahl (4)
4. Break imparted to make the ball come into the right handed batsman (3,4)
6. A Villa, but not Aston (7)
8. Prophetic name for one of India's leading chess players (5)
9. Muhammad Ali's sparring partner when he toured India (5)
12. '...mett', also known as 'Scarlet' bowled for Australia between the Wars. He comes up (4)
13. Famous tennis racket manufacturers comprise a portion of the human anatomy (4)

Excellent: 18-16, Good: 15, Fair: 14.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

What is meant by

1) "air shot"
2) "cow shot"
3) "Chinese cut"
4) "googly"
5) "chinaman"
6) "tice"
7) "daisy cutter"
8) "glassjaw"
9) "albatross"
10) "rub of the green"

ANSWERS

1. (In cricket) a stroke that, missing the ball, hits only air.
2. (In cricket) a wild swing with a cross bat.
3. A stroke that speeds the ball away between the batsman and his wicket exactly as with a late cut—but on the leg side.
4. An off-break bowled with a leg-break action, or vice versa.
5. An off-break bowled by a left-handed bowler to a right-handed batsman and delivered as a right-handed bowler sends down a leg-break.
6. The "yorker" used to be so called because it enticed batsmen to think that it was a half-volley or a full-pitch and to act accordingly.
7. (In association football) a hard shot that keeps low.
8. (In boxing) a chin that cannot stand much punching.
9. (In golf) a score of three strokes under par for a hole.
10. A piece of bad luck (in golf).

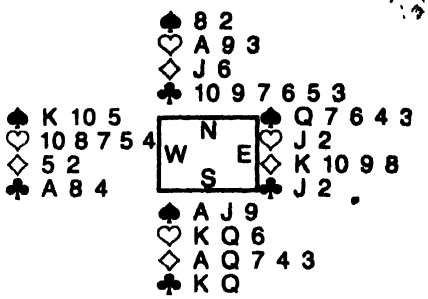
BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

One of the danger points in every hand occurs when a defender thinks that the critical stage is over and that he can sit back and wait for the declarer to go down. West made that mistake on the following deal:

SOLUTION 257





South was the dealer at love all. He opened 2NT and was raised to 3NT.

West led the 5 of hearts, which went to the jack and king. South laid the king of clubs on the table and West examined this. It was possible that South had led from K x or K J and that it would be right to win the trick: but if the declarer's clubs were no better than that, the contract could probably be beaten anyway. So West played low. This looked right when South followed with the queen. West ducked again and was relieved to see partner follow with the jack.

It looked now as though the clubs had been effectively shut out. When South followed with the 6 of hearts. West played low—and the hand was over. The declarer finessed dummy's 9 and with the help of this extra entry cleared the clubs.

If West had not been basking in the success of his play in the club suit he would have known that he must put in the 10 of hearts. This would have blocked the attempt to establish an extra entry to the dummy, as the cards lie.

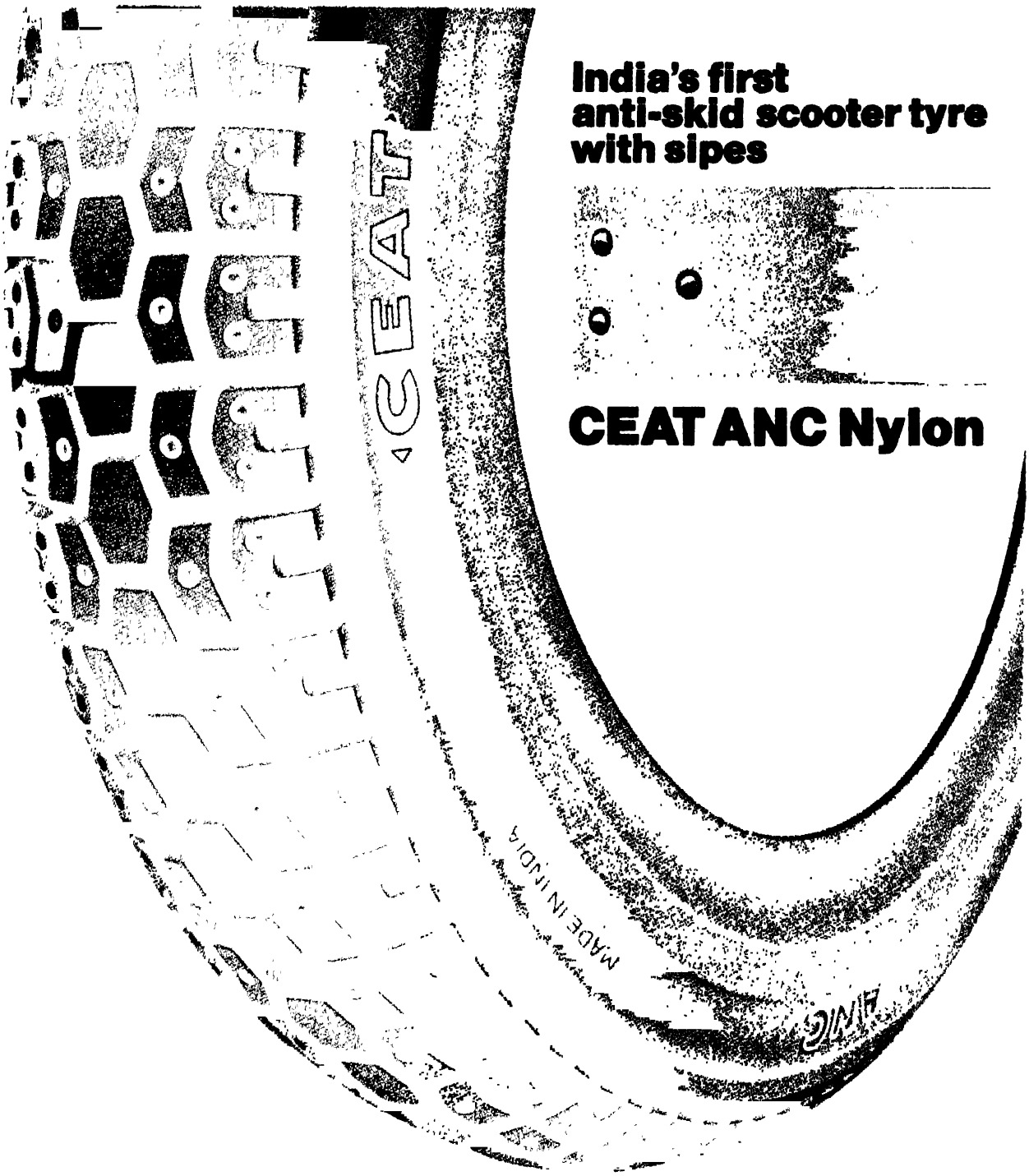
This week's quiz: This is a problem from Victor Mollo's new book *I Challenge You.*

West	East
♠ A K 4	♠ 6 5 3 2
♡ J 0 4 3	♡ K 8 2
◇ J 7 5	◇ A K Q
♣ J 10 8	♣ A K Q

North leads the 10 of diamonds against West's 3NT. The question is which East-West cards should make up trick two?

Answer: The author's solution is "Duck a round of spades. Either a 3-3 spade break or finding the king of hearts on the right side will yield West his ninth trick. The K is the better bet, but West can have his cake and eat it too, providing he is in his own hand, in position to lead a heart. When the spade split comes to light."

Is that entirely right? It seemed to me that a low heart from dummy at trick two was the best play. If the jack loses to the queen you can lead later towards the K x. It is 3 to 1 on that one of the heart honours will be right and there are extra small chances; for example. If the diamonds are 5-2 you may have time to play for a 3-3 break in one of the majors.



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Mafatlal Corduroy

Glide into fun-filled moments.
Zip and zoom into action.
When you wear the fabric with verve—Corduroy from Mafatlal. In a wide range of colours you'll [illegible] to collect with speed!

Mafatlal Fabrics

30 OCTOBER 1981

...rld

G.P
6.11.81



How ill is Muhammad Ali?

AN SHARMA

...ndia in Pakistan

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Sportsworld

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Disgusting

THE radio commentary on cricket is disgusting these days. Instead of speaking on the match that is taking place, the commentators spend their time talking about the past and the good old 'golden' days.

Another fact that has been observed is that these commentators tend to raise their voice in excitement when the visiting side is losing wickets and when the side is batting very well, they speak in low tones. This sort of partisanship is against the ethics of good commentary.

RABIN KUMAR CHATTOPADHYAY,
Uttarpara.

Only Lloyd

YOUR editorial and cover stories on the debate whether 'the present West Indies team is the best' made interesting and informative reading. Although you have reason to ask, while concluding, whether Lloyd should continue, I believe that nobody should replace a winning horse, and therefore, Lloyd should continue.

K. L. DUTTA,
Chanda.

Revenge

CONGRATULATIONS to Kartick Sett and Sudip Chatterjee who helped East Bengal win the IFA Shield for the 18th time when they beat their traditional rivals Mohun Bagan.

This is a wonderful revenge for East Bengal after their poor run in the Calcutta Soccer League this season.

RAJ GOPAL BANNERJEE,
Patna.

Opportunities

THERE is every likelihood of a reputed player in the unpredictable game of cricket to fail ignominiously. They might fail in their batting or bowling or in dropping catches. So, a constant dependence on reputed players is not very advisable. Instead, the Board should give plenty of opportunities to the promising players so that they could flower and develop into good cricketers.

V. SAMPATH,
Bangalore.

No feminine charm

ONCE again, Martina Navratilova, has proved her invincibility by winning the US Open with relative ease. But despite her great natural ability and skill, one misses the feminine charm that has characterised women's tennis all these years.

ANANTHA KRISHNAN,
Bangalore.

Right, not left

IN *Sportsworld* (26 Sept-2 Oct), there is a picture of Balwinder Singh Sandhu bowling left-hand instead of being right-hand swing and seam bowler. Is it that he changed from right to left-arm bowling, or is it an error on your part?

G. KRISHNAMOORTHY,
Baroda.

The error is regretted.
Editor.

Disappointing

IT is most disappointing to see that the South which gave the Indian team cricketers of such calibre as Vishwanath, Venkat, Prasanna and Chandrashekhar have today no cricketers of calibre. The selectors at the state level must scout for talent instead of just sitting around and doing a mechanical job.

N. SURYA NARAYAN,
Madras.

No matter

THE Australians have made a clean sweep by defeating the Indians convincingly. They batted better, bowled better and their fielding was magnificent.

But no matter what the result, we are still the World Cup champions. Thank God that the World Cup is played after every four years.

ARVIND KUMAR,
Patna.

A bad job

THE selectors' choice and thinking seems to be getting worse day by day. It is a sad case of affairs considering the fact that each of the selectors is an expert in his own right with deep knowledge and experience behind them in the game of cricket.

UTPAL GOHAIN,
Assam.

West Indies bowlers have not been in the same class as Australia's

In the second extract from "Fifty years in cricket" Sir Len Hutton compares the great cricketers of different times. The book is published by Hutchinson

WEST INDIES fast bowlers, despite the triumphs of recent years, have not, in my opinion, been in the same class as Australia's. I was never terribly impressed by them though I go back to Martindale, Constantine and Hylton. As an example, Martindale was highly rated but I would much prefer to have to deal with him than Lindwall. Constantine, a spectacular hitter at times and a fielder on every occasion, had the extraordinary habit of looking up at the ball in his hand just as he was about to release it, and now and again he bowled a slow googly.

His bounding and infectious enthusiasm had an electrifying effect on spectators and he was adored in the leagues. How joyously he would have responded to knockout cricket and what a crowd puller he would have been! Yet I could never put him in the category of Jack Gregory, Ted McDonald, Ray Lindwall and Dennis Lillee. Fast and dangerous as he was, I never felt Wes Hall was quite sure where he was pitching the ball, although his strength and stamina were almost awesome.

As a general criticism, I have always been inclined to doubt whether West Indies fast bowlers made the utmost use of their intelligence. They have concentrated on all-out speed, admittedly with singular success, and length and accuracy have often suffered. In recent series they scored by having a quartet of speed in Andy Roberts, Joel Garner, Mike Holding and Colin Croft, with Malcolm Marshall and Sylvester Clarke joining the battery.

Garner, 6 feet 8 inches tall, typifies the modern Caribbean pace man. He is a short-of-length expert and because he tends to deliver far wide of the crease, he owes a lot to the changed lbw law (I realise it has been changed for a long time now), but I mention the fact to underline how hard it is to make comparisons of individual performances.

Holding, in my view, is the best of the West Indies fast bowlers, past and present, and he would be even better with ten yards or so knocked off his prodigious run. I would not have thought he needed to run any longer than Richard Hadlee.

I have never understood why so many pace bowlers need to charge to the wicket from distances around twice the length of the pitch and, all too often, end by bowling well wide of the off stump. Such a waste of effort. There is no substitute for accuracy at whatever pace the ball is bowled. Holding's run, it has to be said, is graceful as befits a natural athlete, and contrasts vividly with Bob Willis's approach. Every so often cricket, praise be, throws up the complete individualist, the exception to every coaching rule.

Bob is strictly of the non-classical school. He is, to be blunt, all wrong. He runs too far, with a suggestion that his limbs must be in eternal protest, and his action is not right. When I have watched his laboured run and delivery I have been at a loss to account for his huge success of over 300 Test wickets. In comparison with Larwood, Lindwall, Holding and Trueman, he is the shire horse to the Derby thoroughbred, but no one has had a bigger heart or more determination. As he got older he became more accurate, which is a telling factor in his favour.

Willis has emerged from dark passages of injury and non-success with his spirit and resolve fiercer than ever, which speaks volumes for his character. He must have unusual depths of will power and is entitled to much credit and respect; he has become the symbol of the player who triumphs over adversity. And it takes a strong man to do that. Whether he could have stood up to the old programme when 1200 to 1500 overs was the norm is open to doubt but, in the final analysis, Willis has been a pillar of strength in an era when England have relied heavily on the efforts of a handful of players.

As a captain, Bob will not be remembered as a leading tactician and he had no talent to spare in his teams. Invariably he was inhibited by a shortage of runs, but at home and abroad he does not seem to have put a diplomatic foot wrong, an achievement in itself. He showed thought for his players; an excellent sign.

His action at Lord's in 1983 in giving Foster a go at New Zealand's tail when he could have conceivably added to his own tally of wickets was generous. He has had his cool moments with the media, which surprises me. On that score, speaking from personal experience, I don't think Bob knows the half of it! He ought not to worry. So often he has had the last laugh.

I was not in Australia in 1974-75 when Lillee and Thomson were at their belligerent best, but I have seen enough of both to appreciate how close they challenged Lindwall and Miller. Lillee, representing the modern Australian image of aggression, and Thomson, able to make the ball lift



Sir Garfield Sobers: The [illegible] cricketer able to do anything

off just short of a length, were always magnificently supported by Max Walker just as Bill Johnston backed up Lindwall and Miller. There have been things done by Lillee which did not impress me, but as a bowler none could be other than profoundly impressed by him.

Maybe he enjoyed the macho-type role; maybe it was all part of his psychological build up against batsmen. It must have been a harsh ordeal to face him on the less-than-perfect pitches on the Mike Denness tour of 1974-75 with the new-style Australian crowds baying 'Kill, kill, kill.' It would be difficult to fault Lillee's action, and hard to name a more aggressive opponent.

Yet he had so many skills that I am reminded of another Rhodes story. Rhodes and Sydney Barnes shared a taxi to take them to Lord's for a Test with South Africa during the triangular tournament of 1912. On the way Barnes announced: 'If we lose the toss today I'll bowl inswingers. They have never seen me bowl them before and I'll surprise them.' South Africa batted, and Barnes duly had three out with inswingers. There has to be an awesome admiration for a bowler, so gifted and totally devoid of personal doubts, able to turn to a style of bowling for tactical reasons, or almost as a personal whim. Lillee's well-publicised belligerence ought not to hide the fact that he is one of the finest bowlers Australia has produced.

If I were asked to nominate a classical style to copy, Lindwall (despite his low arm action), Miller, Trueman, Lillee and Bedser would spring to mind, and I would certainly recommend aspiring fast bowlers to seek out old newsreels and action photographs of Gubby Allen.

At the crease you saw only Allen's left shoulder pointing towards you. He ran a sensible, energy-conserving length, and he was one of my reasons for disliking Lord's in my early years. Because of his business commitments Gubby had the advantage of avoiding the day-to-day chore of county cricket, and whenever I played against him he was authentically fast. In 1937 he struck me on my left thigh with a ball which came like lightning 'down the hill' and even today when the weather is damp and cold there is pain on the precise spot where I was hit.

The one broken finger I suffered—many players who are repeatedly hit on the hand and fingers have the



Dennis Lillee: It would be hard to name a more aggressive opponent

wrong grip—was at Lord's, but over the years my attitude changed from dissatisfaction to warmth and affection for the ancient ground. My attitude to Lord's was not helped by Jack Cowie, who made my Test baptism a misery. New Zealand does not produce many good fast bowlers because the pitches are generally too slow, but Hadlee and Cowie, whose career straddled the war, can always be cited as the shining exceptions.

If Cowie, like Grimmett, had gone to Australia and bowled on pitches of pace and bounce, he would, I am sure, have been even more highly regarded. Sir Plum Warner went as far as saying he might have been the bowler of his age. At Lord's on that far-off morning he bowled fast off-breaks, as I can vouch to my cost.

New Zealand's batsmen have been more prominent than their bowlers and, starting with 'Stewie' Dempster, there have been Martin Donnelly, Bert Sutcliffe and Glenn Turner in a company any country would be proud to name.

Since the halcyon period of Bradman, Morris, Hassett and Co. after the war, Greg Chappell has by a comfortable margin been the best of Australia's batsmen. Greg had the advantage of playing straighter than most recent Australians. Some of Australia's heavy scorers in the past may not have conformed to purist styles, but invariably the bat was straight in the last, decisive movement.

Pakistan have not had a better bat than Zaheer Abbas, a truly beautiful stylish attacker with so many strokes at his command. He positions himself perfectly, and there must have been many a captain wishing he had an extra fielder or two. His driving is superb. Zaheer Abbas is high on my list of best batsmen, along with the South Africans, Graeme Pollock and Barry Richards.

It has been a tragedy that Graeme Pollock and Barry Richards, who belong to a very exclusive band of batsmen of all ages, have been outlawed. Imagine the impact they would have had on the World Cup. A fair parallel would be to picture the competition and Test cricket without Viv Richards or Clive Lloyd, or even Gary Sobers restricted to playing only in the Caribbean.

Sobers, like Hammond, was the complete cricketer able to do everything—bat with the same genius as Headley and the three Ws, open the bowling with as deadly effect as any new-ball bowler in the world, turn to spin, either orthodox or Chinamen, and catch superbly. He was uniquely versatile, though I have seen Hammond bowl leg breaks and googlies to the highest standards. I will avoid the trap of trying to compare Sobers and Hammond!

On the odd occasion, I suspected that if Sobers had a batting weakness it was outside the off stump, but he rarely got out in that area and when in form, which was normally the case, he was practically impossible to bowl to.

Gary had all the basic requirements of eye and footwork, and he was so positive—either well forward or back. I cannot recall seeing him indecisive and caught in two minds, and he had that inbred confidence that comes from being brought up on pitches always to be trusted.

If Gary hadn't taken a wicket for the West Indies, he would have still been extraordinarily successful with 8032 runs, twenty-six centuries, including the highest individual Test score, and an average of 57.78. Yet he also took 256 wickets, which made him a bowler of the highest quality. His action was

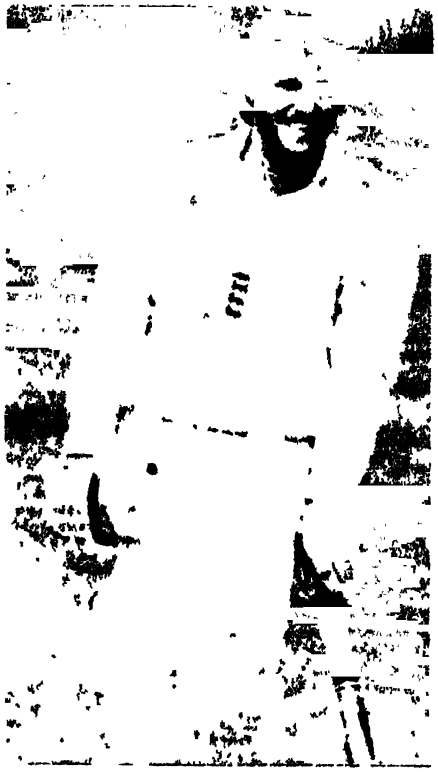
erfect; his accuracy so sustained that it was impossible to fault him. Cricket night see another Sobers, though I doubt it very much. If one should appear, I trust he will be born in Yorkshire and, in this dire moment of my county's fortunes, I'll push my luck and pray for twins!

Sobers was finally defeated by a knee injury, as was Compton, and with more and more Tests being played it is small wonder that limbs are protesting. There are some fine all-rounders like Kapil Dev, Imran Khan, Richard Hadlee and Ian Botham, who play the year round and every year. The quality of Test cricket is lower and must not be cheapened further. But a Test match is still a Test with all the attendant strains, and there is a real danger of having too much of it.

I know too well the demands of playing summer and winter nonstop, and the present international programme is nothing short of feverish. By the end of the 1983 English season, Botham had played in sixty-three Tests since 1977, including twelve with the extra responsibility as captain. Hobbs, in contrast, had sixty-one Tests between 1909 and 1930 with a four-year break in the first war, while my seventy-nine were spread over eighteen playing years.

Botham's nonstop schedule is not helped by having to bowl in Pakistan, India, the West Indies and Australia where, as a general rule, the pitches are not really suitable for his medium-pace style; it should not be an occasion for surprise when he runs into barren periods, at least by his own exacting standards. I know only too well from personal experience what a strain it can be living up to the expectations of critics and the public, and Botham's early achievements were nothing short of incredible.

To be an instant success as Ian was incurs special penalties. Sometimes I am grateful that I didn't rocket to the skies in my first Test which produced one run in two innings! England's captain, Walter Robins, lifted me from my depression with the remark: 'Don't fret. But whatever you do, don't do that against Australia next year.' The words reminded me that there's always a tomorrow, and Ian is a talented that runs and wickets are always in the offing. The trouble is that he is expected to be a Keith Miller every time he bats and bowls. So it ought to be borne in mind that,



Ian Botham: His early achievements were nothing short of incredible

unlike the bowlers of the past, he has done his bowling on covered pitches, and I cannot imagine the legendary Gilbert Jessop ever batted more spectacularly than Botham in his match-winning centuries against Australia at Headingley and Old Trafford in 1981.

Trumper himself would have been riveted by the power and range of his strokes. Headingley's crowd, more accustomed to the circumspect Boycott, watched in utter amazement and I confess that during the two innings—the Old Trafford effort was the better with less playing and mising—I pinched myself that it really was England versus Australia and not a light-hearted Sunday frolic. One hooked six, played with closed eyes, was unforgettable coming from the meat of his heavy bat. There cannot have been many more astonishing innings in the annals of the game at any class, and I would cross mountains and swim rivers to be present to see its like again. Frank Woolley always told me he couldn't see enough of Gary Sobers, and I would say the same of Botham. On occasions, admittedly, he can appear infuriatingly casual or careless, and that left-handed sweep is anathema to my eyes; but, that apart, he should be left alone to play cricket in his own natural way. I would dearly love to see him in a powerful England side, with the threat of a failure less important.

Miller didn't have Botham's responsibilities, and few know better than myself how heavily responsibility can rest even on the broadest shoulders. If I were Ian I would put regaining the Test captaincy aside. I know he thinks he has something to prove and, being Botham, that nags his thoughts. But if I were in his place, I'd let the ambition drift away and concentrate on thoroughly enjoying myself. Boycott allowed the captaincy issue to envelop his thoughts and, in my opinion, cloud his judgement. Test captaincy is a great honour, but it can also be a weight around the neck.

David Gower is the best home-grown batsman since May and Cowdrey in the Fifties and is another to have crowded what used to be a lifetime career into a few years. He has all the proper ingredients—a good background, footwork, the eye to see the ball fractionally earlier than most, and exceptional timing. In form, he can make batting look effortless and absurdly simple, even to the point of inviting criticism that he is too casual. But his method can be misleading and many elegant batsmen—Graveney was a typical example—are wrongly faulted for alleged carelessness. For some unexplained reason it looks worse when the graceful stroke-maker is bowled, or is caught off a mistimed stroke.

David has a quiet manner off the field. Some years ago I met him at an MCC dinner and was impressed by the way he talked of the game and what he aimed to achieve. Then he had yet to play for England, and he had the luck to begin his Test career against teams weakened by the Packer dispute. His quiet confidence is reflected in his batting approach; in fact, he was so unaffected by the occasion that he might have been taking a net on a sunny afternoon on a school ground. I could not recall a young cricketer for England, or for that matter any country, being less awed. I have some doubts about his technique to make runs consistently against bowlers of the highest quality on pitches giving them help, but he is clearly intelligent and, if he has the determination, he will finish in the top class of England's batsmen since the war. And, in the long-term future, a successful captain.

Was it positive cricket you said?

Mudar Patherya files this despatch from Lahore

THE first day of a series is always like a newborn. Nervous excitement mingled with hope and fear, as you give the teams a quick east-west in the morning's edition. Not, sadly, any more.

Here we are, on the threshold of yet another series, the third against Pakistan and in only a year and a half. There is no charge in the air though.

The Indian captain promised "positive cricket" after flying through the fluffy stuff to Karachi. He was merely miming other captains, a ritual that they have, from time to time, observed on alien soil as soon as setting foot on it. Experience has however taught that Test captains either make wild optimists or good liars.

Let me explain why. Last time when Zaheer Abbas led his country in India, Nur Khan, their Board chief, had specifically stated that his side had been asked to play positive cricket. Intikhab Alam asserted that he was sure the series was going to be a pleasant and enjoyable one.

Pleasant and enjoyable! At Jalandhar, Pakistan snailed to 185 for seven on the first day in 86 overs. India, not to be outdone, scored 374 in 710 minutes and 169.5 overs. Positive cricket, they said.

And while Lebanon declared a ceasefire, while Pakistan went to the polls in the council elections, while Wali Khan was arrested and while this country's population increased by nearly 1,20,960 Gaekwad batted.

'Batted' would be an understatement. He laboured. And for 672 minutes we watched while Gaekwad inched his way to the slowest double century in Test cricket. It had boiled down to the stage when the crowd cheered whenever he scored a run.

The reason for this inactivity was that there was too much at stake. An opener patting back a half volley at the start of a match gets the nod for sound temperament. Besides 'No fours before noon, perhaps after lunch and a couple before close'; if indeed most batsmen followed this diet for survival I should not have been surprised.

Part of the reason for this semi-paralysis can be ascribed to the increasing political pressure being brought upon the game. Should Sunil Gavaskar lose this series and return, some MP is sure to spring up in Parliament and demand an explanation. Losing to Pakistan has been equated with international humiliation. Safety-first has often been made the staple catchword.

Cricket, as a result, has suffered. Reduced over-rates have led to lesser runs being scored. On top of that last year, we had a captain (not Indian) who wanted to draw the Tests, not win them. His opposite number ordered his batsmen to play out hour after hour defensively. He wanted his players to get some practice for the following Test. The spectators could go to hell.

The cricket at times in that series reminded me of an old chess joke. Two competitors sat motionless, gazing at each other for 40 hours. Finally one asked: "My move?"

The lack of initiative on the part of captains has had a distinct effect on the public participation. The last time India was in Pakistan, only the one-day internationals attracted a full house. At each of the centres the stands were more empty than full. At times the only solution it seemed was to go and 'rent a crowd'.



Zaheer Abbas

'Live' television coverage is being blamed for falling gate receipts. Not always justifiably. What one cannot ignore is that the quality of cricket has ever been the prime deciding factor. Should Viv Richards be locked in battle with Dennis Lillee, or Sunil Gavaskar with Malcolm Marshall, one can expect a sizeable turnout each time. If hour after hour the opener is to bat like some virgin defending her honour then fewer people would be interested.

Another factor for the diminishing interest in the Indo-Pak Tests is the annual nature of the event. Repetition stales. Even an 'Ashes' series is played once every two-and-a-half years to retain the competitive flavour. Neighbourly co-operation and understanding must not be allowed to flourish at cricket's expense.

Placid playing surfaces have also done their bit. In Pakistan last year there was hardly a wicket of an acceptable standard. Most of them were dead; if you had chucked a bomb across the pitch nothing might have happened. The Hyderabad pitch was like a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle while Faisalabad before that had very little in it for strokemakers.

The Jalandhar wicket last season was described as the most sporting one seen in India for a long time. There was quite a bit of grass on it before the match began. *Satta* men were yelling themselves silly for a decision game. And yet and yet... When the game finished the third innings of the match had just begun.

Going by the form book this series may go the same way. May, that's the operative word. If rival captains can only keep true to their pre-match *'ad-lines'* for attacking cricket and blah-blah, can the India-Pakistan series, this time and after, be prevented in degenerating from "Greek versus Greek" to "Freak versus freak."

They didn't believe we played rugby in India

Pearson Surita recalls



I WILL always remember Arlott sitting in the right hand corner of the box, with a pint of claret and a glass to sustain him through the pre-lunch session. It was said that when he retired, which he has, to Alderney in the Channel Islands, that he had to decide between parting with his comprehensive cricket library and his cellar. I believe the cellar won.

And then there was dear old Rex Alston. I had the honour of being introduced to the British listening public by Rex when I arrived atop the roof of the Pavilion at Lord's from where BBC were covering the India-MCC match one day in May, 1959. Rex had graduated to sports broadcasting from a teaching job at Bedford Grammar School and the introduction was conducted with pedantic formality but considerable charm.

Rex was regarded by most of us as a sort of father-figure and I was very happy to have become, there and then, one of his 'boys'. Jim Swanton was with us on the occasion and, I think, Roy Webber was scoring.

Most of the old gang have disappeared from the scene. Webber died and was succeeded by Arthur Wrigley who also passed on some time later. Arthur was one of the nicest people I have ever met and I was greatly saddened by his going.

Only Brian Johnston soldiers on and has been joined, in recent seasons by Henry Blofeld, Martin-Jenkins, Don Mosey and one or two others with Trevor Bailey sharing the "expert" spot with Fred Trueman, the man for the rain-induced intervals. I hear no more of Robert Hudson and Alan Gibson concentrates on writing. Alan who, at one time, entered into quite a correspondence with me in the columns of *The Times* on the subject of whether Rugby Football had ever been played in India.

"Well", huffed Alan, "whatever Pearson Surita might like to say, I shall never believe that Rugby was played out there." I think that at that stage the Editors, mercifully for Alan, decided to terminate the exchange of letters. Or perhaps, it was the R.F.U. i.e. the British Rugby Football Union, the proud possessors of the Calcutta Cup, who came to his rescue.

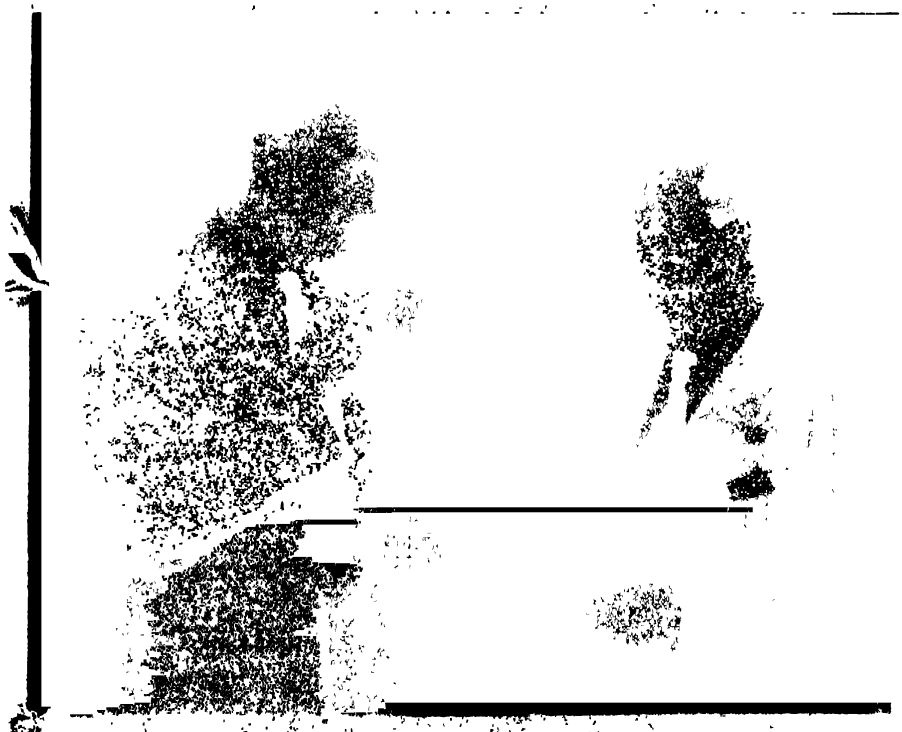
Alan, otherwise, was a pleasant enough chap to get along with, a commentator not given to any fireworks and always presenting his picture in a quiet, reasoned manner. In addition, he was a superb after-dinner speaker and I shall always remember his performance at a banquet hosted by the Yorkshire Cricket Supporters Society when he had his listeners enthralled by his stream of anecdotes and reminiscences and the ladies present not to blush a little at times.

I was on the roster of speakers that evening and busied myself with tracing the long and invaluable connection between the great County and Indian Cricket, going back to the days of Lord Hawke and Sir Stanley Jackson, both fine players, Captains of England and most popular representatives of the Raj.

And then there were such splendid performers as Wilfred Rhodes and George Hirst whose brilliance must have rubbed off, to a certain extent, on young Indian cricketers amongst whom they used to come an play.

Valuable associations these and possible only in the spacious days of Princely patronage and the Pentangulars and so on. All sadly now a distant memory in India's cricketing story.

Concluded



Pearson Surita with Alan Gibson (left)

The 'secret' Diaries of Dennis Lillee

The authenticity of the documents is finally confirmed. This is the third part of a serial by **Vic Mills**

LILLEE illustrates, in a passage dated December 28, 1974, his respect both as player and orator for Ian Chappell, while casting light on his captain's idiosyncratic tendencies: 'G' day diary. Jeez, we had a top day in the field today. Sledged those Pommies rotten, got into them like a dingo in a chook run, gave them heaps. Ian, the old bastard, going off his face like a flaming sheila. Public speaking apart, he is a real beaut skipper, the original little Aussie batter. The only thing that worries me and the rest of the blokes, why does he keep dropping his strides and throwing a brown eye? Fair put a man off his grog! Attract the wrong sort of bloke to the game too. We don't want the ladies stand full of poofters! Crig-get's a bloody man's game. Let's leave the flashing to the Poms!'

Very much an anti-establishment man, Lillee, in an entry written the day after receiving a two-match suspension over the 'Miandad incident', reveals his acute awareness of the qualities inherent in the bureaucratic workings of Australian cricket: 'G'day diary. Irrespective of how many more times I'm hauled before the disciplinary committee of the Australian Cricket Board, I will never be drawn to speak ill of these fine, upstanding gentlemen. Yesterday, while considering my behaviour in the first Test, behaviour which I might add in any other sport would have received a lengthy suspension and heavy fine, they acted in a most impartial nature, without thought or regard to the wishes of any related marketing organisation. In reaching its verdict, the committee duly discharged their duty to the full. The two-match suspension, be they only one-day games, is in effect a dual punishment. Firstly, it will allow me time to rest and prepare more fully for the decisive second Test; while my return in Brisbane will not so much reduce advance ticket sales as indeed, with the confrontation renewed, lead to a sharp increase.'

In this second sequence of extracts a little of the unknown side of Dennis Lillee emerges, as he moves beyond the sphere of cricket, and into that of relationships, leisure pursuits, and an interesting entry written in Strine dialect of a sojourn to Sydney.

Forever keen to follow the changing pattern of his sport, Lillee, it appears, had a shrewd eye for those individuals entering the game of cricket. In early 1977 he records his first meeting with Kerry Packer: 'G'day diary. Very rarely, if ever, can one claim to have been in the presence of greatness. This evening, however, was just one of those once-in-a-lifetime experiences. The speech by KP offered hope, gave us belief in the future, filled us with inspiration and resolution, to mention nothing of oysters, fillet steak, fresh strawberries and vintage champagne. Even those among us with the most steadfast of opinions on the game of cricket could not fail to be moved, most to open new deposit accounts and purchase larger houses.'

Three years on, Lillee's opinion of Packer, a trifle less rigid perhaps, had taken on a more fervent, almost biblical admiration: 'G' day diary. Kerry is God! The Messiah! He is the Lord High Executioner, the boss-fella, he is all things to a cricketer, cricket's overlord (as opposed to David Lord). Such is his power that he can part the great sea that is cricket, and once achieved can keep the Establishment and WSC in conflict until, only on his terms, the two shall be joined and the game continue. He is the giver of life, the continuance of a career, he shelters the fallen, the meek, the mild and bitter, and restores them to prominence in his commentary boxes. He heals strained groins, misquotes, and deflated egos. He even cured Ian Chappell's chronic speech defect.....*@*!*.....eventually. He is a King-Maker. He can take South African-born English cricket captains and turn them into millionaires. Such is his power that he can control day and night, light and dark. By his divine intervention cricket is now played late into the night in Sydney. In his eyes white becomes black, and red white. Fashioned in his own likeness is born cricket's new breed of one-day spectator, the ugly Australian. Verily he and PBL Marketing are above all others, world without end, for ever and ever, Amen.'

Lillee's connection with Packer continues as, midway through the 1981-82 season, he records a reunion that took place at the latter's Sydney home. The interesting aspect of this entry is that Lillee reverts to a little-known Strine dialect. This, in some quarters, is seen as a further pointer to the authenticity of the

Australian English

CHOOK-Chicken. Not the human variety

SHEILA—Lady

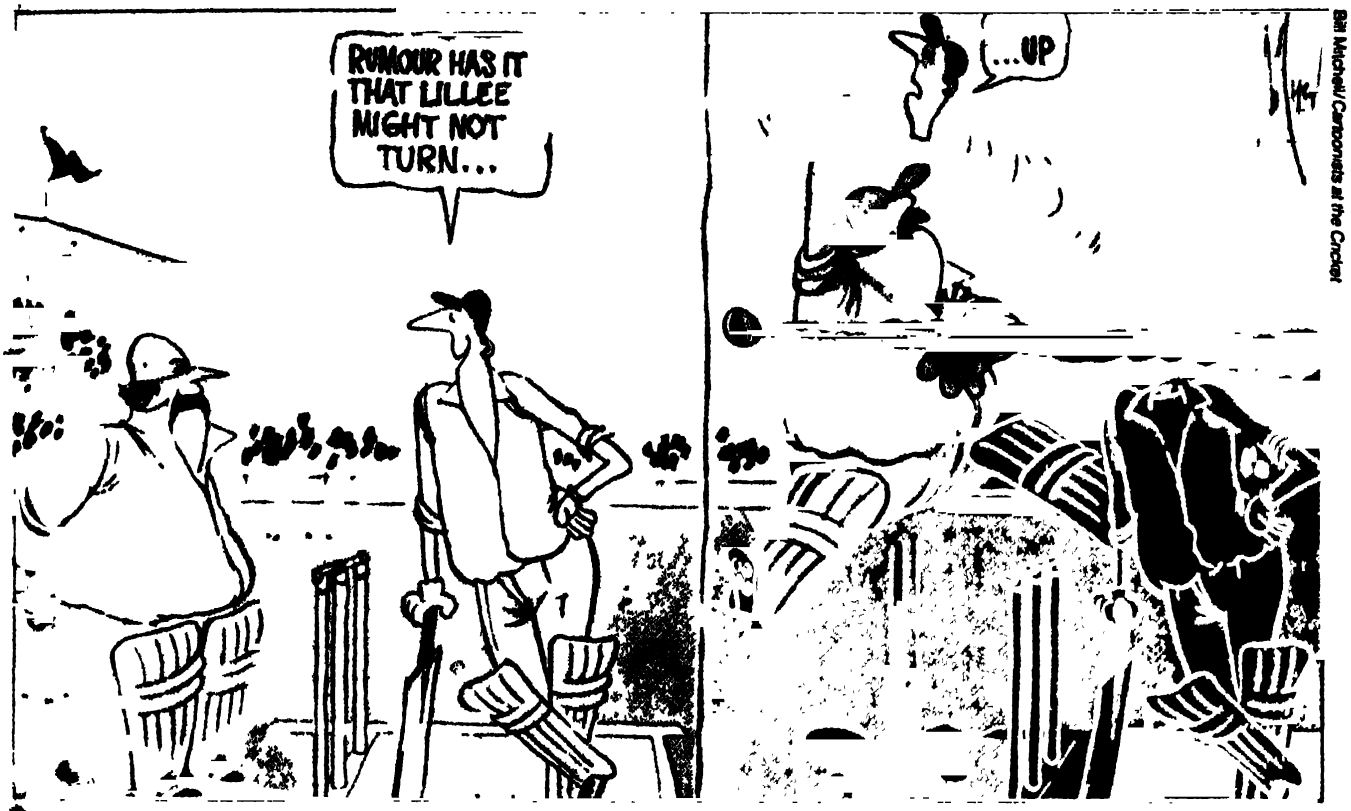
GROG—Liquor. Preferably in large quantities.

CRIGGET—Cricket Naturally.

STRINE—Australian English. Derived from the word 'Australian' as pronounced by an Aussie. They pronounce it Ostrine!, from which the word 'Strine' is obtained.

G'DAY—Standard Australian greeting, which is usually followed by "Owyerdoinmate" (How are you doing, mate?). When Lillee—with a hangover—was introduced to the Queen on the morning of a Test, he responded with a bleary "G'Day" and would have continued with "Owyerdoinmate" if captain Ian Chappell hadn't kicked him on the shin





Bill Mitchell/Cartoonists at the Cricket

documents. 'G' day diary Today we to garf from Mellbun, via Kiambra, to Sinny Some of the blokes went to the Opraouse to see Mam Barfly Bacchus (Rod Marsh) and I decided on the racing at Rare Wick Air fridge sort of day, though we were just a sly drool away from picking up big bickies in the last Rejoined the blokes on Wensdy for a trip to the Naw Shaw to visit Kerry (Packer) and his children Chair Congeal Jeez he's got a gloria soame, and he's rightly assprad too We had a grade A, plenny of beer, hop eyes and baked necks. Mare chick! By way of entertainment Lenny (Pascoe) went on Orpheus rocker, thought he saw a charlie charm puck on the lawn. Egg jelly he had. Kerry keeps them instead of a lawn mar Proper furry tile stuff this haus. Lighter on some of the blokes to garf around the harbour I dingo as I had a spht nair dyke.' *

The spotlight turns almost inevitably towards England. With a view to recent happenings in New Zealand, Lillee, in what now figures as a highly topical entry, details the susceptibility of English touring sides to short balls and hookers.

January 31, 1980: 'G' day diary. Those poor Pommie bastards, they've got no idea how to handle short balls. Faced with the problem, they all go to pot. It's not as if they can fight smoke with fire either Their bowlers appear to have great difficulty in sustaining even a good length In her latest pamphlet (to be found at all Family Planning Clinics and indoor cricket schools) *The Early Days, A Guide to Gymslip Batsmen*, Claire Raynor lays the answer firmly at the door of technique This was echoed years earlier, had the English selectors chosen to indulge, in The Hite Report into Technique in the Antipodes Amidst a mass of vital statistics, it offered invaluable advice for fast bowlers on the ideal way to approach a hooker, while producing sympathetic guidelines to those batsmen suffering premature emasculation outside the off stump

Stickybeak's release of the Lillee diaries and its account of how it came into possession of it have already been met with sceptical disbelief, especially in Australia, where cricket-writers of the Lillee era are concerned that not one local expert was consulted over the authenticity

Meanwhile, Treble-Rum's last word is: "I am convinced of their authenticity "

What Lillee really mean

*When translated into English this becomes

"Good day diary Today we took off from Melbourne, via Canberra, to Sydney Some of the blokes went to the Opera House to see Madam Butterfly Rodney Marsh (called Bacchus because of Bacchus Marsh, a landmark outside Melbourne) and I decide to go to the races at Randwick Race Course Average sort of day, though we were just a slide rule away from winning a lot of money on the last race Rejoined the blokes on Wednesday for a trip to the North Shore to visit Kerry Packer and his children, Jack and Jill Jesus, he s got a glorious home, and he's rightly as proud too We had a great day with plenty of beer, hot pies and bacon and eggs Magic! By way of entertainment, Lenny Pascoe went off his rocker, and thought he saw a Charlie Chipmunk on the lawn You bet he did! Kerry keeps them instead of a lawnmower Proper fairy tale stuff this house. Later on some of the blokes took off around the harbour I didn t go as I had a splitting headache "

EDITOR'S NOTE Now you know why foreign tourists in Australia keep saying "I beg your pardon, but what was that you said?"

Continued next week

You only live twice

For a man who has heard his own last rites being given, Niki Lauda is the least bothered

NIKI LAUDA was having his first Press conference since the horrific crash on the Nurburgring.

Even experienced reporters were shocked by his appearance. The flesh was still raw from the burns and he bore little resemblance to the man they'd once known.

Many of the questions were insensitive. "Will you ever get used to your face?" asked one.

"To race, I don't need a face," he replied coldly. "Only a right foot."

That was a reminder of the single mindedness which has made Lauda a legend in his own lifetime, and which lead the 35-year-old Austrian back to the Ring. He was there to race in the first Grand Prix at the now-refurbished track since that near-fatal 140 mph crash in 1976, and he was there to win.

For victory would give Lauda his third World Championship—and help erase memories of the day in a German hospital eight years ago when he heard the last rites being given—and realised they were being given to him!

Lauda is a solitary man who, de-



Associated Press

They said he wouldn't live, let alone ever race again
Niki Lauda came back from the jaws of death to prove them wrong. And how!

spite his accidents, is far removed from the popular image of daredevil driver.

He has no love for parties, few friends and no interest at all in other drivers. "If I have five minutes to myself, I would rather see my wife than any racing driver."

When Jackie Stewart retired, there was a gala dinner in London with 400 guests, including Princess Anne.

Lauda says wryly that his own farewell will follow the same pattern with one small difference. "Instead of 400 guests, there will be just four."

His luxury home on the island of Ibiza doesn't have a telephone and is ringed with the same notices—although now in a different language—which surrounded his former residence near Salzburg.

They read: 'Privatweg...Durchgang Verboten' and 'Vorsicht bissinger Hund' and they mean ' 'Go Away'!"

Lauda values his privacy and, to him, the hours he spends alone with his dark-haired wife Marlene are precious.

At one time, it had been assumed that he would marry the beautiful Mariella Reisinghaus. They were together for eight years and then she made the fatal mistake of trying to make him retire. That was the end of the affair.

Even from the very beginning, he has been the master of his own destiny.

The Nurburgring doesn't haunt drivers any more

THE Grand Prix of Europe was the first Grand Prix at the Nurburgring since Niki Lauda's near-fatal accident in 1976.

The crash also left the undulating, 14-mile circuit condemned as unsafe.

But a new Ring has been built, hewn out of the old. It is only 4.542 kilometres (2.82 miles) long although it is still set among the trees of the Eifel mountains.

All round the track is a ten metre run-off area, there are double crash barriers on the straights and a rescue road runs parallel to the whole track except the pit road.

The greatest step forward for driver safety, and perhaps the most chilling reminder of what happened there eight years ago, is an operating theatre capable of handling two major operations at the same time.

Lauda himself says: "This course was designed with today's means and methods for complete safety. From the drivers' point of view, I think that this is really fantastic."

In his very first Formula Three race, in 1970, at Nogaro in the South of France, he took off like a guided missile, landed on a guard rail, lost all his wheels and skidded along the rail for 100 yards.

He continued to race like a man with no tomorrows, prompting critics to predict: "Lauda will be world champion.... if he lives that long."

He got his first chance of Formula One racing with a remarkable gamble. He took out a huge loan from a bank and told BRM boss, Louis Stanley, that this was sponsorship money. On that fictitious basis, he was given a contract.

The gamble paid off when Ferrari, with his liking for non prudent men, invited Lauda to race the blood-red cars of Modena.

Right from the start, Lauda treated Ferrari as an equal partner. He called him by his Christian name of Enzo, while just about everyone else called him Commendatore

For a while, the union ran smoothly. In 1975, Lauda became world champion for the first time and the old man smiled benignly.

Then came 1976, the year in which Lauda nearly died twice.

In the early summer, he borrowed a tractor to work on the bank beside his swimming pool. The tractor overturned, burying him beneath it. The softness of the earth saved his life, but

The European Grand Prix

ON Sunday, 7 October, however, it was Alain Prost who thundered down the tarmac to take the chequered flag and win the European Grand Prix at Nurburgring, West Germany.

Prost, driving a McLaren-TAG Porsche, led all the way to fight his way back to a close second in the world championship point standings. Before this race the leader was Niki Lauda with 63 points. Alain Prost was second with 52½ points. But, after this race, the gap has been narrowed down with Lauda still in the lead with 66 points to Prost's 61½.

The European Grand Prix is run over 67 laps and the total distance covered is 304.31 kms. Prost led from the start to notch up an easy win, his sixth this season. Fighting for the second spot was Italian Michele Alboreto and Brazilian Nelson Piquet. After an exciting battle throughout the race, Alboreto, in a Ferrari, swept past Piquet's stuttering Brabham-BMW in the last 100 yards to finish second. Niki Lauda survived a spin to finish a tame fourth.

Prost was a bit worried about his car as he had damaged it during an early morning practice run. The mechanics had to change the engine and rear suspension and Prost, although having the option of the spare machine, showed his respect for the mechanics by racing the same car. His faith was rewarded when he hit the front straightaway and maintained the lead to win in 1 hour, 35 minutes and 13.284 seconds.

With the last of the Grand Prix races to come, the competition will be very hot and because both Prost and Lauda drive for the same team with almost similar cars, it will be the better driver who will win

The points standings after the European Grand Prix:

1. Niki Lauda	(66)
2. Alain Prost	(61½)
3. Elio de Angelio	(29½)
4. Nelson Piquet	(28)
5. Michele Alboreto	(27)
6 Rene Arnoux	(26½)

Pradeep Paul



Associated Press

The crash at Nurburgring left him horribly burnt and the scars are yet to blend with the skin...if ever they will

This mangled facial appearance is, probably, what makes him more of an introvert. Lauda has no attraction for parties and the like. Instead, he prefers to spend time at home and as he himself admits, "if I have five minutes to myself, I would rather see my wife than any racing driver."

his ribs were crushed and there was blood everywhere.

The Spanish Grand Prix at Jarama was only two weeks away; and few took Lauda seriously when he declared that he still intended to drive. True to his word and in considerable pain, he raced at Jarama and finished second to James Hunt.

Then, on August 1, his Ferrari crashed on the Nurburgring and burst into flames. Four men combined to pull him out of that inferno.

Mercifully, Lauda remembers nothing of this. He had been in a temperature of 800 centigrade and the doctors didn't really expect him to last the night. On the third day, he was given the last rites. "I am bandaged, blind and dumb. The priest says nothing kind, never mentions the possibility that I might recover," recalls Lauda.

Quite miraculously, he not only survived—but raced and came fourth in the Italian Grand Prix just six weeks later. He was still leading the Championship table and favoured to retain his title.

The climax to the battle came in the last race at Fuji in Japan. By some cruel stroke of fate, the rains came down. Lauda with his rebuilt face and plastic eyelids was unable to blink and refocus. So he pulled into the pits and retired, leaving Hunt to race on and claim the title.

It was something Ferrari could neither understand nor forgive. He brought the Argentinian Carlos Reutemann into the team and took the number one spot away from Lauda.

But there is a toughness inside Lauda that relishes such challenges. He decided to take on Ferrari, the team and the Italian Press, then quit in his own good time.

History records that he did just that. Under pressures that must have been well-nigh intolerable even for him, he regained the world title and then, mission accomplished, he left the team and joined Malboro Maclaren.

And he returned to Nurburg, knowing that he could well be champion before the day is done.

But it was not to be so. Alain Prost, driving a McLaren-TAG Porsche, cruised to a easy win. Lauda finished fourth.

The final outcome will be decided at the new Estoril track in Portugal where the world champion will be decided.

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3. Date of Birth: Day ☐☐ Month ☐☐ Year ☐☐☐☐ 4. Sex: [1] Male [2] Female

5. Height ☐☐☐ Cms. 6. Belong to: [1] SC [2] ST [3] others 7. Weight ☐☐☐ Kgs.

8. Educational Qualifications:
[1] Graduate & above [2] SSC & above [3] 8th Std. & above [4] Below 8th Std. [5] Others (Specify)

9. Work Experience, if any: ☐☐ Months

10. Branch of Sports where proficient:
[1] BADMINTON [2] CRICKET [a] Bowler [b] Batsman [c] Wicketkeeper
[3] FOOTBALL [a] Goalkeeper [b] Back [c] Midfield [d] Forward [4] TABLE TENNIS [5] TENNIS

11. Level of Representation:
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[7] Senior Divn. League

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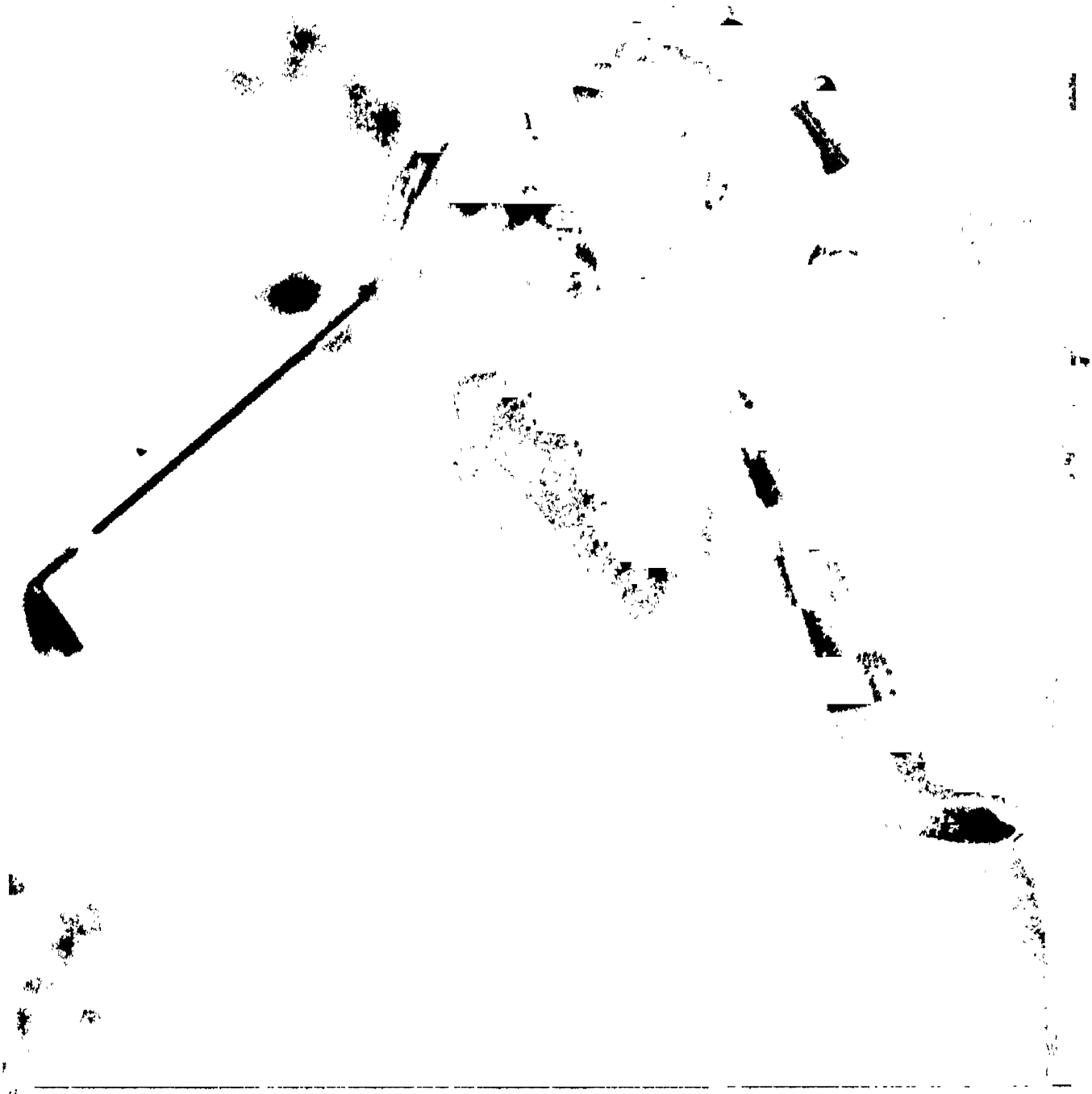
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Suntory World Match Play Golf

Strokes of genius

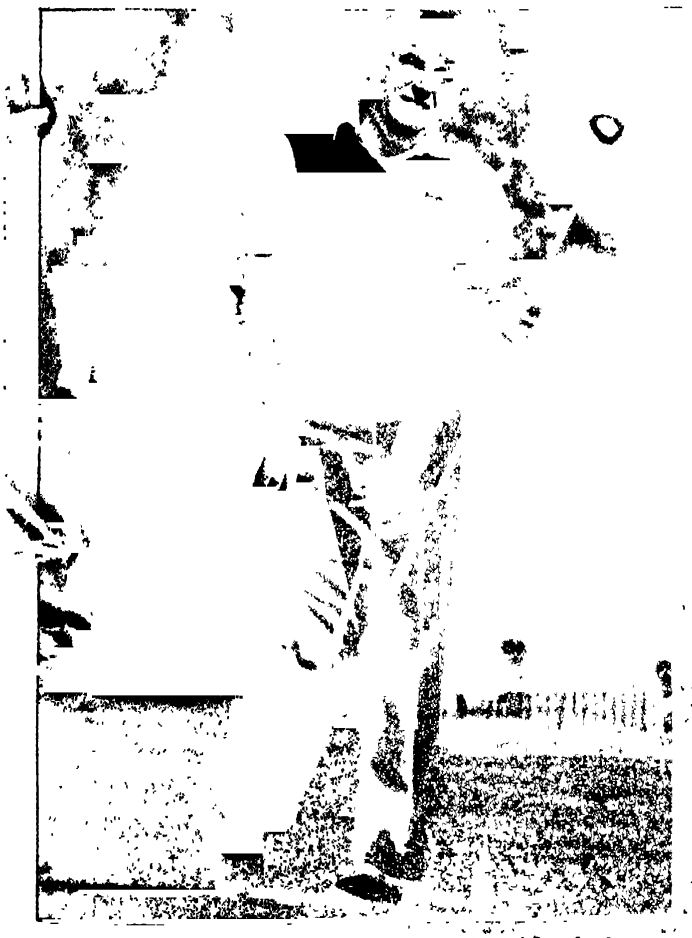
Photographs by Associated Press



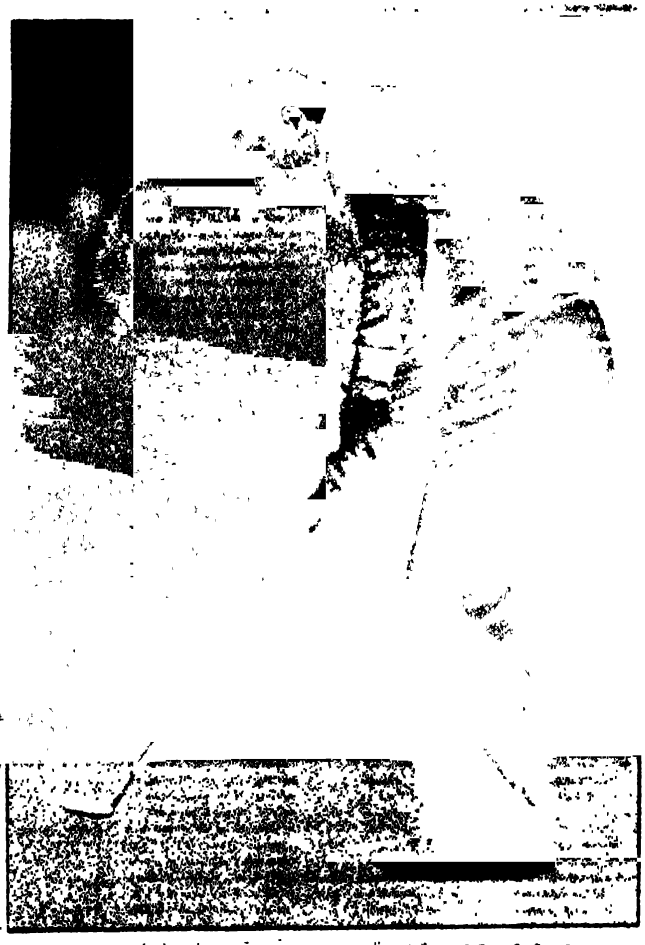
Title holder Greg Norman teeing off against Gary Player



Britain's Nick Faldo looks pensive as he lines up a putt against Sev. Ballesteros



Comedian Jimmy Tarbuck watches his shot during the warm-up game



Scotsman Sam Torrance making his debut in the championship

Suntory World Match Play Golf

Seve's silence proved golden

Bill Elliott reports on how Severiano Ballesteros ploughed his way past the opposition

OPEN champion Seve Ballesteros left his clubs do the talking

And eventually arch rival Bernhard Langer was beaten to his knees in a sea of silence

At stake was the Suntory World Match Play title and a first prize of £ 15,000 But behind the scenes, the two players were involved in a more personal dog fight

The Spaniard had woken the previous morning to have his mood darkened after reading newspaper stories reporting Langer's criticisms of his rival

According to Langer, Ballesteros tries to intimidate opponents is not happy unless other golfers think he is super and dislikes the German because he voted against Seve's selection for the 1981 Ryder Cup team

After completing a tight lipped 2 and 1 victory at Wentworth– his third win in four years—Seve admitted the stories had upset him

"I was surprised Bernhard said those things I try to act like a gentleman on the course and he is not the only player I do not speak to "

It was then that Langer– who picked up £ 20,000– strode into the press conference and repeated his criticisms of Seve while the Spaniard sat beside him listening carefully

'Maybe I used the wrong word when I said intimidate ' Perhaps 'competitive' is a better way to describe Seve He is not my favourite playing partner because I prefer to have a little conversation,' he admitted

"But who can argue with his way? He is too successful to change it. Maybe, after all, I took things a little too personally "

Then, while a couple of hundred reporters resisted the temptation to sigh in unison, the two foes shook hands

Seve had set up victory after moving three holes ahead in the morning round The response took some time in coming, but eventually Langer birdied the 11th hole and eagled the 12th to cut the deficit to just one

Then Seve birdied the short 14 and, after Langer hooked his tee shot into the trees at the next hole and had to concede after taking four shots to get out, it was all over bar the making-up In the third place play-off, Greg Norman and Ben Crenshaw finished all square, each picking up £ 14,500



Associated Press

It was the Spaniard's third victory in four years

Twilight of a champion

Muhammad Ali just sits at home most days doing magic tricks for visitors. **Joan Goodman** and **Mike Bygrave** report

MUHAMMAD ALI sat in the study of his house in the Hancock Park area of Los Angeles. This part of Hancock Park is enclosed by a high wall with uniformed security guards at the gate.

The champion's house is a huge white mansion, built around 1910, with 18 rooms, many of them furnished by Veronica Ali with expensive antiques. The rooms look like rooms in a museum and some of the chairs have ropes across their seats like exhibits in a museum.

However, Ali spends his waking hours exclusively in his study, a wood-panelled room with a marble fireplace, a buttondown sofa, four antique chairs and an ornate reproduction Louis XIV desk. On the wall behind the sofa is a painting of a cat with its fur on end, surrounded by dogs.

Ali was sitting on the sofa dressed in a white short-sleeved sports shirt and black slacks. His feet were bare. Since he resumed limited training he has lost weight and is back down to 15st 10lb. His round chubby face is unlined for a man of 42 and even more noticeably unmarked for an ex-boxer, but his eyes are oddly vacant and he keeps them narrowed.

With him, as he always is, was a stocky man with a leathery face and short grey hair. Abdel Kader Mondir, a Moroccan by birth, has been Ali's personal assistant for 15 years. Abdel introduced us and Ali got up slowly, like a man conserving energy, and shook our hands, keeping his head half-turned away, listening to Abdel rather than looking at us directly. He sat down again, making a small, pawing motion with his hand to indicate we should join him.

Mark Sennett began showing Ali some photos he had taken a few days before. The photographer put the pictures in Ali's fist and Ali stared at them as if puzzled



Ali and his wife Veronica relax in their living room



Sportsworld

Sudip Chatterjee:
His selection as the captain
team came as a surpr
among his

"These are the pictures we shot last week, remember?" the photographer said. "Remember, Muhammad?"

Ali didn't reply but continued to stare at the pictures.

"They did great," the photographer said. "They appeared all over. The *New York Post*. Angelo said they came out in Miami."

"Uhh," said Ali in his soft voice. "Huh."

He was still staring at the pictures when a tall bearded man in a sharp suit came into the room. He introduced himself as Aly Khan and asked Ali, "Are those pictures of you?"

"Pictures," said Ali, keeping his lips pursed as if gripping the word.

Aly Khan explained he was visiting from Washington and was working on a project to sell cookies for charity under Ali's name. Ali ignored him and kept looking at the photographs in his hand. Then he glanced up and mumbled, "Gimme the bag."

Khan bent down and picked up a sample bag of "Champ" cookies from the floor and passed it to Ali. The champion held out the bag, nodding to us to take a cookie, then taking one himself.

"Good," he said, rolling the word and nodding as we ate. "Go-o-od."

After the cookies were finished, Ali said, "Show you some magic." He looked up at Abdel. "Where's my magic box?" Ali asked.

A number of plastic boxes and square leather travelling cases, like giant Gladstone bags, lay on the floor beside the desk and Abdel picked one out.

"Not that one," Ali said. "Other one."

"Other one. I don't know. You take to gym. Maybe there. Maybe in car. Not here," said Abdel with great animation.

"He's hard to understand," Ali said.

"Hard! Poof! I don't know. Find this. Find that. What you say? I am talking," said Abdel, who claims to speak nine languages but whose English fragments under pressure.

Ali made vague, weaving movements with his hands, parodying his servant's flighty manner.

"Talks with his hands," Ali drawled.

The doorbell rang and Abdel rushed out of the room, returning with a video crew come to film Ali promoting a show by La Toya Jackson, singer Michael Jackson's sister. Two of the video men began talking excitedly to Ali as the others moved camera equipment into the study.

Every few minutes the phone rang and Abdel leapt to answer it, while Aly Khan circled the room taking photographs. The champion sat slightly hunched on the sofa, his head bent, saying nothing. Though he was the cause of all this mounting activity, he was so detached from it he could have been sitting there alone.

When the video men stopped talking, there was a long pause until Ali said, "You got a script?"

One of the video men pulled a single sheet of folded paper from his pocket

There is no valid reason to ban boxing

I'M sickened by the hordes of concerned "admirers" who are jumping on the Muhammad Ali bandwagon.

It has been obvious for years that Ali is ill. But now that he's spent one week in a hospital bed, he's being exploited.

Critics of boxing conveniently ignore the doctors' reports which make it appear increasingly unlikely that boxing is completely to blame for Ali's condition.

Ali's illness might turn out to be unrelated to his ring career. But, unless his condition can be reversed his shuffling movements and slurred speech will be held to be a condemnation of boxing. They're sure signs of a punch-drunk ex-pug but they're also symptoms of Ali's illness.

Many will decide he is a dim-wit—no matter how far that is from the truth. Nobody understands all this better than Peter Waterman, former British and European welterweight champion who had brain operations after being forced to quit at 23.

Waterman is as intelligent as ever but is semi-paralysed and slurs his words like a drunk. He runs a cafe behind London Bridge railway station. He told me: "I'm an ex-fighter and people assume I must be punchy. But doctors told me I have a congenital disease that would have affected me in this way if I'd been a ballet dancer or anything else.

"It's so difficult explaining it to strangers that I don't bother any more."

He sympathises with Ali. He says: "I hope he doesn't suffer the way I have."

"I met him in London recently at Henry Cooper's birthday celebrations and he looked dreadful. Yet I saw him the following night and he was much brighter and lively."

Ferdi Pacheco, the Miami doctor who looked after Ali for several years, also is appalled at boxers continuing into near middle age. He says: "I would really like to see them stopped at 30. Up to that age a fit body can withstand a beating.

"But if any good comes out of his predicament it will be making people see sense about the strict running of boxing. There's no need to ban it if we take proper precautions."

Pacheco watched Ali at close quarters and saw good reason for his career being stopped earlier. He tells me, "Between fights Ali was pummelled in the gym by world champion sparmates like Holmes, Jimmy Ellis and Mike Dokes and Ali's idea of sparring was often 'Come and hit me—I can take it'."

Whatever the doctors' verdict on Ali, boxing authorities must ensure nobody else is allowed to take it for so long. The risk must be kept to a minimum and that means keeping as close a watch on greedy managers and promoters as the action in the ring.

It could turn out Ali took too many risks in a risky business, but is that a reason for banning boxing? If a player loses at poker, then commits suicide,is that grounds for banning gambling?

Frankie Taylor



Ali at a recent press conference. Years past his prime, the snowman-boxer is nonetheless in the glare of publicity although perhaps, this time around, he does not really want it

and handed it to Ali who stared at it in the same way he'd stared at the photographs.

There was a long pause, then Ali read from the paper, "Now I'm out of the ring, video's the coming thing."

Everyone laughed with a mixture of relief and admiration. Ali read the line twice more, using different inflections, like an actor. Everyone laughed again after each reading.

"I *knew* you'd want to play with it," said the video man delightedly.

"Want to see some magic?" Ali asked him.

Abdel brought over the reserve magic box and Ali pulled out two small furry balls. As he did so, Abdel darted over to Aly Khan and hissed violently, "No pictures!" Ali put one ball in the video man's hand and one in his own. He made a pass and now both balls were in the video man's hand. Then he did a trick with three pieces of rope, and a trick making a scrap of red handkerchief vanish and reappear.

He did each trick several times, moving in a kind of slow motion. After he finished each trick, he demonstrated how he'd done it. Finally, he got up, crossed the room, and announced he was going to levitate, lifting the backs of both feet and pivoting on the ball of one in a way that made it seem he'd risen from the carpet.

"I do it for kids," he said. "I'm not a professional magician. I do it for kids."

As we left, Abdel was standing in the hall with one of the video producers. "Don't encourage him," Abdel was saying. "He do magic for you two-hour."

The next morning, we arrived at Ali's house at 9 am. The fire was lit in the study and the champion was sitting in a chair watching television, his head bent forward. He was dressed in the same clothes as the night before but with shoes on.

We started asking him about the previous evening, if the filming had gone well, but either he didn't hear us or didn't choose to reply. Finally he got up and went over to the desk where he took some photographs from the drawer.

"You seen these pictures?" he asked.

"Yes," said the photographer. "I shot them, remember, Muhammad? They did great. *The New York Post*, Miami."

Ali seemed nonplussed.

"Did I show you the magic?" he asked after a pause.

We said he had and he paused again, as if absorbing the thought. "I do it for kids," he said. "I'm not a professional magician. I do it for kids."

Ali told us he didn't allow photography while he was doing tricks because magic was against his Muslim religion. For the same reason, he always explained how he did his tricks, or it would be a sin.

Two women arrived to see the champion. One was Ethel Shades who runs the Shades Heart Foundation at Cedars-Sinai Hospital and whom Ali helps. With Ms Shades was a friend of

hers, a slim, chic woman. Ali made his usual polite introductions all around.

"You look *good,*" Ms Shades said, embracing the champion heartily. "My, oh, my. My friend Dorothy wants to hug you, too, but she's shy. Come over here," she beckoned to her friend, "you can give him a kiss."

Dorothy also embraced Ali who clung to her for several moments.

"I need to talk to you," Ms Shades said. "I need to spend some time with you—maybe next week."

"What time is it?" Ali asked.

"Twelve fifteen."

"What time is it?"

"Twelve fifteen, Muhammad," the photographer and Dorothy repeated simultaneously.

Without a word, Ali left the room, pausing by the door to prise his shoes off by putting the toes of one foot against the heel of the other.

"He goin' to pray," said Abdel. "Pray every day. Four, five times a day."

Everyone waited in silence broken by screams of "Hello!" from the cockatoo in the adjacent sunroom. Ali has four sets of exotic birds plus two huge Doberman Pinschers. After a few minutes, Ali came back into the room and shuffled across to his desk.

"Been a Muslim 16 years," he muttered, "and I'm tryin' to work out how I can fit in the prayers because it's hard sometimes." He consulted a prayer chart. "Next is 4.34 pm, next is 7.50 pm, last is 9.20 pm." He began repeating the times to himself.

"What's on your mind?" he said, suddenly looking up at Dorothy who was watching him with a half-smile on her face.

"You," she said, and everybody laughed.

"I'll show you some magic. You got time?" Ali asked both women almost pleadingly.

The two women pulled their chairs together on the far side of the room. Ali joined them, taking his magic box from Abdel and flipping it open, as he does most things, with one hand, like a man with limited co-ordination.

"Do you know who made these tricks?" he asked Dorothy.

She shook her head.

"The white man," said Ali. "That's who. And if the white man can make these tricks and sell them to you, think what tricks he has you *don't* know." Everybody laughed and Ali said, "Magic and witchcraft are a sin in the Bible and the Holy Koran so I always tell you how I do my tricks. But I trick 'em first. I'm not a professional magician. I do it for kids."

Abdel brought the morning's post. Ali separates any business letters from his fan mail, which he answers with his autograph on a plain white card. He also telephones random correspondents without warning. These calls are like samplings of his near universal appeal and he takes a child-like pleasure in how surprised people sound, suddenly confronted with his soft, slurred voice on their telephones announcing "Muhammad Ali."

Only when all the letters were answered did Ali mutter, "Going to the gym. You seen the gym?"

In the second of his two cars, a silver Stutz Bearcat (the first is a tan Rolls-Royce Corniche) Ali drove and Bygrave sat with him. Now that he was retired, he said, he was more relaxed. He wanted to concentrate on spiritual work. He did a few commercial things, but his main interest was his religion.

He was going to buy a Greyhound bus (he used to drive such a bus in his early days as champion), convert it into living quarters and drive across America, arriving unannounced at various cities and towns and visiting "hospitals, schools, prisons, old people's homes, TV stations, newspapers."

He would take 5,000 Muslim textbooks on the bus along with religious tapes and pamphlets and sell them as he travelled. "We have a saying in Islam—service to others is the rent I pay for my room in heaven," he said. "And you never know when you're going to die." He broke off, realising he had made an illegal left turn against the traffic, but completing it anyway. Then he said that his religion was what distinguished him from other ex-champions. If it hadn't been for Allah, he didn't believe he would have remained as famous as he is.

"George Foreman, Joe Frazier, everybody don't get the attention I get. They're champions, too, but I'm the one people want to see. There's still people always talking to me, every move I make they take a picture, there's always someone here."

As he swung the big car into a parking spot with "ALI GYM" painted on it, he said, "My goal now is to be the greatest propagator the Islamic world has ever known, outside of (the prophet) Mohammed."

The Joe Louis Memorial Gym in Santa Monica is a dowdy, russet-coloured building two blocks from the beach. Its single bare room, lit by flourescent light and lined with mirrors, contains a couple of punching bags, a punchball, benches and a ring. As Ali walked in, he brought his hands up to his waist.

Everyone he passed, he feinted at, as if he was going to punch them, and each person backed away, putting up his own hands and pretending to be frightened, saying, "Hey, champ!" or "All right, champ!" Ali went into the changing room and emerged wearing the navyblue plastic sweatsuit standard among the fighters who are trying to lose weight. For an hour, he worked out rigorously on the ball and the bag.

Ali goes in the ring infrequently these days (and repeatedly turns down commercial offers to do so). So the news that he wanted to spar a couple of rounds caused a buzz around the gym. Several of the trainers fussed over him, buckling on a black training truss and red headgear over

He is still the greatest

I'LL never forget the night I fought Muhammad Ali. The unlikely encounter took place some years back, when he jumped up from a settee in his Chicago home and insisted that I join him in a sparring session.

I can still vividly recall those massive hands cuffing me playfully round the ear as we weaved round the living room. Ali was in the doldrums at the time, stripped of his heavyweight title for refusing to serve in the US Army on religious grounds. The famous white boxing boots lay discarded and dusty in an old cardboard box in the basement.

But he was still the people's champion, and to drive with him down the Chicago freeways in his flashy Cadillac Eldorado was like riding with royalty.

I keep remembering the moment as I think of Ali, hoping he hasn't got brain damage. Hang in there, champ. For me and millions of others, you'll always be The Greatest.

John Smith

Ali's sweatsuit. There was a stir in the doorway and Drew "Bundini" Brown, together with his entourage, shouldered his way through the small crowd.

Brown was Ali's "corner man" throughout the champion's boxing career and is now an independent boxing promoter in Los Angeles.

Brown and Ali greeted each other with the now-familiar feinting and jabbing gestures. "Ho! Ho! Ho!" Brown laughed. Immediately he took charge of the coming bout. He stationed himself in Ali's corner, calling for a mouthpiece, rinsing it in a bucket and personally positioning it in Ali's mouth, just as in the old days.

The buzzer went for the first round. Ali strolled flat-footed around the ring, his guard up. Cruiserweight Jerry Smith followed him at a respectful distance, clearly unwilling to try anything or to hurt the champion. Both men feinted and bobbed, but didn't hit. Brown stood watching impassively, a look of disgust on his face. When the round ended, Ali came and hung over the ropes.

"Old man," Ali said.

"You're not old," Brown said. "You can do anything you want! You can do *anything* you want!"

The second round started and Brown thrust his head forward, watching the action and scowling. "Tip! Tip, champ! Keep tipping!" Brown shouted.

At the end of the round Ali hung over the ropes, breathing hard. Brown gave him water. The two men didn't say anything but continued to stare at each other intensely. The buzzer went for the third round. Brown let a few seconds pass, then bellowed, "Dance! Dance, champ! Dance!"

Suddenly, like a man responding to a memory, Ali began to move his feet in the old, graceful way which made him such an innovative heavyweight. At the same time, his hands, which he had been holding high on his body, in the usual style of boxers, dropped to around his waist in the unique Ali stance. There was a rising of noise and excitement in the gym. Some of the other boxers who hadn't bothered to interrupt their training stopped what they were doing and crowded around the ring.

"*Dance*!" Bundini shouted. "*Dance* all night! Didn't hurt nobody, did it?"

Ali was dancing around the ring, throwing proper punches at Smith.

All those punches

MUHAMMAD ALI has climbed up and come back so often—in life as well as boxing—that no one who knows him wants to believe that an immortal is suddenly just a man, and a very sick man.

Still less do they want to believe that boxing, the sport that made him, might have put him where he was, flat on his back in hospital.

Specialists are still trying to discover whether what is happening to him is an illness that could strike anyone—or whether all the punches he took are responsible.

One of the legends about him—that he was a fighter with such bewilderingly fast reflexes that he never came to any harm inside the ropes—was a total myth.

Ali, even in the amateur and early days when he was Cassius Clay, was simply equipped with the physique and the bravery to take it and not show it, or rather more ominously, not appear to show it.

He was hit, and hard, by some of the great punches and punchers—of his time, not only by the famous left hook that Henry Cooper once threw, but by Sonny Liston, George Foreman, Joe Frazier, Larry Holmes. And half a hundred others.

Anyone who did occasionally beat him paid for it the next time around—Joe Frazier, Ken Norton, Leon Spinks—until he made the mistake of going on too long.

Boxing should have missed him far more than he missed boxing. But something went out of Ali's life when the centre of the stage was no longer his.

He remains the most recognisable face in the world—but seeing and meeting him again in retirement hasn't always been a pleasant experience.

Ai is going through a bad time right now but there isn't anyone who won't wish him well—including the thousands of underprivileged people The Man has helped.

Frank McGhee

"*Dance* all night! That's your game! Don't *lay* your cards down! *Float* like a butterfly—*sting* like a bee!" shouted Brown, using the famous phrase Brown himself had invented.

The buzzer to end the round went off, leaving the whole gym in an uproar. People clapped and cheered and fell into excited conversation. For a few minutes it was as if 20 years had rolled back and, like one of his magic tricks, the Ali of the great days had reappeared.

Back at the house, Ali turned straight up the stairs, without saying anything. "He rest now. Maybe two, three hour," Abdel explained.

While Ali slept, Abdel talked. "All silly rumours about brain damage. People coming and asking him stupid questions and he don't answer, see. They say, 'Hey, Muhammad, you still have any money?' Or, 'Hey, Muhammad, you have brain damage.' Isn't any answer. Answer is a punch." Abdel made a fist. "But he don't do that. He just goes—Abdel let his head fall forwards—"or he say, 'I'm tired, I'm going up to sleep."

"You talk to him about philosophy and culture, like you do today, he tell you. You must have discussion, make topics, not have everybody watch him like this"—Abdel did an imitation of a crowd of hangers-on gawping at Ali. "Otherwise he do magic. Do *something*, see."

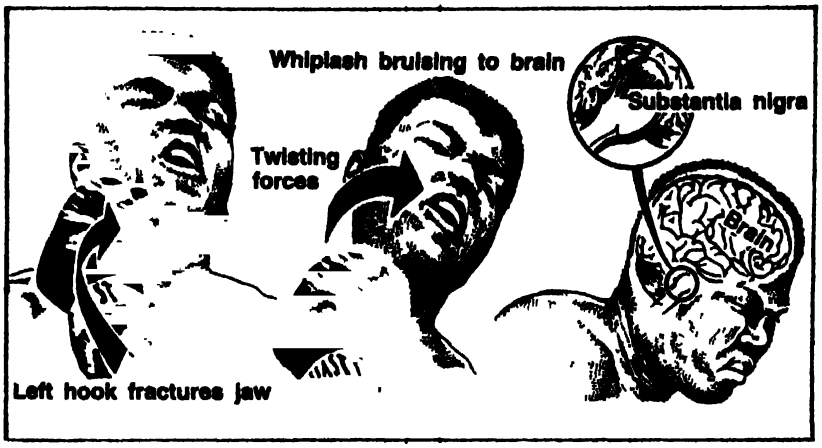
Ali got up after 4.30 pm. He seemed to have forgotten about praying and Abdel didn't remind him. Instead he agreed to have some photos taken with his wife of eight years, Veronica.

Veronica Ali has a model's slimness and prettiness. She lives with Ali and their two daughters, Hanna Yasmin, 7, and Laila, 6, along with a governess, a housekeeper, a secretary, a gardener and a caretaker. During the day she keeps to her own part of the house with her own schedule and doesn't keep any track of her husband's whereabouts.

Ali seems rarely to eat during the day but he will have a light dinner at night, often in one of the local restaurants with Abdel. Mrs Ali says this is because she follows a rigid diet of natural foods and eats at odd times. Besides the LA house, the Alis own a house in Chicago, part of which they have donated to the American Muslims for their publishing business, a farm in Michigan and Deer Lake, Ali's old training camp in Pennsylvania

How a boxer's brain is damaged during a fight





Just one blow out of hundreds to the head sustained by Ali during his 25 years in the ring. This one was delivered by Joe Frazier in 1971. The analysis (right) shows how such a blow causes the brain to turn within the skull like a berry on a stalk. This twists the mid brain, breaking nerve fibres in the substantia nigra—the part of Ali's brain that is known to be damaged

NOBODY can point with absolute certainty to a specific blow or even a specific fight as the cause of Muhammad Ali's present illness. His career was punctuated firstly by several hundred individual punches that knocked him temporarily insensible and secondly by fights that were almost beyond a normal man's endurance.

According to doctors attending "the Greatest," the damage (located by Dr Stanley Fahn) is located in one small part of his brain and is now being successfully treated. Tests on his brain have shown that a bundle of nerve fibres in the midbrain, called substantia nigra, is not working to its fullest capacity. Ali is now taking two specific drugs which his doctors hope will rectify the nerve output of the affected part.

Ali's own doctor, Martin Ecker says: "The tests show that Ali does not have any damage to the cortex (the outer matter) of the brain. Doctors were amazed at how alert he was and how responsive he appeared to questions. The only difficulty he has is in expressing himself—his intellectual processes are not damaged."

Quite a contradiction in terms. Many doctors have pointed to some doubts behind the optimism expressed by the champ's doctors. Professor John Corsellis, a London neuropathologist who has studied the brains of more boxers at post-mortems than anyone else, says, "Out of 20 boxers' brains, 13 had considerable damage,especially the substantia nigra, and another four had some damage. All of these had abnormal structures in the cortex as well, particularly in the parts associated with memory."

"I would be very surprised if there is no other damage in Ali's brain as well. His condition is unlikely to remain stationary. The odds are that he will not hold up at the intellectual level."

Dr Fahn has ruled out Parkinson's disease in spite of the fact that Ali has most of its symptoms, such as slowness of speech and body motion, a shaking of the hands and a continual feeling of tiredness.

Other signs have already been observed in Ali's behaviour which suggest deeper damage· a slurring of words for instance..

Ali too seems very optimistic after leaving hospital. "I'm in good shape," he said "It scared me to death. I just need more rest I had the insurance, so I said, I'm crazy They'll pay the bills."

But then Ali has always been an optimist. He thought he was safe fighting as "The Greatest."

Andy O Brien

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which he plans to refurbish and open for hire.

An aspiring actress, Mrs Ali has been in two recent TV commercials, one for Chrysler and one for a diet drink.

Ali seemed proud and pleased to pose with his wife, but Mrs Ali was uncomfortable. She said several times she felt "posed" rather than relaxed and when Sennett told her to embrace her husband on the couch she said she didn't like taking pictures that way.

After the photo session was over, Ali walked his wife into the entrance hall, keeping his arm around her and thanking her for the favour. She smiled sweetly at him, detached herself from his arm, and ran quickly up the stairs.

In the following week we went to see several people who know Ali well, seeking an explanation of what we'd seen, the feeling of having been in a Potemkin Village where the buildings were real but the people were false fronts, with nothing behind them.

There were only the magic, the religion and the visits to the gym, repeated for each visitor. Ali was like a guide conducting endless tours of himself.

Bill Kurtis, a CBS TV interviewer

His toughest fight

MUHAMMAD ALI promised his fans recently he would win his latest—and most dangerous—fight.

The former world heavyweight boxing champion was in New York's Presbyterian Hospital for complex tests to see if he had Parkinson's Disease or some other brain disorder.

But he sent this message from his hospital bed: "Tell my fans all over the world that I'm not on my last legs and that I'm going to win through.

"Don't send no cards. Just wish me luck."

Ali who styled himself 'The Greatest' claimed to doctors: "I fought 150,000 rounds, being hit around the head ten times a round, and took one and-a-half million blows altogether." People close to him have confirmed that his health and his attention span have deteriorated seriously.

But in hospital Ali said: "I'll whup this thing, I'll whup it."

Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he added: "Whatever happens will be the will of God and I'm ready to meet Allah.

I'm not scared. They could tell me tomorrow 'Ali you've got cancer of the heart, you've got six months'. I'll say I'm glad.

The former world heavyweight champion has been having intensive tests to find out the cause of his slurred speech, hand and leg spasms, fatigue and deterioration in his health.

Now doctors are virtually certain that Ali, 42, is suffering from a form of Parkinsonism.

The illness could have been hastened by the knocks in the ring. But the experts insist that he is not punch-drunk.

Ali said: "I'm always tired these days and sometimes I have trembling in my hands and I can't get my words out.

"But I'm a fighter and I'm gonna fight this thing all the way."

Paul Connew



Pope John Paul II watches Ali sign the Visitors' book in the Vatican

feels, "Medically there is something wrong. The signs are so like brain damage, but then he'll surprise you. There are times when his mind is sharp and clear, when he'll go in the ring, or he'll recite his poetry to you. Everyone says his father is in a similar condition which may mean it's something genetic. It's confusing."

Veronica Ali, on the other hand, believes her husband is merely "trying to figure out what to do. He has lots of things going but before he had boxing which was a single purpose besides religion, which has always been number one with him. He'd probably say religion was his main purpose now. He has plenty of things he could do.

Bundini Brown takes the most radical view of all. "I believe," he says, "something happened strange in the Larry Holmes fight. Ali tried to lose weight too fast, he wanted to look good, and when you lose weight, you lose strength."

"Ali has been strange all his life, ever since I met him, but the only people who knew he was strange were people who slept with him. He was always quiet. You been seeing him campaigning, talking for his wealth and you want that to continue. People want him to be the same way he was before—the Louisville Lip. He don't need it. Only thing he needs is something to do.

"Here's a man that needs a stimulus and we're going to give it to him. Imagine Ali going to South Africa and fighting the best they got. Going to Cuba and fighting the Cubans. Maybe we don't do fights, but exhibitions! Exhibitions with a little politics. Everyone in the world would want to see that. You'd rather watch Ali training like he did the other day than any of the current top heavyweights."

Brown grinned hugely. "As a matter of fact, we're lining up investors right now."

The art of watching cricket

Jonathan Rice identifies the different breeds of cricket watchers

I HAVE been criticised. It has actually been implied that some of my suggestions for improving the quality of cricket as she is played have not been entirely constructive. It has even been said that anybody who has not played cricket 'at the highest level' cannot appreciate the particular problems of our top cricketers, and that therefore all comments by such people are irrelevant. It is no good my arguing that I have played cricket in Nairobi (5970 ft), which is at a higher level than most can claim. I must accept the criticism, and while awaiting the call to play at the Nanga Parbat Oval, turn my attention to other areas of the game where my qualifications are already impressive.

I have for many years been a spectator of cricket at all levels. I have spectated at Test matches, county matches, JPL, International Cavaliers—you name it, and I've seen it. Over the years I have built up a reputation as a safe, reliable spectator, and I have recently become ever more concerned that the spectating standards of my youth have fallen away almost completely. Some people even seem to enjoy themselves when watching cricket these days, and this is clearly not the right attitude. Being a good spectator is often as difficult as being a good player, and must not be confused with being a good supporter of cricket. Spectating requires knowledge of the techniques and styles of creative cricket-watching, the ability to adapt your methods to the state of the ground, your next-door neighbour and your packed lunch. It is my duty to pass on a few tips to all those of you who intend to spectate at international level next season, so that you can practise in front of the mirror during the long winter.

There are three basic divisions of cricket-spectating in England today, namely Test match watching, county cricket watching and one-day watching. County cricket watching can be glossed over entirely, as nobody does it any more. Like the Twist and coal-mining, it is something that millions of people used to do when civilisation was unsophisticated, but nowadays only the die-hards want to carry on despite the fact that anybody will tell you that there are other less permanent ways of cutting yourself off from the rest of humanity.

One-day spectating is the breeding ground for the great spectator. Anybody who wishes to make his mark as a top-class spectator must work his way up through the one-day game. Most of the basic skills are learnt at the one-day game, with the notable exception of Packed Lunch Protection, which the 2 pm JPL start renders unnecessary. The other everyday accomplishments of the advanced cricket-watcher, Pitch Invasion, Waving To The TV Camera, Banner Display and Beer-Can Banging, however, are all part of the one-day game, and indeed have made it what it is today. The introduction of the field-placing rules have made those white plates that mark the 30-yard semi-circles the most prized trophies in the Pitch Invasion phase, of higher merit than even a stump, bail or fielder's hat. Those white plates are obtainable only at a genuine one-day game, and any man, woman or child who has collected one from each of the three domestic competitions is truly a great spectator.

Streaking requires a great deal of planning, good weather conditions, and money for the fine when retribution arrives, as it always does.

The way to combine Pitch Invasion with a TV appearance and some nicely-timed athleticism is to break from the ranks of the spectators and field the ball before it reaches the boundary. If you can reach the ball just as the fieldsman stretches out to cut off the four, you will be a Spectating Superstar, envied and admired by your peers.

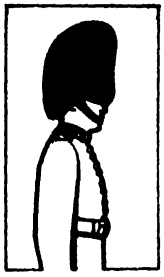
Beer-Can Banging is the activity that separates the good county spectator from the Test-class watcher. It is comparatively uncommon at regular one-day fixtures, although there is a certain amount of it at the Lord's finals. At the Test matches, however, really persistent Beer-Can Banging adds a new dimension to the enjoyment of cricket, and demands new levels of concentration and stamina from all within earshot. The vexed question of how to prevent people from stealing cold sausages from your lunch-box while both hands are full of beercans has not yet been satisfactorily settled by the leading theorists of Spectating, but this does not seem to deter the great musicians from their task.

I have left Streaking to the last, because it requires a certain type of spectator to be able to pull it off. Streaking requires a great deal of planning, good weather conditions, and money for the fine when retribution arrives, as it always does. I have solved the problem of how to raise the money for the fine. When streaking, an activity which must take place only at a match covered by the TV cameras, work out your route a day or two beforehand and thus decide which advertising sign you intend to streak in front of. Then approach the company in question and explain how you will, for only a small consideration, increase dramatically the television exposure (if that is the right word) of their placard. I don't see how you can fail, unless you try to approach the insurance companies, as their image of providing cover under all circumstances is incompatible with streaking.

The arts of Spectating could fill a complete coaching manual, and some day probably will. I have not yet considered Dozing In The Pavilion or Over-Indulgence In A Mound Stand Box, which are worth a chapter apiece. Then there's Transistor Volume. Increase Of, and How To Drown Out Peter West's Interviews. But any such coaching manual would not, of course, bother to cover such outdated activities as Scoring, Applauding Good Cricket and Taking An Interest In The Match, which are thankfully nothing to do with modern spectating.

Here comes the Borg of snooker

Premen Addy



IT is quite obvious that snooker has a superstar. Steve Davis, the 27-year-old Cockney occupies in the hall of fame a place comparable to Bjorn Borg in tennis or Muhammad Ali in boxing. Davis is already being talked of in terms of his legendary predecessor and namesake Joe, who totally dominated the sport forty or fifty years ago.

Without detracting one little bit from Joe Davis's great feats, it has to be recognised that snooker today presents a vastly different scene. No longer is it confined to the backrooms of pubs and bars before a handful of devotees.

Now it is a major entertainment with massive exposure on television in prime viewing hours and generous financial sponsorship. The prize money too has kept pace with the swelling public interest in the sport's top personalities. Alex 'Hurricane' Higgins, Doug Mountjoy, Ray Reardon (six times champion of the world), Tony Knowlesy and Terry Griffiths, to name but a few, are familiar faces through most of the land.

But it is to Davis that I return. At 27, he is a millionaire. He has won the World Championship three times already and countless others besides. His occasional defeats even in relatively minor tournaments make headlines just as they do for McEnroe. However, like all true champions, Davis is rarely conquered on the big occasions.

Last week he cantered to his 35th title when he beat Tony Knowles in the Jameson International Final at Newcastle to pocket a Rs 40,000 cheque. This season alone he has won nine out of twelve trophies and his domination is making crowds drift towards the underdogs—which is really the rest of the field.

But Davis with his superbly controlled temperament and zest for the game will not be dethroned from his pedestal simply because the majority of audiences want his opponents to win.

Eight years ago as a teenager, Davis was happy to earn Rs 20 per night in a Romford snooker hall. The wheel of fortune has turned a full circle.... At 27, Davis is a millionaire

Indeed, this may spur him on to greater heights.

One peak he did reach, nevertheless, was his five-year contract for Rs 1 million with Courage Breweries. The money, with options for further earnings overseas, will be paid for Davis's part in a national programme of exhibition matches and personal appearances for Courage.

Eight years ago as a teenager, Davis was happy to earn Rs 20 per night in a Romford snooker hall. The wheel of fortune has turned a full circle.

African Ju-Ju

BOXING had its share of the limelight when the Black British welterweight Sylvester Mittee of Bethnal Green stopped fighting Romanus of Nigeria in two minutes 25 seconds of the 11th round of their Commonwealth title fight

Romanus was reputed to have had an African Ju Ju specialist in the back of the hall, but it would have taken more than spells and incantations to have won him the bout despite the fact that Mittee wasn't too impressive, the difference of class between the two was wide enough to be apparent even to the non-expert eye.

Mittee belongs to the Terry Lawless stable, perhaps the best known in Britain and much in the news these days because of heavyweight hope Frank Bruno. Having won the last six of his seven fights, Mittee will surely be setting his sights on the higher, more lucrative international prizes, although on the evidence so far, he is not likely to climb to the dizzier reaches of world boxing.

Deservedly beaten

MEANWHILE, in soccer, Arsenal took over at the head of the English First Division. Thanks to a controversial penalty against Everton which was clinically despatched by Charlie Nicholas, the Gunners climbed over their North London Rivals, Tottenham Hotspurs who lost by a solitary goal to Southampton. Nottingham Forest drew 1-1 with Stoke City and remained in second place, while Manchester United, beaten convincingly 3-0 by Aston Villa, slipped into sixth position.

United were deservedly beaten, as their manager Ron Atkinson conceded, by the skill and inventiveness of Didier Six, the French international whose rousing performance in Villa's ranks won him a standing ovation

The top clubs in Scotland's Premier Division have all played 9 games, and after weekend's fixtures, Aberdeen lead the table—but only just. They lost 1-2 to Celtic and thus have 15 points to Celtic's 14. Rangers who lost 1 nil to Hearts slipped backwards to third place with 13 points. But the situation is pretty tight and a couple of wins or losses either way could lead to a different permutation

Nevertheless, Aberdeen, having climbed the heights at home and in Europe in the last few seasons, are unlikely to surrender their pre-eminence lightly. Up North, every inch has to be fought for. The Northern character moulded by a stern geography, climate and history rarely breaks easily.



FILER v WILLS FILE

The Australians were a lot fitter than their Indian counterparts. From left, Kim Hughes, Wayne Phillips, Geoff Lawson and Allan Border

Transparency: Nikhil Bhattacharya





Charon makes up in the Leger

Adi Davar

COMING in the wake of Charon's infamous defeat in the President Of India Gold Cup at Hyderabad, the Indian St. Leger appeared to have a fairly open outlook. But once again the pundits were proved wrong. The only thing open about the last of the Indian Classics at Pune that afternoon was the space that Charon and Sandy Barclay had to spare over the opposition. They finished three long and easy lengths ahead of Memoires, who in turn had 6 and a half lengths to spare over the third placed Everything, while Minstrel was a further 4 and a half lengths away in fourth place. The time clocked for the long and gruelling 2800 metre circuit was a fair 3 min 6.8 sec, which could have been a lot faster had there been a good early pace.

A field of nine lined up to face the starter, with Charon the favourite at even money. This was understandable because in reality he was not taking on anything worth writing home about. It was only that tiny element of doubt in the minds of most people that he had not fully recovered from his excursions in Hyderabad, that prompted the bookmakers to lengthen their odds. Had he not lost to Big Deal or for that matter not gone to Hyderabad, Charon, better known for his brilliant victory in the Invitation Cup, would have run the cramped odds of half money.

The other horses to be considered in the betting were Minstrel, Everything and Memoires all of whom were yet to win in open class I company, while Air Ace attracted some support on the basis of his two victories earlier in the season. However, the fact that they were gained in class III and IV did not appear to be the criterion. Greek Tycoon was, frankly speaking, the only other genuine class I horse, but he had found it difficult to go the Derby distance. For these extra 400 metres in the Leger he would have needed a pair of roller skates if he wanted to stay in contention when things warmed up. That left only Exemplary who was supposedly a pacemaker and Gold Nugget who was left in for reasons no sane person can nominate. In this sort of a mediocre lot, Charon at even money was a steal, a fact he displayed with convincing alacrity while demolishing the opposition.

Jumping out evenly from the gates as they opened, it was Exemplary who was the first to show out opening up a big break of almost a distance as she went into the lead. She was followed by Greek Tycoon who fighting for his head, Memoires, and Everything all bunched up together while tucked in behind and doing nothing extra on the rails was Charon with Barclay.

Passing the mile, Exemplary was passed by her own stablemate, Memoires who went clear followed by Everything and Greek Tycoon while Exemplary was dropping back and Charon moved up to take fourth spot. Minstrel was making steady progress behind him as was Air Ace, but there was still a long way to go. At about the 1000 metre marker, it looked like the Invitation Cup all over again. Barclay was scrubbing Charon hands and heels but he appeared to be getting little response. Memoires was still in front along with Everything in attendance while Greek Tycoon was finding the trip a bit beyond his compass and was dropping back.

Then suddenly Charon began to respond. He lengthened his stride, and came into the straight between Memoires on the rails and Everything on the outside and from that juncture it was all over. Barclay gave Charon a backhander and he bounded away past a fast tiring Memoires, to win as he liked.

Trainer Imtiaz Sait had thus saddled his second Leger winner in the last three years, the last one being Mayapan. Charon had added yet another Classic to his tally, making it three in all. His first triumph was in the Indian 2000 Guineas, his second in the Invitation and he had finally topped it off with the Indian St. Leger.

Very noticeable by their absence were Enterprising, Marchetta, and Vibrant, all of whom had such impressive credentials but injury and setbacks had kept them out of the picture. Enterprising, who won the Indian Derby, never recovered that scintillating form. Marchetta, the winner of the Indian Oaks, never saw a racetrack after that splendid victory. Vibrant, who remained undefeated in Bangalore throughout the winter, never came back to race after winning the Bangalore St. Leger. These were probably the only three who could have given Charon a run for his money and with their absence it had become a mere formality for Charon.

Of course, the big question on everyone's mind at present is how Charon lost to Big Deal in the President of India Gold Cup in Hyderabad. Well, it's something that will remain a debatable point, but the best explanation that can be tendered is that horses are not machines and perhaps Charon was just not himself that fateful day in September. I refuse to accept that Barclay had anything to do with that defeat, and obviously for that matter Charon's owners and connections felt the same way otherwise they would never have advocated putting up Sandy again in the Leger.

For these extra 400 metres in the Leger, he (Greek Tycoon) would have needed a pair of roller skates if he wanted to stay in contention when things warmed up

'O my Mead and my Tennyson long ago'

John Arlott on the reunion of Hampshire's cricket veterans

THE idea of an 'Old Boys' gathering is essentially sentimental. Usually associated with schools, it rarely attracts more than an annually-waning minority of those who have never really grown up. Among county cricketers it is far less juvenile, but has usually been fortuitous; and, generally, there also, a minority operation.

Among the grounds which house Test matches, a reunion of the counties' players tends to happen casually; old cricketers turn up for the important occasion almost in support of their own prestige; but again those concerned are a minority. Warwickshire, probably, were the first of the counties to foster such a concept. Others have toyed with the idea. Among them are Hampshire; not officially, but as a personal gesture by Mike Barnard. Hampshire followers will remember him as a bold batsman, brilliant slip fieldsman and occasional bowler who was also a skilful soccer player in midfield for Portsmouth.

A few years ago, on a cricket tour of Germany, he was involved in a road accident and suffered injuries grievous for anyone; but especially so for one who had always been so consciously and intelligently athletic, and dedicatedly fit. Since then he has put much unselfish effort into other men's benefit funds; has done some sound reporting of cricket for Radio Solent, and has generally been a most felicitous influence in a club where the atmosphere has not always been happy.

He has not been merely content to send invitations for the cricketers' day to the obvious people, but to trace players often remote but, for that reason, even happier to be invited.

This year he arranged his party for Saturday, August 4, the first day of Hampshire's match with Warwickshire at Southampton. There was a marquee with a friendly variety of refreshments, seats available in the sun or in the shade—a valuable option—and mod cons within easy reach—even more important for the elderly.

The forecast was for rain. Some fell, but not enough to ruin the day; nor so little that the veteran visitors became emotionally involved with the play. Warwickshire batted; unhurriedly; Hampshire bowled; tidily. As the young bowlers—many of them completely new faces to the visitors—showed their paces, they evoked little humphs and nods. Not a word of disapproval was uttered. Your good elder cricketer is a generous man. In any event, most of them were more concerned to share memories of the past than to become involved in present action. Recollection and conversation were more in evidence than criticism; but there was unfailing applause for the good ball, stroke, or piece of fielding.

Six who had come long distances left early but then, for the remainder, by way of aperitifs, to dinner. Mike Barnard has cast his net wide: he had mustered 42 who had played for the county, plus two twelfth men (including the writer) and—nice touch—the umpires for the match—Bob White and David Evans.



Mike Barnard: driving force behind the player's reunion

Eminence is a matter of opinion, but it could well be argued that the outstanding diner was Geoffrey Barrington Chance. An Etonian—Hampshire have always had a weakness for them—he had been far out at the head of the school bowling with 30 wickets at 8.80 in the previous season. He appeared only once for Hampshire and you will not find his name in the normal county records, since he never appeared in the Championship. His match was against MCC at Lord's, when he opened the bowling—0 for 42—and, going in last, made 0 and 0 not out. The impressive fact about it is that it took place in May 1913 and that, rising 91, trim, rosy-faced, fit-looking and immaculate as the handwriting in which he accepted Mike Barnard's invitation, he travelled down from Swindon and sat down in a company of which only eight were even born when he turned out for Hampshire.

At this range, his match has a strong whiff of history about it. He, of course, is the only man left alive who took part in it. The MCC side was strong—including Jack Hearne, R. St L. Fowler, Nigel Haig, Frank Tarrant and G. G. Napier. *Wisden*, in an authentic echo of the spirit of the time, reports that 'with the game prolonged a few minutes beyond the ususal time, Hampshire were left victorious by 208 runs'. Their win was due largely to the bowling of Hesketh-Prichard, Jack Newman and Ernie Remnant: but George Brown, Philip Mead, Jimmy Stone and Edward Sprot all batted well.

The whole evening, though, was a nostalgic wallow in nearly 60 years of remembered Hampshire cricket and cricketers. The link-man between the pre-1914 players and those of post-1945, and looking little older than them, was 'Lofty' Herman, who joined the staff in 1927, qualified in 1929 in the all but feudal world of Milord Tennyson, George Brown, Phil Mead, Jack Newman and Alec Kennedy; took

over 1000 wickets as he soldiered on until 1948; did an honest stint as an umpire and sired a son, young Bob, who played a major part in winning a Championship for Hampshire

A year or two senior to 'Lofty', Jim Bailey had some remarkable successes, including his 7 for 7 against Nottinghamshire in 1932, before the atmosphere became too much for him He went off to Lord's and the Lancashire League, only to return in 1939 and, after the war, at the age of 40, to become the last Hampshire player to perform the 'double'

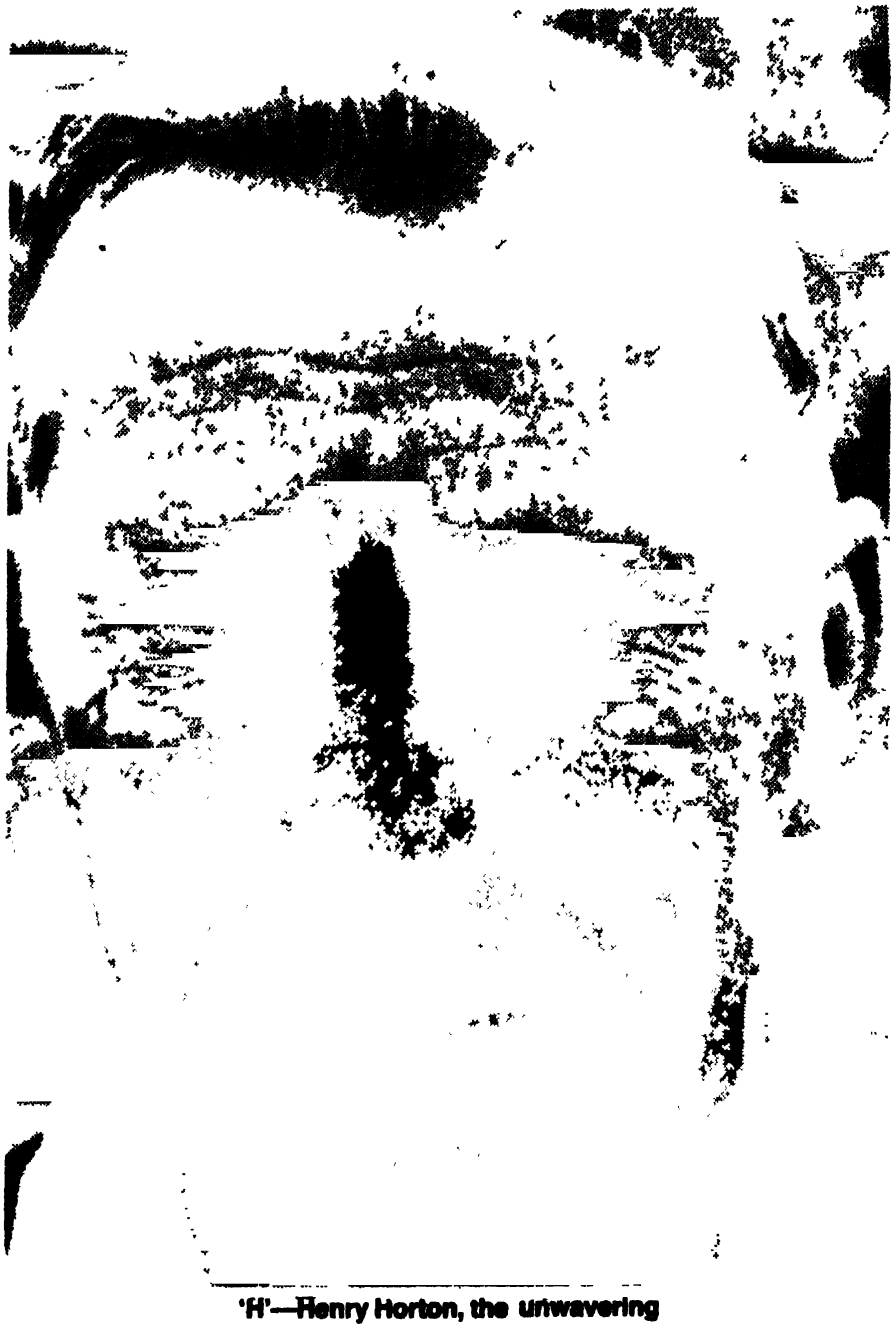
Giles Baring was there, too who once set the Australians by the ears by taking their first three wickets –of Woodfull, Brown and Bradman- for six runs; and who lived life unflinchingly with 'Lordship' Loyal Arthur Holt safest of batsmen, most patient and successful of Hampshire coaches and who struck a football as strongly as any. Easy, unchanging Gerry Hill, cricketer, golfer, and 'Mayor of Lyndhurst!'. Bill Dodd played rarely, but once, in 1935, he doffed his police uniform, rolled his left sleeve, and on an unusual Southampton turner took five Middlesex wickets for 63

Cecil Paris, captain in 1938 batted usefully, but his chief cricketing eminence has been as an administrator, especially as the chairman of the TCCB Before most of the game's heirarchy he recognised the significance and potential of the Cricketers' Association and, in his wisdom, treated it in such a way as to steer English first-class cricket well clear of the pitfalls into which the Australian Board plunged their game

Alec Mackenzie, leg spinner and batsman, played a few games before the war, when, as an RAF pilot, he won the DSO and Bar and DFC and Bar: but still found time to open many innings in Services cricket

Charlie Knott, who achieved the Test trial of 1946 as an off spinner, has busied himself much with the club's playing side for nearly 30 years Howard Lawson followed his father into a Hampshire side, bowling fast medium and striking occasional violent blows.

In the last week before the 1939 war, Leo Harrison came into the side as a young batsman Most faithful, penetrative and relishable of companions, he was to carry on for 27 years, notably as wicketkeeper and wise senior pro. In 1955 he was even more unlucky than his sparring partner, Neville Rogers, not to play for England



'H'—Henry Horton, the unwavering

Recalling with them some splendidly ribald evenings, there, too, was the hero of the zip-fastener epic, slow left-arm Reg Dare Then came the build-up towards that first—unbelievable—Championship of 1961 Its architect Desmond Eagar, sadly, has passed on but there were his loyalists the cheerfully unquenchable Mervyn Burden Malcolm Heath, whom Neville Rogers recalls as 'the first Hampshire bowler I ever saw make other counties' batsmen duck like I had to' 'Butch' White, of the amazing and uncompellable outswinger, of course, made it do more than that

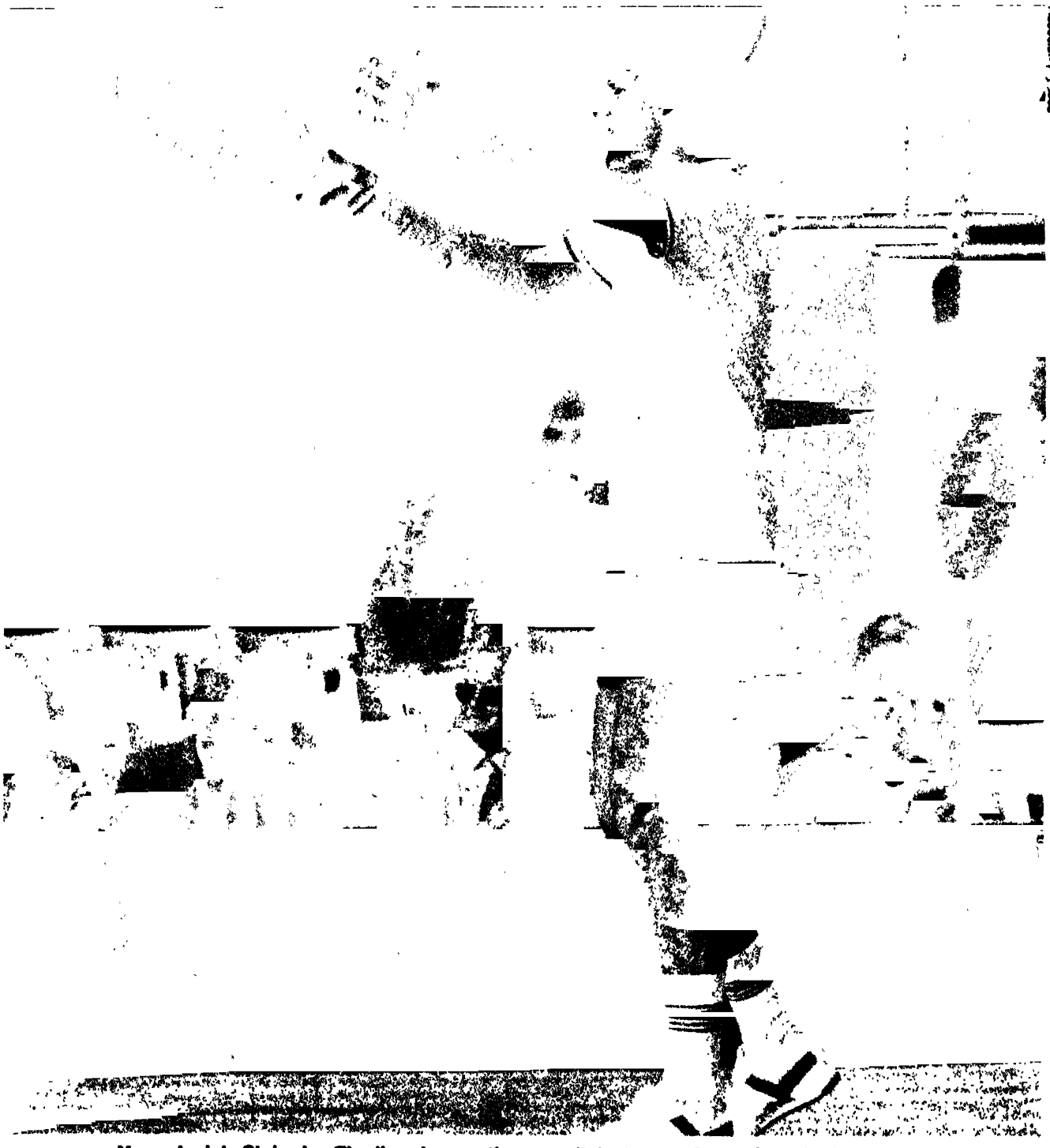
'Ingleby', unhappily, was missing, so was 'Shack'; 'H', though, the unwavering Henry Horton of both straight and horizontal bat, was there and Alan Wassell, of Fareham, the immaculately practical Jimmy Gray, 'Sains', too, Peter Sainsbury, Mike Barnard's partner in that decisive—even epic—partnership of those 23 years ago All those who thank Mike Barnard will strive not to count the missing but think of them as absent friends

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Davis Cup: United Kingdom vs Yugoslavia

Last days of the Empire

Contrary to all expectations, Yugoslavia pulled the mat from under the home team to complete a stunning upset



Yugoslavia's Slobodan Zivojinovic questions a call during his Davis Cup singles match against John Lloyd (GB), which the former won

Associated Press

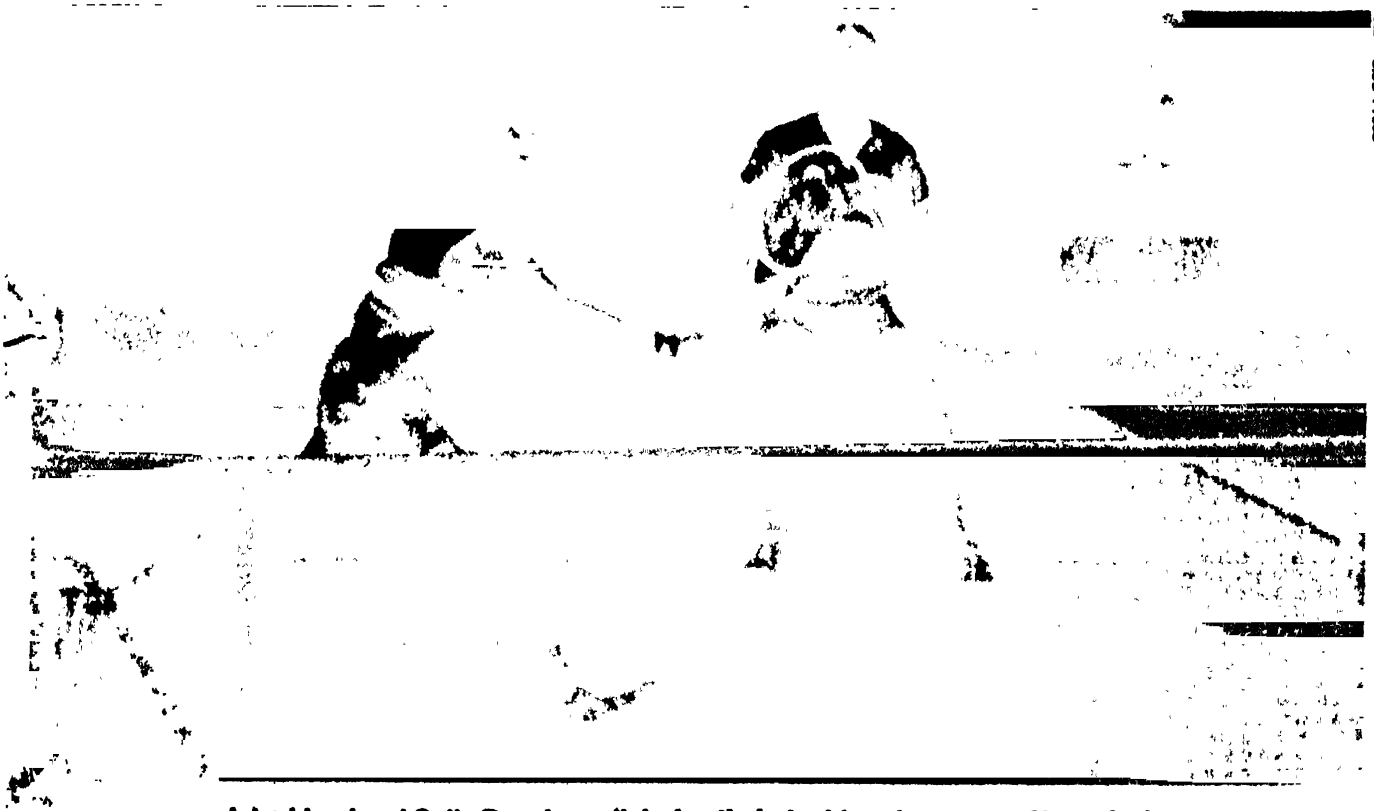


Stephen Shaw (GB) looks dejected after losing to Slobodan in his first international appearance



John Lloyd, deepite his experience, could do little to prevent defeat

Associated Press



John Lloyd and Colin Dowdeswell during their doubles victory over Yugoslavia

Dancing with the Bishop of Lima

Peter Hayter looks back on the frolic in the careers of Bill Edrich and Denis Compton

At a time when "characters" are sadly lacking from the modern world of cricket, when even the character of the game itself is short on fun and laughter, it is with fond memories that the cricket public view the Golden Oldies who illuminated summers past.

Among these are Denis Compton and Bill Edrich, the former Middlesex and England batsmen whose 50-year association with their county was marked by a special dinner in London on October 18.

DENIS COMPTON and Bill Edrich thrilled audiences all over the globe with batsmanship coloured by unorthodoxy, flair and genius.

Denis was, to' say the least, an eccentric caller and runner. Cricketers allege that he invented the triple call "Yes, No, Sorry!": that his first call was a basis for negotiations and that, after making a call, he would always wish his partner good luck. In his brother Leslie's benefit match at Lord's in 1954 Denis ran out three of the side, including the beneficiary!

If eccentricity was part of Denis's appeal, then the word most often used to describe Bill's special quality is "guts".

In 1954 "Typhoon" Frank Tyson was acknowledged as just about the fastest bowler in the world. During the match with Northamptonshire at Lord's Bill tried to hook him, got a top edge and the ball flew into his mouth. He was carried off the field and spent the night in hospital.

One enquirer there was told that he might be kept in for several days. Next morning, however, Bill was first into the Middlesex dressing-room, his mouth badly swollen. He started to change.

"What are you doing Bill?" asked one of his team-mates. "Having a net? You're not carrying on your innings are you?"

"Of course I'm bloody well going to bat," muttered Bill between nearly closed teeth. And he did.

Unfortunately, the first ball from Tyson pitched short and struck him over the heart. Bill went three quarters of the way down the pitch and patted the turf at the other end—enough to rile any fast bowler.

When asked why he had risked incurring Tyson's wrath, Bill replied: "I only went down the wicket to get my breath back!"

Denis, on the other hand was more subtle in his aggression. Rather than wade into potentially dangerous situations—Bill's trademark—he would use his powers of improvisation to extricate himself from trouble.

Once, while going down the track to Gloucestershire's master off spin bowler Tom Goddard, Denis slipped and fell flat on his face. As he did so he swept the ball from in front of his nose to the long leg boundary.

Compton was, to say the least, an accentric caller and runner. Cricketers allege that he invented the triple call "Yes, No, Sorry!"

Bill's courage was not restricted to the cricket field. During the war he flew Blenheim bombers on low level anti-shipping strikes and low level bombing of enemy coastal targets for which he was subsequently awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

After one particularly fierce raid, in which Bill lost many of his flying companions, he turned out in a village cricket match in Norfolk and, remarkably able to concentrate on something else, scored a century. Then to an evening party—and how Bill loved parties. Next morning he was over the Dutch coast again.

Many are the stories told of Bill when he was "in the mood" at parties.

One concerns the time when he and Denis went to Dublin to speak at the Irish Cricket Club Centenary Dinner. Denis spoke first and went on for some time. By the time it came to Bill's turn, he had followed the champagne flight from London with one or two more "sherberts" and, as he took the microphone, completely forgot his speech.

Not to be abashed, Bill conducted the audience in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" with his own sotto voce rendering. It was a wow!

Then there is the tale of the cricket team's stop in Peru. The reception was held in a dimly lit room where to his delight, Bill espied an "apparition" in purple.

He made his usual courteous approach and requested: "Madam, may I have the pleasure of a dance."

"No," said the apparition.

"Pray tell why?" pursued Bill.

"For three reasons!"

"What might they be?", went on the intrepid ex-airman.

"One—you have been drinking. Two—this is the Peruvian National Anthem. Three—I am the Bishop of Lima."

In fact, Bill has been married five times. At one of the later weddings, the usher asked guest John Warr, the former Middlesex and England bowler, to see his invitation card to find out whether he was a guest of the bride or groom. Warr replied: "I've got a season ticket."

Keith Miller, the greatest Australian all-rounder became one of Denis's closest pals, and christened his third son, Denis Charles, after him.

When rioters invaded the pitch at Calcutta in 1945, Denis was batting against the Australian Services side, which included "Nugget".

Denis stood with his bat raised, prepared to defend himself. To his surprise the leader of the invading forces had been host to Miller and himself the previous evening. As soon as he reached Denis, he said politely: "Good day Mr Compton. You very good player—but you must go."

Denis needed no second prompting. Subsequently, whenever Denis arrived at the wicket to face Keith Miller, Keith walked up to him and said: "You very good player, Mr Compton, but you must go!"

Clampdown on ball-winners

Why has there been such a high number of goals in the English League this season? Central defender Kevin Ratcliffe, the Everton and Wales captain, suggests that it has been due partly to the referees' "clean-up" campaign. Ratcliffe, who led Everton to their F.A. Cup success last season, argues that the stricter interpretation of the laws relating to tackling has created considerable problems for the game's "ball-winners."

MORE and more teams are trying to produce attacking football and it has been argued that defenders, through not having as much 'protection' from their midfield men as in previous seasons, are being found out. To me, though, their problems have stemmed not from their own technical faults—lack of pace and tackling ability—but the fact that Football League referees are interpreting the laws of the game more strictly.

It seems that every time you make an old-fashioned challenge—hard but fair—you are likely to concede a free kick and maybe get cautioned.

I'm convinced that the referee's stance is making defenders very wary of committing themselves, especially when it comes to challenging for a ball in or around the penalty area. I haven't been booked so far this season, but maybe that is because I haven't been going for the ball as I should!

Everyone wants to see goals, but good defending and tackling are just as much an art as the skills and frills of attacking play.

I appreciate the need for referees to clamp down on over-physical play ....but I am convinced that some refs are taking this to the extreme, to the detriment of the game as a spectacle.

Another problem for defenders is the tactical approach of teams like Watford and Sheffield Wednesday. They play at such a frantic pace, often missing out the midfield with high balls, that you rarely get a chance to get in a tackle against them!

That was certainly the case in Everton's 5-4 win at Watford last Saturday.

The fact that Watford kept lofting balls into our penalty area, by-passing the midfield, meant that our back four had little time to get organised.

Our five goals against Watford brought our First Division total for the season to 16, eleven more than at the same stage of last season.

Apart from the curb on tackling, Everton have been helped by the form of our two wide players Trevor Steven and Kevin Sheedy.

Following the success of John Barnes and Mark Chamberlain in the England team during their summer tour of South America, more and more clubs have been operating with wingers or men who are able to provide plenty of width to their attacking play, and Steven and Sheedy have done a tremendous job for us in that department.

The ball that all defenders fear is the one pulled back from the goal-line and both Trevor and Kevin have created numerous chances in this way.

Tottenham have become one of the most potent forces in the First Division since the arrival of outside right John Chiedozie. He has added a new dimension to their game, and complemented the work of Tony Galvin on the other flank.

Everyone wants to see goals, but good defending and tackling are just as much an art as the skills and frills of attacking play

At Manchester United the presence of Gorden Strachan and Jesper Olsen, both of whom like to operate down the flanks, have made United favourites to win the Championship.

I don't think any team is liable to win the Championship without a midfield ball winner.

That's why I will be surprised if Spurs last the pace. Their only genuine hard man—Graham Roberts—plays at the back while United and London's other leading Championship challengers Arsenal have someone in that category further up the field.

At Manchester United, the role is filled by Remi Moses, whose aggression and well-timed challenges provide the foundation for the likes of Strachan, Olsen and Bryan Robson to show their creative ability.

Brian Talbot performs a similar function for the Gunners.

Everton's title aspirations could depend on the form of Peter Reid and Paul Bracewell. While both are midfield players of great perception, they are always willing to share the role of ball-winner.

It has been suggested that Moses should be picked for England and I would go along with that. It is vital at international level to have that type of player....especially when you come up against a team like France who, in Michel Platini, have a player who can destroy the opposition single handed.

I am a great admirer of the Moses-type. It's good to see that they are continuing to make a big impact in English football—despite the referees' clampdown!

750: And still going strong!

Lawrie McMenemy on the evergreen Pat Jennings

IF I had to single out a present-day First Division star as a model for youngsters starting their careers in the English League, I'd plump for Pat Jennings, the Arsenal and Northern Ireland goalkeeper.

I can't think of anyone who commands more respect than Jennings who recently reached another milestone in his outstanding 20-year career by becoming only the sixth man since the war to reach the 750 League-appearances mark.

In becoming the latest member of this exclusive group—the others who have achieved this feat are Terry Paine (Southampton, Hereford), Alan Oakes (Manchester City, Chester), John Trollope (Swindon), Jimmy Dickinson (Portsmouth) and Roy Sproson (Port Vale)—Jennings has highlighted an attitude to the game which, I am afraid, is lacking in a number of today's leading footballers.

One of the reasons why Jennings has managed to remain a top-class footballer for so long is that he has retained his enthusiasm for the game.

This is a lot more difficult than people outside the game might appreciate.

There is no doubt that English League footballers generally have a tremendous life, compared to most other people from similar working-class backgrounds. The majority of them have never done anything else for a living, and thus there is a tendency for them to take it for granted.

This is particularly true today, as the gap between the first Division stars and the general public, in terms of their financial position and social status, has become increasingly wider since the abolition of the maximum wage in the 1960s. In other words, a number of the top footballers have lost touch with the realities of life.

Having made the point, though, I must stress that in some ways, professional football can become as tiresome as any other livelihoods.

The general public don't see what lies behind the glamour of matches...the daily grind of training, not to mention the boredom of travel and staying in hotels.



A model for youngsters

By that criterion, it is hardly surprising that the "750 Club" has such a limited membership.

I remember having a chat with Jennings about his future when he was with the Northern Ireland squad in Spain for the 1982 World Cup finals. He told me he was thinking of returning, if he couldn't command a regular first-team place at Arsenal, and I just said: "Don't do anything hasty...I can't visualise any team not using a player of your calibre." It seemed the best thing to say.

Considering his temperament and technical ability, I feel that Jennings—at 39 the oldest footballer in the First Division—has a good chance of beating Terry Paine's record of 824 League appearances.

Paine was with Southampton when I succeeded Ted Bates as their manager in June 1973, moving to Hereford the following year. I can't say that we had a particularly happy relationship—let's just say that he found it difficult to adjust to my methods after working under Ted for 18 years—but it wasn't difficult for me to appreciate the reasons for his long-playing record.

In addition to being exceptionally fit, Paine was more aggressive and combative than a number of other wingers. He could tackle as hard as any full-back and I daresay that his reputation in that department caused a lot of his opponents to think twice about attempting to put him on the treatment table!

I have always been a great believer in teams possessing these older, more experienced footballers and, indeed, derive considerable pride in the reputation I have for helping to give such men a new lease of life.

One who comes readily to mind is my former striker Matt Tees.

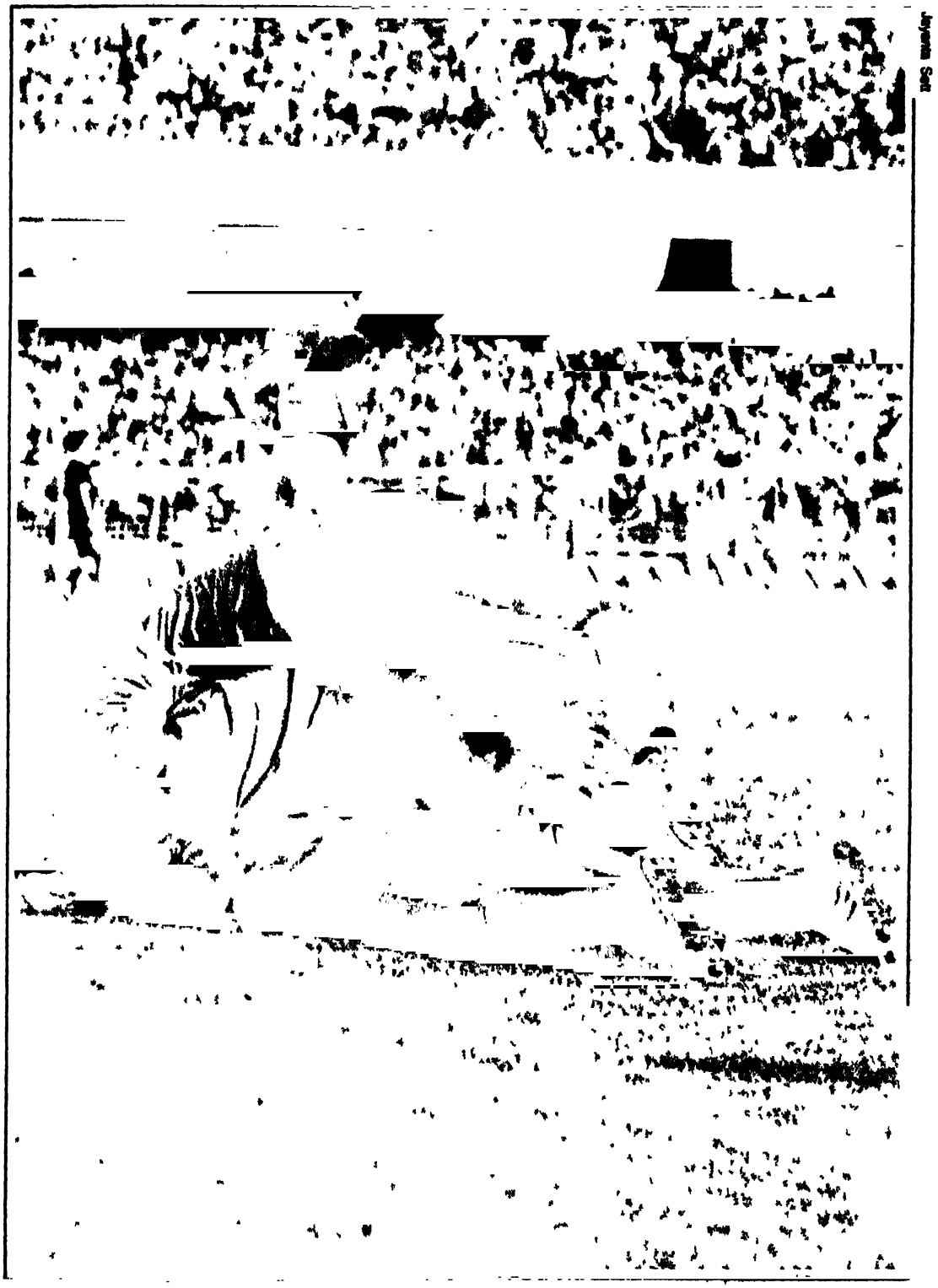
He was in his early 30s when we started working together, but looked older because he had false teeth and smoked a pipe. He was one of the unlikeliest-looking pro footballers I have ever seen. Matt was entirely different in matches—he reminded me of Clark Kent emerging from that telephone kiosk as Superman!



Sportsworld

Kim Hughes: T[illegible]ically unc[illegible] much shall d[illegible]end on hi[illegible] against the West Indies

Transparency: Nikhil Bhattacharya



Anyone for rugby? East Bengal's Kartick Sett is mobbed by his teammates after scoring the all-important goal against Mohan Bagun in this year's IFA Shield final

We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs must be accompanied by their negatives which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for

Tigers in a deer park

That is what the mighty Koreans looked like when they opened their Asian Cup campaign in Calcutta, reports **Suprakash Ghoshal**

WE have had glimpses of the two extremes of Asian football. On the one hand, we have seen the highest standards achieved so far by any Asian nation aspiring to be a football power in the world arena, while, on the other, we have seen the agony of those who have woken up late to their potential in football and are still groping in the dark to find a way to the world of modern football. Obviously, I'm talking about Pakistan and Yemen, who were here to represent the latecomers.

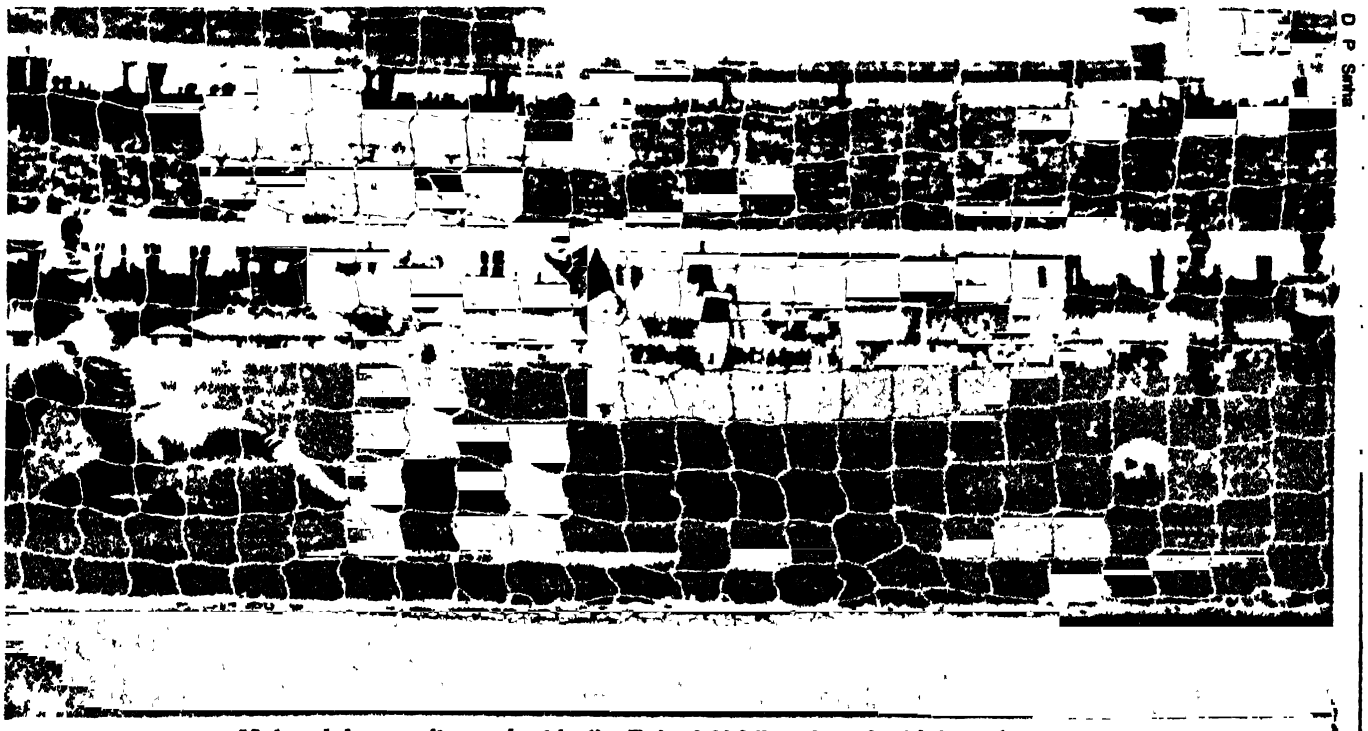
It was evident that for some time the reigning power in Asian football would be the Koreans. There is no knowing how long it will take the other nations of the continent to challenge their supremacy, for they are head and shoulders above the rest of the field. They have imbibed all that is modern in football and have thus become a symbol of Asia's growing ambitions in the game.

In fact, Asian football embarked on a key phase in its development when the Koreans introduced professionalism in their country's soccer. It was a step in the right direction and the Koreans provided ample proof of that when they plunged all their opponents in the Asian Cup qualifying round in Calcutta into total humiliation. The point, perhaps, has now been hammered home that in modern football attitude matters a lot. And the Koreans highlighted the fact that it is only professionalism that can instil the right kind of attitude in a nation with ambitions of being a football power.

The Koreans came with as many as 15 professional footballers in a squad of 18. All of them are highly paid in their country and abroad, which gives an index to the kind of talent and experience they possess and the kind of grind they undergo to keep themselves afloat in the world football market. That's a severely ferocious level of competitive football, something beyond the imagination of an Indian.

It showed. The brand of football the Koreans offered has rarely been displayed by an Asian nation in this country and the factor that made all the difference was an intelligent and all-out approach to the game, bred chiefly by professionalism which is not much in vogue in most other countries of Asia.

One important feature of the Koreans was their emphasis on physical superiority in addition to all other conventional qualities of a footballer. The Koreans were a team consisting of sturdy, tall and well built footballers. Their height definitely gave them an edge over their rivals in the tournament and will, in all likelihood, go a long way in Korea's ascent to greater



D. P. Sinha

Malaysia's penalty against India. Zainal Abidin takes the kick and scores

heights in the near future, which looks a certainty

It is a fact that skill and other finer qualities are more important than brawn, history will bear witness to that But the Koreans are a determined lot They seemed to have chosen a tougher path for themselves in their quest for supremacy in the continent Apparently, they are intent on using whatever they have in their resources Skill, brawn—anything that will stand them in good stead to emerge as the foremost footballing nation in Asia That policy is paying off Hardly anybody could visualise that the Koreans would cast such a spell of awe on their opponents during their Asian Cup campaign

Psychologically, that sense of awe was further intensified when the earnings of the Korean professionals became the talk of the town There were players in this Korean side whose monthly income approaches the tune of Rs 30,000, in addition to the annual contract money of Rs 12 lakhs Surely an index to the class of competitive football these Koreans play all over the soccer world, especially in Europe and North America

And this is very much in keeping with the rich football tradition of Korea In the past also, the country had produced a number of soccer stars who have made a fortune for themselves as players of the renowned soccer clubs of Europe Korea has long been a cradle of football genius and the current bunch of players that they have brought here for the Asian Cup seem destined to provide a tremendous impetus to the development of Korean football.

EVERY tournament leaves behind a few names on the lips of the host city. Initially, it seemed that such a name would be Zainal Abidin Hassan, the star frontliner of Malaysia and, according to many, the best forward in Asia A perfect example of an opportunist with spectacular dribbling capability, he can cause panic in any defence in the world.

But Calcutta certainly did not see him at his best. He scored quite a few goals and indeed made himself the man to watch, but in sum total it was only a glimpse of the real Zainal Abidin. Rather sad, for Calcutta is always a dream setting for an in-form soccer star to excel.

In fact, at no stage could the Malaysians capture the centrestage. On the one hand, they were overshadowed by the glamour of the South Koreans, while on the other, their performances fell short of their fame.



Krishanu before and after scoring against Yemen

True, they drubbed the Pakistanis 5-0, but our neighbours across the border were a non-entity. The first time the Malaysians met a strong opponent, they lost, giving their hosts a much-needed victory, which provided a tremendous boost to their morale after a series of debacles in the international arena

This was a historic match for India Their indifferent showings in international outings, despite training under a foreign coach, have given most sports

scribes a tendency to underestimate them. And, like always, India was never thought of as a threat to Malaysia. Even the advantage of playing on home ground was not taken into account. In most people's minds, the match was lost even before our boys took to the field.

But there was some high drama in store for everybody, especially those who had taken things for granted. Even a penalty awarded to Malaysia could not stop India from winning this important match which brightened their prospects of making it to the finals in Singapore.

We have heard a lot about pressing football, but seldom has it had anything to do with India. We have always been at the receiving end.

But enough was enough. For once things were reversed. Taking full advantage of the home ground the Indians kept the Malaysians under tremendous pressure, even when a penalty was awarded to the visitors and a goal, looking legitimate, was disallowed for off-side.

This was a rare show of unflinching morale on the part of the Indians.

But, all said and done, to see India play is to get heart attacks. They seem to have a gift for wasting chances, even incredibly rosy ones. If one goes by the number of scoring opportunities that came India's way, but only to be wasted, a 5-2 margin would have been a fair result.



South Korea's Lee Bou Yul dodges past a Yemen player

It was Krishanu again who was the man to watch in the Indian team. He is fast maturing into a skilful player who can go out there and make a tremendous contribution to a side's game.

The most important thing about Krishanu's game is that he is very intelligent in his role as a game-maker. In small areas he can do wonders and all he needs to succeed in his efforts is a good partner who can develop perfect understanding with him. In other words, somebody who can complement him.

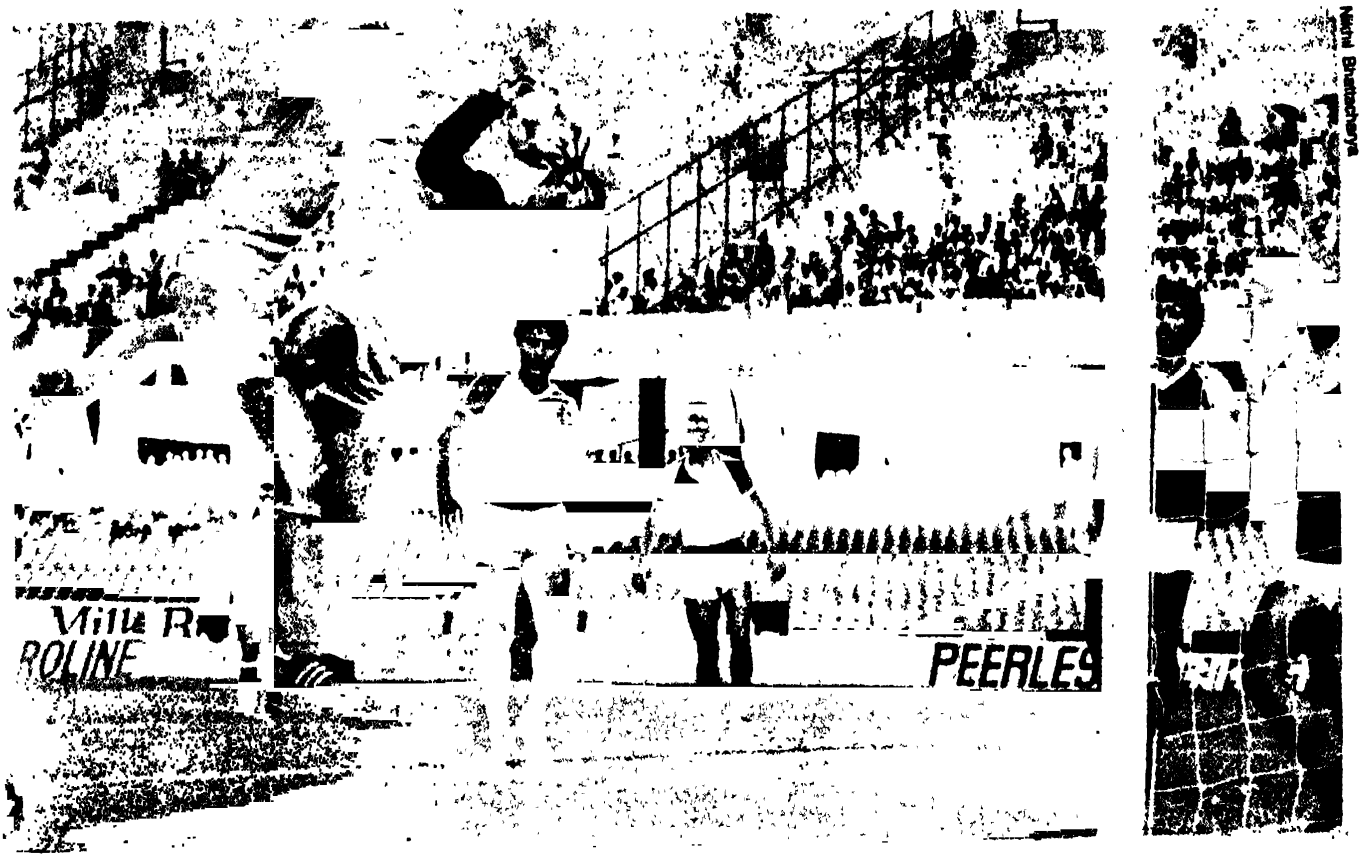
Bikash, of course, has taken on that responsibility to some extent, but he is basically a linkman with a lot of duties to perform in the midfield. India needs somebody who can be upfront most of the time, and on the lookout for openings to make good use of the moves initiated by Krishanu.

Another heart-warming aspect of India's game was Babu Mani. This 20-year-old has done more than what was expected of him. It reflected tremendous credit that he could change the entire complexion of India's game on quite a few occasions, especially against Yemen and Malaysia. He is fast, he is intelligent, he is brave and always on the lookout for opportunities. What more can you expect of a 20-year-old brushing shoulders with the powerful Malaysians? And Calcutta will forgive all the mistakes he makes henceforth, for he was the man who gave India an unforgettable victory at the new Salt Lake Stadium.



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Soccer ballet during the Malaysia-Pakistan encounter



Nikhil Bhattacharya

A mid-air tussle between the Pakistan goalkeeper and a Malaysian forward



O. P. Sinha

...during the Malaysia-India tie

Asian Schools Football

The standard was disappointing

EVEN by under-18 standards the 13th Asian Schools Football Tournament was not of a high standard. That explains why Asia has not been able to make a mark in world soccer. Little systematic and sustained coaching, lack of competitive experience and poor organisation are the main reasons for the backwardness.

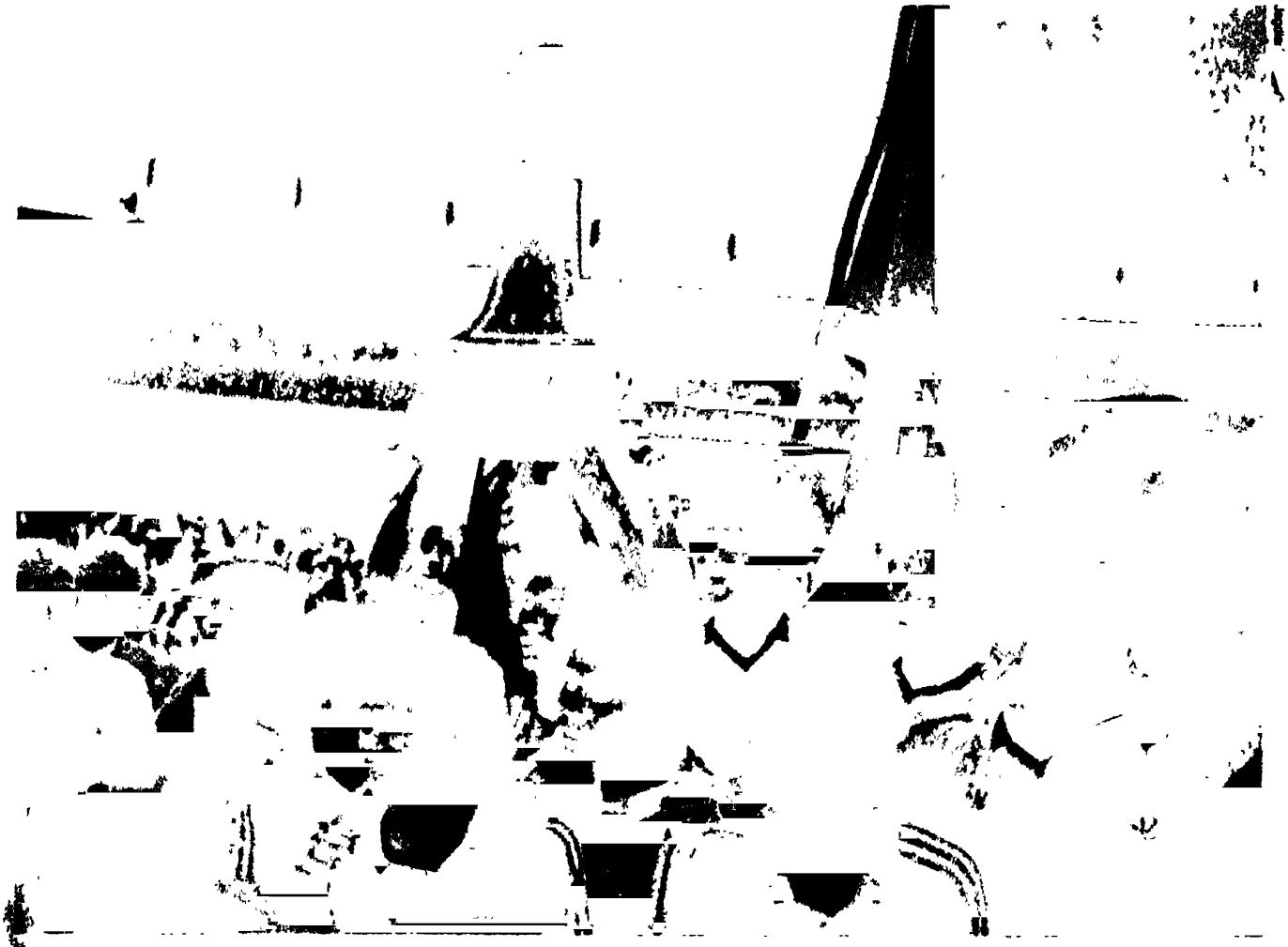
Indonesia's triumph was the result of the expert guidance that country has arranged for its footballers of all ages. Under a governmental exchange programme, a German coach, Burkhard Pape, has been developing Indonesian football. An old hand at coaching in "Third World" countries, Burkhard began work in Indonesia after 12 years' experience in Africa

Pape had been watching, guiding young footballers in all parts of Indonesia and got together 24 boys for three months of intensive training before finally picking the 16 for the New Delhi campaign In gratitude, the young schoolboy champions chaired their strongly built silver-haired coach immediately after they beat Thailand, 1-0, in the final

It was the second time in six attempts that the Indonesians had emerged champions. As for the Thais, they had participated in every tournament since 1970 (the tournament was not played in 1978 and 1979) and had won it on as many as eight previous occasions

The strong point of the Indonesian lads was their ability to adjust their tactics to the needs of the situation The Thais had perfected the off-side trap So the Indonesians decided to depend on swift individual forays for results It was exactly this tactic that enabled Noah Meriem to score the only goal of the final. Starting from inside his own territory near the half-way line, Noah raced to a ball tapped into the Thai area. With remarkable speed, control and aplomb he sprinted on to put the ball into the back of the Thai net.

The Thai attacks in the second half



German coach Pape holds aloft the trophy with his Indonesian boys

were repulsed by a determined Indonesian defence which also had luck on its side.

In the semi-finals, the Indonesians had defeated India 4-0 after opening the scoring with a penalty kick in the 11th minute. India were not the same side again after the upsetting reverse. Noah got another fine goal against India—a rousing left-footer into the ceiling of the net. But Noah was not the only good striker in the Indonesian side. Nurhadi Suparmin was another forward with an equally deadly finishing skill.

In the other semi-final, which almost went out of the control of a lenient referee, Thailand edged out China by a single goal scored by Thanongsak Jakraraj, a tall full-back who swept into the attack to score with a left-footed shot into the far corner of the net

The gallant Chinese were visibly disappointed by their defeat The tour to Agra the previous day was not a wise thing to do, one of them thought They had returned about midnight The winning Indonesians also shared the same view. The Indonesian boys were allowed to go to the Taj Mahal by coach Pape only after he was told they would be back by six or seven o'clock. But they, too, came back to their hotel late at night

Sharing two goals in the losing semi-finalists' match, India and China were joint third. Fullmoon Pyrtuh scored for the home team in the third minute and Zhaoyang for the Chinese in the 27th.

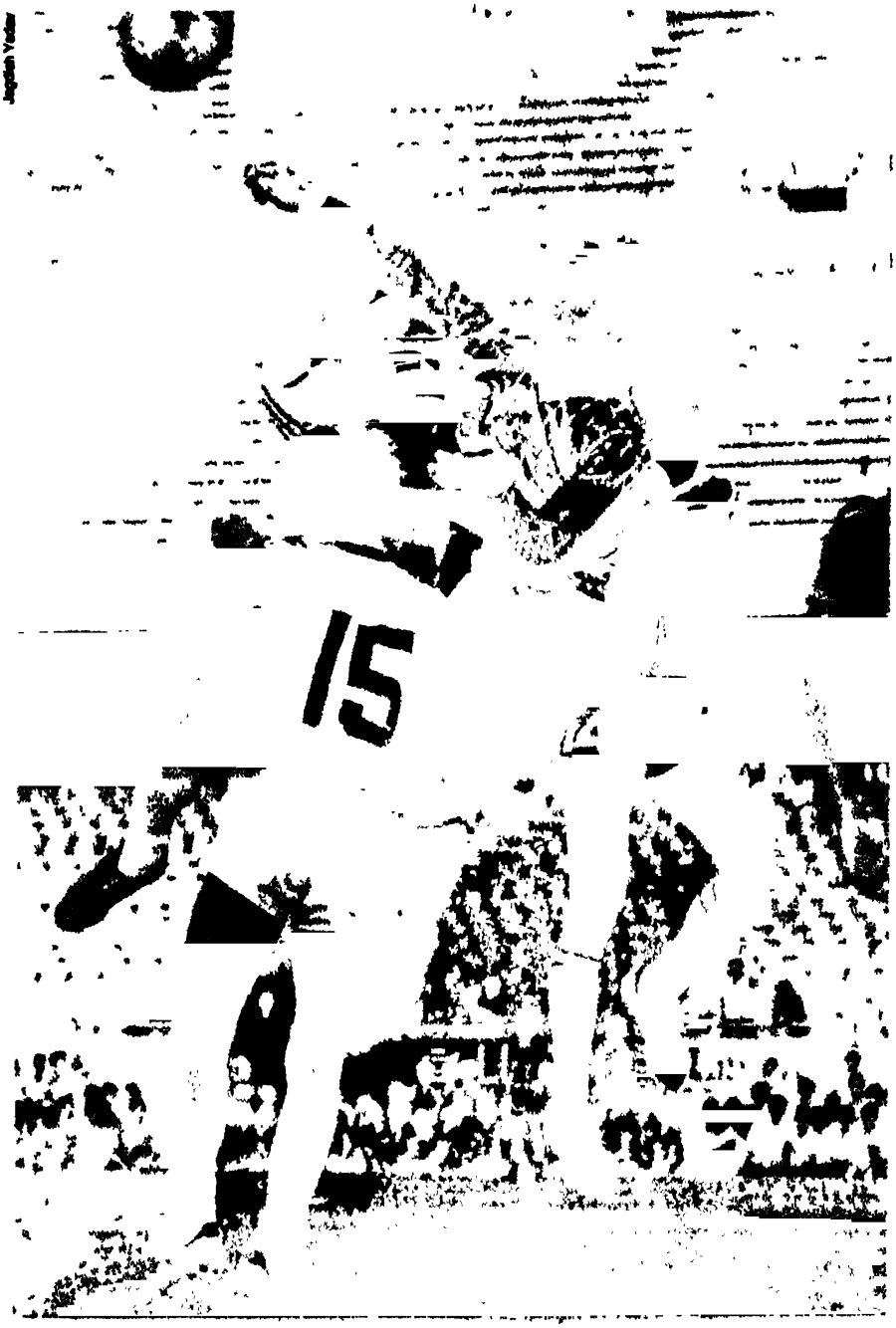
This was the first time the Chinese were taking part in the Asian Schools Football Tournament In fact, they were formally admitted to the Asian Schools Football Federation only this year. They had come to New Delhi after ten days combined practice at Beijing, according to their English-speaking team secretary Zhao Jianxiong. The Chinese boys, the youngest in the entire tournament, were picked from middle schools, the largest number—nine—of them from Shanghai. But wait. By now the world knows that when the Chinese take to anything they go about it seriously. Quick, short-term results are not their aim. They are laying a solid base for the game to achieve longer lasting results.

At the end of the tournament a committee of visiting coaches, with India's K.D. Thapar as convenor, picked 25 promising boys with the idea of inviting them for further coaching at the National Institute of Sports, Patiala, followed by a tour of the Indian States and maybe also a non-aligned country.

This was the second time in seven years that India had hosted the Asian schools tournament, the first time being Agra in 1977. Experts who had seen both the tournaments noted no significant improvement in Asian schools football standards since Agra. It is doubtful if the proposed coaching camp at Patiala will make any difference. What is needed is better organisation, and regular competition at all age levels, starting from six.

European coaches believe by the age of 14 a boy should have learnt everything about the game and left to himself to develop his football through competitive experience every weekend. But that can be done only by dedicated servants of the game with the outlook of professional organisers.

A Correspondent



Indonesian goalie John Henri thwarts a Thai attack in the final

Hearty Greetings to the participants and fans of Asian Cup Soccer tournament



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ROSSOGOLLA

The Das family gave Bengal its famous tradition of sweets Nobin Chandra Das of Baghbazar created the Rossogolla in the 19th Century. His son, K. C. Das, introduced the equally delectable Rossomalai early in this century. He also devised a process of canning Rossogollas so that the rest of the world could savour Bengal's speciality. K. C. Das Private Ltd was incorporated in 1946 and has continued the tradition of innovation and introduced a special range of sweets for the Diabetics

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Sri Guru Tegh Bahadur Khalsa College, Delhi

Glory, at last

It had been a long wait for Khalsa College Since 1966 the institution had not won the women's table tennis title in the inter college championship But this year the trio of Lajpal Kaur Neelam Sethi and Avinash Kaur struck a deadly combination to re gain glory for the college

Leading the Khalsa triumph was Lajpal who is a second year BA (pass) student Her attraction to the sport came from watch ing her brother play In 1978, she was the State sub junior champion and a couple of years later she represented Delhi in the Bangalore and Palghat Nationals Lajpal was rank ed No 2 in the girls sec tion but the last Delhi Nationals saw her partici pate in the senior section

Lajpal received her initial training from NIS coach Thiruvengadam Presently, she is receiving her lessons from Balbir Singh

Neelam is a second year B Com (Hons) student who started her TT while vaca tioning in Musoorie While studying in the Ramjas Public School, she picked up the game quickly within two years under the gui dance of Balbir Singh.



Lajpal Kaur

Avinash, who was a for mer sub-junior No 2 took to the game only a few years back,

ASHWANI KAPOOR, the 19 year old glovesman from Khalsa College, is a third year BA (pass) stu dent, who was in the Delhi Ranji Trophy squad for the final against Bombay last year This year too he has found a place in the Ranji team and looks all set to make his first class debut

Born on 30 June, 1965, Ashwani was initially a good medium pacer while study ing in the Bal Bharti Air Force School But realising that his chances in the school team were slim as a medium pacer only, he be gan to wear the gloves in class 12 and, within a short time he was doing a good job behind the wickets.

His entry into the Delhi squad for the Vijay Mer chant Trophy in 1979-80 was interesting Initially, he was not selected but on his coach, Gurcharan Singh s request to the selectors, he found a place in the team and justified his position with a pleasing dis play which found his name in the North Zone list

As an opening batsman, he made his mark with an impressive 92 against Haryana and 40 against Punjab in the final of the 81-82 Cooch Behar Tro phy His performances earned him a place in the North Zone squad and in the inter-zonals, Ashwani notched up a brilliant 106 against Central Zone.

He improved with each appearance. He had two centuries in the CK Nayudu Trophy in 1983-84.

Vijay Lokapally



RICHIE BENAUD

ONE OF THE GREATEST ALL-ROUNDERS THAT AUSTRALIA HAS PRODUCED HE SCORED OVER TWO THOUSAND RUNS IN TESTS AND TOOK 248 WICKETS A MAGNIFICENT CLOSE-IN FIELDER, THE STRENGTH OF HIS BATTING LAY IN HIS DRIVING AND HIS SENSE OF CHALLENGE AND WILL TO ATTACK BUT IT WAS AS A LEG-BREAK BOWLER THAT BENAUD TOUCHED THE GREATEST HEIGHTS



HE WAS THE LAST GREAT AUSTRALIAN SPINNER

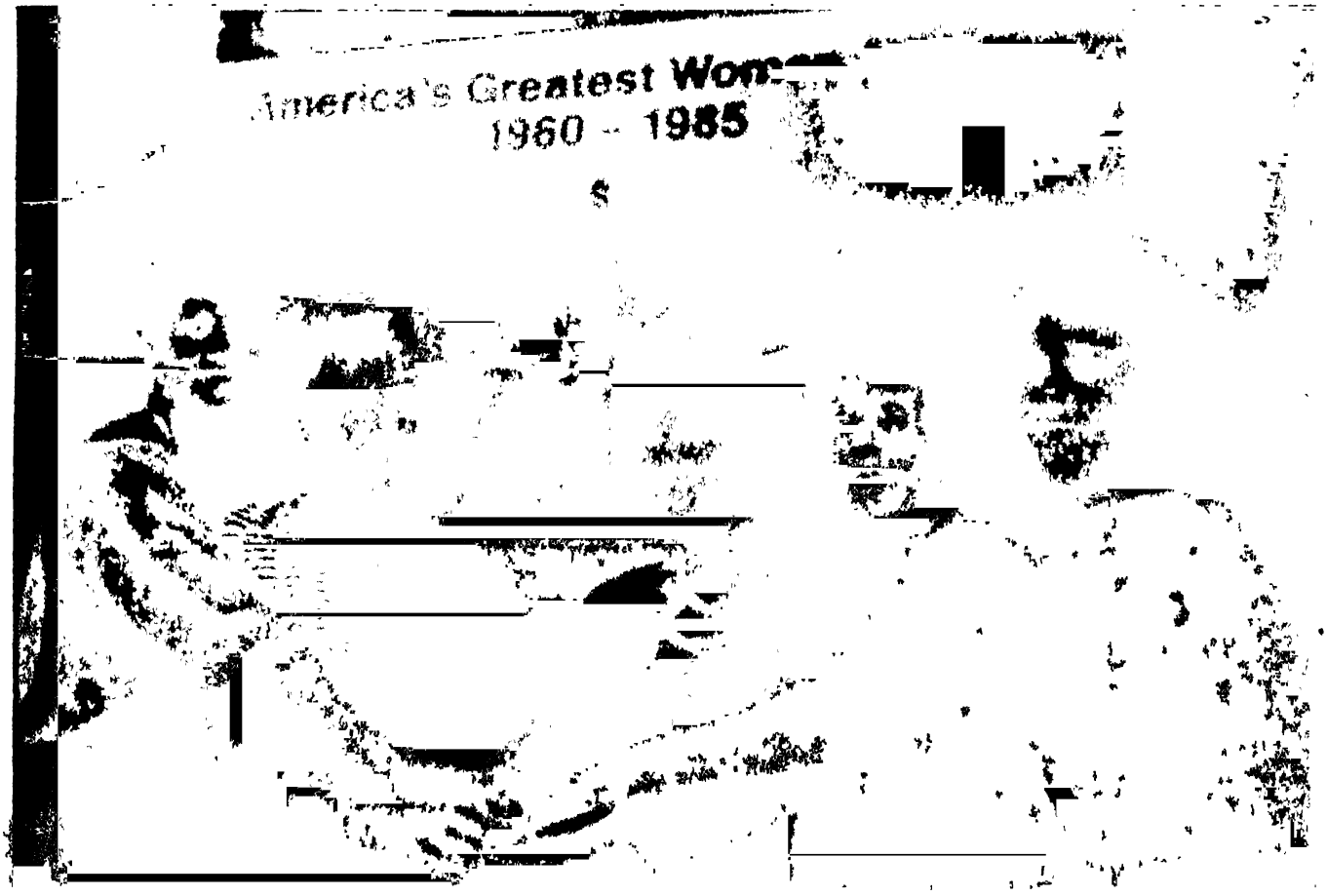
Illustrations Subrata Gangopadhyay

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

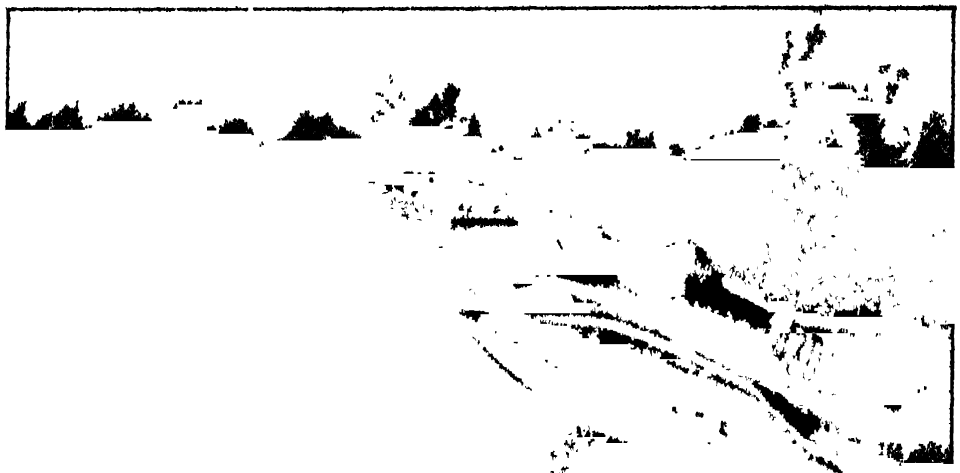
STATUTORY WARNING CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH



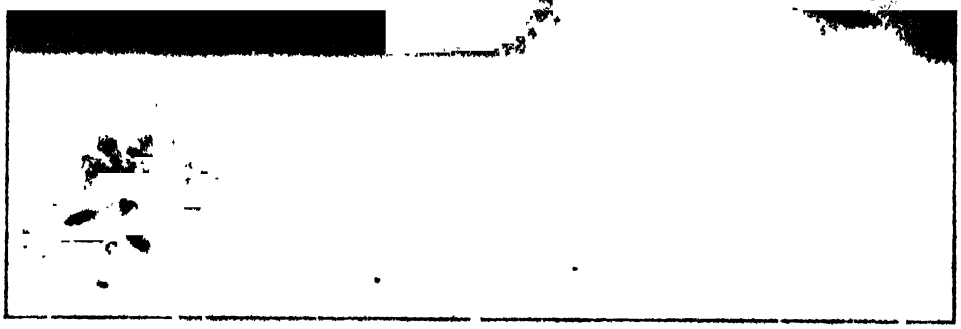
Romania's Marciana Puica, winner of the New York 5th Avenue Mile run, poses with Great Britain's Wendy Sly (right), who finished second and Christina Boxer, also from Britain



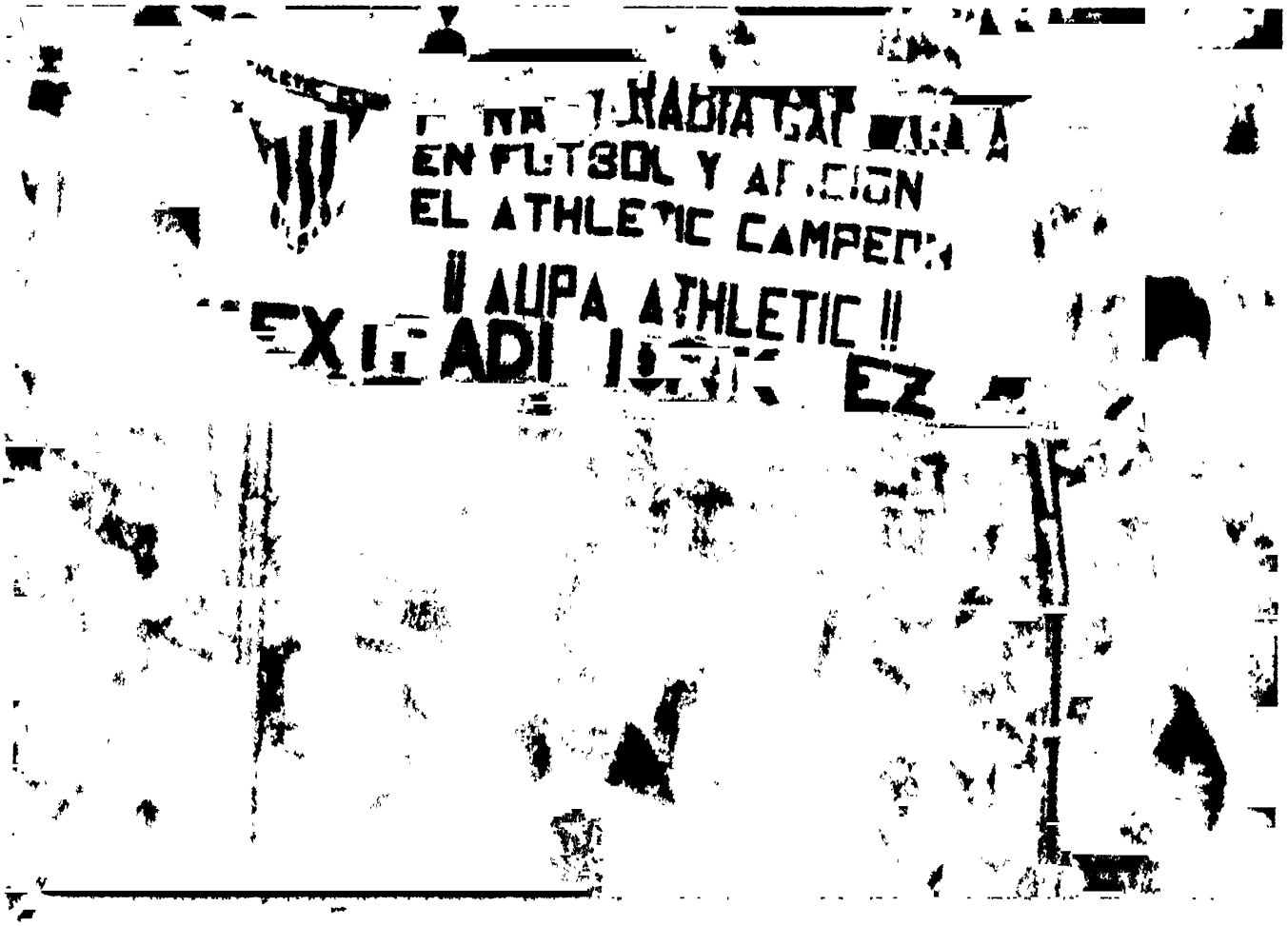
The following women were nominated for the title of the greatest American woman athlete of the past twenty-five years, sponsored by the Women's Sports Foundation. From left are Wilma Rudolph, Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert-Lloyd, Billie Jean King and Mary Decker



Keith Hagedorn, 24, of Victoria escaped with minor bruises after he was hurled out of his drag boat when it flipped backward while travelling at 160 km/hour in a race in Vancouver, Canada.



Supporters of the Spanish Club, Athletic de Bilbao, protest the extradition of eight suspected Basque terrorists, during the European Soccer Champions Cup match



6 October Ravi Shastri scores a fluent 102 but cannot prevent the Australians from beating India in the last one day international at Indore.

Anatoly Karpov takes a 4-0 lead over Gary Kasparov in the world chess title contest. He wins the ninth game at Moscow.

7 October Alain Prost of France has a start to finish lead to win the European Grand Prix for Formula I cars at Nurburgring, West Germany.

Mats Wilander wins the $225,000 Count of Good tennis tournament at Barcelona. He beats fellow-Swede Joachim Nystrom 7-6,6-4,0-6,6-2 to make it a hat-trick in this particular tournament.

Vijay Amritraj and Sherwood Stewart win the world men's doubles challenge title beating Australia's Paul McNamee and Kim Warwick 6-4,6-1,7-5 at Melbourne.

8 October Ayako Okamoto of Japan notches up a final round score of 77 to win the $200,000 British Women's Open golf championship by a comfortable 11 strokes.

Australia end their tour in India with yet another win, this time over Bombay. They rattle up the required 191 runs with ease to win by five wickets.

Luis Pongoh of Indonesia stifles a late surge by England's Darren Hall to win 15-4,15-13 and annex the men's singles title in the Scottish badminton championships.

9 October India's veteran tennis maestro Ramanathan Krishnan is handed a 1-6, 1-6 drubbing by Mal Anderson of Australia in the quarter finals of the $35,000 Grand Masters tennis tournament at Toronto.

Vijay Amritraj moves into the third round of the Australian indoor tennis championship edging past John Fitzgerald of Australia 6-4,7-6. Meanwhile at Tokyo, Ramesh Krishnan advances into the third round of the Japan Open tennis tournament with an easy 6-0, 6-1 win over Ken Flach of USA.



John 'The Beast' Mugabi, a middleweight boxer from Uganda, seems to be emphasising that he is *numero uno*. He was to meet Mike 'Nino' Gonzalez of the United States in a 10 round contest at Wembley Arena

10 October India and China share the third place in the Asian Schools Football tournament at New Delhi.

Asif Iqbal announces that the first Rothmans One-Day International cricket competition will be held from 22 to 29 March 1985 at Sharjah. India, Pakistan, England and Australia will comprise the field.

11 October Indonesia beat Thailand by the solitary goal to win the 13th Asian International schools tournament.

Pele, the soccer wizard from Brazil, announces that he will be standing for presidency of Brazil. He says that his dream is to be the first black president of Brazil.

12 October Clive Lloyd and Wes Hall tender their apologies for having critisised the umpiring during the Ahmedabad Test last winter.

India crash to yet another defeat, this time to Pakistan. They win the first one day international at Quetta by 46 runs.

India win the 1984 World Cup Asian Zone golf qualifying competition at the Pacific Harbour Golf Course in the Fiji Islands.

13 October The Indian Test cricketer K. Srikkanth is the victim of a cruel joke as some prankster rings up his house in Madras and informs that he is to join the Indian team to Pakistan immediately. Srikkanth flies to Bombay just to find that there really was no need for him.

Morten Frost of Denmark shuttles his way past a fighting Han Jian of China 15-7, 18-15 to win the British Badminton Master's tournament at Portsmouth.

Top man of his profession at the age of 20

You could hardly call it a 'sport' with him, since he worked at it all day, every day

BACK in the fifties, the unrivalled hero of the snows was a handsome Austrian six-footer, Toni Sailer, a part-time actor and ski instructor.

He won a record number of seven Olympic titles.

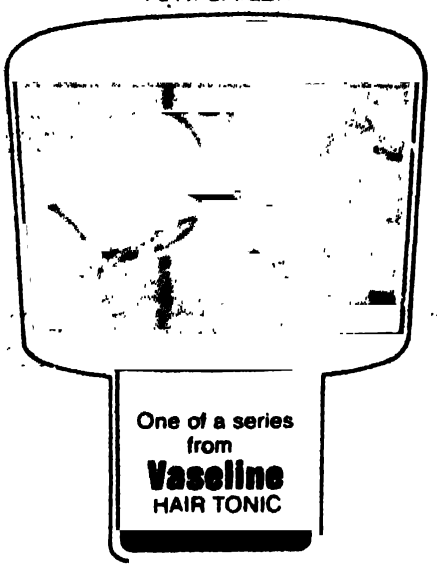
Sailer was born on November 17 1935, the son of a plumber in Kitzbuehel. His father, who had been an international skier, gave him a pair of skis for his second birthday.

Skiing is one of the most popular sports in Austria, and most boys take it up at some time.

Sailer was 10 when he won his first downhill race.

The Austrians call up their most promising young skiers for special training each year, and in 1952, at the age of 17, Sailer was recruited to the cadre.

TONI SAILER



Broken leg

His hopes of international fame were dashed when he broke a leg racing in fog on the fifth day, and he had to sit out the rest of the season.

The secret of skiing is to go slow enough not to fall, yet fast enough to win. The highest speed ever attained on skis is about 109 mph, but the average speed in downhill racing is around 50 mph.

If you fall at that speed, the possibility of sustaining a broken leg is fairly strong. Hence the reluctance of the top men to go faster than they must.

Hidden ice can always be a trap, even for the most experienced performers.

The next year Sailer had recovered and was back in training with the Austrian team. He represented his country in several international races.

Skiers are supposed to be amateurs, but even in those days the top men were paid handsome expenses and 'starting money'. In effect, they were professionals. So Sailer had no worries about money.

Hard work in the training camp made him fitter and more skilled than any of his rivals and when the 1956 Winter Olympics came round at Cortina, he was ready to take on and beat the best.

Made history

He made history by winning four titles—for the slalom, the giant slalom and the downhill race. He also won the non-Olympic Alpine Combination.

In the downhill race most of the other competitors fell on sheet ice but Sailer was untroubled by the conditions.

At the age of 20 he was the top man in his profession. (You could hardly call it a 'sport' with him, since he worked at it all day, every day).

Sailer was different from most other skiers of his day in that he was tall—just under six feet—and weighty—around 12 stone.

He said his weight was an aid to speed, though it made things more dangerous when he came to negotiate the 70 gates in the slalom.

He was confident of his ability and able to relax when it was all over. 'You need luck', he would say. 'You mustn't have bad luck. If you fall once or twice you get a complex...and you can injure yourself severely.'

'It's a tense business. You worry, especially if you're the favourite.'

Record bag

In the next Winter Olympics, the handsome, rugged Sailer won the three major titles—downhill, giant slalom and combined—again.

His bag of Olympic titles stood as a record.

The offers poured in. He accepted a part in a German film.

'The Ski King' was doing so well financially that doubts were raised about his amateur status.

He had done it all, and there was nothing else to do. He was not to take part in another Olympics, although he would have only been 32 when the next Olympics came round.

Skiers are usually at their best in their late twenties. Sailer undoubtedly had the style and ability to go on as long as he wanted. But there were other things for him to do, other worlds to conquer.

He had shown his sport a new style, a new peak to emulate. The slopes didn't dictate to him: he dictated to them.

However many champions come and go, his feats will never be forgotten in the sport he did so much to popularise.

Steve Douglas

Deep down care for real looking hair.



Fit Brits

Running back to health

'COIN A Slogan Fit For Britain' said an advertisement in the British dailies almost four months ago. This was part of a campaign launched by the Health Education Council for the seventh National Fun Run.

The National Fun Run is the biggest running event in Britain and is aimed at promoting a positive health message.

Over 10,000 entries poured in and many of them were very akin to the sample slogan that had been given by the Council, 'Be A Fit Brit'. In fact, the Health Education people were already in the process of developing their own line into 'I'm A Fitter Briton' when the judges decided to settle for something much simpler.

The winner was Brenda Reader of Bramhope, Leeds whose line 'It's Fun to be Fit' was opted as the one that will be used by the Health Council. Mrs. Reader is a freelance graphic design artist specialising in calligraphy and in producing corporate logos. She used these abilities to express the pleasure she and her husband have got in recent years from yoga, jogging and cycling.

John Struthers of Glasgow was judged second with 'The Zest of Health' and Denise Fox of Cowling, West Yorkshire was third with 'Come To Life'.

But 'Fun Run' is not all for fun only. In the men's 19-22 years section, the race, run around the Hyde Park course, will be very fast. The man to watch being Ikem Billy. Billy is barely 20 and has clocked faster times for the 800m than Coe, Ovett or Cram ever did at this age.

An Unusual Obstruction

Quite an embarrassment too

ZHU JIANHUA, the Chinese world high jump record holder is so thin that he has often been compared to a chopstick or even a noodle. But recently, at an athletic meet in Shanghai, Jianhua had the embarrassment of an oversize backside between him and a new world record.

The 22-year-old Chinese wonder boy came to Shanghai with his loss to Gerd Wessig of East Germany just three days earlier at Nanking fresh in his mind. But, here in front of his home crowd, Jianhua was in his element and kept flipping himself over the bar with comparative ease.

An exponent of the Fosbury Flop, Jianhua uses a football as part of his training regimen. He uses his long legs to propel himself off the ground and tries to raise his knee as high as possible to meet a football that has been thrown high into the air. With this type of training it is not surprising that he cleared 2.3 metres easily while Wessig, having struggled to get past 2.27m, could not manage it. On his third attempt, Jianhua cleared 2.35 and then started gunning for the world record.

The bar was set at 2.4 metres, one centimetre higher than his world record, as Jianhua started his fast angled run. He managed to clear the bar with his shoulders and even lifted his hips out of harm's way but an ususual obstruction intervened and tipped the bar off its pegs.

The unusual obstruction was his recently acquired oversize backside.

Too Late

By ten years

THE Olympic Stadium in Munich was treated to some glimpses of the past when the two teams that clashed in the 1974 World Cup final, West Germany and Holland, met in an international match. In 1974 the Germans had won 2-1.



Franz Beckenbauer

More of an exhibition match than anything else, this jubilee match had all the players from the '74 match except Johan Neeskens of Holland who couldn't make it. The rest of them were there, albeit with thicker waistlines and receding hairlines, but the talent still showed through in patches. The Dutch had Johan Cruyff, Krol, van Hanagem and Haen. The Germans had Franz Beckenbauer, Sepp Maier, Muller and Overath.

It rained all through the game and the field was more suited to waterpolo when these greats clashed after ten long years. Inspite of all the years and the slushy pitch, Beckenbauer showed that he is still the lean, strong player that he was then. He was the star of the show and exhibited some fine passing.

Eventually, Johan Cruyff scored to give the Dutch victory. But it was ten years too late.

Tarnished Idols

Will a coat of polish do?

HERO worship always maintains the hero as he was in his prime. The image that is etched in the minds of the fan is of the idol in his heyday, and if ever they do see these idols in their later years, the impact can be shattering. But that rarely happens as fans always keep their hero frozen in time.

But these heroes are as mortal as the rest of us. They are as prone to weakness and illness as us but these do seem to affect the greats more than it affects the mortals.

Muhammad Ali is suffering from Parkinson's disease and is half the man he used to be. Lev Yashin, the legendary soccer goalkeeper from the Soviet Union, had to have a leg amputated. Per Roentved, former soccer captain of Denmark, has been hospitalised with a blood clot in his leg.

All these stars took the news of their illness in their stride, but the worst affected was Ruben Sune, the skipper of the Boca Juniors soccer team who won the South American Club Cup in 1977 and '78. He was suffering from acute depression and is presently undergoing treatment at a hospital after a suicide attempt. Sune tried to jump off the seventh floor of an apartment block.



"I KNOW YOU WERE INJURED LAST WEEK, BUT I'M THE COACH AND I SAY YOU WEAR REGULATION GEAR!"



"WAIT'LL YOU SEE MY NEW CANNON BALL SERVE!"



"IT'S SHOOTING A LITTLE HIGH!"

Shooting Star

HOLLAND: A Dutch woman had a landmark achievement during a recent international women's hockey match against Belgium which her team won by 4 goals to nil. Fieke Boekhorst became the first woman player in the history of the game to shoot 100 goals in international competition. Fieke who is a defender, has scored most of her goals from penalty corners. How about hiring her to play for our men's team?

Spectators' Prize Catch

BOMBAY: Wonder why no one thought of it before. We've all heard of prizes for players, but St. Peter's Youth Association who're hosting the St. Peter's football tournament have decided to award prizes to spectators who sportingly congregate in large groups to watch the week-end matches and mind their manners and their tongue. They'll get cups, not cops.

Finishing Line

YOU are growing old when... You're 17 around the neck, 42 around the waist, and 110 around the golf course.

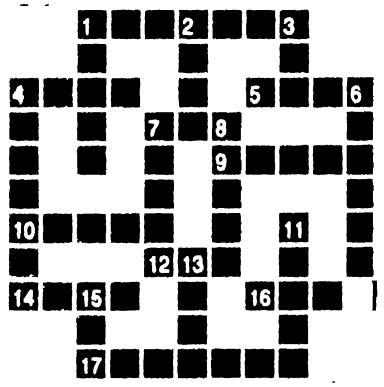
Bernie Tellis



CROSSWORD

Mudar

250



ACROSS

1. The queen of the 3000m race? But she tripped (1,6)
4. India's sporting Umrigar, but not Polly (4)
5. He had many a 'stirling' drive to his credit (4)
7. One of the ways a boxer can lose a fight (1,1,1)
9. Somerset bowler, also called 'Farmer' captained England between the Wars He wasn't too colourful a character, that's evident from his name anyway (5)
10. A Sikh in international hockey might not necessarily be playing for India, but? (5)
12. 'This' Taylor is no wicket-keeper but a bowler. He toured SouthAfrica and is currently under a ban (3)
14. Bjorn Borg's middle name (4)
16. 'Rugs' for an international tennis star (4)
17. One-time heavyweight boxing champion sounds heavy in the middle (1,6)

DOWN

1. She caused a furore at Wimbledon by appearing in lace panties (5)
2. One of the components of a cricket ball (4)
3. What an Australian cricketer is often termed, albeit contractedly (3)
4. Cricketing entrepreneur (1,6)
6. Greville to cricket, Greer to tennis (7)
7. Children often bowl this ball before the start of an innings (5)
8. Winner of four golds at the Berlin Games of 1936 (5)
11. Miss Joseph of Indian athletics does not quite have a devilish stort (1,4)
13. The Gardens where you would go to watch cricket in Calcutta (4)
15. Implement used to herald the start of an athletics race, comes up (3)

Excellent: 19-18, Good: 17, Fair: 16.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

Given below are (A) the names of the ten Olympic gold medallists and (B) their autobiographies Pair correctly

A

(1) Dawn Fraser
(2) Mary Peters
(3) Jesse Owens
(4) Peter Snell
(5) Murray Halberg
(6) Vyacheslav Ivanov
(7) Christopher Finnegan
(8) Yuri Vlasov
(9) Betty Cuthbert
(10) Judy Grinham

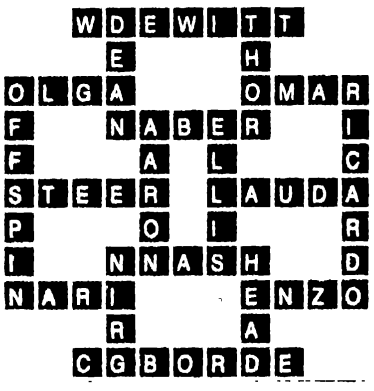
B

(1) No bugles, no drums
(2) Water babe
(3) A clean pair of heels
(4) Conquering yourself
(5) Mary P
(6) Winds of Olympic lakes
(7) I have changed
(8) Finnegan Self-portrait of a fighting man
(9) Below the surface
(10) Golden Girl

ANSWERS

A1-B9
A2-B5
A3-B7
A4-B1
A5-B3
A6 B6
A7-B8
A8-B4
A9-B10
A10 B2

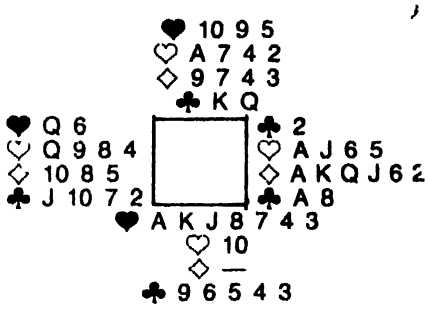
SOLUTION 258



BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

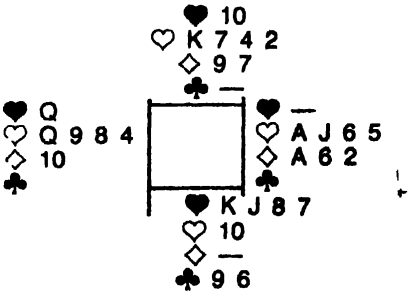
A correspondent asks whether women are allowed to play in the open event at the European Championship. Oh yes we have always had Women's Lib Dimmie Fleming played for Britain at Helsinki in about 1953, I remember. (My partner said it would be too cold, and we were passed over) John and Lida Hulgaard used to play regularly for Denmark and I have a note of this hand:



In the closed room, the Danish East-West lost 50 in five diamonds This was the bidding on Rama, where the Hulgaards were North-South against Holland

South	West	North	East
—	—	—	2D
3S	pass	4S	pass
pass	5D	pass	pass
5S	pass	pass	pass

Well bid all round South ruffed the diamond lead, lost a club to the ace, and won the trump return After a club to the queen, a diamond ruff, and a club ruff, the position was:



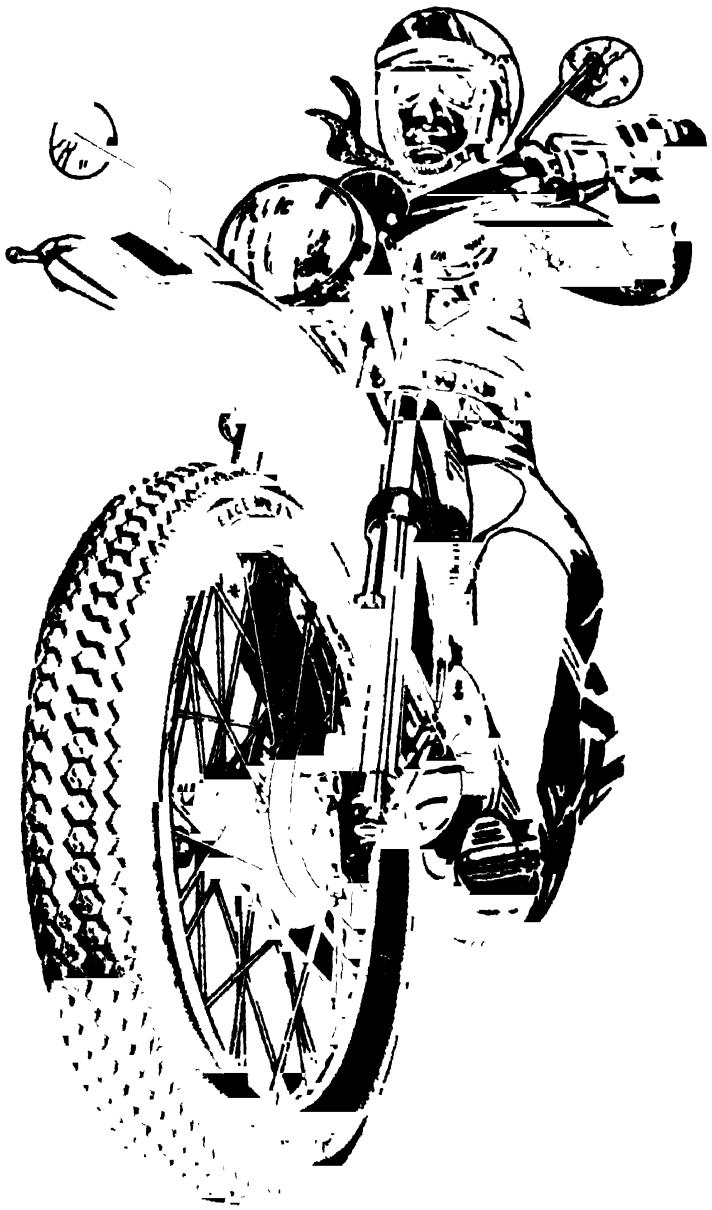
Now declarer led the king of hearts from the table, which both prevented West from gaining the lead to play a second trump and averted the danger of a trump promotion on the fourth round of diamonds.

This week's quiz: What is the best play for four tricks with this combination:
K J 6 5 2 A 9

Answer: Finessing the 9, as against ace and finesse of the jack, gains when Noth holds Q x. All the other possibilities, such as Q 10 x x opposite x x, balance out equally.

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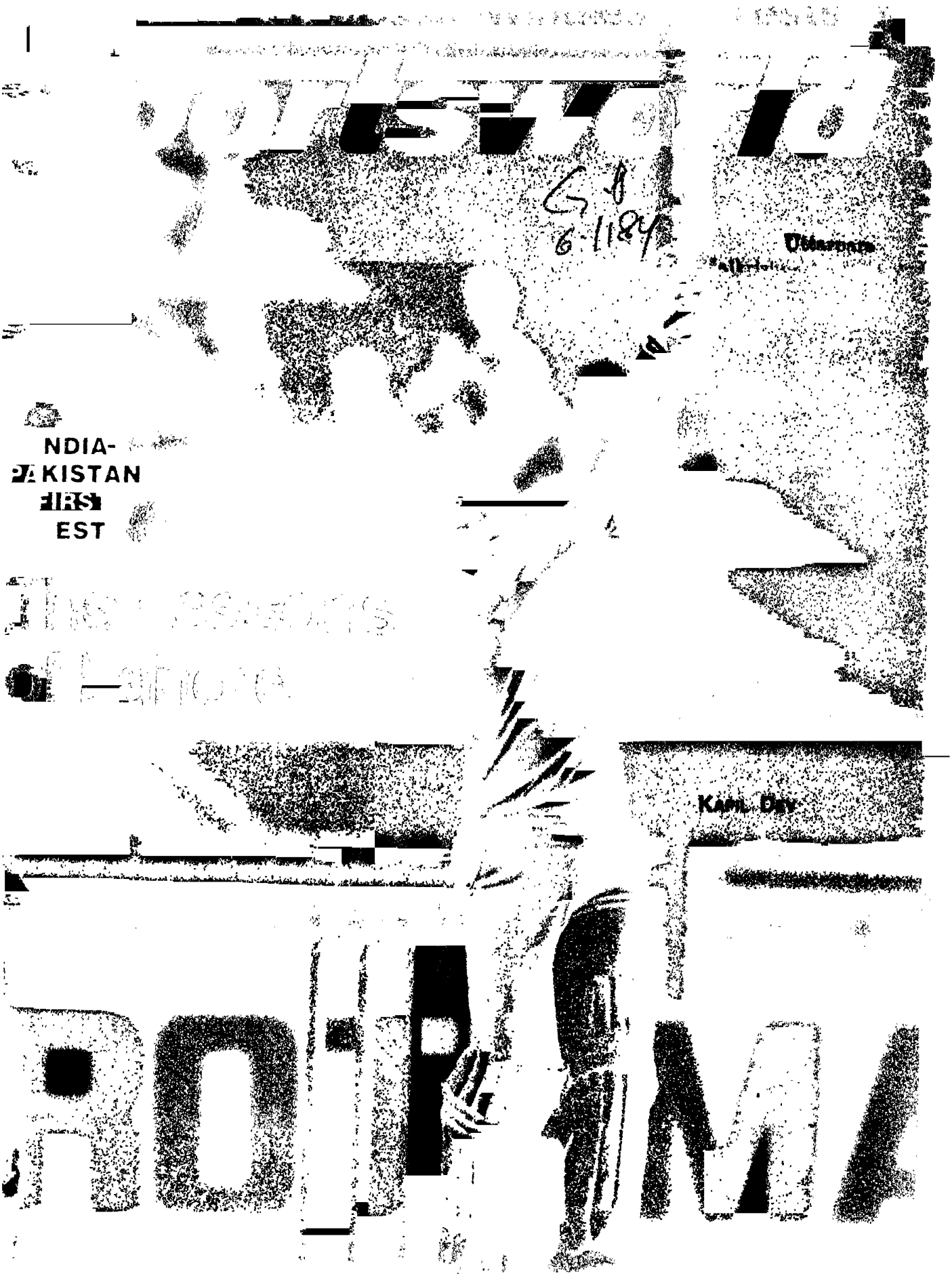
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Sportsworld

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Eleventh hour gallantry

Mudar Patherya reports on how India came close to losing the First Test of the current series only to be rescued by gallant performances from Mohinder Amarnath and Ravi Shastri

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A tragic situation

"ONE's heart melts, when one goes through the article on the ordeal of veteran football players like M. Kanaiyan who dedicated their life to football and brought laurels to the country (*Sportsworld* Sept. 26—Oct. 2)

Thus, these football players are sailing in the same boat like Ex-serviceman and renowned Olympic hockey goalkeeper Laxman whose status after retirement is reduced to shambles. As a result, Laxman didn't even encourage his son to take up hockey. If we don't pay much attention to the welfare of our players, how can we expect the best out of them?

Today, in India, we have instances of our National football and hockey players sleeping on railway platforms or being lodged in a common hall of an educational institution where the tournament is being held.

On the contrary, our cricket players are provided Five-star hotel accommodation and travel by plane within the country. To top that, each and every retired cricketer has pocketed enormous amounts from their benevolent matches besides their usual Test income and costly and glamorous gifts. No one grudges them for this.

But, at the same time, let us not disappoint the retired veteran football and hockey players and make them frustrated and penurious. It is only by providing financial security that our sportsmen will be able to give off their best and more and more talented people will take to sport as a career.

PUNYAMURTULA. V. PRASAD RAO,
Bombay.

Well-deserved

AFTER a very long time, Mr. Ciric Milovan the chief coach has selected a well-deserved player like Subrata Bhattacharjee as stopper for the present Indian team.

I also convey my heartiest congratulations to Sudeep Chatterjee for being selected as the captain of the team. I trust that the Indian team will keep up the country's prestige when it plays in tournaments abroad.

P. STEPHEN,
Trichy.

A prayer

THRICE National T.T. Champion V. Chandrasekhar of Madras is seriously ill from the complications following a knee operation. It is tragic to know that he is on the verge of death. I offer my prayers to Lord Ramakrishna for his recovery.

AVIJIT CHATTERJEE,
Burdwan.

Professionalism

IN the recently-concluded one-day series, what has been most striking is the professional approach adopted by Kim Hughes and his team.

In contrast, the Indian team seemed to play with no intention to win. The players seldom took singles and couples, so very essential in one-day cricket.

SHYAMAL GUPTA,
Burdwan.

Pathetic

THE performance of the Indian cricket squad in the limited-over International against the Australians was utterly pathetic. Our team has been convincingly beaten in all the departments of the game.

Our batting was amateurish; our bowling was lacklustre and above all, our fielding was lackadaisical. The World Champions exhibited a disgraceful brand of cricket as they even failed to put up a semblance of a fight against the Aussies who are certainly not invincible.

India, by performing frivolously, frittered away the advantage of playing in home conditions.

SABUJ SEN,
Calcutta.

Confident

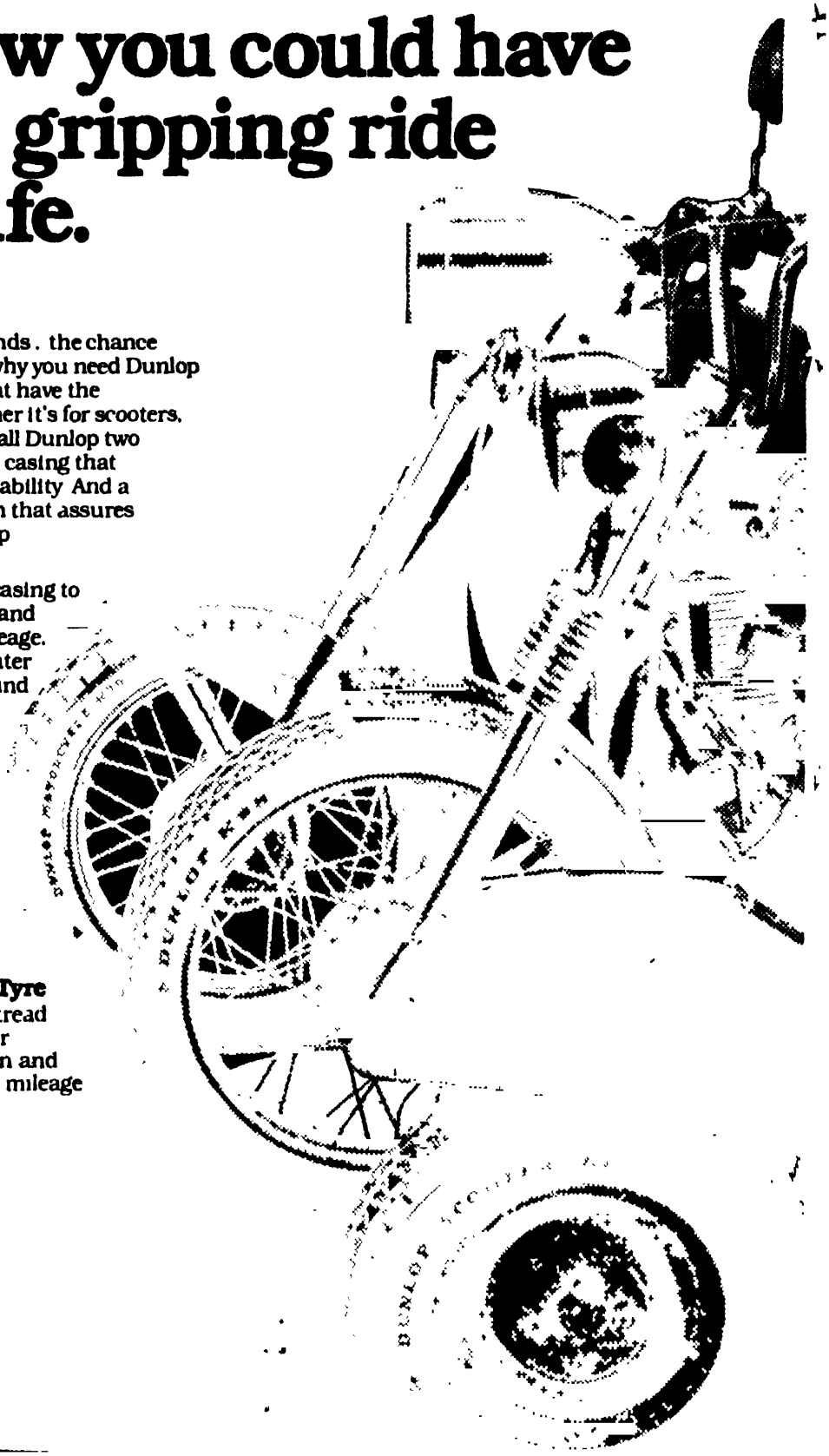
CHRIS EVERT-LLOYD is confident that she has not lost her sharpness and so, she will not cease her efforts to beat Martina Navratilova.

Recently, she defeated Martina in an exhibition match in California and that is a very good sign that she is getting better and better since it was her first victory over Martina since December 1981.

Here's hoping that Evert-Lloyd carries on improving so that she will become a strong competitor in the near future once again.

S. HUSSAIN,
Dibrugarh.

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ACCORDING to many Indian players, the most difficult tour to undertake is to Pakistan. This has little to do with the actual cricket, though initially it does seem strange to play in front of a crowd (however sparse) which in most places is responsive solely to its own. It is the total lack of social life, the inability to move freely, which is depressing. Outside every room there are carbine-toting guards, and one wonders whether all the elaborate security is really necessary. But it is obviously better to be safe than sorry.

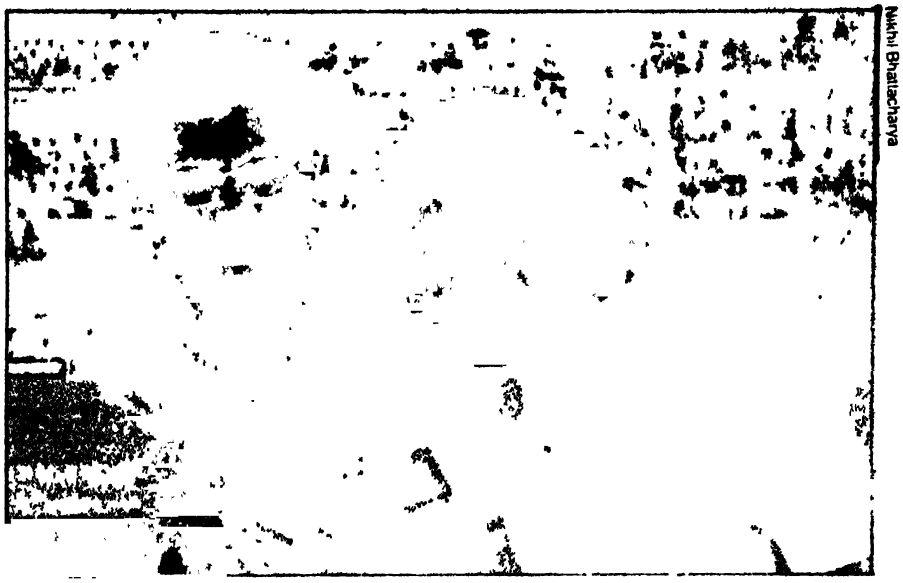
The team often finds itself entirely isolated and can only look to itself for relaxation and amusement. While those who have not experienced this situation may believe that this will bring a feeling of togetherness, it in fact is the quickest route to boredom.

This is presumably one reason why the selection committee has opted for those players who have already toured Pakistan, or who are mature enough to cope with a novel situation, and reserved the potential of players like Ashok Patel and Azharuddin. They will be introduced to Test cricket in a less restrictive atmosphere. One can hardly fault the selectors for this policy, nor can one blame them if the more experienced bat without the responsibility expected of them.

However well Hafeez may have bowled, he is still not able to bring the ball back. Shastri will naturally disagree with this view but he was the victim of luck more than good management by the bowler. All Hafeez had to help him achieve those enviable figures was a slow wicket with a slightly inconsistent, though by no means disconcerting bounce, and all he did was to slant the ball across the batsmen and wait for an indiscretion.

These have always been sound tactics against the Indians, and once again they paid dividends. Zaheer Abbas had already demonstrated that it needed the patience of Job to score heavily on this wicket, but this example, with the rare exception, went unheeded.

To save the match—or at least some unnecessary embarrassment—India needed to save the follow on, and as Gavaskar and Vengsarkar consolidated, there seemed no imminent danger. This may have made the later order a little complacent, and the crisis was on them almost before anybody realised it.



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Acrimony followed the Lahore toss

To be bowled out on this wicket within 75 overs was indeed shameful, and to atone for it India will have to bat in the next two Tests with all the will and determination at her disposal; she will also require her share of luck.

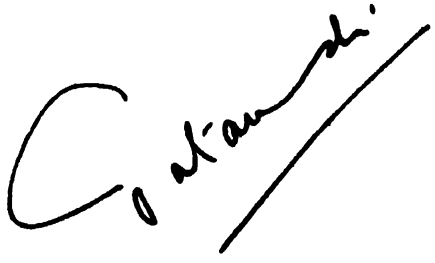
Well, India did save the game, and it was Amarnath who has put it all back in the true perspective. This is that given these type of wickets, neither side should be able to bowl the other out, not if the batsmen are willing to play forward and straight, and, of course, if the umpires are prepared to accept that the right to be given the benefit of the doubt belongs to all batsmen.

(Umpiring controversies) cannot be resolved in Lahore or Delhi. They will have to be settled at the ICC. Neutral umpires are not the answer, for nobody can guarantee neutrality. Instead, there must be a panel of international umpires, screened and adjudged by an international committee as fit and competent to umpire in international matches.

The manager of the Indian team does not wish to open this issue to public debate, which is sensible, for these matters cannot be resolved in Lahore or Delhi.

They will have to be settled at the ICC. Neutral umpires are not the answer, for nobody can guarantee neutrality. Instead, there must be a panel of international umpires, screened and adjudged by an international committee as fit and competent to umpire in international matches.

This I believe is a practice followed in most other sports and there is no reason why it cannot be adopted now, even in the most traditional of all games.



On the brink of disaster

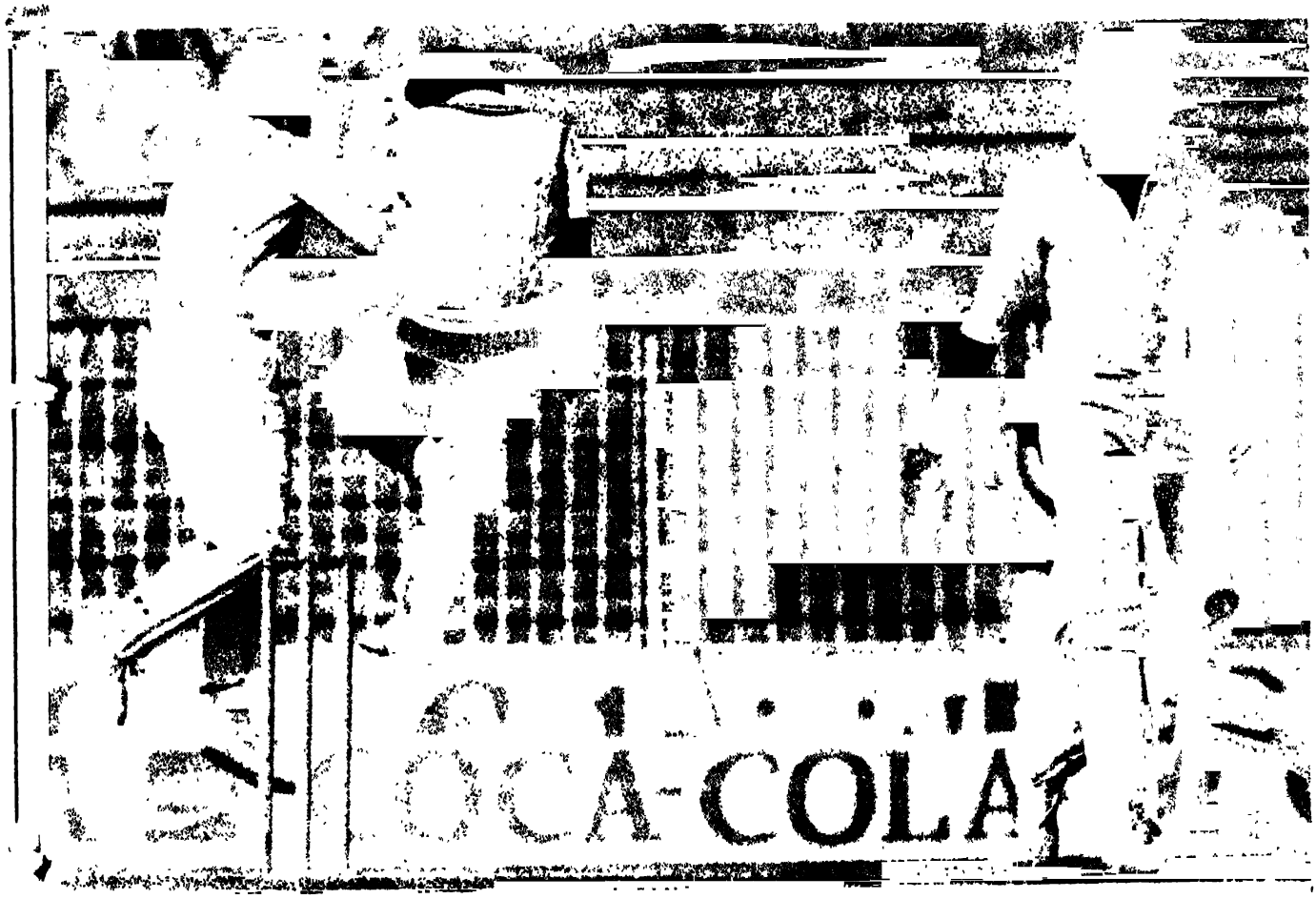
Photographs of the Lahore Test by **Nikhil Bhattacharya**



President Zia presents the special silver plaque to Gavaskar



The worst decision of the match. Gaekwad, padding up to Tauseef Ahmed, is given out, caught by Salim Malek at silly point



Hafeez and 'keeper Ashraf Ali jump for joy after combining to remove Ravi Shastri



Exuberance in the special stand reserved for ladies



Zaheer, en route to his glorious 168 not out, sets off for a quick single against Kapil



Chetan Sharma departs, bowled by Hafeez



Mohinder is congratulated after his catch to dismiss Javed Miandad



A pitch invader is led off the field by volunteers



The umpire ignores Maninder's appeal for a catch off Salim Malek during the latter's face-saving stand with skipper Zaheer Abbas

Eleventh Hour Gallantry

Mudar Patherya reports from Lahore

ONE shudders to think what might have happened without Mohinder Amarnath's second innings hundred.

Bouncing back from a string of failures, Amarnath's innings must go down as one of the more heroic pieces of batting seen in Indian cricket. Some time before the tour started, Gavaskar went on record as saying that he still considered Amarnath the best middle order batsman in the country and Amarnath's showing justified the confidence that had begun with his selection.

He survived an early chance on the last day but after that he was difficult to remove. In any other walk of life Amarnath would have been awarded a medal, for in his batting, along with Shastri's, one has seen the rejuvenation of morale in the Indian team.

Post mortems are bound to begin where they end: on the subject of the umpiring. One does allow a concession for some errors, broadly classified as "genuine human mistakes". But quite a few decisions in the course of this Test would have been challenged in any grade of cricket. There were six Indian lbw decisions till tea on the last day as compared to only one (Jalal) from the other side.

If the Indian team does not protest on this tour it will be solely due to the fact that the manager has made it clear he does not want to make an issue of the umpiring during the Tests.

All said and done, this is the price India shall have to pay for hosting the 1987 World Cup with Pakistan. Bite the bullet and suffer in silence.

The tempo during this Test may have been unimpressive and cricket not altogether spectacular, but wickets at regular intervals kept the interest sustained. Personally speaking only.

The effect of Pakistan's dramatic recovery was however lost on their millions. Hardly anyone turned up to watch. With India all out for 156 on the third day and, fighting to save the Test, a capacity crowd would have been a modest anticipation. Only 3,000 turned up. Had every vacant seat been occupied, and every occupied seat vacant, you would still have got the biggest Test crowd in Pakistan in six years.

Taking over as captain from Zaheer Abbas, who had injured his hand and stayed within, Miandad attacked strongly. At 92 he had two slips to Jalaluddin and when Hafeez was brought in for the 46th over, two slips and two gullies crouched expectantly. The scorebook recorded a little later: 'Vengsarkar c Ashraf Ali b Hafeez 41, Patil c Miandad b Hafeez 0.'

The umpiring, one must confess, also did its bit. Kapil Dev's lbw in the first innings was open to debate. But Binny's leg before decision was hard to take; he was so far down the wicket that you could have mistaken him for a non striker backing up too far.

In the second innings Gavaskar was given out leg before. While India's captain left slightly displeased, television replays did not immediately confirm anything. In Gaekwad's case later on, however, the re-run showed the impact as clearly off the pad.

That is not to excuse the Indian



The teams pose for an informal photograph with President Zia

Gavaskar's Unique Ton

SUNIL GAVASKAR became the fourth Test cricketer to play one hundred or more Tests at Lahore during the first Test. Lahore, somehow, seems to be fated for milestones during an India-Pakistan encounter. The last time the two countries met each other in 1982-83, Zaheer Abbas reached the hundredth century of his first class career at the venue.

The event predictably elicited admiration. President Mohammed Zia ul Huq presented Gavaskar with a salver, a carpet and a book on Pakistan. The Lahore City Cricket Association came up with a salver too. The Cricket Club of India (CCI) also presented him with a salver signed by Vijay Merchant. Gavaskar said that this would remain as one of his prized possessions, coming as it did from "India's greatest opening batsman."

The team members also responded likewise. It read: "Well Played Sunny! On Your 100th Test. With love." It was signed by the 15 members of the team, three team officials and presented by Kapil Dev.

"After we arrived in the dressing-room, all the members of the side were very appreciative and encouraging. They sang a song to wish me luck. It was all very touching," said Gavaskar.

At Gavaskar's request, the Pakistan President was present on the occasion. In fact, Gavaskar remarked that his losing the toss was a disguised blessing as "I may not have been able to meet him had we been batting."

Playing 100 Tests is a great achievement. Gavaskar is presently the scorer of the most Test runs with other world records also to his name. The day is, perhaps, not far off when greatness shall be judged in terms of his achievements. There are few records that Gavaskar has not surpassed.

Respect for Gavaskar is not only limited to India. Pakistanis also feel that his achievements are a source of pride to the sub-continent.

batting. Only two more inept performances can be immediately summoned to memory: Against Pakistan at Hyderabad in 1982-83 and against the West Indies at Calcutta last winter. Both against better bowling sides. Some Indians batted as if they had gelatine spines. Sandeep Patil made zero and seven and the second innings contribution might have been even less, had he been given out lbw to Jalal before being eventually dismissed.

Vengsarkar's second innings dismissal was a mirror image of the first: driving without getting across and only succeeding in scratching behind. He made 11 and 28. Fine batsman though he is, in any army he would have been summoned and promptly consigned to the firing squad for gross—and repeated—negligence.

Pakistan won the toss and preferred first strike. This discretion appeared to be misguided at first when Mohsin was bowled for six and Mudassar caught Gavaskar 16, both to debutant Chetan Sharma. Six years ago almost to the very date, Kapil Dev was playing his first match for the country. And here in Lahore, as Sharma let out a yell of delight each time, Raj Singh's pre-match proclamation rang out even louder: "If there is any difference between this team and the one that toured in 1982-83, it is young Chetan Sharma.

Qasim Umar left for 46 at 100 but Sharma's dismissal of Miandad was, for me the delivery of the match. The ball reared from the good length spot with Miandad committing himself early and lobbing a catch, as he tried to stave it off, for Amarnath to take. The guillotine ball; it might have taken Miandad's face had he tried to stare at

Pakistan Board's Howlers

SELECTORIAL inconsistency and Pakistan cricket are synonymous. For the first Test Pakistan omitted Abdul Qadir and Sarfraz Nawaz, preferring to include Wasim Raja.

Raja had not been chosen in the 70 originally called for the Pakistan fitness camp. One of the reasons given for this, in the words of Haseeb Ahsan, Chairman of Pakistan's Board of Selectors was: "A combination comprising six batsmen, one wicket-keeper and four bowlers would be ideal."

Considering that the selectors felt that with Mohsin and Mudassar opening, Qasim Umar batting one drop, Miandad coming in at four, followed by Zaheer and Saleem Malek, there could be no room found for Raja.

For two months, while the camp lasted, Raja was ignored. Yet on the eve of the match Wasim Raja was included at the last minute. Haseeb Ahsan goofed it at this stage. Justifying his call-up, he said: "Raja does not need a camp."

Press backing for the players was very much in evidence. One of the letters in the *Pakistan Times* put it down as 'Glaring Favouritism' before adding: "Chief Selector, Haseeb Ahsan played only 12 Tests. He made only 61 runs in his 16 innings. As a bowler he took 37 wickets, conceding 1330 runs—the average being 49. It is also a well-known fact that his bowling action remained always controversial. Selector Shafqat Rana played just five Tests, scoring only 221 runs with an average of approximately 32. He also took one wicket at a personal cost of nine runs. The third selector, Yawar Saeed, did not play a single Test."



Chetan Sharma is congratulated on his dismissal of Mudassar

it a little longer.

It might have been 111 for five had Malek been run out by a Shastri throw. But the Indians had to wait till 195 for further success when Shastri had the last laugh with Malek caught and bowled for 45.

Next morning, Zaheer settled for penitence. Forty-four runs came in 120 minutes. It was cricket in slow motion. Zaheer's was a wearing-down innings; he scored 17 runs in two hours while Ashraf Ali inched to four in 110 minutes. Zaheer is reckoned to be one of the best stroke makers and I am sure he is. But on the evidence of his batting that day, anybody could have fooled me.

Lunch seemed to have inspired the Pakistanis. Zaheer drove Maninder for the first four of the day at exactly 12.47 pm and the sixth fifty of the innings came in 74 minutes. Zaheer, immediately after, was standing level with Hanif Mohammed's record of 12 centuries for Pakistan—356 minutes and 213 balls—while the 100 of the partnership came in 164 minutes.

Wasim Raja had fallen within ten minutes of the start before noon; by now it was mid afternoon and captain and 'keeper seemed to be trespassing on eternity.

Finally Ashraf Ali edged Gaekwad to Gavaskar for 64 at 354. But, by then, the match had been wrested out of India's clutches. The day ended with Pakistan at 428 for nine, Zaheer keeping an extended vigil worth 168 not out.

Pakistan declared without resuming. And the game, like every other time, presented a picture quite in contrast to what was to happen later.

Gaekwad could not get his bat down on a Jalal delivery at 7 while Vengsarkar and Gavaskar were fortunate to edge the same bowler without being caught in the slips. India lunched at 92 for for one off 35 overs. So far so good. Grafters, it looked, would inherit the match.

The pack of cards act followed soon after. Gavaskar was caught by Malek for 48, Vengsarkar nicked behind for 41, Patil was snapped up by Miandad before he could score while Shastri was trapped in front—all to Azeem Hafeez.

It might have been worse had Malek not floored Amarnath off the same bowler. Hafeez, at one stage, had four wickets in six balls. Cricket ran in for stormy weather after tea. Kapil Dev and Roger Binny were adjudged leg before, both disputed. The umpires, not Azeem Hafeez, appeared to be India's problem.

Kirmani looked like he was giving forward short leg some catching practice at 2 off Mudassar while Chetan Sharma played on to the same bowler for four. Amarnath's wicket for 36 at 156 was the last.

Following on, India did better in their second outing. Apart from one little hiccup, when Gaekwad was dropped by Ashraf Ali off Jalal, the going looked resolute. Eighty for no loss at lunch was proof of that.

Gavaskar in the second over after lunch was considered leg before to Jalal for 37. One has deliberately used 'considered'. The batsman felt that he had nicked it. Quite typically, Gavaskar's only comment on his return to the pavilion was: "I don't know whether to get angry."

Gaekwad was victim number two. He was given out, caught at silly point when he did not appear to have played the ball. The evidence of repeated replays were much to Shakoor Rana's detriment.

Vengsarker and Patil in quick succession after tea seemed to knock the wind out of Indian batting. India's only solace as they camped for the night was in Amarnath. He was not out with 28. India were 180 for four wickets.

For those who expected quick action, the last day turned out to be an anti-climax. Amarnath and Shastri defied the Pakistani bowling for the better part of the day and the spectre of defeat was finally overturned.

The shivers had been seen off, but it had been a close shave.

"We travel not for trafficking alone
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned
For lust of knowing what should not be known, we make the golden journey to Samarkand."

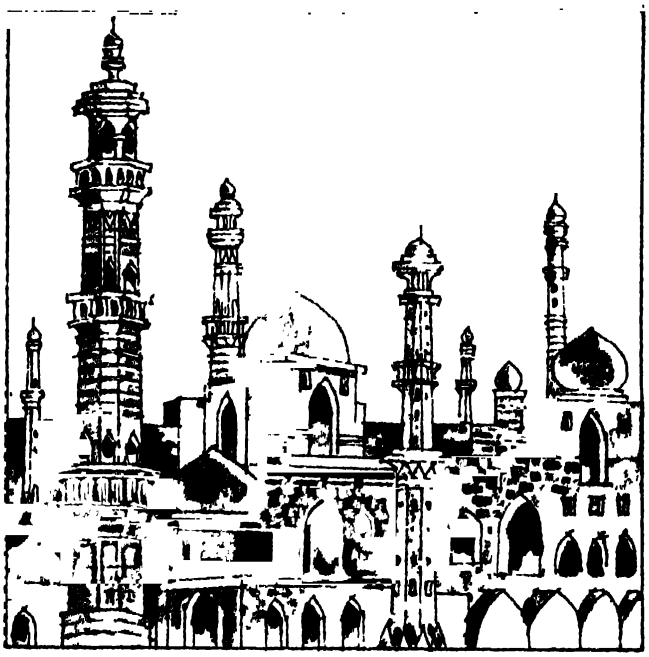
IF J.E. Flecker had rescheduled his itinerary and diverted to Quetta and Lahore he would have summed up our sentiment exactly.

It's quite a tour, in Pakistan, if one has an eye for history. Cricket is merely an excuse: One would be a cad with a tin heart if nostalgia did not twang his chords as he stood facing the icy winds at Quetta, blowing in from Iran. Why, Samarkand itself. And as I stood there, I thought of Mahmud of Ghazni.

There is a mystical air about Quetta. For most of the year, it is fiercely cold. Surprising: when towns in the vicinity are topping the mercury scales, Quetta's denizens are buried in their woollens.

AMONG more mundane things,India was beaten in the first one-day international. We were then flying to Islamabad. Within the first half hour of one's arrival, you would have to doubly check whether you had landed at the right place. Wide avenues crisscrossing each other, and the vast expanse sprawling itself out lazily. Islamabad, unless if you've been there before, could quite easily be mistaken for a European capital.

During the game itself, Sandeep Patil hit a ball out of the ground into an adjoining swimming pool. Interestingly, C.K. Nayudu in 1932 on a tour of England hit one out of the ground at Northampton. The ball sailed over across the River Rea, or so it is said and landed on the other side. Since the Rea forms the official boundary between Worcestershire and Northamptonshire, Nayudu became the only batsman to hit a ball from one County into another. The Ravi, or even the Indus down South, shall be at quite a distance for Patil's ambition.



THE caravan after Pindi moved to Lahore. The city as legend has it, was founded by Loh, Rama's son, centuries ago. Today, it is inherited by Faiz Ahmed Faiz, perhaps Urdu's greatest living poet, Maleka E Pukhraj and the Maleka E Tarannum, Noorjehan herself. The city and culture, they are mutually ingrained.

There is also Mohammed Iqbal's tomb in the shadows of the Badshahi Mosque. There is Javed Manzil itself where the Allama's personal belongings are preserved for posterity: his passport, his clothes and his pair of spectacles.

Amrita Sher Gil lived in Lahore too. One of the greatest painters of this sub-continent, she was irresistibly beautiful. Stories of her romance are by now legend. She had many lovers and she died when she was only 31. Nobody in Lahore knows where the remains of her studio might be: worse still, nobody seems to know of her.

Also, beyond trace, is the jail where Shaheed Bhagat Singh supposedly spent the last days before his hanging. Old-timers have it that Bhagat Singh's voice, as he sang in jail, carried far: it could be heard as far as the road skirting the prison where he had been interned. Moving stuff.

COMING to the Test itself, a day before the game, Raj Singh, the manager, and Kapil Dev went over to the Gaddafi Stadium to see the strip and found that the Pakistanis had prepared four alongside each other.

Lala Amarnath related that when he had come for the first time to Pakistan after resumption of Tests in 1978, there were two tracks before the game. In 1982-83, there were three. Now, in 1984, a further addition by one kept the Indians guessing. "I can imagine what it shall be like in 1992," remarked a wag.

BUT there was more to Raj Singh Dungarpur. The manager turned captain on the rest day, led the Indian Press team against their Pakistani counterparts. What's more, he scored 77 not out, to lead the side to a fine victory. The Indians scored 184 for five off 30 overs, the home side falling short by 24 runs.

The match was played at the Aitchison College. Before the game, Rajbhai looked around the team photographs of the past in the pavilion, and spotted his turbaned grandfather sitting crosslegged in 1908.

A teenager, quite familiar looking, stood under the name of Majid Jehangir Khan. One of the more interesting, though relatively recent, preservations is that of a young boy, dated 1967. He went on to captain his country. The last time the Indians came here, he beat the team almost single-handed. And he lives within a mile of where his photo hangs, in Zaman Park. Imran Khan Niazi.

AITCHISON COLLEGE is an architectural marvel in an expanse of green. It was among the four principal institutions in the subcontinent around the turn of the century alongside Mayo, Doon and the Rajkumar College at Rajkot and there is a royal air about it even today. Imran Khan felt that the ground was the best in the country: in fact there are so many good grounds in the campus that one's sense of direction can quite easily be misguided.

The school building reminded one of the Bikaner ruling houses. Travel brochure stuff. There is a dairy farm as part of the institution and 100 horses to impart equestrian training! *Paggars* as part of the headgear for every student completes the tradition.

Such is a tour of Pakistan. But only if your antennae of sensibility have been finely tuned.

Mudar Patherya

Oh, my beloved Yorkshire

Sir Len Hutton laments the decline of his old County, which finished a historic last in the 1983 Championship. These extracts are from his book "Fifty Years in Cricket," published by Hutchinson, London

NOTHING in my cricketing life has saddened me more than the decline and fall of Yorkshire. A hard-won inheritance handed down by generations of dedicated players and officials has been squandered, and the only hope in the bankrupt present is that the traumas and blood-letting will lead to a revival of 'the Yorkshire spirit'. I weep for my old County. Yorkshire's tragedy must be England's tragedy. Never was there a greater national need for a powerful and vibrant Yorkshire.

Alas, it has been all too predictable. Years of infighting and mischievous gossip filtering from the dressing room came to a head in 1983 when Yorkshire—for the first time—finished last in the championship, and Geoffrey Boycott, who epitomised to me the rise of the personality cult, was not re-engaged. I could tolerate with a measure of understanding the indignity of failure on the field, though the thought would never have occurred to me in the high noon of success—I refer to the Thirties and the late Fifties and Sixties which I followed personally.

I appreciated some extenuating circumstances. In the much changed format of the County game, Yorkshire have become disadvantaged by sticking to their long-established principle of not going outside the County's boundaries for players. In recent seasons, one strike bowler from overseas would surely have made all the difference. I could also have tolerated the almost obsessional hero-worship of Boycott by a vociferous self-appointed group, though I might not have understood it.

But it is far less possible to bear the collapse of the team spirit which made Yorkshire what they were and the envy of every club in the land. A major cause of this collapse in my view was the lack of success—Yorkshire's bowlers did not have the necessary class to bowl other sides out. It is also difficult to bear the shame of open warfare and the challenge to the club's elected authority conducted with an almost religious fervour. It was not to be wondered at that the rest of cricket looked on with growing disbelief and distance. I had a dull despair that a minority should have the pompous nerve to call themselves Yorkshire Members 1984 and seek to overthrow the officials of the club. Beyond a purblind loyalty and enthusiasm for Boycott, they did not see the danger their actions might cause either to the club or to the player himself.

Seldom, if ever, have properly and democratically elected representatives of a club been so openly abused, or a County put to so much tribulation by so few. The decision to end Boycott's contract was not lightly taken, and it was interesting that the eleven-man cricket committee had a combined total of 162 Test matches for England and over 2000 appearances for Yorkshire. I could never believe laymen (if I can use the word) had superior judgement and experience in matters of cricket and cricketers.

For example, I wonder how a chartered accountant would react if a cricketer told him he did not know how to audit accounts? Boycott has always insisted on his loyalty to England and Yorkshire, and though he has at times gone a strange way about it, I do not disbelieve him. I was a Test selector when he opted out of England's team for three years. To this day I can only guess his reason. In India in 1981-82, he did not last the tour—on the grounds of 'physical and mental tiredness'. I doubt if Geoffrey could have exceeded the 'physical and mental tiredness' I often experienced on overseas tours. But that is neither here nor there. Loyalty to a team involves the presence and participation even of those not actually playing.

Since I started attitudes have changed. I was brought up in the proper belief that the team, and not the individual, came first. As captain I expected an automatic response without compulsion on my part. I recall my surprise and upset at the end of a bad day in the West Indies in 1953-54. Entering the hotel, I was met by one of the MCC party not playing in the match.

'What a terrible day,' he began. 'Well, you saw it,' was my tired response. 'Oh, no,' he replied. 'I've been listening on the radio.'

At that I blew my top. As a Yorkshireman I had automatically expected everyone to be at the ground, and the non-players to be in the dressing room to lend moral support.

David Denton, one of the old Yorkshire stalwart, once told me that he 'never thought much of "Lordie". But he seemed to be in a minority opinion about Lord Hawke, who is generally credited with instilling that 'precious ingredient' of team spirit into the Yorkshire dressing room. When asked for the secret of Yorkshire's success, Lord Hawke gave the simple explanation: 'We all try and work for each other.' It's easy to scoff and stress that cricket is harder and life has changed (which I am the first to admit) but what would Yorkshire do for a Lord Hawke today! He established the precept of team spirit which worked for so many decades. Yorkshire have never lacked strong individualists and characters, but, in the main, they played within the framework of the team. If they strayed out of line there was a captain to pull them back. It is my profound belief that today's paramount need is for a captain to display an old-style amateur-like authority backed by the committee.

I sometimes wonder how Boycott, with his statistical record of a run rate of 1.1 an over, would have fared under a Brian Sellers. First, he would have had to share some of the public adoration—he would not have been the only fish in the pond; second,

there would have been stiffer competition for places and more explicit instructions on what was expected of him—he might well have been transformed from a match-saver into a match-winner and become an even better player; third, I believe he would have responded like the rest of us to firm leadership. As it was, Geoffrey became identified with Yorkshire's brilliant past. The more runs he stockpiled the more a section of the success-starved public separated him from the rest of the side and put him on a pedestal. If they were not able to support a winning side they could support a successful player. I can think of no other reason for the emotions that Boycott arouses; he is a contradictory personality and often very hard to watch as he gathers runs at his own speed and time.

Clearly, he has a problem being part of a team, and the abiding criticism among his fellow players is that he has put himself above the County. There can only be one sequel—an undermining of morale.

The changed attitudes in players is a fact to be reckoned with in modern cricket and during my span as a player. They are summed up in the words of K.M. Kilburn in *A History of Yorkshire Cricket.* He wrote:

"In Hutton's Yorkshire training individual concerns were community concerns. Help in a period of struggle was as freely given as it was readily accepted, not necessarily in the form of direct instruction as from tutor to pupil, but perhaps as an oblique reference, or a demonstration, based on understanding of a common language. Hutton's hints were allusive.

The Yorkshire of Hutton's later career never seemed to acquire this unity. Hutton had learned much of his own cricket by listening and watching and thinking how suggested solutions could be applied to his own problems. He was surprised and dismayed to find the tradition being abandoned in the new cricketing world of easy self-satisfaction and, being an introvert, he tended to withdraw rather than to initiate apparently unwanted assistance."

Cricket revolution with the introduction of knockout competitions and overseas stars left Yorkshire and its demanding following with special problems. I recall a match at Sheffield in the Fifties when the team was constantly barracked by part of the crowd. At tea Lady Worsley, the wife



"David Bairstow is a positive, combative enthusiast"

of Sir William Worsley, asked me why the spectators were so angry, I tried to explain that for a week or so we had not played well as a team and when that happened it became a personal issue to some of our followers They expected the highest standards to be maintained In many instances they were in creative jobs themselves and got tired of watching Yorkshire playing below their best, and it was a responsibility every Yorkshire team had to carry I went on to tell Lady Worsley that there were times when batsmen couldn't get runs, bowlers take wickets and catches were dropped, no matter how hard the players tried Lady Worsley was more satisfied than the crowd on that occasion. The fact is that Yorkshire followers have become disappointed and bemused by the failure of modern teams to emulate the achievements of the past Yorkshire were pre eminent for most of the century

In the ten years up to the second war only Lancashire, twice, and Derbyshire, in the wet summer of 1936, broke the pattern of Yorkshire championship triumphs It was a decade of great players and great teams, a decade in which it was pardonable to believe that it was Yorkshire's birthright to dominate English cricket and to be the mainstay of England's Test side The old observation that a strong Yorkshire meant a strong England was not an idle boast

I was in four title winning teams between 1933 and 1939 and, when the competition was resumed in 1946, Yorkshire, with many new faces, won again, which meant four championships in a row In 1949 Yorkshire, collecting maximum points from their last six fixtures, and Middlesex tied for first place Soon Surrey came along with their Test-standard attack of Alec Bedser, Peter Loader, Jim Laker and Tony Lock to monopolise the championship for seven successive season, and by the time Yorkshire started winning again in the Sixties I had retired

In the Seventies Boycott was captain for eight years without marked impact—indeed nothing was won I am sure he was handicapped by a dearth of high-quality wicket-taking spinners and the adoption of limited-over matches by the leagues was not in the County's interests Inevitably that form of cricket leads to defensive measures and the use of medium-paced bowlers to the exclusion of spin. And, equally, the gulf between the standards of the leagues and the County championship have widened. While Yorkshire persisted with home-grown talent, other Counties went into the international marketplace in search of ready-made players to bring swift, short-term success I am not against overseas players being employed, but one has only to look at the options open to the Test selectors to realise their numbers needed to be controlled.



"Geoff Boycott epitomised to me the rise of the personality cult"

I am also sorry to say that I constantly heard tales in later years of a lack of discipline in the Yorkshire ranks No matter how long I think about Yorkshire's fall from grace, I come back to the essential and basic truth that nothing will be accomplished in either the short or the long term until the pride and strength of team work is restored. Team spirit makes a moderate team into a good one, and a good one into a great one My every constructive thought points to the captaincy. I am sure that is the key to the present problems and future prosperity David Bairstow is a positive, combative enthusiast, and he has some of the assets which made it a pleasure for me to play under George Mann in South Africa in 1948-49, and provided the spark for Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie's exciting leadership with Hampshire I cannot believe it is right to judge a captain on the mistakes he might make, but on his intentions Bairstow, and every future Yorkshire captain, should expect all the support and help that is his due All Yorkshire captains and players are under pressure

It is the price to be paid for the privilege of playing for a County with exacting standards Some are uplifted and respond to the challenge, others find it too difficult and beyond them The same can be said of Test cricket

Maybe the modern cricketer is better educated, more sophisticated in a worldly sense, and expects more from life than when I started fifty years ago. At least in the top bracket he is far better off financially, which leads to a measure of independence, but whatever the pattern, there are still golden rules to be followed One is that without love for and dedication to the game the most talented are unlikely to progress Basic talent is not enough Maybe, too, it is tougher for batsmen as most of the law changes have been made to help bowlers. I am sure too that some of the sparkle of County cricket disappeared with the amateur Without a light touch the game can become laborious. Technical perfection is much to be admired, but it is not the be-all and end-all of cricket. But, for all the difficulties, the young cricketer of today does not lack encouragement. More cash is available, facilities have improved and Yorkshire Second



The England team lines up for photographers prior to flying to the West Indies in 1981. Geoff Boycott, Graham Stevenson (second and third from left, bottom row) Chris Old (extreme right, bottom row) and David Bairstow (second from right, top row) were senior Yorkshire players

XI have an excellent fixture list. Even at school level there are overseas tours.

In every club, the captain, manager, coach and scorer have vital roles to play—possibly the scorer sees more than anyone, and his contribution can be invaluable. There must be a strict understanding of the responsibilities of captain and manager. Their duties cannot overlap. As a general observation of managers, I do not see them as one-man selection committees. The captain must be left to captain the side. Clearly, every cricket committee must be left to run the cricket, and the general committee to run the club. In my experience of cricket committees for the selection of Test teams and overseas tours, all are conducted with scrupulous fairness and with a fetish to study every aspect of the question at hand. Yorkshire is not an exception.

If, in the long term, Yorkshire can be seen as a caring club with a united dressing-room and everyone, including the press and the public, pulling in the same direction, is it more than likely that better young players will begin to emerge. The fact has to be faced that since the Thirties and Sixties there has been a shortage of genuine class, especially in bowling. The importation of overseas players would obviously meet the needs of the moment, but the very idea is anathema to most Yorkshire hearts. I would not like to see it happen for it would be against long-held principles and, in practical terms, against the interests of County and country.

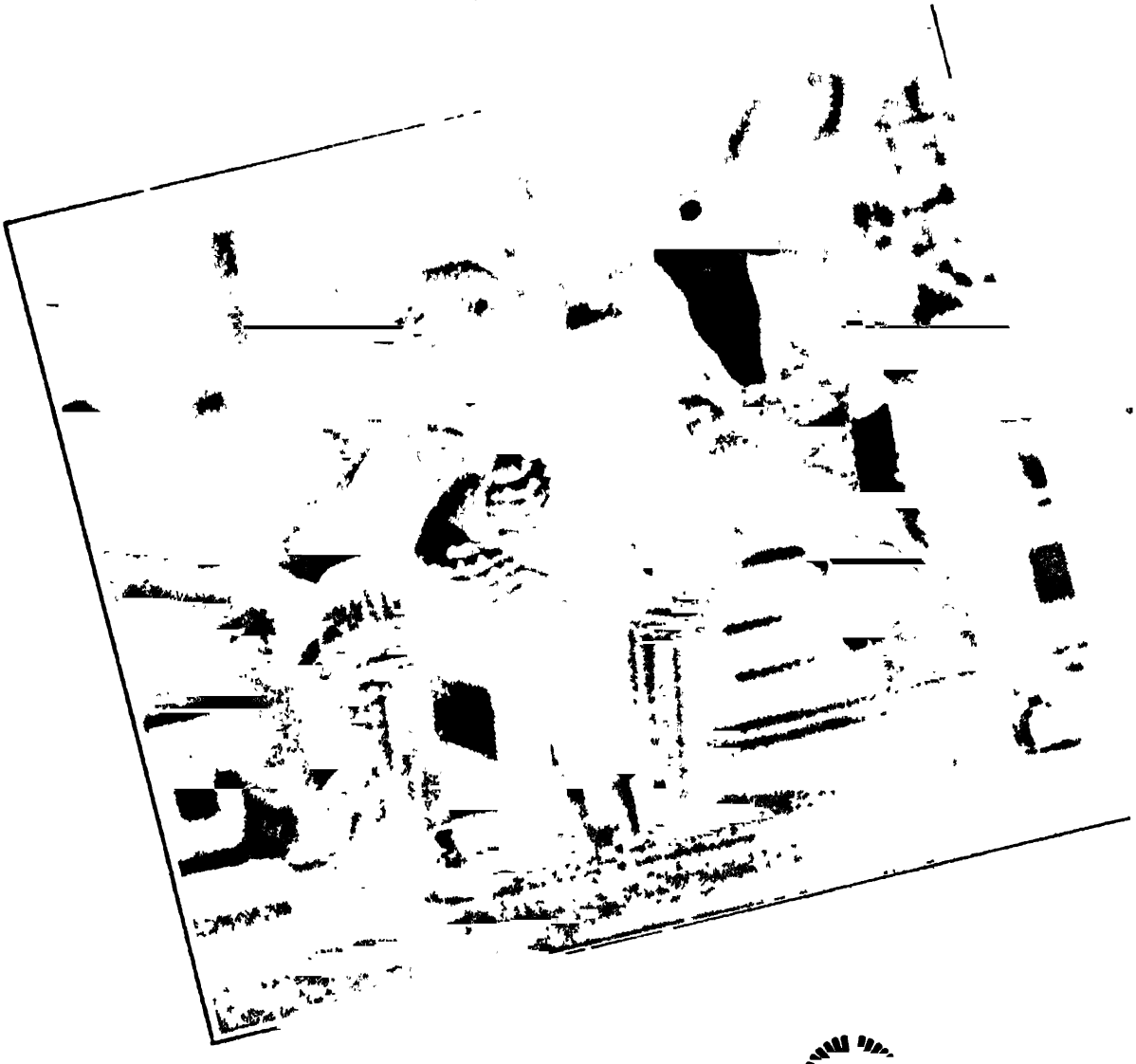
I have been constantly asked what course of action I would take if I had become captain in Yorkshire's troubled times. It hardly needs saying that I would regard it as a daunting task and extremely important, as the position holds the key to Yorkshire's future. I would start with the cold facts of the situation: a recognition that the old dressing room atmosphere has perished with many other admirable qualities of life that I took for granted when I began my career. I would accept that some of the necessary self-discipline has gone, and that the character of the crowds has changed. There is often evidence of a built-in resentment against the failures of recent decades. It is understandable.

I would try to lead by example, and break down the urge for self-preservation which leads to a drab side and drab cricket. I would *not* try to be one of the boys. You would not often find me drinking beer in the tap room. There would be times to mix, and though I would not be in complete isolation, I would, in everyone's interests, be a little apart. Though Lord Hawke was the first to insist on amateurs and pros using the same dressing room, there is a case for a separate room for the captain.

I can hear indignant voices protesting that I am advocating putting the clock back fifty or more years. Perhaps—but I am sure Yorkshire's members and the public would not object to having a team as good as they had in the days of amateur leadership. The amateur captain led the side and allowed the professionals to get on with their job, and he did not allow drabness or permit discipline to sag. The system functioned well for Yorkshire. If a captain has the secret of welding the different talents and personalities into one effective unit, he is worth his place. Many of Yorkshire's captains were modest players, but that mattered little if they brought the best out of the others.

I firmly believe that if Yorkshire could find an amateur-type captain, able to devote his summers to playing County cricket and gain the respect of the players, a new dawn would break, and once again it would be the ambition of every County to humble the white rose.

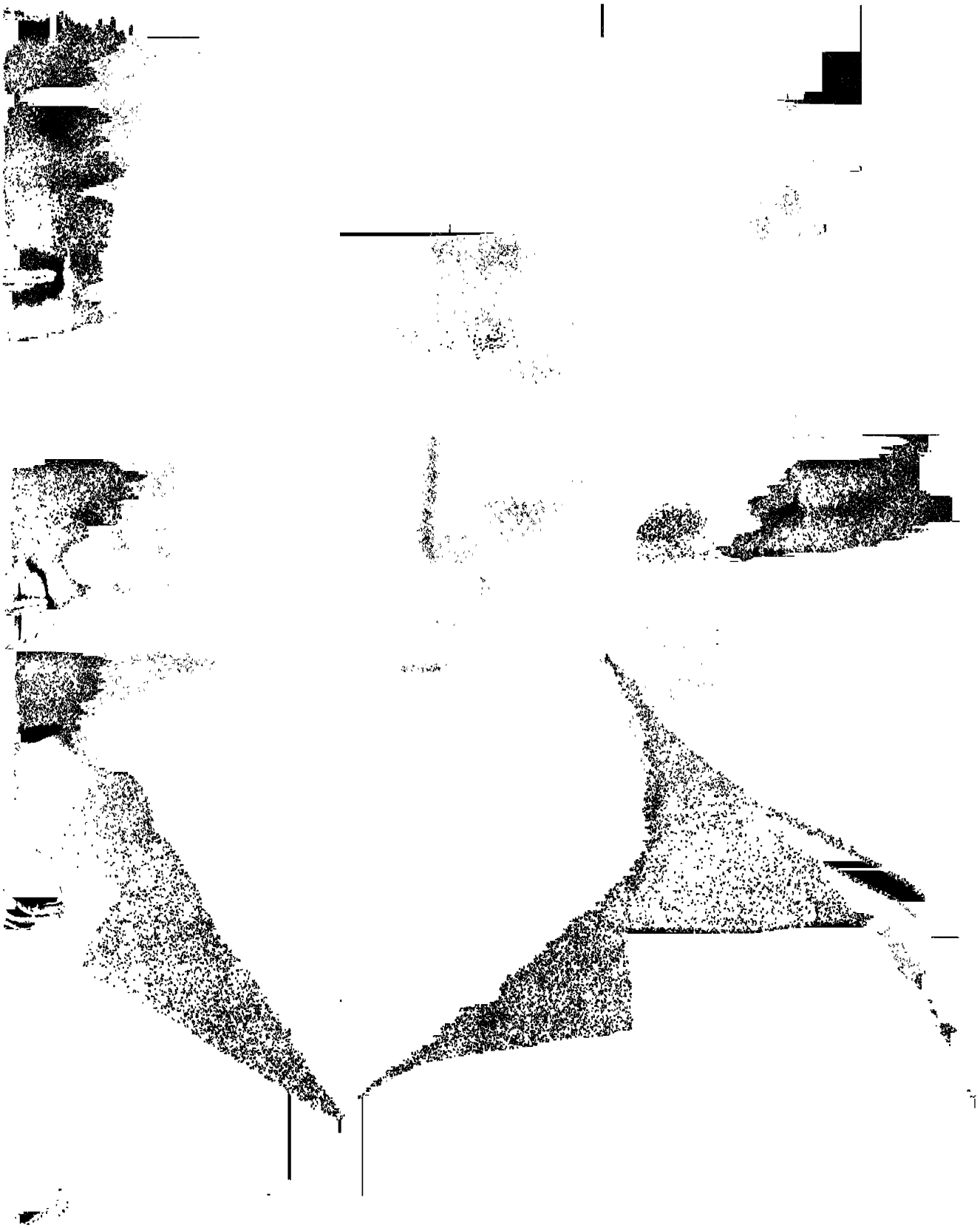
Success depends on how you finish it

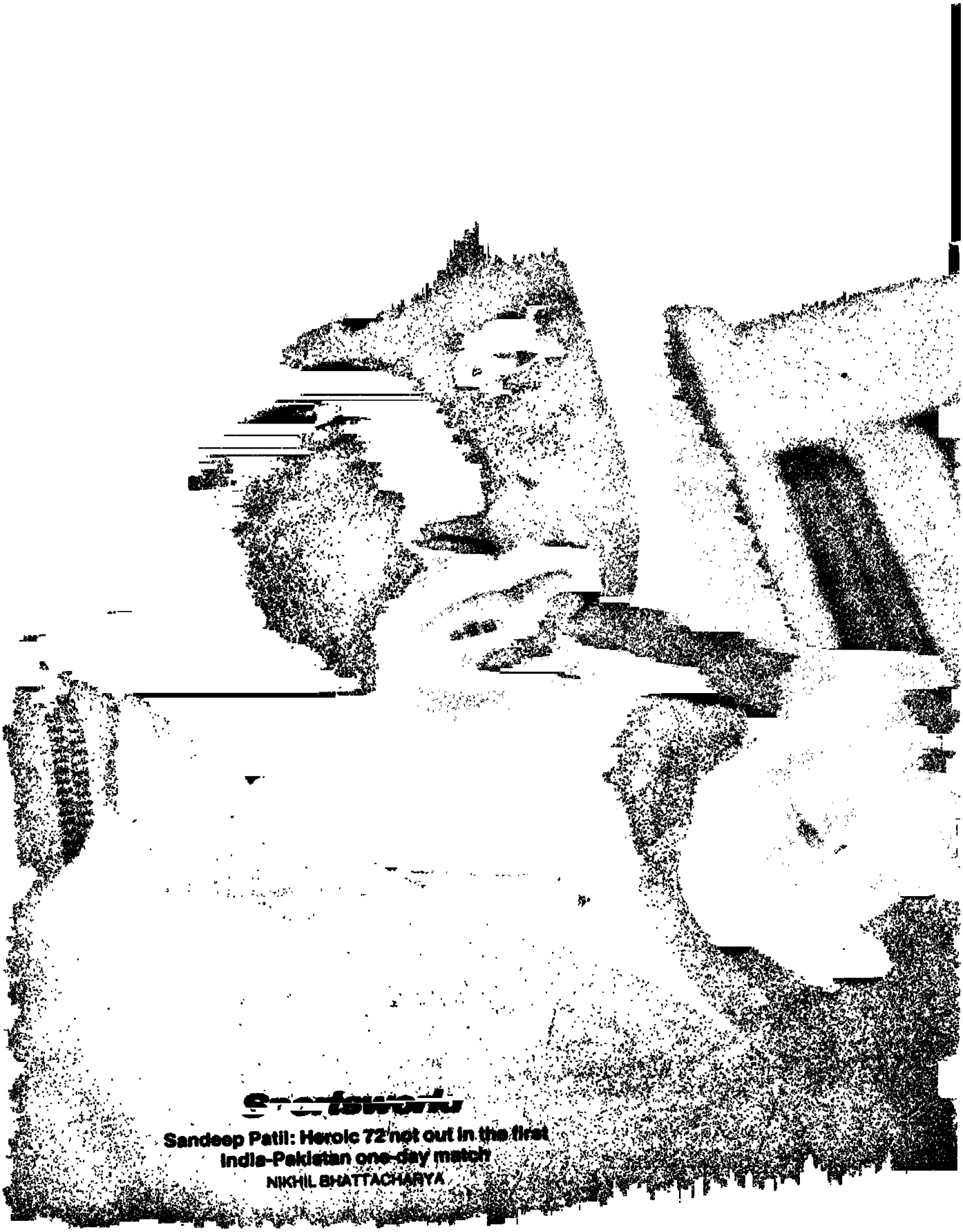


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Sandeep Patil: Heroic 72 not out in the first India-Pakistan one-day match

NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA

The 'secret' diaries of Dennis Lillee

Vic Mills continues the tale

THE documents at the centre of this bitter dispute include special volumes detailing the required purple prose for abusing opposition players, and a selection of sketches and photographs depicting the necessary scientific technique allied to artistic impression for kicking diminutive Pakistani batsmen.

The diaries are on quarto-size lined paper bound in green and gold imitation dingo fur, circa Lindy Chamberlain. The writing is in black lypsel and most pages end with the initials DKL. The volumes vary in size, each covering a period of two to four months. At the end of each month there are short summaries and commentaries under the heading 'personal' or 'private'. These are usually about health matters—'Today I broke Edrich's ribs, Fletcher's spirit, and the heart of Dennis Amiss', or, in the latter years, about his relationship with Kim Hughes—'Kim who?' The Perth magazine *Stickybeak*, centre of the controversy, has now had the diaries in its possession for over a month, and is convinced of their authenticity. This air of confidence is a product of the sheer weight of material, together with the form, hand-writing, style, and Lillee's signature, which corresponds with betting slips found at various bookmakers in Leeds. The latter pronouncement is testimony to the skills of authoritative handwriting expert Reg de Bricassart, senior cocktail steward at the University of Central NSW in Dubbo.

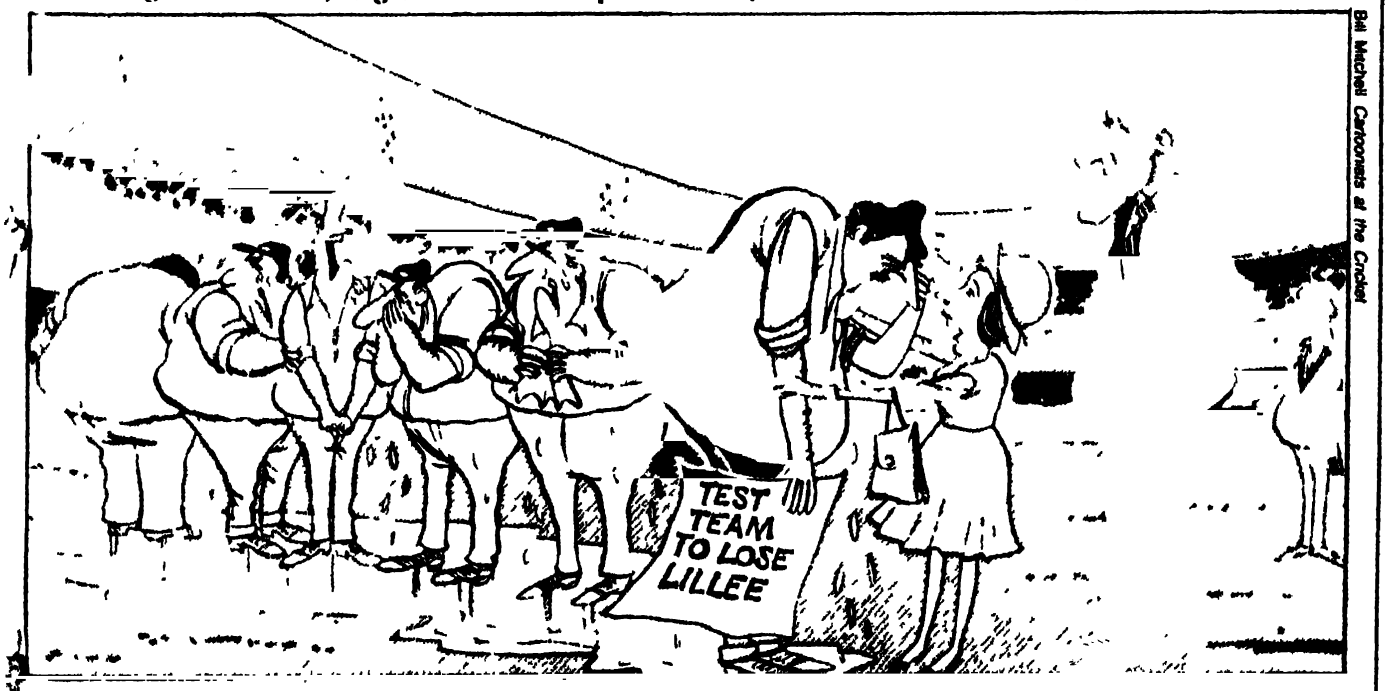
The case for a positive authentication was enhanced last week by the following startling disclosure from Lord's. In the frantic period that followed the eclipse of Mike Denness's England side in 1974-75, the MCC (Marlybone's Caribbean Connection) launched a secret operation the aim of which was to discover the reasons for Lillee's sensational return to fitness and form following a seriously deflated ego, a condition that once threatened his career. To this end MCC recruited 16 West Indians, posing as touring cricketers, to act as undercover agents on their behalf. This substitution was largely responsible for the Australian victory by five Tests to one in the winter of 1975-76.

The mission, cricket apart, did have its successes. Within three months this one operation had placed before an admiring Antipodean audience more gold chains, bracelets, and rings, and puchased more Sony Walkman headsets than any previous touring side. This favourable trend was not confined solely to the field of *aprés* cricket. Two agents masquerading as West Indian spin bowlers, a somewhat flimsy disguise that drew heavily on memory and imagination, accidentally discovered the training leotard Lillee had worn when an attempt was made on his life by itinerant English journalists in December 1974. More relevant than the leotard, however, was the claim, made by several of the agents, of the existence of diaries kept by the fast bowler. The mood of confidence within the offices of *Stickybeak* has come under fire in the past week, most notably from the eminent cricket writer Lord Daiquiri

Last Sunday evening, at the Sheraton Hotel in Perth, Bert Ridetheghan, the man who claims he discovered Lillee's diaries, met Hugh Treble-Rum, now Lord Daiquiri, the man who now regrets authenticating them.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Continued next week

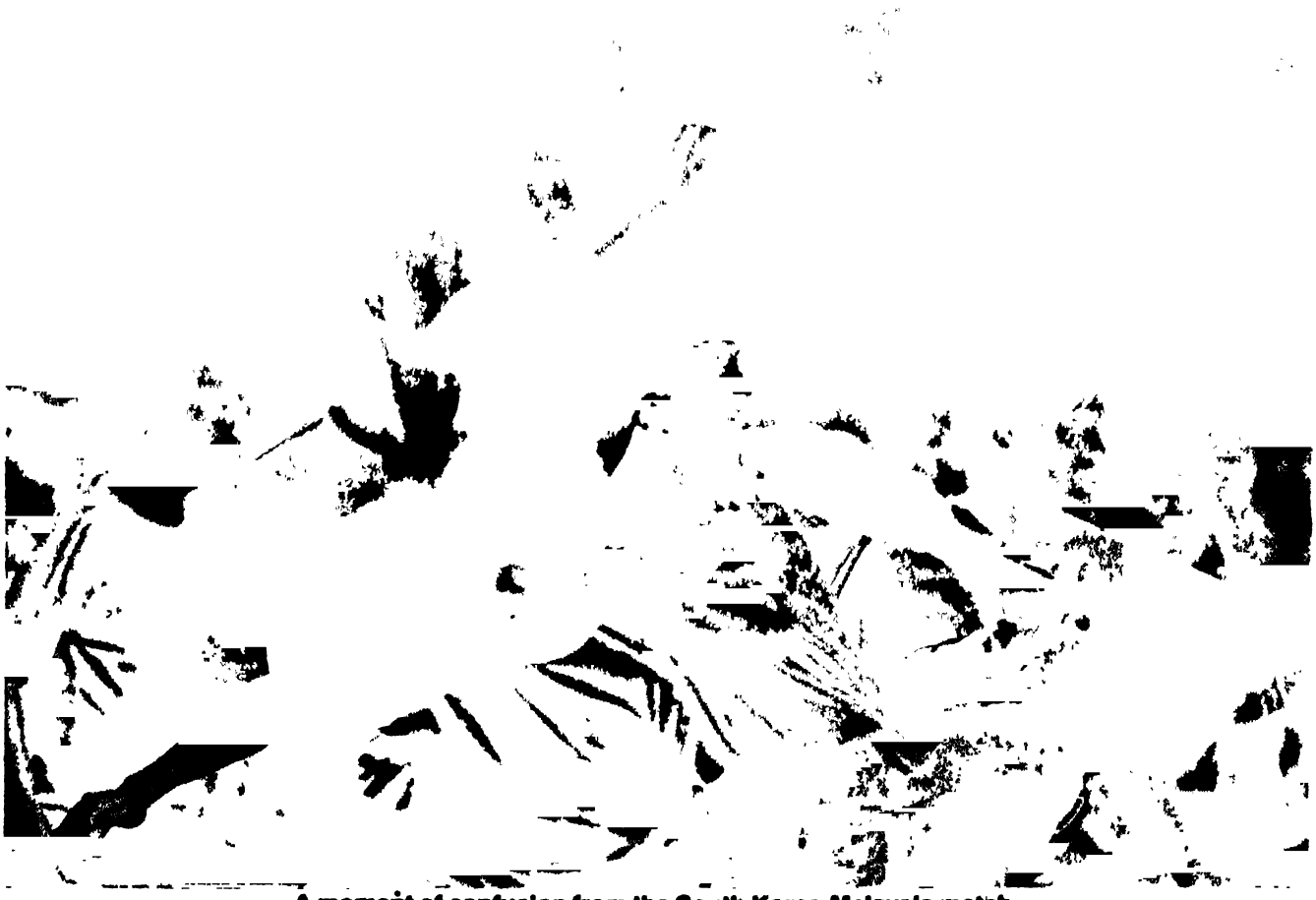


Bill Mitchell Cartoonists at the Cricket

'There, there Mr Chappell—I felt the same way when we lost the Empire...'

India raise fresh hopes

Suprakash Ghoshal reports on the Asian Cup qualifying tournament



A moment of confusion from the South Korea-Malaysia match

INDIA has made a dream beginning to their campaign for the Asian Cup Things have unfolded just the way they had wanted, to the very last detail Dame Luck has rarely been so kind to us before

India wanted to qualify for the Cup finals in Singapore they have qualified, with honours belying the cynicism that had gripped most Indian soccer scribes.

India wanted to get a berth in an easy group in the finals, their prayers have been heard A golden opportunity now faces the nation An inspired performance in Singapore, which is not at all an impossibility, may usher in a new age for Indian football We would be back in glory.

In the past, some of India's major problems have stemmed from its lack of team spirit Discontent and ill-feelings have been an enemy within on many occasions Controversies have cropped up for trivial reasons India has paid dearly for all this

But the Asian Cup group III qualifying round has been a remarkable exception It has left a happy memory for all concerned Our boys have acted just the way they should, as the representatives of the nation—with the kind of commitment and dedication needed to defend the country's honour Their team spirit had reached an all-time high, despite the heartburnings that have been caused by Sudip Chatterjee's selection as the skipper.

What was the catalyst that brought about this chemistry? Undisputably, it was the strong personality of Ciric Milovan, the chief coach. Whether he has so far been able to raise the standard of our football is a matter of debate, but that he has been highly successful in inspiring a sense of belonging in every member of the national squad, ironing out all the differences that have been plaguing it for a long time, is a fact. No argument there.

This is no mean achievement, for no Indian coach in recent times has

been able to win the full confidence of the players, and command so much respect from them.

Sudip's selection as the skipper, of course, caused a flutter. There was discontent in some hearts. Quarters close to the team and the Federation had definite knowledge of it.

But, it was a step in the right direction. Milovan reckoned that that no controversy arose over the issue of captaincy. "Sudip was my choice", he said emphatically. "He deserved the honour for the performance he has put up of late and the promise he has shown for the future".

But there were a few other decisions which left the chief coach exposed to a lot of criticism. His persistence with Shabbir Ali and Pem Dorji have lost his touch. What remains is only the streak of opportunism which has borne him through so far.

It was rather disheartening to see Prasanta Banerjee lose form towards the end of the tournament. He is one of the indispensables in the national team and India simply cannot afford to see him make too many mistakes. He started off not too badly,



South Korea's star player Huh Jung Moo elbows his way past India's Bikash Panji

Sudip is a leading member of the younger group in the team and his performance so far has given a definite indication that he has a lot of football ahead of him.

Personally, Milovan does not attach much importance to the question of captaincy. "In football, what is so great about captaincy?", he has wondered time and again when pestered by the Press for commenting on captaincy controversies. He admits that captaincy is an honour that senior players always expect to come their way. But he does not believe that there should be any hard and fast rule in this regard.

And this time the coach saw to it does not have any sound logic.

The strongest defence for Shabbir is, of course, the fact that he has scored goals for India. Shabbir is fortune's minion. But the irony is that there is, perhaps, not a single Indian supporter who wants Shabbir to be in the first eleven.

A rather sad situation for a player, who, statistically, was key to India's success in the qualifying round. But given the kind of opposition India would have to face in the finals, one cannot rule out the possibility that Shabbir might prove totally ineffective in the role of one of India's chief frontliners.

Even in the air, Shabbir seems to

but, even so, at no stage could he rise to his best.

He did not seem to have any problem of understanding with the other halfliners. He is basically a flair player who can go out there and run the show on his own. His excellence depends on himself.

One of the interesting pieces of news during this Asian Cup qualifying tournament was the comeback of Subrata Bhattacharya. All eyes were on this veteran and the question that haunted every mind was whether it would be a comeback to glory or an exit in disgrace.

It turned out to be neither. Subrata did not dazzle; Subrata did not fail



Babu Mani deceives the Pakistan goalkeeper Mateen. Shabbir Ali (left) rushes in to score

either And India perhaps needs experience more than youth in defence to cope with the tougher challenge of the tournament proper Hence in all likelihood Subrata will continue to be in demand during the finals

At the moment the greatest cause for concern for the Indian team is its lack of consistency and things would be even worse if complacency takes root

Pakistan s agony

I was quite astonished when one of the assistant coaches of India opined that Pakistan might be the dark horse of this tournament He even voiced his concern that India might find their neighbours a stumbling block on their way to the finals

It gave me an insight into the psychology of most Indian footballers We are so unsure of ourselves that we cannot even call a spade a spade We like a piece of rope for a snake Perhaps even in 10 years from now we would not be like the South Koreans who called themselves the champions even before the curtain went up on this tournament We will never know what we are capable of

You can only feel sorry for the Pakistanis On the field they took tremendous battering from all the teams except Yemen A R Off it, they were agonized by their coach Biggy Szumski who, inadvertently or otherwise alleged to the Press that his boys had sold themselves to the Malaysians and conceded 6 goals

The coach later took back what he said but the Pakistanis felt embarrassed nonetheless

It would never be known whether there was truth in what Biggy Szumski said but most mediamen found him an interesting personality He certainly makes good copy

It has been about an year he has been in charge of the Pakistani national team The country has for a long time paid no attention to its potential in football Things were in a mess and Szumski had to start from scratch One can well imagine what a horrendous task it has been for him

The biggest problem Szumski was facing in his effort to uplift Pakistan football was the lack of facilities even basic ones The pool of talent was very limited, most players were undernourished and there was an acute shortage of equipment

Initially the coach baulked at the task He thought there was no future for this country

Biggy wanted to quit He felt the job was beyond him But persuasion came from higher quarters and also assurances that the government would do everything possible to help the coach in his effort Biggy made up his mind to take up an impossible challenge

It paid off Today the coach has a totally different view of Pakistani football He is optimistic that Pakistan might not take as long as he had initially thought to make her mark. Maybe, Szumski would not remain at the helm of affairs till then, for his contract expires in '86. But he is happy that he's set the ball rolling.

A professional's confession

"LIFE as a professional is life on the edge of a sword. Everybody thinks we are happy men rolling in money; we live in luxury villas, drive down the highways in the latest models of sports cars, spend months in five-star comfort and drink life to the full. But that is not true. Life is hard here, harder than most people can imagine."

This was the confession of one of Asia's leading soccer professionals.

Professionalism is new in this continent Although prescribed by many a soccer pundit over the years as the only way out for Asia to catch up with Europe in football might, professionalism has never really been welcomed by the leading soccer nations of the Orient, and the reasons for their reluctance have always remained difficult to figure out

But now the wind of change has started blowing from the far east South Korea has taken a great leap forward in its effort to emerge on the forefront of world football by introducing professionalism. They have set the ball rolling and now the football federations of most other nations are having second thoughts over the issue of professional soccer Will it do them any good? They still don't know

Let them take another 10 years to come to a decision. In the meantime, let's take a look at how professionalism has changed the life of a footballer in Korea. How are the Koreans reacting to the new pattern of things?

"It's a tough world", said Huh Jung Moo, the ace midfielder of the South Korean national team and reportedly one of the highest-paid soccer professionals in Asia.

"It gives us pocketfuls of money, much more than what a man needs to live in comfort and peace. But in return it demands our blood, sweat and tears The grind is excrutiating and it is a harrowing experience to get acclimatised to it", continued the Korean star.

Then there is the exasperation and boredom of being constantly on the move, from pasture to pasture, always on the lookout for greener ones. And when it comes to adjusting to the varying atmospheres, a professional perhaps faces the most disconcerting experience of his life.

'In 1980, when I went to Holland I surely embarked on an important phase of my soccer career. But I had a terrible time For the first six months, there was not even a flicker of hope in my mind that I would be able to adapt to the totally different styles of European football and make my living there I nearly gave up hope Thank God, the worst did not happen.I came back to Korea a successful man, rich in experience."

"And this is the greatest plus point for professionalism If you can come out successful, you have come through fire"

Cho Young Jeong, is yet another leading professional in the Korean side. To him it is the commitment that makes all the difference The constant march towards excellence, spurred by the relentless competition of professionalism, has given him an electrifying experience. It is a thrill that drives all dull moments out of his life. It is an inexhaustible source of excitement. To him professionalism is not just earning through football, it is tasting the very essence of the joy that is football

But still, there are times when things are not quite like that. Like ordinary mortals, there are moments in a professional's life when he longs for some fresh air to breathe, when he wants to take time off from the mad frenzy that is pro football. And the last thing that Huh Jung Moo told me was. "I think I've had enough of it and now the only thing I really want to do is go back to my home to my family and say goodbye to this frenzied life that I have led for the last few years "



South Korea's Huh Jung Moo locked in a duel with a Malaysian defender as team-mate Cho Young Jeong looks on

Suprakash Ghoshal

Football is a pleasure, football is a bore

Says Soh Chin Aun, the Malaysian football captain who played his 250th international match at Calcutta, in an exclusive interview to **Suprakash Ghoshal**

I FOUND it difficult to believe. For, he never looked like a man who has even outshone the *Guinness Book of World Records*. He is too unassuming a personality to be a unique figure in the history of world soccer. He is too simple, too accessible and a little too humble for a living soccer legend of Asia.

But it was true. Soh Chin Aun, the captain of the Malaysian football team is a man who belongs to history. When he came to Calcutta, he had a mind-boggling record of playing in 246 international matches to his credit, and when he left the city, he was the only man to have secured 250 international caps. What could be more in the fitness of things than the fact that Calcutta saw such an illustrious career to reach such a significant milestone?

And even more interesting, Soh Chin Aun announced his retirement from international football immediately after his country's last match in the Asian Cup qualifying tournament. Calcutta will forever remain etched in Soh Chin Aun's memory.

The long journey of Soh Chin Aun started more than a decade ago, when he was a youngster only 19 years of age. Malaysia was still an unknown quantity at international level. To be precise, the nation was just waking up to its potential as a footballing nation and Soh Chin Aun did not take long to identify himself with the growing ambitions of his country in football. His brilliance soon became a symbol of his nation's enormous promise to emerge as a football power. Soh Chin Aun was a national hero overnight.

Since then it has been a journey uphill all the way. From one feat to another, from one achievement to one greater. King's Cup, President's Cup, South East Asian Games, Asian Games, the pre-World Cup, the Olympics—everything has come his way. All that is coveted by a footballer who aspires to be something.



And above all love. The love of his countrymen. Today he is to Malaysia what Franz Beckenbauer is to West Germany. And the analogy is significant in more senses than one.

It was Beckenbauer who captured Soh Chin Aun's imagination when the youngster was on his way to celebrity. Soh Chin Aun recognised that this man was the guiding star of his life, and never did he waver from its path thereafter.

He said to himself, "Soh Chin, you've got to be like 'Kaiser'—a libero whose fame would travel to all corners of the world."

Before that Soh Chin Aun was an all-in-one. His versatility was mind-boggling. He had shown his prowess in all positions—in defence, in the midfield and even in the most specialised one—the goal, believe it or not.

But, perhaps, the most important facet of his versatility is his ability for clear thinking. He has a philosophy for his life as a footballer, and he guides himself according to it, unwaveringly.

Soh Chin Aun believes that football is a game of common sense, more than anything else. "If you ask what is the secret of my success, I would say it is my common sense", he says "And that is not the case with me alone, with everybody—all great footballers who have found a berth in football's hall of fame, whether they agree or not".

"Football is a game of common sense, and you cannot deny that. All that you talk about—gift, talent, skill, stamina—are there, no doubt. But they hardly make a difference if you don't have what everybody has. And in my life as a player, I have depended on nothing more than my common sense."

"I believe you do not need to be gifted to be a good footballer. All you need is to be aware that your brains can work wonders for you. You have got to use them. And this would be my message to the younger generation. In most cases, you do not realise this simple fact and call footballers genius, gifted, enigmatic and what not."

True. Soh Chin makes his point with conviction. But does not he think that in a lot of cases, the body cannot

carry out the dictates of the spirit?

Soh Chin Aun has a ready answer for it. "I understand what you mean. But I, for one, have never laid much emphasis on the physical aspects of the game, or to be precise, on my physical fitness. Of course, I have had to do a few things from time to time to keep myself fit, but never like a fitness freak."

Rather I have chosen to develop my conception of the game. Because, that, I am always sure, would stand me in good stead, when I go out there on the field. It's a kind of cerebral approach, you can say."

Does this belief of Soh Chin Aun's stem from the fact he has never had any formal coaching? I wondered.

Soh Chin himself is not quite sure about that. He says, "May be yes, but I don't know. Coaches normally put a lot of emphasis, in fact, a little too much on the physical aspects, which sometimes do hinder the natural development of those who are basically flair players, whose chief forte, I believe, is their conception of the game, their intelligent approach to it."

"The reason why I did not have much formal training in my formative years was that there was no provision for it in my country then. But I've a feeling that I might not have liked to be trained much, even if I got the opportunities to. Even now I hardly train. I only kick around a little bit and they call me lazy".

Perhaps one cannot be blamed for calling him lazy. He does look so. He has an air of effortlessness about him. And one more reason why one should think so is that, despite having such an illustrious career, he has never thought of making a fortune out of football.

It is rather intriguing that he's never turned pro with so many lucrative offers pouring in from Europe as well as Asia. From Hong Kong as well as from West Germany. From Ipswich as well as Bayern Munich.

Money would have flooded in, at one nod of his head. What else but laziness can keep a top-class footballer from such enormous fortunes?

Soh Chin Aun denies this. "It's not because I'm lazy. Rather it's my attitude towards life as well as football. In fact, my attitude towards football is very similar to my attitude towards money. Neither of them is the be-all and end-all of my life. I have played football to enjoy the game, not to give myself up to it, neither to put myself up for sale. When money is involved, the enjoyment goes and it is a harrowing grind all the way and I hate it."



'I've played football to enjoy the game, not to put myself up for sale'

"Some people, in their effort to figure out the reasons for my reluctance to accept the big offers that have come my way, say I'm patriotic. But I think I only love myself and do not want to plunge into the mad frenzy of professional football."

"This, of course, should not give you the impression that I am against professionalism in football. Professionalism instils tremendous commitment in a player and he needs it to be something in life. So far whichever country has introduced professionalism has shown tremendous improvement in football, for instance South Korea. It is only my personal view of life that has kept me from pro soccer."

Even so, Soh Chin Aun does not know how many times he has broken his promises to his wife. His celebrity has given him a hectic life. There have been tours and travels a little too frequently and Soh Chin's wife Patricia has been left behind with the kids. Soh Chin feels bad about it and the boredom of hotels became unbearable.

"Patricia has never complained, but I have always felt sorry for her. I have promised, 'believe me this is my last tournament,' but never have I been able to honour it. She has adjusted but I've felt guilty.

"And that is one reason when somebody asks me how I have enjoyed my life as a footballer, I say football has been a pleasure just as much as it has been a bore."

Yes, Soh Chin, we can understand why you have never put yourself up for sale. Even as an amateur, you have had to tear yourself away from the people you love the most. We can well imagine what life would have been like if you had become a pro.

Money is not all in life. You have realised that. What really matters is the love and affection of the people you live with. You have been the darling of your countrymen and the head of a family who have missed you all the time. You have done the most you could do for your country and your career as a footballer. You have won the highest honours of your country, the King's decoration, which only six people have got so far and became a household name in your motherland. Now it is time to go back home and relax.

Prudential Champ lives up to her name

Adi Davar

FEW people, if at all, could ever have envisaged that India would win the Prudential Cup and emerge as World Cup champions in the cricket arena. And for that matter even less could have forecast such a decisive victory for the Uttam Singh-trained Prudential Champ in the inaugural running of the Splendour Deluxe Pune Derby at the Pune race course on 7 October 1984. Now, one can only hope that Prudential Champ's future does not turn out to be as much a let-down as the Indian cricket team's was.

A field of three colts and six fillies lined up to face the starter at the 2000 metre marker for the first ever Pune Derby. Sponsored by the makers of McDowells Whisky, the outcome of this race will long be remembered by all who saw it except those unhappy sorts who backed the wrong horse.

Prima Facie was the only outstation challenger and was installed as the piping hot favourite at 10 to 8 on. Justifiably so, if one was to consider her past form. Classified in class I and with an effortless win in the Mysore 1000 Guineas just one month earlier, she looked as though she was a cut above the rest of the opposition if class was any criterion. The opposition were mainly classified in class III at the most, or in class IV and that meant that, on handicap, she was outstanding. Well classic form never has been itself in the last two years and this must surely have been the coup de grace.

Prudential Champ freely available at eights and tens was openly tipped by her owners as being vastly improved and a good thing. But just how good a thing she turned out to be would have left even her most staunch follower gasping for breath. To say she beat the opposition would be an understatement. She pulverised them.

Ridden by Aslam Kader, Prudential Champ was kept well off the early pace which was decidedly fast until about the 1200 metre marker. From that point, Kader gradually eased her up to the front liners and sent her rocketing into the lead with about 800 metres to run. That was all that was required. Given her head the Champ showed that the rest could be left to her.

She stretched out with a panache and with each telling stride extended the margin until with about a furlong to run, Kader was easing her up and even then the verdict was a distance.

Prima Facie plodded on to take second spot while Revelation scrambled into third place 9½ lengths behind Prima Facie but still a length and three quarters ahead of Valentine who was fourth. The race was run in the excellent time of 2 min. 8.3 sec. which is just a shade over a second outside the course record. Considering the fact that Prudential Champ was being eased up to a trot in the last 100 metres makes her feat all the more commendable because had she been pushed she would have very close to equalling that record at the very least.

By Malvado out of Taletta, Prudential Champ had given some indication as to her class when she came out and won the very first race of her career in Bombay. After that, however, she receded into the background running twice before the advent of the Pune season and finishing off the board on both occasions. On Sunday August 5th she ran against a moderate lot of class IV horses but could do no better than finish a badly beaten second. After a gap of three weeks she came out again, this time over a distance of 1800 metres and she won convincingly enough carrying 55½ Kg in class IV. On that showing if anyone suggested that she would be in the running for the Pune Derby you would have had his head examined.

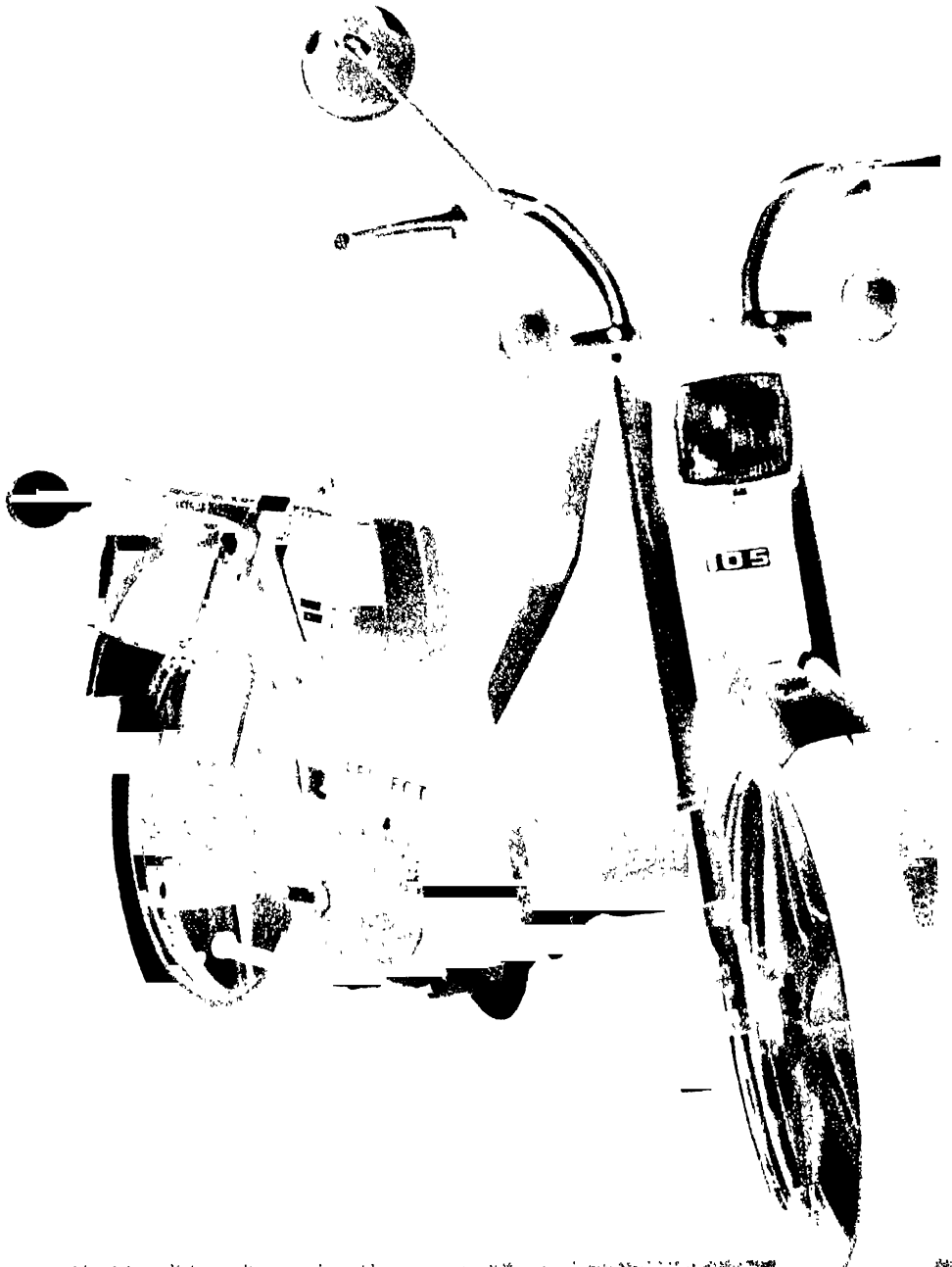
But horses, they say, were born to make fools out of men and how true it turned to be. In the course of a little over a month, trainer Uttam Singh brought Prudential Champ to concert pitch and a few days prior to the Derby her owners tipped her to all and sundry as a good thing. The reason being Prudential Champ had put on a lot of condition in the course of that month and had matured into a top class racehorse. Of course most people were apt to take all this talk with a pinch of salt; but you would have needed a salt mine to have been able to season it after the outcome.

So the first four places had been occupied by four fillies and the three colts that did opt to run finished in the ruck. That just goes to enhance the theory that there is no top class colt in Western India and the fillies have dominated the proceedings. Conspicuous by her absence was the Bangalore Fillies Trial winner Eminence. After her defeat in the Bangalore Derby she came out and won the F.D. Wadia Cup in Pune with such authority that the Pune Derby looked a mere formality for her. But after her run in Bangalore, things have not been well with her and due to an injury she was forced out of the Derby. When I last saw her, I felt that she was developing a tendon and if that is what has kept her out, her trainer Bezan Chenoy will have an uphill task getting her back into racing.

In her absence, he ran Revelation, but the grey filly has never shown herself to be cast in that truly classic mould and she was never really in the hunt. In fact it was Valentine's fourth that was more impressive. However after placing in a classic, she is certain to get pumped up in the handicap and that puts paid to her chances of winning a race in the near future.

To say she beat the opposition would be an understatement. She pulverised them

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Sportif, one of the latest models on the roads of Europe, is designed by Peugeot of France, a company renowned for its high-level automotive technology. Shree Chamundi Mopeds Limited, a unit of the Mehta Group of Industries, one of South India's most dynamic industrial houses, has entered into collaboration with this world-famous company. Together, Peugeot and Shree Chamundi Mopeds introduce Sportif to India.

Sportif is one of the most popular bikes on European roads today. A look at some of its very exclusive features will show you why.

.. A special automatic gear system with an infinite range of speed ratios gives you more power while consuming less fuel.



Sportif's gear system is specially designed to give you optimum power at any speed. This unique system comprises two variators — one for speed and the other for torque. Together they deliver the most effective speed-torque required at any given time. You get quicker pick-ups. And you can effortlessly climb up steep slopes even when carrying two. What's more, at the same time, you're consuming less fuel.

3. A Peugeot-designed flap-valve engine gives you 33% fuel economy and a top speed of 60 kmph.

Sportif's powerful single cylinder, two-stroke flap-valve engine can carry two people up a gradient as steep as 16%. The superbike's double variator system and flap-valve engine, with its imported carburettor, combine to give you over 80 km for every litre of petrol under standard running conditions. And an effortless top speed of 60 kmph.

4. A unique self-starting option lets you start up at the touch of a button.

Sportif's special self-starting mechanism is powered by a DC motor with a 12 volt magneto-charged battery. Just press a button and the engine comes alive.

If you'd rather pedal start, that's another option. However, Sportif's standard fixture will be a kick starter. So, all in all, you get a never-before choice of one, two or three starting options.

5. Tough, good looking mag wheels give a smoother ride while keeping your maintenance costs low.

Sportif is fitted with stylish mag wheels made from cold-rolled steel sheets. Extremely tough, easy and economical to maintain, these specially designed wheels are made up in sections. So, if you damage your wheel rim in an accident, you don't have to replace the whole wheel. However, if you prefer to have standard spoke wheels, the superbike can be fitted with them.

6. A polypropylene anti-pilferage petrol tank that's completely corrosion and rust proof shows the fuel level at a glance.

Built with a cover made of tough ABS, Sportif's petrol tank has a special tamper-proof locking system. When you unlock the cover, an indicating tube shows you the fuel level at a glance. And being made of polypropylene, the tank is completely rust and corrosion proof.

7. The latest in exterior graphics combines stylish French looks with comfort and toughness.

The superbike's body styling is of the very latest French design. Its body sides are mounted on a sturdy centre frame, while the mouldings and pressed components are fabricated for extra toughness. Heavy duty shock absorbers take the roughest bumps with ease.

8. Specially designed, high power lighting gives you better visibility on dark roads.

Sportif's square-shaped 16 watt twin filament headlight, with a dip-dim attachment, disperses light better than other bikes. It also has indicator lights, and 6 volt, rear and brake lights. These lights are powered by a star connected magneto with a built-in transformer to take voltage surges.

9. Contour seating arrangement to give both you and your pillion maximum comfort.

The superbike's contour seating, with high quality foam, gives just the right cushioning support for two. What's more, its silencer has an extra cover that protects your pillion's feet from touching the hot muffler.

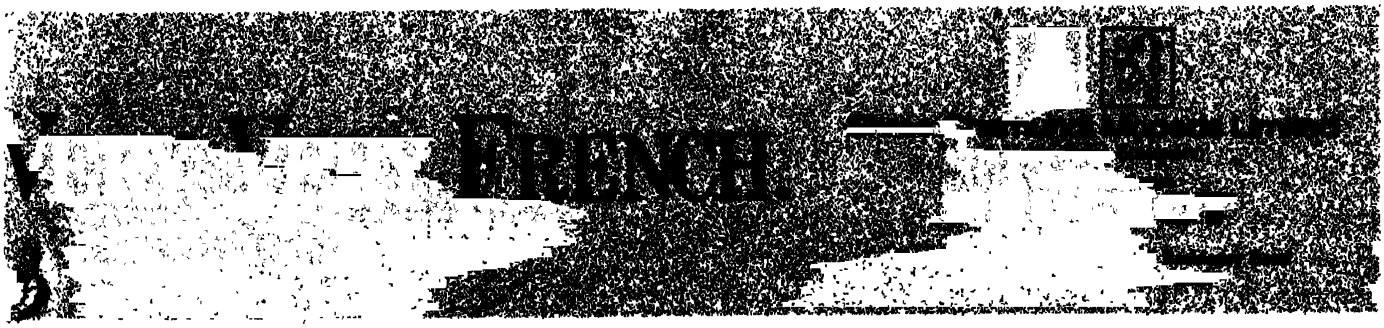
Moreover, all the major parts and components of Sportif are made by Peugeot in France.

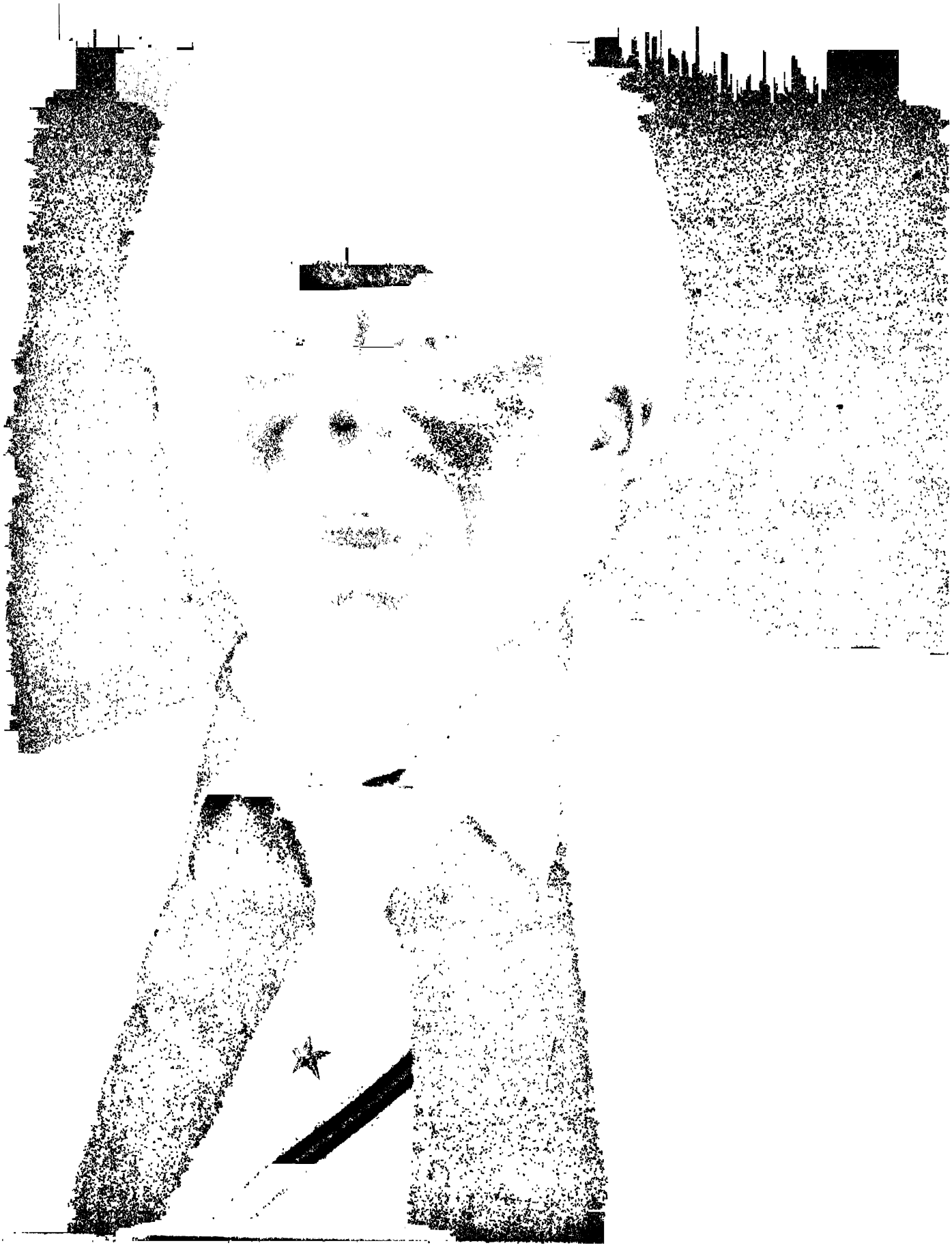
So, that's Sportif. The stylish French superbike that gives you all the fuel economy you want. And more... All the power you want. And more... All the riding comfort you want. And more...

Now, don't you think Sportif really is the superbike you've been waiting to own?

Production commences December '84.

The Sportif logo is subject to Government approval





Clive Lloyd's team is certainly not invincible

Bob Willis, the former England captain, previews the Australia-West Indies Test series

If Australia are to end the West Indies' domination of world Test cricket between now and the end of the year they must find a fourth top class bowler.

Clive Lloyd's team is certainly not invincible, despite their 5-0 thrashing of England during our recent series.

The plain fact is that England do not have a bowling attack strong enough to win matches on their own.

I have a lot of respect for the Australian pacemen. If they can keep fit throughout the series, Carl Rackemann, Geoff Lawson and Rodney Hogg will pose the West Indies batsmen problems.

But those three very fine bowlers will not be enough to beat Lloyd's men. During the summer, the England attack had the Windies in trouble on countless occasions, but we did not have the extra power to force the advantage and stop someone like Jeff Dujon or Clive himself staging a rescue act from lower down the order.

That is why Australia must be equipped with the extra top-class bowler—a spinner or another quick bowler—to have a realistic chance of winning the series.

Two years ago, Terry Alderman was expert at doing the job of the fourth bowler, keeping things tight while the quickies took the rest. Unfortunately, Terry has had a few problems with injury and form, otherwise I would consider him for the 'warhorse' role.

Time is not on the side of the Australians. The 'fourth man' must be found quickly. If he is, I think he could

Patrick Eagar

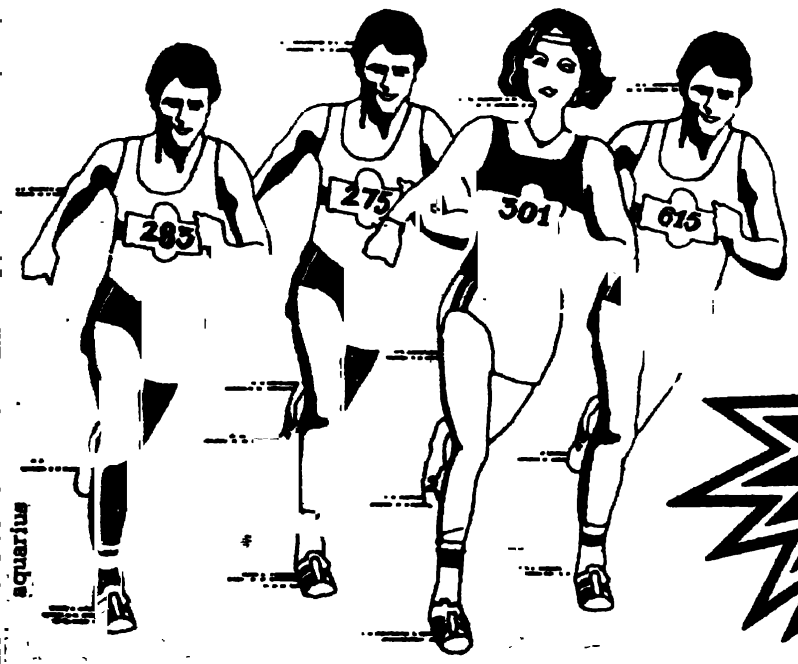


Paul Allot is congratulated by Derek Pringle after bowling Desmond Haynes at Headingley in the third Test of the 1984 England—West Indies series

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Organised by Shriram Foods & Fertiliser Industries, the makers of Rath Vanaspati, in association with the National Institute of Sports, the Rath Marathon is recognised by the Amateur Athletics Federation of India and its timings accepted for national records.

Last year, the winner in the women's section, Asha Aggarwal, set a new national record and was selected to run for India in the Nagoya Marathon.

So come, run these challenging 42.195 kms. For the sheer joy and exhiliration of achievement. In celebration of the human spirit.

This mammoth race is also open to international athletes, and more than a 1000 runners are expected to participate this year, as compared to 650 last time and 150 the year previous.

Send in your entries now, and run the most challenging race of them all—the Rath Indian Open Marathon.

The details:

- *Two events simultaneously: the 42 km. full Marathon & 21 km. half Marathon for men and women, open to all.*
- *No entry fee.*
- *Free hospitality for outstation participants.*
- *Medals, trophies and prizes to be won.*
- *Certificates for all who complete the race.*
- *Last date for entry: 11 Nov. 1984.*
- *For entry forms, write to:*

Secretary, Rath Indian Open Marathon, Shriram Foods & Fertiliser Industries, 6th Floor, Kanchenjunga Building, Barakhamba Road, New Delhi-110001.

Date: 18 November 1984
Venue: Delhi

the deciding factor. The West Indies batsmen are probably the most exciting to watch and certainly the most infuriating to bowl against. Because of their desire to attack all the time, Greenidge, Haynes, Richards, Gomes & Co., often give you a chance early in their innings.

If you don't take it they will spend the rest of their time at the crease reminding you of the magnitude of your error ! Gordon Greenidge, for example, made massive scores against England, including 214 not out the fifth day to win the Lord's Test, and another double century at Old Trafford, after giving early chances.

When he was batting we were all reminded of the great Sir Gary Sobers He let you have one chance—one only—and then gave the fielders plenty of exercise.

If bowling the West Indies out is the target Australia must achieve if they hope to win the series, then batting against Michael Holding, Malcolm Marshall and Joel Garner is obviously no cakewalk either.

But I do not consider their attack to be as fearsome as their all-pace line-up of the late Seventies For my money the combination of Colin Croft, Andy Roberts, Joel Garner and Michael Holding was the greatest and most penetrative bowling arsenal in the history of Test cricket

The fact that off-spinner Roger Harper gets into the side demonstrates that the present bowling is less threatening than four years ago, for I don't believe that on good, Test-class wickets, spinners win matches.

Harper is a fine bowler but he will not run through a side of top class batsmen in the same way that Marshall or Garner are capable of doing.

I feel the present Australian batting is strong enough to score a lot of runs in the coming weeks. Graham Yallop, Allan Border and Kim Hughes are now experienced international bats and although Kepler Wessels has his weaknesses he can be very effective. Also, I was pleased to see Wayne Phillips included in the squad for the one-day matches against India as he should make a useful contribution with the bat as well as behind the stumps.

One thing that will not help the Aussies is the amount of cricket they are playing. On returning from the one-day series in India, they faced the prospect of almost continuous cricket right through to March next year.

Although it is currently the vogue to play so much cricket, and the players are on very lucrative contracts to do so, I cannot believe that the number of games played is conducive to good performances. The players cannot be expected to be at their best all the time, and they will need to be against the West Indies

But Kim Hughes can play a large part in directing the pace of the series to preserve the stamina of his players It will be up to him to keep control of the game while the West Indies are batting.

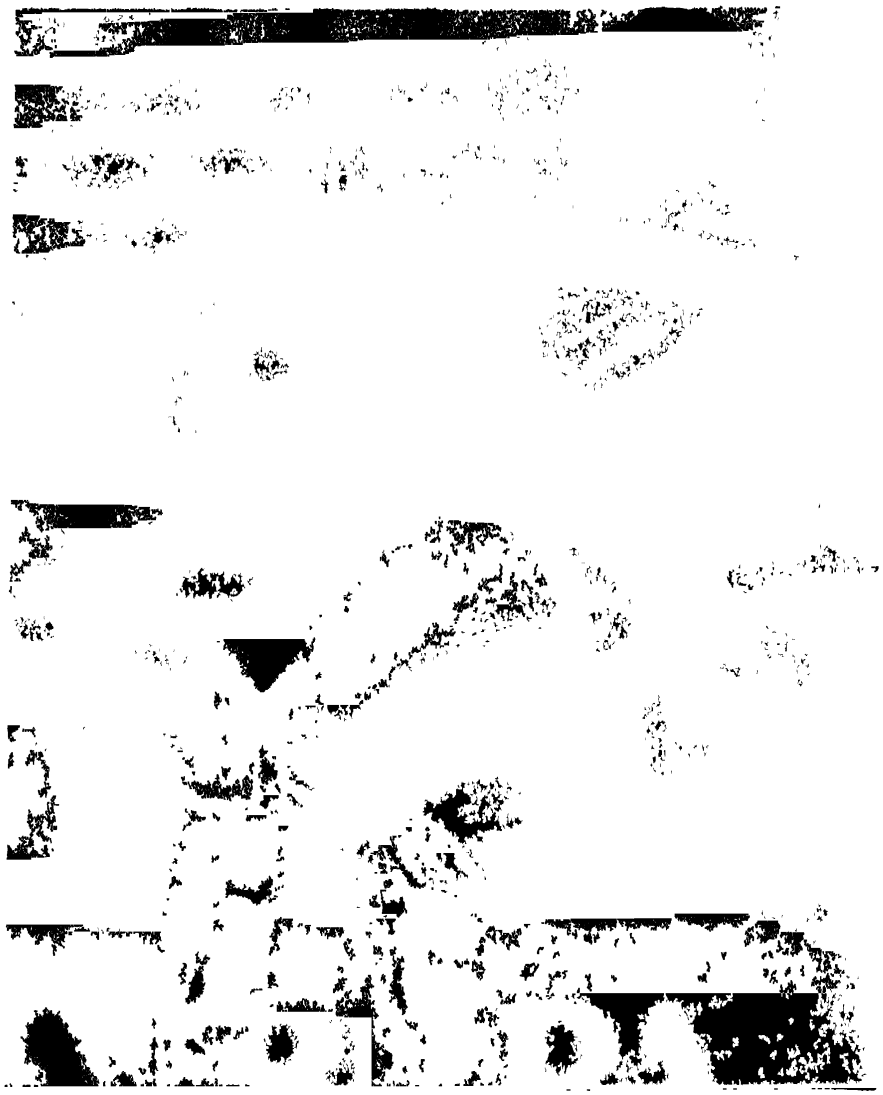
For instance, if after initial success by Hogg, Lawson or Rackemann, Clive Lloyd's men are threatening to take control of the bowling, Kim should be prepared with a plan for setting constructively defensive fields to stop them scoring

In the past, people have been guilty of playing the game at the pace the West Indies relish, playing into their hands. Their answer to all-out attack is all-out attack and that can mean a devastating result.

I am not talking about throwing in the towel, but Kim must be prepared to defend effectively to prevent his opponents running away with the initiative.

If you can tie down the West Indies you have a chance of breaking through. There is nothing they like less than being held up in their perpetual chase for runs!

This is where the extra bowler will be crucial. With him, Australia have a real chance of winning the series. Without him, I feel the West Indies may maintain their world domination into 1985 and beyond



Viv Richards savages the England bowling. According to the author, the Windies can be beaten. The question is: how and by whom?

Nine ain't fine for Robson

Lawrie McMenemy dwells on the prowess of Mark Hateley and Paul Mariner and the strict disciplinarian Brian Clough

NO disrespect to Joe Jordan, but I would have liked Paul Mariner or Mark Hateley in my Southampton team. I tried to sign Mariner when he was at Ipswich, but couldn't afford the £ 150,000 they were asking for him, and when Hateley was at Portsmouth, I sometimes fantasised about him lining up alongside Danny Wallace and Steve Moran!

Mariner and Hateley are the best of the centre forwards available to England's manager Bobby Robson and, indeed, their battle for the team's No. 9 spot proved one of the biggest talking points concerning the opening World Cup qualifying tie against Finland at Wembley on 17 October.

In England's previous match—the 1-0 Wembley victory over East Germany—Mariner filled the position, with Hateley on the substitutes' bench. I believe that should be the case again this time.

A number of people will argue that Hateley, who made his England debut—as a substitute—in the 0-2 defeat by the Soviets and then played in their matches against Brazil, Uruguay and Chile in the summer, should be kept in the team.

Their main reason lies in the fact that, at 22, Hateley is nine years younger than Mariner and thus is liable to have considerably more to offer England by the time of the World Cup finals in Mexico in 1986.

But England still have to reach that stage of the competition and I feel that at this stage, Mariner is a better bet than Hateley to help us achieve this because of his experience and record of consistent success at First Division and international levels.

Hateley has made a tremendous start to his career in the Italian League which has, without doubt, the tightest and most ruthless defences in the world, but I think it is important to put his initial success into perspective. His goals in AC Milan's opening matches of the season have led to him being ranked above even Diego Maradona, but if and when he stops scoring, he will quickly discover how cruelly Italian fans can turn against their heroes.



Luther Blissett—AC Milan has scant knowledge about him

At the moment, Hateley is at th half-way stage of his journey to th top, whereas Mariner has been at th pinnacle for some time.

It's fair to say that the changes Hateley's career since the end of las season have been staggering.

His rise to international prominenc started when he scored one of th England goals in their 2-0 win ove Brazil in Rio, but it is almost certai that he would not have been in th squad for that tour, let alone the tean had so many of the established inter national stars not withdrawn throug club-calls or injuries.

Bobby Robson was keen to hav Southampton striker Steve Moran a one of the replacements, but Stev couldn't go to South America as th trip clashed with the date of hi marriage. Had Steve been available, am convinced that he would have bee in the team for the Brazil match, a Hateley's expense!

When I was involved in negotiation with Italy's Verona for the transfer c Joe Jordan to Southampton, I was tol that AC Milan bought Hateley fror Portsmouth for £ 915,000 just on the strength of his Brazil performance. In fact, I have it on good authority tha this was the only time they had eve seen him in action!

This is not uncommon in Italy and indeed, I understand that AC Milar had a similarly scant knowledge c Luther Blissett when they bought h from Watford for £ 1 million season.

I don't think anyone in Englanc really expected Blissett to make ar impact in Italy. With his explosive pace, and physical strength, Blissett is at his most effective when chasing balls hit into the space behind defenders, but with most teams in Italy using a sweeper, such a service is usually futile there.

I think Blissett might have adjustec to Italian football through improving his ball control—and particularly his first touch—but that would have taker time which AC Milan weren't prepared to give him.

One of the reasons why I feel Hateley has made a good start with AC Milan is his ability in the air. Because of the manner in which the game is played in countries outside Britain—the attacking build-up is usually slow and methodical, with the ball being kept on the ground—Continental defenders are rarely happy when forced to deal with the more direct, aerial assault of English League teams.

There was a good example in Wrexham's extraordinary European Cup-Winners' Cup triumph over Porto in Portugal. With a 1-0 lead from the first leg, they fought back from 0-3 to 3-4 in the second to progress to the next round—against Roma!—on the away goals rule.

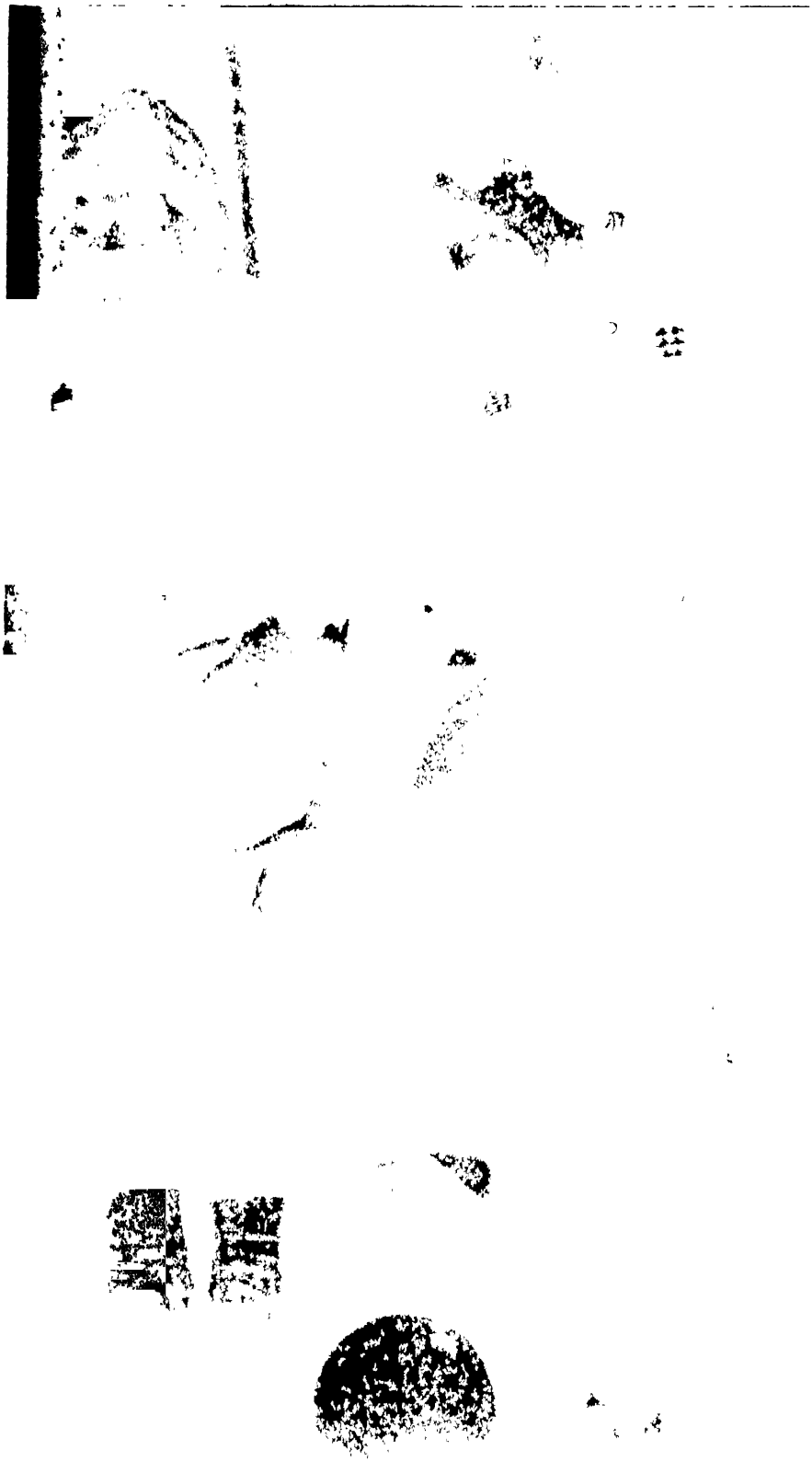
Wrexham's decisive goal was scored by their 6ft. 3in. centre forward Jim Steel and their manager Bobby Roberts commented: "They just couldn't defend against our sort of football—we made their international defenders Perreira and Eurico look like a couple of posers. Really, we got away with things that we wouldn't have got away with against most Fourth Division teams."

Hateley's power in the air was first brought to my attention by Allan Ball last season, when Ball was Portsmouth's youth team coach. "He's as good in the air as anyone I have seen," Bally told me. He's like his father Tony in that department, but is quicker and more mobile than his dad was!

I am sure that he has a tremendous England future, if his development is maintained, but for the time being, I would not advocate him displacing Paul Mariner.

Meanwhile, on the home front if any team are going to pip big-city giants like Arsenal and Manchester United in this season's championship race, I suggest that Brian Clough's Nottingham Forest are as good an outside bet as any. Cloughie, of course, has figured in a number of unexpected football success stories. Indeed, when it comes to working near soccer miracles, this man is in a class of his own.

One Forest performance which vividly illustrates the talents of the man was last season's UEFA Cup victory over Celtic, when Forest beat the Scots 2-1 in front of a 67,000 Celtic Park crowd after being held 0-0 in the first leg at home. Cloughie must take much of the credit for it, due to



Bobby Robson—keen to have Steve Moran

the manner in which he prepared his team for the second leg.

They arrived in Scotland a couple of days before the match, and Clough immediately took his players to the Glasgow pub owned by Celtic manager David Hay. I'm told that he ordered two rounds of drinks for them, paying for them himself and ordering the second to be put on Hay's slate!

Clough's somewhat unorthodox preparation for this high-tension game, which included a round or two of golf, had the effect of relaxing his team. From what I saw of the match on TV, they were absolutely superb.

I have got as close to Clough as any First Division manager, and must say that apart from admiring him as a professional, I like him immensely as a person. His media image is that of an arrogant, abrasive man but I have found this very misleading. Behind that rather unflattering facade, he is one of the warmest and most generous football pros I know.

One of the things Clough and I have in common is that we are both family men and like to keep that side of our lives private. We also have similar views on the game, although due to the differences between us in temperament, I tend to voice mine less forcibly!

We bump into each other in the unlikeliest of places. For example, I was surprised to see him—wearing an old cloth cap—at Notts County's ground prior to Southampton's midweek league match there last season. He watched the game from the terraces, with his two lads.

Not long afterwards, my wife and I attended a Frank Sinatra concert at London's Royal Festival Hall and when the lights went on at the end, I caught sight of Mr and Mrs Clough sitting just two rows in front of us! A great Sinatra fan is Clough. Another thing we have in common is that we've both acquired a reputation for bringing out the best in "problem" players.

I consider that all teams need big-name footballers who can provide a touch of star-quality to their performances, but due to the temperament of so many men in that category, a lot of managers tend to be wary of them. That is not a criticism which can be levelled at Clough.

Brian is a strict disciplinarian, but at the same time he appreciates that it's important to treat his players as adults, and allow their individual personalities to blossom. To a great extent, he will never attempt to crush a rebellious spirit, because this is one of the hallmarks of most outstanding footballers.



Brian Clough

His greatest attribute is his ability to motivate. A number of the players who have worked with him complain that they rarely saw him during the week, but then this is one of the reasons why I feel his style of management has proved so effective. I don't think his teams would respond to him as well as they do if they were exposed to his eccentricity—and his acid tongue—too often.

Clough can be somewhat dismissive in his treatment of big-name footballers, a deliberate ploy by him to keep their feet on the ground. His reputation in this department led to a considerably embarrassing incident for me when the Southampton and Nottingham Forest teams found themselves sharing the same hotel in Spain during a mid-season break in 1976/77.

We had some extremely strong-minded individualists in those days—Alan Ball, Peter Osgood, Jim Steele, Mike Channon, for example—and one day they invited Clough to have a drink with them...and told them what they thought about his approach to his job. Feeling that "he ruled by fear", they made it clear that they could never play for someone like him and I think Brian retorted that he wouldn't have some of them at his club anyway.

I felt our lads had been out of order, if only because I knew that Clough would use that conversation to wind up his Forest team on the next occasion they played us.

In fact, we met Forest at the City ground shortly afterwards, in a match which was abandoned due to mist with Southampton leading 1-0.

Before the kick-off, I told our players in no uncertain terms to avoid anything which might incite the crowd and Forest men and remember that when we scored, through Nick Holmes, they just trooped back for the re-start with their hands kept close to their sides!

I also remember Larry Lloyd having a go at Peter Osgood. The ref didn't see it, but Forest's assistant manager Peter Taylor did—and disciplined Lloyd.

Forest won the re-played match 2-1...and, of course, went on to clinch a place in the First Division that season. I can't speak too highly of Clough for the job he has done there. He has completely re-built the Forest team, introducing a number of youngsters into the side, and yet they have continued to give a good account of themselves.

He has proved beyond doubt that he is one of the best managers in the history of British football. That's why, when the present championship leaders Arsenal, are looking over their shoulders, they should keep their eyes on Nottingham Forest.

Mark Hateley

No more the 'gentle giant'

THE transformation in Mark Hateley's life during the last five months makes one blink with disbelief. In May, Hateley, 22, finished his season with Portsmouth in the Second Division with a creditable 25 goals, yet the club was only 16th in the table. Then his playing and financial fortunes erupted.

In June, Hateley scored in his first full England match, in a memorable 2-0 defeat of Brazil in Rio, and later that month, Italian giants AC Milan paid Portsmouth £915,000 for his services with Hateley landing a £50,000 signing-on fee and a three-year contract worth £200,000.

Now the 6ft. 1 in. Hateley is already making those who doubted his capacity to score goals in the ruthlessly competitive Italian League choke on their spaghetti. He has been averaging a goal a game there, and is now being hailed an even better signing than imports such as Maradona, Zico and Platini!

"I love it in Italy," Hateley enthuses. "The crowds are absolutely fanatical. They scream their heads off every time they see me. I can hardly walk down the street because there are so many people around. I seem to have been accepted by the locals—not just because I've scored a few goals, but because I try hard. The Italians like players who give it everything."

Hateley's instant success has restored the credibility of English strikers in the eyes of the Italians, wiping the memory of Luther Blissett, AC Milan's recruit from Watford last season who managed just two goals in his winter of discontent there. It has also provided a boost to England's World Cup chances.

Hateley, who was used as a substitute in last month's 1-0 win over East Germany at Wembley, received a better opportunity to demonstrate his dazzling form to an English audience when the national team began its assault on the World Cup with a qualifying game against Finland. Bobby Robson, the England manager, has hinted that Hateley will occupy a striker role come Mexico 1986. Robson says: "I've told Mark this is just the beginning. He showed in South America that he can get on the end of crosses, has aggression and mobility and the correct attitude."

Such enthusiasm for Hateley's talents is endorsed by Alan Biley, his striking partner at Portsmouth last season. Biley, the former Cambridge, Derby and Everton forward who shared 43 goals with Hateley, says: "We struck up an immediate understanding. It was round pegs into round holes. Mark made it easy for me because he has no real weak link. He is powerful, quick, has a wallop in either foot and is brilliant in the air. He is a target man, but not a lumbering battering-ram. He is skilful and mobile. Mark keeps in touch and is really full of himself at the moment. Good luck to him.

"He must play an important part in the next World Cup. If you look around the country, probably only Paul Mariner is his equal as a target man but Mariner has 'peaked'.Mark is a sensible sort of bloke," Biley adds. "Very ordinary really. He likes a beer and a laugh and he's not at all big-headed. I'm sure his game will improve in Italy and having Ray Wilkins out there with him must help him settle."

Wilkins cost AC Milan £1,400,000 from Manchester United and, not surprisingly, he and Hateley spend much of their spare time together. Yet for a time, the pair were unhappy because, contrary to their contract, the club failed to provide them with a house and car after two months of waiting, living in hotels and using taxis. Wilkins and Hateley actually bought aeroplane tickets and were ready to return to England.

Only a late intervention by Milan's President, Giusi Farina, prevented their departure. They were each given use of a Mercedes and shown the villas where they would live—once the buildings were completed.

'I love it in Italy. The crowds are absolutely fanatical. They scream their heads off every time they see me.'

Mark is the son of Tony Hateley, the former Notts County, Aston Villa, Chelsea, Liverpool, Coventry, Birmingham, Notts County and Oldham centre forward. Hateley senior was renowned for his ability in the air but, conscious of his limitations in other departments, he set out to ensure that his son would be a more complete footballer.

In addition to his own coaching of Mark, Tony, now a representative for a Lancashire brewery, advised him to start his career at Coventry. He knew their reputation for developing young players and was an admirer of Gordon Milne and Ron Wylie, the Highfield Road management team at the time.

But Mark had difficulty escaping from his father's shadow. "I was trying to make my own way in the game. But I thought I only got a mention because of dad. Sometimes it made me cringe." He was signed by Portsmouth for £190,000 in May 1983...and his liaison with their manager Bobby Campbell proved his turning point.

Campbell puts it this way: "Mark was what one might call a 'gentle giant' when we started working together, in that he didn't really exploit his physique enough. If things weren't going his way, he'd be inclined to drift out of a game. I kept niggling at him—almost bullying him—and like to think that I made him more aware of the need to show greater fire and aggression."

Hateley's increased physical commitment caused him to suffer varying degress of concussion four times last season. Four, indeed, is a significant number in his soccer career. He has scored that number of goals in games for both England Youth and Under-21 sides.

In Italy, Hateley has already been sent off for retaliation—in a pre-season warm-up match—but that is just the type of approach guaranteed to endear him to the Italians. They love a trier and a goalscorer. They love Mark Hateley.

Nothing to leave to chance

As British clubs prepare for the start of their 1984/85 European Champions Cup, Cup-Winners Cup and UEFA Cup challenge, Tottenham's captain **Steve Perryman** admits that it won't be just skill that will decide the destination of these trophies

IT is easy to be taken by surprise in European competitions, which is why I think it is essential that clubs show meticulous attention to detail in their preparation for matches. Experience behind the scenes is as important as it is on the pitch. Everything must be right—*nothing* should be left to chance.

I don't know whether Continental clubs deliberately set out to create problems for visiting teams, but they certainly don't do you any favours. For example, it's not unusual for the opposition to find that training facilities have been conveniently forgotten or that somebody has not bothered to provide any footballs!

In the past, I have tended to be critical of Tottenham's preparations for European Cup matches, but these days our arrangements for food, equipment, travel and hotels etc. are spot on. For me, that's one of the main reasons why Tottenham won the UEFA Cup last season.

The stunt-pulling by Continental teams on the field never ceases to amaze me. I'm convinced that some clubs actually give their ball-boys a team talk before a match, to get them to disrupt the opposing side's rhythm! One of the ways this can be achieved is through those lads taking their time over retrieving balls which have been knocked out of play by their own team. It's amazing how much more quickly they react when the opposition put the ball over the touchline.

British clubs are now using this ploy, too. When Dundee United met Roma in the European Champions Cup semi-final first leg at Tannadice last season, they used their apprentice pros as ball-boys!

Another favourite form of European Cup gamesmanship concerns the way in which substitutions are sometimes made. The player coming off will be informed well in advance, thus enabling him to get into the furthest position from the dug-out by the time his number is held up. He will then drift off as slowly as possible and, indeed, he can waste even more time by making a show of not wanting to go.

It's difficult for opposing teams to avoid becoming uptight in these sort of situations, which brings me back to what I was saying earlier about the importance of clubs having plenty of European Cup experience.

No English League club can touch Liverpool in that department, and I am very optimistic about their chances of retaining the Champions Cup this season. They have now captured the trophy in four of the last seven seasons, and there is little doubt that this record will give them a big psychological edge. I like to think that Everton (Cup-Winners Cup), Manchester United, Queens Park Rangers, Southampton, Nottingham Forest and, of course, Tottenham (UEFA Cup) will also do well.



Colorsport

Steve Perryman

It will be a tremendous experience for their young players. I will never forget Tottenham's UEFA Cup semi-final against AC Milan in Italy in 1972, the year we won the trophy for the first time. I was only 20 then, and the way in which the experienced pros handled the intimidating atmosphere—Milan's fans banged on the sides of our coach when we arrived at the ground, and rockets and fireworks rained down on us as we inspected the pitch—had a big influence on me.

I matured as a footballer in the same way as the youngsters who have been members of our UEFA Cup squad in recent seasons.

One of the biggest factors in the European Cup success of English League teams is our commitment. We have to show that week in week out in the League because skill alone will never win you the Championship. That is not so much the case in other countries, where there is not as much strength in depth.

It has long been argued that British footballers lag behind their Continental counterparts in terms of basic technical skills, but it has to be taken into account that the pace of the game in Britain is quicker and therefore our players don't have as much time and space on the ball.

This is one of the reasons why we at Tottenham derive so much enjoyment from our European Cup matches. It also helps explain why most British teams will command a great deal of respect in the Champions Cup, Cup Winners Cup and UEFA Cup.





Hemant Kumar Patel:
Best long jump prospect in India

SUBHASH SARKAR

Hemant Kumar's quest for perfection

Subhash Sarcar met the young athlete

HEMANT KUMAR PATEL. Remember the name. He is a nineteen-year-old long jumper and could conceivably turn out to be a bright prospect for India.

He is not cast in the classic mould of Asiad record holder T.C. Yohannan, star of the Teheran Asian Games, but India has never had it so good after Yohannan's premature exit.

Patel, only the second international athlete to emerge from the State of Orissa, won the long jump bronze at the recent junior international meet at Seoul He was also an automatic choice for the Kathmandu South Asia Federation Games where he produced his best leap of 7 33 metres to take the gold

Talent—when you are speaking of Hemant Patel—is not in short supply. Coaching is.

When asked in Kathmandu about his coaching programme, he said dejectedly: "Coach? I've never really been trained by anyone. I can only think of two people who helped with my training: Brajamohan Dhar and Anand Chandra Naik. They are not coaches, but secretaries of the Sundergarh district volleyball and athletics associations, respectively."

Hemant is an undergraduate from Mundagaon village, 17 km from Sundergarh. The eldest of three children in a farming family, his first love is soccer. In fact, he has the distinction of having represented his university in the all-India varsity tournament at Raipur. Even today, when he is not training, he is happiest playing soccer.

August 1982 was the turning point of Patel's life. It was during the district athletics meet, that he was advised to try the 100 m event since he had proved his fleetfootedness as a soccer forward. "I came first in the race but the story didn't end there. I was then advised to try the long jump and again I won," said Hemant, even as he apologised that he could not remember the distance.

Came the All-India Rural Meet at Karnataka the same year, and he shattered the existing long jump record with a leap of 6.49 m. Like most rural athletes, Hemant did not possess a pair of spikes, but his leap was definitely an outstanding feat by existing standards. "I thought I'd take this event seriously, but back home no one came to my aid No one knew specifications of a long jump pit, so I gave up the idea and began to play football once again." The memory clearly brings clouds of pain

Big time competition came to him in 1983 during the Calcutta Inter-State Athletics. Prior to leaving for the meet he had his first experience under a coach at the 20-day Cuttack camp. Coach B. Das Mahapatra recognised the lad's talent and Hemant leaped 6.90, an improvement of 41 centimetres in nearly six months. He could ultimately have wrested the gold from Haryana's Jai Singh but encountered health problems, taking third spot with 6.64 m.

Back home, the story was the same. He resumed his football and there were no more jumping sessions until the Delhi Inter-State Athletics Meet were he did a commendable seven metres. In preparation for the Bombay Open Athletics Meet, he came under the guidance of K.M. Chatterjee and G.B Das at the Cuttack camp.

In a field of seasoned jumpers, the youngster triumphed with a leap of 7 04 metres, setting an Orissa State record He was immediately selected for the national camp at Bangalore for the Seoul international meet where he won the bronze with a incredible leap of 7 10 m

A few days later, at Kathmandu, he soared to 7 33 m For Hemant, this was his proudest moment.

Will the NIS or the federation take care of this lad? Or will he be one of those innumerable athletes who never reach their peak? He has the talent that is required, but needs encouragement and finances to bring it to fruition.



Subhash Sarcar

Olympian Shiny Abraham recently broke Manjit Soni's decade old record in the 1,500m, clocking 4:39.4 at the All India YMCA Athletics Meet in Delhi. The picture shows Shiny finishing the 4×400m relay at the Kathmandu SAF Games

Spurs flicker briefly

Premen Addy



Alan Brazil

IT was a magic evening for Tottenham when they played host to mighty Liverpool. The Merseysiders have simply not been their usual selves this season but such is their formidable reputation that nobody, least of all their fellow professionals, have been brash enough to write them off as yet.

Like any team off colour, the hope is that changes on the field would make the formation click. So Joe Fagan dropped Kenny Dalglish, who if the truth be told, has been well short of his dominating best. The vision appears to be more constricted, the passes less incisive, the ability to turn opponents from near the box less assured. With Souness gone and his erstwhile partner in midfield struggling, the side is apt to blow a fuse with disturbing frequency.

Well, they did just that at White Hart Lane, where Spurs, thanks to a first-half goal by Garth Crooks took full points from the encounter. Crooks has struck a rare streak ever since his summons from the reserves because of Clive Allen's suspension and injury.

True, after the interval, Liverpool recovered some of their lost zest and in the dying minutes of the game, a shot from Paul Walsh seemed destined for the Spurs net when Ray Clemence, formerly of Liverpool and England, turned the clock back and made the sort of save that makes victory all the sweeter and defeat more galling.

Then Spurs had climbed to the top of the First Division and they were knocked off their perch the following day. Arsenal, looking more dangerous by the week, thrashed hapless Leicester City 4-1, with Charlie Nicholas masterminding two of their goals and missing a penalty. One cannot recall an Arsenal side with quite such an invincible air since they achieved the coveted double of the League and Cup in 1971-72.

Manchester United surged forward after their recent 1-3 setback against Aston Villa. Playing West Ham at home, they performed as efficiently and as devastatingly as any particle laser beam gun by blasting the East Londoners (among the best in the country) 5-1.

United's Scottish trio of Alan Brazil, Gordon McQueen and Gordon Strachan were as potent as Scotch whiskies, while their Danish ace Jesper Olson wove magical patterns that would have done justice to Hans

Anderson himself. With them were Bryan Robson and Remi Moses who went back and forth with the precision and power of steam pistons. Brazil's goal in particular was a pearl. He had recently plumbed the depths with a loss of form, change of clubs, and the inevitable barracking of crowds.

In third place are Sheffield Wednesday, the surprise packet this year, who beat Luton 2-1. They displayed enormous drive and power, with Imre Varadi, Chapman and Lyons outstanding in their individual and combined roles.

Arsenal lead the table with 22 points from 10 games, Spurs are second with 19, Wednesday third with 18, Manchester United fourth with 17 and Nottingham Forest fifth, also with 17 points but with an inferior goal difference.

Forest were convincingly beaten by West Bromwich Albion, who had just sold their black striker Cyril Regis to Coventry, 4-1. Mackenzie and Thompson, with a hattrick, scored for Albion while Boyer pulled one back for Forest.

At the bottom of the table, Watford at long last registered their first League win of the season when they beat Chelsea in a 3-2 thriller. Watford were behind for much of the match but their relentless determination to break the jinx saw them through. Things from now must surely get better. They do, after all, have class players in Luther Blisset, an England striker and John Barnes, an international winger whose goal last summer against Brazil brought back memories of Pele and Garrincha.

In the Second Division, Portsmouth lead the table with 24 points from 10 matches, followed by Blackburn, Oxford and Birmingham with 23, 22 and 21 points, respectively. Portsmouth have been in the doldrums for years. Few will recall, that way back in 1948, they actually took the First Division title. A few years ago they had slid to the fourth. Today they are in the second and may be back to the first, if they can keep up their present run to April.

In Scotland, Aberdeen cling precariously to their place at the head of the premier division by the slenderest of margins. They have 17 points from 10 games, with Celtic breathing down their necks with 16 and Rangers a further two points adrift.

Aberdeen beat Dundee 2-1, while Celtic cantered to a 3-nil victory over Hibernian and Rangers coasted home to a 2-0 win against St Mirren.

It was the World Cup qualifying rounds which held the public attention. England played the amateurs of Finland and slammed them 5-nil, with Mark Hateley scoring 2 of these and having a hand in another. The 22-year-old Hateley, who was playing for Portsmouth a few months ago but is now enjoying the European limelight in Italy, may prove to be the lethal striker England have been looking for these past years.



Colorsport

Charlie Nicholas

Tigers go on a rampage

George K. George



IT has been baseball all the way in recent weeks. The climax of the season was the 'world series' games between Detroit Tigers and San Diego Padres. Let us translate that a bit. Baseball is the American counterpart of cricket in India. The national championship is called the World Series even though other baseball playing nations like Japan are not involved. The teams do not represent any of the states of the Union, but are privately owned clubs. Two teams enter the world series from two different leagues, the American League and the National League. The clubs play a good number of games to get into the World Series.

This year's winners, Detroit Tigers, won 104 matches and lost 58 in the regular season. The world series is a best-of-seven tournament with the venue rotating between the home grounds of the competitors.

San Diego Padres were surprise winners of the National League. They trailed 0-2 against Chicago Cubs in the best-of-five play-off, but became the first ever team in their league's history to recover from that margin to win the series. But luck did not come to their aid in the finals against the Tigers, who eventually proved to be the most consistent team of the year. They opened with a win in San Diego, conceded the second to the Padres and swept the next three in a row to win in style.

The Detroit fans had a strange way of celebrating the finale of the 61st World Series. Hundreds of them went wild and set fire to whatever they could possibly find. One police car was burned and two demolished and 34 persons were arrested for rioting. Another instance of violence took place on the following day, at a victory celebration, and a policeman was stabbed.



Peter V. Ueberroth—yet another job well done

While Detroit was burning in its glory, Peter V. Ueberroth, the successful organiser of the Los Angeles Olympics, was scoring another impressive win in the baseball arena. Ueberroth, who took over as the chief administrator of baseball in the United States in the first week of October, had to face his first test within a week. The umpires went on strike on the eve of the play-offs to determine the National League and American League champions. Amateur umpires officiated the first match of the play-off, but the new commissioner stepped right in and offered to mediate. The umpires agreed and came back to work.

Ueberroth acted as the arbitrator between the umpires and the owners and his decision was agreed upon as binding. He sided with the major demand of the umpires, but at the same time conceded some of the terms proposed by the owners. Another very delicate and diplomatic job was successfully performed by the master businessman, Ueberroth. He has taken up the most difficult administrative job in American pro sports. But the million-dollar man of the L.A. Olympics seems to have things pretty well under his control right away. Major league baseball has a number of major problems and Ueberroth certainly has his work cut out for the next couple of years.

'Team America' is tops

WHILE things are looking up for baseball, American soccer seems to be going from bad to worse. In a country which has millions of soccer-crazy immigrants from the South American countries, this game should be a natural hit. Somehow, the administration of it has been unsuccessful so far. The glamorous Cosmos which brought 'Black Pearl' Pele and international attention to soccer in this country was traded in August. Warner Communications sold it to former Cosmos star, Georgio Chinaglia who already owns another club in Rome.

The US national team has been revived once again under the title "Team America". Former Cosmos player Ricky Davis leads the combination of seven Cosmos players and 14 members of the US Olympic team. The team achieved a small measure of success last week in Los

Angeles by winning the Columbus Cup, an exhibition tournament. Davis led his team to a 3-1 win over El Salvador by scoring a crucial goal after the teams were tied at 1-1. Mexico defeated Columbia in another match. The U.S. beat Columbia in its second match. The Mexico-El Salvador match ended in a brawl, giving the title to the U.S. team. That match was a rough affair from the starting whistle. In the 33rd minute of the second half, the referee stopped the match after ejecting four Salvadorans. Mexico, which led 1-0 at this stage was declared winners, but the U.S. had a higher goal average.

Mexico, the hosts of the 1986 World Cup, were eliminated from the Cup Qualifying Round in 1982 by El Salvador. Ever since, all the matches between the two teams have been violent. The venue of the aborted game just happened to be the site of the Olympics itself. Perhaps that lucky site could very well become the good luck charm for the American soccer team.

It's time for comebacks and debuts

THE boxing scene has been dull for quite a while, especially since the Larry Holmes-Gerry Coetzee bout has been postponed. The only bout worth international attention was between Thomas Hearns and Fred Hutchings. Hearns won hands down in the third round and successfully defended his World Boxing Council title.

Once again, it is comeback time. Gerry Cooney was back in the ring after a gap of 27 months after his loss to Larry Holmes. His comeback has been postponed several times in recent months due to reported injuries. However, on September 29, Cooney, the 28-year-old New Yorker, stopped Philip Brown in the fourth round in a bout at Anchorage, 4,800 miles away from home. The trip to Alaska won him $300,000 in prize money and a new lease for his career.

His managers announced a campaign for Cooney to become "America's Fighter." He wore red, white and blue instead of the Irish green that has been his trade mark. Is the new package going to change the product? Only time will tell. Cooney had to go all the way to Alaska to regain his confidence. One wonders if he could take the pressure of competing close to home in the coming months.

Another former victim of Larry Holmes is also staging a comeback. Marvis Frazier, the son of Joe Frazier, says that he makes no excuses for his loss. He is keen to come back gradually. His October 23 bout against Bernard Benton will be a crucial test that could possibly determine his future in this sport.

Five U.S. Olympians will make their debut in professional boxing at Madison Square Garden in New York on November 15. Mark Breland, Pernell Whitaker, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Taylor and controversial bronze medallist Evander Holyfield have signed contracts for a combined 10 million dollars. Each has received over $ 100,000 for the bout. That gives each boxer $ 400,00 more on their debut than what Sugar Ray Leonard received for his first bout in 1976. At the request of the boxers, the tickets for their Garden fight will be free. Eighty per cent of the tickets will be distributed through a contest sponsored by a New York city newspaper, *The Daily News*.



Marvis Frazier—on the comeback trail

The tennis machine

AT last Martina Navratilova has broken the 10-year-old record of Chris Evert-Lloyd for the highest number of consecutive wins. Navratilova went to Florida, Chris Evert's home state with a 55-match streak which tied her with Chris. She left with a 60-match streak after beating high school student Michelle Torre, who had eliminated the likes of Kathy Rinaldi and Lisa Bonder.

Martina's long-awaited break came through a win over 16-year-old Melissa Brown of New York. It did not come easy at all. The r.o. 56 player of the world was not a serious threat to Martina, but the weather gods were. It took Martina 27 hours to complete the match. She led Brown 4-1 before rain stopped the contest. On the following day, it was resumed twice and stopped. Finally, but not before that evening, Martina won 6-1, 6-2. Martina went on to beat Wendy Turnbull before overpowering young Torre in her first final.

Martina is taking five weeks off before the Australian Open which could give her the traditional Grand Prix honours. She wants to go even further, "12 months without losing." Her last loss came at the hands of Hana Mandlikova in Oakland, last January. Right now even the weather gods seem to be helpless against her determination.

Can I beat Dennis Lillee's record of 355 Test wickets? I'd need both arms and both legs amputated if I'm not to
Ian Botham after bagging his 300th Test wicket

He is an intimidating player. He is not nice to me
Bernhard Langer after he lost to Severiano Ballesteros in the final of the Suntory World Match Play Golf championship

I started as a left winger, dreaming about scoring goals, but they put me back and back until I finished as goalkeeper
Lev Yashin, Russia's best goalkeeper ever, talking about his glorious career after his leg was amputated

The Moscow Games were very, very successful and the Los Angeles Games were very, very very successful
Juan Samaranch, the president of the International Olympic Committee, at a news conference in New Delhi

The British Davis Cup team had been living beyond their means
Paul Hutchins, Britain's Davis Cup team captain, on their relegation from the World Group to the European Zone following their 1-4 loss to Yugoslavia

I never have any pain. I'm just drowsy all the time and it bothers me that people don't understand me
Muhammad Ali talking about his recent spell of illness

It's not that Kasparov is playing badly. In fact, Kasparov is playing well. It is just that Karpov is playing fantastically well
Soviet Grandmaster Eduard Gufeld about the world chess title contest

A cricketer sacrifices his domestic life to represent his country and unless he is properly benefited, why should he take to the game just for the sake of playing. The lack of facilities and encouragement have failed to bring the best out of budding players in the country
Syed Kirmani over All India Radio

There are many reasons why people begin to disintegrate as they get older. Maybe they're not happy, or they lose a partner. Sometimes obesity creeps into their life; they're smoking and drinking too much, they don't work at keeping fit and they feel they're getting old. It's such a shame. Life can be wonderful if you retain your enthusiasm
Veteran golfer Gary Player talking about how he has fought the years


Ian Botham


Zola Budd


Muhammad Ali


Anatoly Karpov


Gary Player

Fight fire with fire and break a few skulls
Former Australian Test wicketkeeper, Rod Marsh, offers advice to the current Australian side meeting the formidable West Indies this winter

I don't really like bananas. I would have much preferred watermelons
England's black soccer star, John Barnes, after he was pelted with banana skins during a club match by some racially discriminating soccer fans

I've cleaned my teeth and gargled, just in case you have to give me the kiss of life
Pat Pocock to the English team's physiotherapist Bernard Thomas as England's nightwatchman in the fifth Test against the West Indies

She is very, very quiet. You don't hear her in there. I haven't seen any friends visiting. I don't think she will speak to reporters. She hardly speaks to us
Zola Budd's neighbour in Bloemfontein, South Africa where she has recently rented a flat

Who knows? I've got so many runs this season, maybe I've used up next year's quota as well
Graham Gooch on whether he will be recalled into the English Test side after the ban on him expires next year

There must have some slip somewhere
Ashok Ghosh, AIFF secretary, on the complaints from most of the foreign teams participating in the Asian Cup soccer, that they were expecting matches to played in the evening and not in the afternoon

It's clear that we are the two best in the world
Anatoly Karpov, the world chess champion, talking to Associated Press about Gary Kasparov and himself

The Indian batsmen will probably be sleeping a lot easier because of that
Sunil Gavaskar on the absence of the chief wrecker of the last India-Pakistan series, Imran Khan, from the current Pakistani side

I have never done it and will never do so. Forget the football president, even if Marshall Tito or even Mrs Gandhi wanted it, I still would not have taken him as long as I felt he was not good enough
India's Yugoslavian football coach Milovan Ciric, on accusations that Shabbir Ali is too old and is on the team just because of his connections with the president of the Federation, Mr Ziauddin





Nearly 29,000 Parisians race across the Pont d'Tena bridge at the start of the annual 20-kilometre event



North Korean gymnasts, Kim Su Yong, Pak Guan Bok and Chang Ok Sun pass through London's Heathrow Airport, before boarding a flight to Bulgaria. They were deported from Britain, because the country has no diplomatic relations with North Korea.





Jean Marie Balestre, president of FISA (the International Autosport Federation) chats with newsmen after the announcement in Paris that Monaco, site of the oldest auto racing Grand Prix, has been stripped of the right to organise a 1985 world championship race. The ban was imposed because Monaco refused to give up television rights for the event.

Former world heavyweight champions Joe Frazier (left) and Floyd Patterson hold up the gloved hands of United States Vice President George Bush during a rally in Elizabeth, New Jersey



CALCUTTA

Blood And Fury

BLEEDING profusely, the reigning world champion Yamamoto launched a fast, deadly counter-attack on Kagawa to wipe out a full point deficit, and win the 27th All Japan Karate Championships at Tokyo's Budokan

Yamamoto was expected to win the bout and the title easily, but Kagawa sidestepped the champion's vicious stomach kick, and sent his backfist into his face to go ahead by half a point. The challenger countered another attack, and scored another half-point to lead by an ippon (full point)

A burst of speed and superb timing enabled Yamamoto to score with his patent sliding reverse punch to the chest twice in quick succession to draw level. The champion then went for a overdrive to score twice in quick succession to secure the maximum 2 full points required for victory. Both of them fought like traditional 'Samurai Warriors'.



Ashoke Chakraborty

State champions both—Shubabrata Talukdar and Debjani Bagchi are the winners of the men's singles title and the ladies's singles title respectively, at the recently concluded 50th West Bengal State Table Tennis championship at the Netaji Indoor Stadium

Anil Sinha was the only Indian invited to the prestigious individual championship He had dislocated his shoulder in training, but nevertheless took part. Salil Burman of TISCO and Santosh Punganur of Bombay were the only two Indians to compete in the team championship. Burman performed creditably, winning his bout.

The Indian team was in Tokyo for about a month, training under Mr. Sasaki (6th Dan) of the Japan Karate Association Anil Sinha to pass on the latest fighting and training methods being taught in Japan

Anil Sinha

4th Himalayan Rally



Our attention has been drawn to some advertisement concerning the results of the Ambassador Class in the 4th Himalayan Rally.

The winners of the Ambassdor Class were "Competition No. 59", driven by Mr & Mrs K S Bakshi.

HIMALAYAN RALLY ASSOCIATION. BOMBAY



VINOO MANKAD

THE GREAT INDIAN ALL-ROUNDER COMPLETED THE TEST DOUBLE IN ONLY 23 GAMES. A RIGHT HAND BATSMAN AND A LEFT-ARM ORTHODOX SLOW BOWLER HE CAPTAINED INDIA IN SIX TESTS LOSING ONE AND DRAWING THE OTHER FIVE



UNTIL IAN BOTHAM OF ENGLAND DID SO IN 21 TESTS NO ONE HAD COMPLETED THE TEST DOUBLE IN FEWER GAMES

Illustrations Subrata Gangopadhyay

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd . to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

STORY WARNING: CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

14 October Victory comes India's way, finally The one day international at Rawalpindi is won by the Indians by 65 runs Dilip Vengsarkar scores an unbeaten 88

Gene Mayer runs out of steam in the third set to lose 6-7, 7-8, 1-6 to Jimmy Arias in the final of the $ 150,000 Du Pont All-American tennis championship at South Carolina

Morten Frost, the All-England champion, wins the English Masters badminton tournament at Portsmouth staving off Han Jian's late effort 15-7, 18-15. In the ladies section, Kirsten Larsen beats Helen Troke 11-1, 12-10

15 October Indian athlete Geeta Zutshi will be competing in some sports meets in USA as a guest of the president of Asics Tiger, a leading sports shoe company from Japan.

David Pate of USA wins his first Grand Prix title as he upsets fellow countryman Terry Moor 6-3, 7-5 to win the $ 195,000 Japan Tennis Tournament at Tokyo

The Singapore Rugby Union imposes a one year ban on a player who bit off part of an opponent's ear during a melee

16 October Vijay Amritraj makes short work of the tennis sex symbol, Leif Shiras 6 3, 6 0 to move into the second round of the $375,000 Seiko Super Grand Prix tennis tournament at Tokyo

Michael Neisse, a 21 year old East German weightlifter, seeks asylum in West Germany while he was there in Forst to participate in an international competition

Trouble brews at Lahore as Kapil Dev and Raj Singh, the manager of the Indian team, are refused permission to inspect the pitch. This is, probably, the first time that a visiting manager and a senior player have been denied the right to inspect the pitch

17 October The first Test at Lahore gets off to a dream start for the Indians and debutant Chetan Sharma Sharma strikes in his first over itself to finish with three for 56 Zaheer Abbas and Salim Malik stem the rot to end the first day at 211 for five

Sunil Gavaskar reaches yet another landmark as this Test marks his 100th Test Zia-Ul-Haq, the president of Pakistan, presents him with a silver salver, a carpet and books on Pakistan. His teammates present him with a silver salver on which is inscribed 'Well played Sunny'

Ramesh Krishnan recovers from a set down to beat Tomas Smid 2-6, 6-4, 6-2 and move into the second round of the $375,000 Seiko Super tennis tournament.

18 October Zaheer Abbas scores an unbeaten 168 to guide Pakistan out of troubled waters and end the second day of the first Test with his team at a safe 428 for nine

Ramesh Krishnan beats Zoltan Kuhraszky of Hungary 6-0, 6-4 to make the last eight of the Seiko Super Grand Prix tennis at Tokyo. Joining him in the last eight is Vijay Amritraj who edges past Martin Davis 7-6, 6-4, Jimmy Connors, Mats Wilander and Ivan Lendl.

19 October Azeem Hafeez proves to be India's bogey man as he tears through the batting line up to reduce India to 156 and enforce the follow-on on them. Hafeez ends the day with six for 47.

Ramesh Krishnan wins a marathon 5-7, 6-4, 7-6 match to beat Mats Wilander and enter the semi finals of the Seiko Super tennis. Vijay Amritraj, however, crashes out to Ivan Lendl 4-6, 4-6.

Maya Cheburdanidze, the Soviet Grand Master retains her world women's chess title beating challenger Irina Levitina at Moscow.

20 October Ivan Lendl proves too strong for Ramesh Krishnan as he wins 6-2, 6-4 to advance into the final of the Seiko Super tennis tournament where he faces Jimmy Connors who beat Andres Gomez 6-3, 6-2.



French soccer star Michel Platini (extreme right) is all smiles after being chosen the best Italian soccer player. The other nominees were (from left) Cabrini of Juventus (2nd), Altobelli of Inter Milan (4th) and Zico of Udine (3rd)

The most unorthodox player

and greatest crowd-pleaser

YOU won't find many mentions of the name Learie Constantine in the cricket record books. But ask anyone who watched cricket in the 'twenties and 'thirties which cricketer made the greatest impact in terms of individual flashes of genius, and the answer is almost always 'Conny'.

Learie Constantine was rated the finest fieldsman in the history of the game. Some of his catches were unbelievable.

Like when he moved from first slip to leg slip to catch a Lancashire batsman. Like when he stuck up a hand at short leg and caught Bob Wyatt off a hook shot.

Some modern cricketers are sceptical of Constantine's abilities. 'What was his batting average in Tests?Only 19. That's not much.' That was how one England Test star of the 'sixties put it.

In terms of averages and runs and wickets per match, Learie Constantine cannot stand alongside the greats. But he does so because he was capable of brilliant feats which were beyond any of his contemporaries—wonderful athletic catches, six hits to places where the ball had never been hit before, and all three stumps smashed out of the ground by the fastest delivery that particular batsman had ever faced.

Slave's grandson

Constantine was born at Maraval, a small village in Trinidad, on September 21, 1902. His father was also a Test cricketer, but he never forced his son to play cricket.

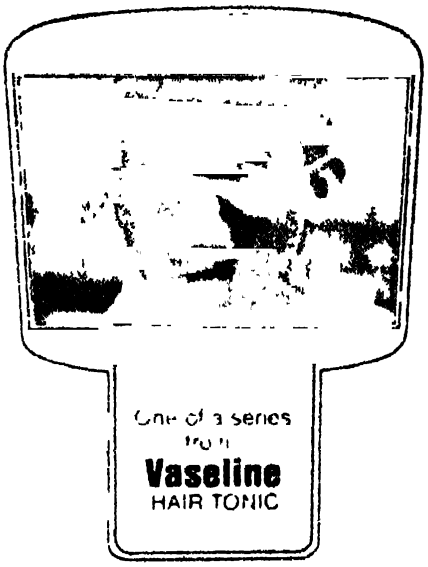
The environment did that. Maraval enjoys an equable, all-the-year-round climate, with the temperature nearly always around 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

Cricket, the game brought to Trinidad by the English invaders, is one of the few worthwhile pursuits for young boys with no money.

And Learie, grandson of a slave, never had much money.

Young Constantine played cricket every day. Often with his mother.

LEARIE CONSTANTINE



Soon he made his local team, then followed his father into the Trinidad side.

Modest start

In 1923 Learie toured England with the West Indies side. It was a modest start to his Test career.

But in 1928, when he toured England a second time, he established himself as the foremost West Indian all-rounder of his day.

He scored 1381 runs at an average of 34, and took 107 wickets at a cost of 22 runs apiece.

But it was not how many runs or wickets he had down in the book. It was how he scored or took them.

The leading West Indies writer on cricket, C.L.R. James, once wrote: 'The point about Constantine is that you came to the ground and looked at him expecting the moment of artistic truth and were rarely disappointed.'

Some of Constantine's artistic moments came in a match at Lord's against Middlesex. He went in with the score at 79 for five. In twenty minutes he scored 50 and in an hour, 86. When Middlesex went in, he took six wickets for 11 runs in six overs!

In the second innings, West Indies were 121-5. Then Learie went in and hit 103 out of 133 in an hour.

Highest paid

In 1929 he accepted an offer to play for Nelson in the Lancashire League. He was the highest paid professional cricketer of the day.

Learie played 18 Tests for the West Indies. In 1939 he toured England for a third time. On his previous tours he was a fast bowler of great pace and stamina.

Now, at 37, he realised that he would not last the tour bowling flat out every day. So he took up medium-pace swing bowling and finished the season with 103 wickets at 17 runs apiece—among the most remarkable figures ever achieved by a visiting bowler in England.

He bowled the lot—medium pace, slow spin, googlies, and the occasional fast ball and bouncer. His wickets came, on average, every six overs.

Constantine's six-hitting feats were legendary. Once he square-cut Gubby Allen for six at Lord's. A hook shot sent the ball straight into the road. Another blow landed the ball over the pavilion.

Life Peer

On another famous occasion, he turned round and hit a bumper straight over the wicket-keeper's head for six. The vast crowds who turned up to see him loved his unorthodoxy and daring.

What the crowds who watched and admired him didn't know was that Learie was a lifelong martyr to hay fever. Following the sun, as international cricketers do, he could not avoid it either.

'I always took the field with two clean handkerchiefs,' he told me once. 'One of them was for wiping my eyes, and the other was for wiping my nose.'

Steve Douglas

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Brush down each day for real looking hair.

Formula One

Restrictions

THE International Autosport Federation (FISA) recently banned Monaco from hosting next year's Formula One Championship because the Mediterranean resort refused to comply with the parent body's rules.

Interestingly, Monaco is one of the oldest Grand Prix sites of the circuit, and a ban means a great humiliation for one of the pioneers of this sport. Monaco did not conform to a 1981 agreement of race organisers under which FISA holds sole television rights. And before seeking consent, Monaco signed a four-year contract with the ABC. The violation only forced FISA to take such a step

The world body has also come to a consensus to have a few changes with effect from next year. Among them is some Formula One restrictions. This was done in order to reduce fuel capacity of Formula One cars and also to ban the stabilising winglets. Now Formula One cars will be limited to 102 octane fuel and a maximum fuel capacity of 220 litres.

Manager's Agony

Please pay up

MALCOLM ALLISON, who earns his living from soccer, is now among the three million Britons drawing unemployment benefits.

He was the manager of Middlebrough FC but was suspended from all football activities for not paying up a fine of £250 to the Football Association which imposed the fine on him for misconduct during a match early this year.

Such a drastic measure was taken after FIFA went through a report of the incident sent by the FA. In fact, the world body found Allison guilty and warned its affiliated national federations that his services will not be acceptable unless he cleared the fine.

But, for a manager of his status, the fine could have been paid the moment it was imposed upon him. However, it seems that either he does not have the means to pay up or he's just reluctant. Obviously, Allison has no money or he would not have queued up for dole. Now he is banking on Middlebrough for settling his dues—which is long over due. But how could FIFA mete out such a punishment? Worse things have taken place on the soccer field.

Who's Right

Soma's dilemma

BENGAL's proud possession Soma Dutta, who finished 17th in the Los Angeles Olympics small bore standard rifle shooting competition and has the distinction of claiming a total of 14 gold and seven silver medals at National meets, is in the midst of a controversy regarding her age.

When this lass donned India's blazer



Soma Dutta

at the Delhi Asiad, she gave her date of birth as 25.12.68. But strangely enough, the Calcutta Corporation record indicates 25.12.67 which her father gave while applying for the birth certificate. Now the moot question is: which one is genuine?

The story, however, did not end there. For the 23rd Olympiad, Soma's date of birth was given as 25.12.67, the one shown by the Corporation. The Bengal Olympic Association, it seems, has no time to note such irregularities?

Debts Cleared

At last

THE main job of the various sports federations is to keep track of the annual subscriptions of its affiliates and to find a host for staging the nationals. But more often than not even that job is not properly done.

The Bengal Amateur Swimming Association (BASA) bid for the swimming nationals and the federation willingly obliged. It was allotted at a time when the late P. C. Jain was in the chair.

But the present boss Dilip Mitra was blissfully unaware of it: "Is the Bengal Amateur Swimming Association holding it?" "I don't know," he quipped. Did he know that BASA was a defaulter? When BASA was making preparations for the nationals, the Bengal Olympic Association sent BASA a warning note asking it to clear its affiliation dues. BASA is known for its paucity of funds but anyway things were set right.

Budding Problems

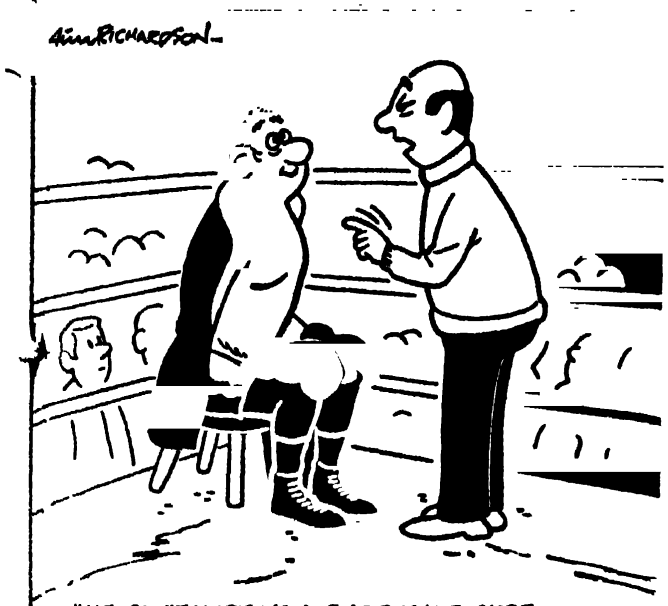
Take care

THE sensational Johannesburg teenager Zola Budd is having all sorts of problems these days. As it is, she is unable to get over the incident she'd had with her idol Mary Decker at the Coliseum track during the 3000m finals. Back in her South African home, Zola avoided queries made by newsmen with a smile only.

Then again, she is seriously thinking whether to continue the track event or not. Because if she decides to stay back in apartheid South Africa, her future is doomed forever. So the only solution is to go back to Great Britain.

But she's adamant. She wants to take her mother Tossie along and settle down permanently. The problem is whether Britain's climate will suit Zola's mother who is suffering from an unknown blood disease and arthritis. And England's wetter and colder conditions are bad for arthritis.

It's agonising for Zola.





'Show' Coach

BIRMINGHAM Football coach to team: "Men, I want you to remember this if you forget everything else I tell you. Football develops individuality, initiative and leadership. It teaches you team-work, but it also teaches you to think and act on your own, to use your own brain to do the job. Now get out there and do exactly what I tell you!"

Bernie Tellis

Thank you Olympians!



We're grateful for your whole-hearted participation in the G I.C Olympics Contest As it happens in all sports and life, not everybody wins But then, an ounce of sincere effort counts more than a pound of gold medals

Since, none of the participants have answered all 6 questions correctly, we regret to inform that no prizes will be awarded Decision of the judges is final

The Answers

SD1	High Jump	– D McNaughton, Canadian
SD2	Hockey	– 1908, Great Britain
SD3	Gymnastics	– 12 square metres
SD4	Swimming	– Socrates
SD5	Shooting	– 1896, Athens
SD6	Tennis	– 1896, Athens

G.I.C.–helps you move faster, reach higher, become stronger.

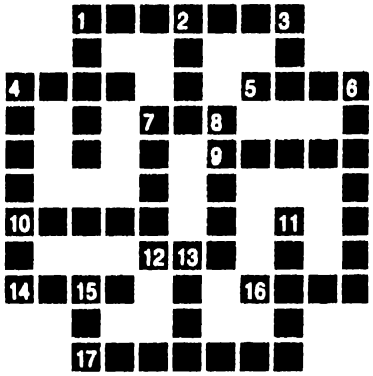
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Shilpi GIC 7a/84

CROSSWORD

Mudar

260



ACROSS

1. Carrier of the American flag during the march-in ceremony begins with the editor (2, 5)
4. The first person to swim across the English Channel 'recedes' most of the way (4)
5. Adam's abode comprises an Indian Test ground (4)
7. Not a 'sticky' wicket (3)
9. Nottinghamshire's Bridge over troubled waters (5)
10. British middle distance runner comprises an animal doctor (5)
12. Mascot for the Los Angeles Games (3)
14. One of the newest modes of dismissal in cricket—' out' (4)
16. Posterior extermity of an animal for cricket's batting position (4)
17. A sporting Joaquim, but not Cruz (7)

DOWN

1. Fencing equipment, ending in a direction, comes up (5)
2. Cup of contention among women badminton players stutters in the end (4)
3. You need a powerful ... game to win in chess (3)
4. Practice session begins with 'labour' (7)
6. Seven-a-side ball game played mainly by girls and women begins with a court divider (7)
7. Indoor game with pointed weapons for throwing with the hand (5)
8. Noble captain of Australia, coming up (5)
11. To 'stuff' comprises a German tennis player between the Wars (5)
13. Spanish hockey player during the Moscow Olympic ends in a 'rug' (4)
15. Carrom units (3)

Excellent: 20-18, Good: 17, Fair: 16

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

What are the full names of the following internationally famous (present or past) athletes?

1. Sebastian Coe.
2. Steve Ovett.
3. Allan Wells.
4. Lee Evans.
5. Mary Decker.
6. John Walker.
7. Edwin Moses.
8. Bob Mathias.
9. Dave Moorecroft
10. Paavo Nurmi.

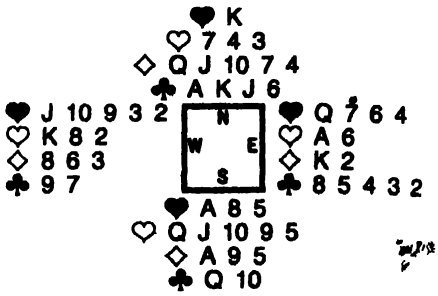
ANSWERS

1. Sebastian Newbold Coe.
2. Steven Michael James Ovett
3. Allan Wipper Wells
4. Lee Edward Evans.
5. Mary Decker-Tabb.
6. John George Walker.
7. Edwin Corley Moses.
8. Robert Bruce Mathias.
9. David Robert Moorecroft.
10. Paavo Johannes Nurmi.

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Almost all players would agree that defence was the most difficult part of the game. Certainly it is the area where there is the greatest difference between one quite good player and another. But here I lift a curtain and let you see all four hands. With that advantage, can you imagine how East-West, in an international trial, defeated four hearts at one table? Of course, the declarer took what experts call a "wrong view", but his play was not unreasonable.



South was the dealer at game all, and this was the bidding.

South	West	North	East
1H	pass	2D	pass
2H	pass	4H	pass
pass	pass	—	—

West at most tables, led the jack of spades and the declarer made 11 tricks. He won the spade lead in dummy and played a heart, losing to the king. Winning the club return in hand, he ruffed a spade and led the last heart from dummy. If the defence led a diamond or a second club now, South might not risk the diamond finesse, but he could not fail to make 10 tricks.

At one table East captured the first round of hearts with the ace and led the 2 of diamonds. I expect you thought of this. But even if South refuses the finesse, you may have reflected, a secnd round of trumps wins the contract, as the defence cannot come to a ruff in diomonds.

But put yourself in the declarer's position after he has won with the ace of dimonds. It is tempting to play three rounds of clubs, so as to discard a diamond and avert the danger of king of diamonds and a diamond ruff. Unlucky! West ruffs the third club and there are still the two red kings to come.

This week's quiz: West and East hold

West	East
♥ A J 10 7 4	♥ K Q 9 3
♡ K 10 7 6 2	♡ A J 8 5
◇ K	◇ J 4
♣ K J	♣ 10 5 3

West plays in four spades after North has overcalled in clubs. North leads a trump and West draws a second round, to which all follow. How should West continue?

Answer: West's first play should be the king of diamonds. North probably wins and plays another diamond, which West ruffs. Then declarer crosses to the ace of hearts and returns the jack.If south follows, he lets the jack run, and North will either show out or be end played. If South soes not follow to the second heart, again North can be thrown in.

SOLUTION 259



Stop bad breath. Fight tooth decay.



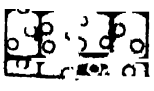
Give them the Colgate Ring of Confidence!

Regular brushing with Colgate gives your family clean, fresh breath, strong healthy teeth. That's the Colgate Ring of Confidence.

This is how Colgate's trusted formula works for you every time you brush



Bacteria grow in food particles trapped between teeth, causing bad breath and tooth decay



Colgate's unique active foam reaches deep to remove odour-causing food particles and decay-causing bacteria



Regular brushing with Colgate gives you clean, fresh breath and strong, healthy teeth.

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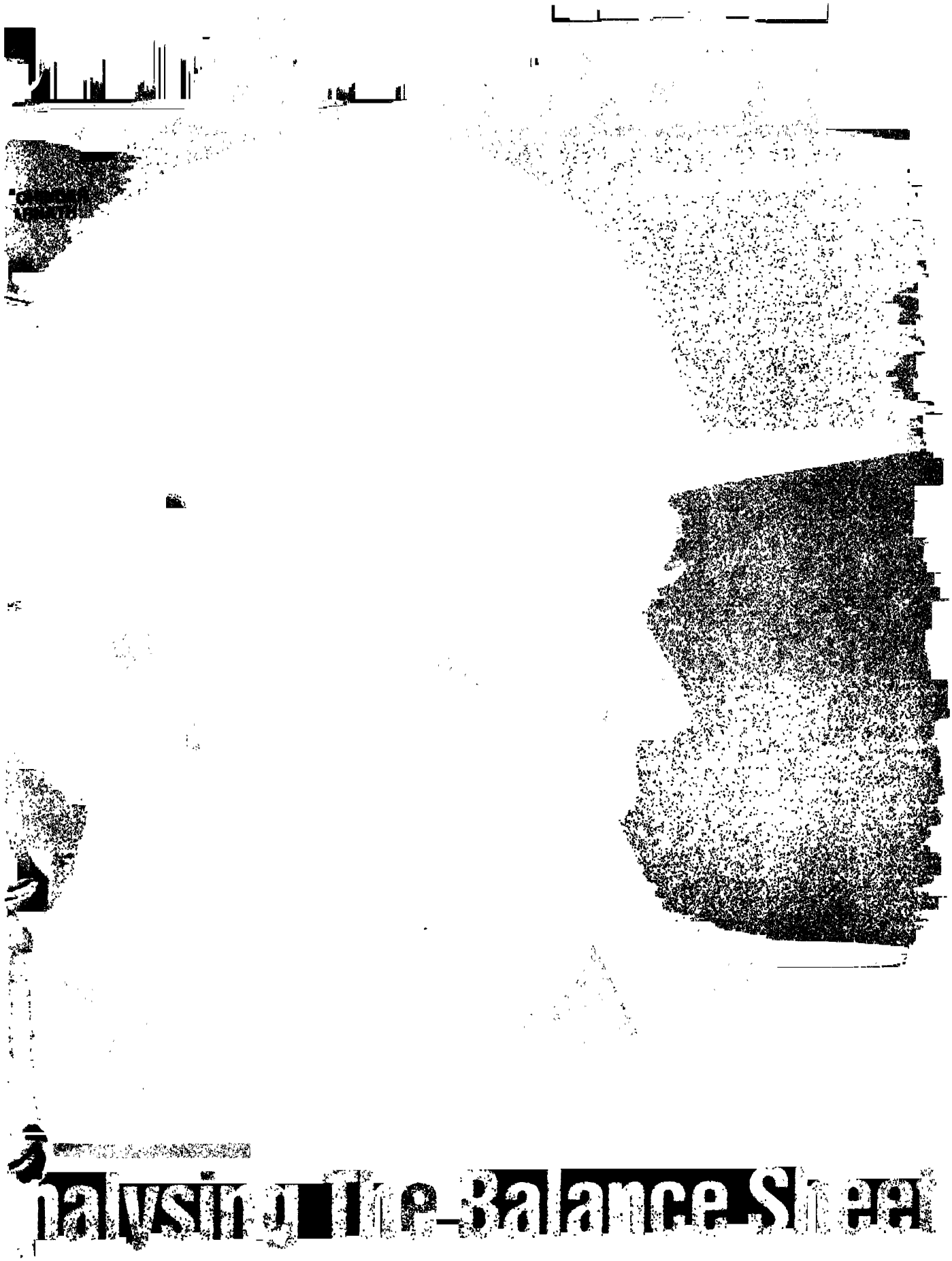


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A rejoinder

SPORTSWORLD dated 10-16 October '84 has carried an article 'Trials and tribulations of Vimal Kumar' by my good friend, Novy Kapadia. I am very much surprised by some erroneous statements made therein, and my name has been unnecessarily dragged in.

1) Stratsborough International was held much after the French Open and I doubt very much if Vimal had asked BAI's consent to participate in the same.
2) Vimal Kumar is not ranked No. 3 in India at the moment.
3) Vimal Kumar is not the first Indian player to be made a member of the Wimbledon Squash and Badminton Club, in London. I, myself, was a member of the Club from 1974-1981 when I was studying in London. Furthermore, I have had the privilege of winning the Wimbledon Open Badminton Championship in 1978. How many more Indians were members of the Club before me, I do not know.
4) G. Unnikrishnan Nair's (Vimal's father) statement that "BAI officials are vindictive towards Vimal as they think Vimal is a close associate of Sanjay Sharma and others"—is cheap and malicious.

Vimal Kumar is a very talented, young player with good potential apart from being a very nice person. His career would have soared higher had there been no interference from his relatives. Still, I wish him all the best for the future. But a bit of advice from my own experiences with the BAI may help him. One cannot fight or rebel against the rules which are laid down by the BAI which happens to be the parent body. You can argue against the rules but until they are changed, you cannot go against them. I am not clearly aware as to why Vimal has been given show cause notice by the BAI. But I am aware of the BAI's rule that any player going out of India can only do so with BAI's permission. In this action they are justified as they are sticking to rules.

Before taking on the Association, read and master all the rules, otherwise you can get entangled in the dilemma of our own making.

SANJAY SHARMA,
Bombay.

Asian Cup

THE eighth Asian Cup football tournament which concluded recently in Calcutta was a super flop in all respects. Of the five teams that participated, Yemen and Pakistan were absolutely incongruous

While Yemen suffered the ignominy of losing all their four matches, Pakistan recorded their only victory and that too over Yemen. Malaysia, a team of some repute, failed to click as a team though their star forward Zainal Abidin Hassan impressed with some dazzling footwork. South Korea was the best team of the tournament and they excelled in percentage and possession football.

Coming to the host nation, India, we did play an attractive brand of soccer and finished runners-up behind the Koreans.

Still, the tournament never rose to any great heights. The flair of international soccer and the essence of fierce competition was lacking. After the exciting Nehru Gold Cup which was held a few months back, the Asian Cup was really a tame, insipid and lacklustre affair.

SABUJ SEN,
Calcutta.

A light

NOVY KAPADIA's investigative article on the Vimal Kumar imbroglio is truly throwing light on that whole chain of unhappy events. Though the other side of the coin is not fully exposed, our sports talents should always have it in mind that slipping out of any disciplinary groove before they really make it to the top, will only make things complicated both for themselves and the administration.

MOHAMMED ARANGODEN,
Kerala

Poor fitness

THE game of cricket has become very competitive right from the club level. The criteria for team selection should be physical fitness. After all, the fielding plays a pivotal part in deciding the result of Test and one-day matches. We must buck up since our cricketers lag far behind the other countries when it comes to maintaining physical fitness.

C.K. SUBRAMANIAM, JAYANTHI SUBRAMANIAM
and S. AKHILESH KRISHNAN,
Madras.

A proud moment for us all



The IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch presenting the Olympic Order Gold medal to Mrs. Gandhi

Photograph Ashoke Vahie

Gavaskar's stroke of tactical brilliance

TO make an appreciable impact on the present Faisalabad wicket one has to be exceptionally quick, a Tyson or a Holding at their fastest, or it requires the guile and expertise of a leg-spinner like Gupte.

Neither India nor Pakistan can boast of such a bowler, while both sides have enough batting to score heavily against those who can only toil and wait for a mistake. This may lead to noteworthy individual performances, but it does not necessarily provide absorbing cricket.

This was the story of this Test as soon as Shastri and Patil decided to settle down and occupy the crease. The only time the Indian batsmen looked fallible was when they tried to play Hafeez square of the wicket. He can be a shade quicker than he looks; trying to work him past cover entails the risk of edging to the slips; hooking him behind the umpire is even less worthwhile.

One may think that one is in line to a delivery pitching short on the middle and leg, but by the time it reaches within strike it is over and outside the off stump, and has to be pulled around.

Kapil Dev and Patil were 'done' this way; the latter will remember that he had been trapped in a similar fashion at Nagpur, and in far more embarrassing circumstances. Shastri played him the best, driving him past mid off, or nudging him through the on side.

As well as the Indian middle order batted, the Pakistanis set out to do better, and they did. This game will be remembered more, by the participants and statisticians than the spectators.

Gavaskar's main worry now must be Kapil Dev's injury and lack of wickets. India's main bowler has been at it continuously for 6 years and nowadays it is a long time for an opening bowler.

What has truly fascinated me these past few days was Gavaskar's outburst against the umpires at Lahore. The Indian captain said in an interview a few months back that he did not know much about politics, now he has quite openly put India's cricket interest before diplomacy (there is a full-fledged embassy in Islamabad to do exactly this), and ostensibly he seems to know little about the law.



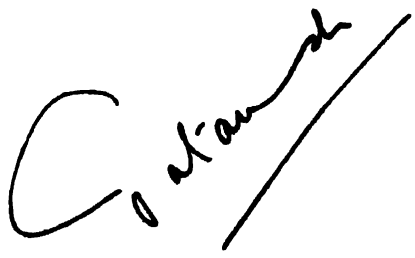
In fact, Gavaskar, if he wished, could charm the skin off a snake, as a politician (in the nicer sense of the word), he has few peers in the cricketing world, and instinctively he must have known that nowhere else except in Pakistan could he have got away with such libellous statements.

Had it been in England or Australia or even India he would have had a suit for defamation of character slapped on him and while incompetence may have been proved against those umpires, not ten Palkhivalas at their best could possibly have proved that the intent was to cheat, and that it was all pre-planned and predetermined to give the Indians out.

Apart from the fact that India and Pakistan have no reciprocal agreement whereby these matters can be settled expeditiously, any acrimony between the two boards would obviously destroy all chances of holding the World Cup jointly.

For Gavaskar to make this statement with the requisite emotion and defiance and especially after India had saved the game was a stroke of tactical brilliance. It put the Pakistanis immediately on the defensive without a suitable answer. Indian batsmen can now play with more confidence. One can only hope that the effect of the statement will last for the rest of the series; also that the Karachi wicket will give the bowlers a better opportunity to show their ability, and the spectator some more value for his money.

Had it been in England or Australia or even India he (Gavaskar) would have had a suit for defamation of character slapped on him and while incompetence may have been proved against those umpires, not ten Palkhivalas at their best could possibly have proved that the intent was to cheat and that it was all pre-planned and pre-determined to give the Indians out



Faisalabad Test

A cameraman's impressions





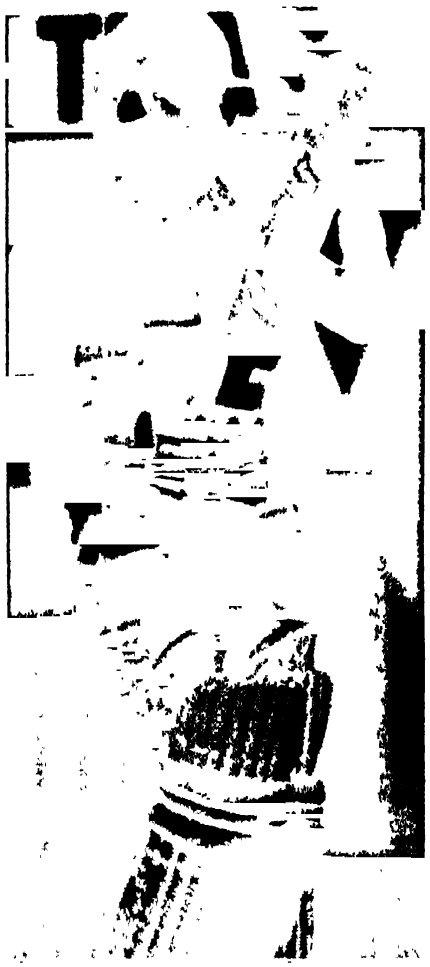
Photographs by Nikhil Bhattacharya

Clockwise from top left:

Mohinder Amarnath drives, loses his balance and knocks down the bails

(Right) A defiant Mohinder pulls past a surprised Mohsin Khan, as 'keeper Ashraf Ali looks on





Sandeep Patil : stylish



A mighty pull by Kapil Dev



Mudassar Nazar up in the air as he takes a quick single

Statisticians' Carnival

Mudar Patherya reports from Faisalabad

I HAVE a friend at Oxford. He complains that studies are boring. Statistics is one of his subjects. It has always puzzled him. However, my numerical listings down below shall be much to his interest. I must send them to him.

In the Test at Faisalabad five wickets fell on the second day and 268 runs were scored. In the whole of the third day 232 runs were made and only one man was dismissed. On the fourth day while two wickets fell, 227 runs were scored. The law of diminishing returns was in effect.

Altogether, one double century, four hundreds and three fifties were scored. One side made 500 in eleven and a half hours, the other replied with 674 in fifteen and a quarter hours. The match was drawn.

The statistical obituary would hardly be complete without a reference to the Indian bowling. On ten occasions in the last 21 Tests has a side scored more than 400 against India. Often, of course, it has not needed to be a second time.

Sixteen times in the last 21 Tests has a century been taken off the Indian attack. It would have been 18 but Miandad got 99 at Bangalore and Dujon made 98 at Ahmedabad, both last winter.

And on only three occasions in the last 21 Tests has a bowler, besides Kapil Dev, taken five wickets in an innings of a Test match.

The Indian attack at Faisalabad without Kapil Dev looked, at best, negotiable. Chetan Sharma in only his second Test could not be expected to win a game for the country all on his own.

Madan Lal laboured, but it should be remembered that the last time he took a wicket for India in a Test was in September last year and his subsequent bowling figures look—like the man—friendly: 0/61, 0/44, 0/50, 0/59 and 0/29. Batsman after batsman swished at him at will, it might have been Zubin Mehta conducting Toscanini's Ninth. When finally Madan Lal got Zaheer on the last day after a gap of one year, one month and eleven days he raised his arms in triumph, like one of the gymnasts at Los Angeles after recording a perfect ten.

More than the friend at Oxford, the figures should amuse the reader, the man who ekes out his honest rupee and expect his money's worth.

Faisalabad is not the most comforting of Test centres, by a long chalk at least. But venues in the past, if they had been found wanting in infrastructure, made sure of decent accommodation for visiting sides or for social relief after play, or at least a result-oriented wicket. This place had none of the three.

The pitch was the worst offender. Pre-match speculation had it that there was a bit of grass on it, the pitch

A spectacular effort by Vengsarkar, but Mohsin Khan remains unscathed



Nikhil Bhattacharya

would play quick and there would be some exciting cricket. Exciting!

Each side spread its first innings over more than two days. Mudassar Nazar batted more than nine hours for his 199 and at one stage took one hour for just five runs. Had the match by mutual consent been rendered timeless and played to a finish, only a war could have brought it to an end.

The futility of the exercise was reflected in the mayor's speech at a party on the evening of the third day. He expressed concern over the diminishing member of spectators and blamed the organisers of the match for the strip that they had prepared. It was doubted whether Faisalabad would survive as a Test venue.

There is a particular chemistry involved in the making of a wicket. Firmness is essential and the pitch should be fast enough for the struggle to be complete between the fast bowler and the strokemaker for the first three days. If after that it begins to break and turn, you have a fine recipe for some delightful cricket watching. On this particular strip at Faisalabad you could have planted dynamite and nothing would have happened for five days.

Public impact was even more disheartening. In spite of "live" coverage, hardly anyone watched the telecast. The daily crowd in any case—Friday excluded—would not have exceeded 8000.

On a previous tour to This country one had to be prepared with an extensive rundown of the day's events in chronological sequence while collecting the keys to one's hotel room. This time the receptionist asked *"Aapki tabeeyat to theek hai?"* (Are you okay?) We must have been madmen of some kind to be wanting to watch a doomed game over one week. I think that's what he meant.

One made a note, however, of two important points before consigning the match to the garbage dump of Test history: Shastri's batting and Mandad's captaincy.

Having watched Shastri announce himself with a 93 at Delhi and then 128 off Imran at Karachi, one has always taken more than the usual interest in his progress.

Just before the Lahore Test, Raj Singh Dungarpur went on record saying that he did not consider Shastri to be a thorough batsman. He couldn't have been more mistaken. The evaluation was faulty; if Shastri can go in and make 67 as an opener in English conditions, if he can take 102 off the West Indians in a Test on their own soil, if he can time and again stand up to Holding, Marshall, Daniel and Davis at home, he must surely be better than walking in at number six for captain and country.

Shastri's batting was no revelation. His improvement has been steady and his forte is his capacity for adjustment. His methods are canny; when Shastri drives you know that it is the figment of a practical brain applied to the task in hand. His triumph, when it comes, shall be of his mind over matter.

Last season his scores against the West Indies were zero and 46 not out, 49 and 26, 13 and 1, 77 and 38 run out, 12 and 2, and 72. In the first Test



A word of advice from the skipper Gavaskar to Chetan Sharma

at Lahore this season he made zero and 71. Look up his score at Faisalabad if you need further evidence.

Miandad's captaincy, was another talking point. From the collar upwards, that man is a schemer. We had watched him at Lahore and were making much of the fact that India could manage only 156 while he was in charge. As soon as Zaheer came on, the game's complexion changed, India recovered and subsequently drew the match. One of India's touring team referred to Zaheer as India's twelfth man. He wasn't joking.

At Faisalabad on the second day, Patil and Shastri had retrieved the advantage and India were 420 for six. Miandad suddenly altered the strategy, now that Zaheer was off the field. He packed the leg side with six men and asked his bowlers to resort to, what would have been called "leg theory" in the old days. It worked. Shastri, never impetuous, hooked and was lucky to see the ball land just 20 yards short of Hafeez at fine leg. Miandad had thought it outright—well, almost.

Then on the fourth day we thought the declaration was due any minute. It never came. Pakistan batted on and in the circumstances with their score well above 400, needlessly, like unscrupulous employees padding the payroll.

What Zaheer could have done was to have got to 400 as fast as possible and declared by mid/afternoon. With Gavaskar running a temperature in his hotel room, Patil suffering from a throat infection, Kapil Dev doubled up with a suspect torn muscle and Shastri nursing two stitches on his right forearm, he could never have had a better gamble on that sort of a wicket. It was an outside chance but a chance all right. Nine captains out of ten in modern cricket would have jumped at the idea. One doubts whether Zaheer even thought of it.

We had to be grateful for such crumbs of interest. The match by itself had little to offer. Gavaskar won the toss and batted first. The pre-lunch session yielded one wicket—that of Gavaskar himself—caught Omar bowled Qadir for 35. After lunch it was victim number two for the leg spinner, Vengsarkar caught Mohsin Khan for five. Gaekwad did not get over an Elahi delivery and was caught and bowled for 74. Amarnath (37) hit his wicket at 170, the fourth wicket, and India at the end of the first day were beginning to look circumspect.

Patil and Shastri, however, held on. They added 200 runs for the fifth wicket, both scoring centuries, Patil 123 and Shastri 139. No other batsman made scores of any note. India was all out for 500, Hafeez had figures of four for 137 and Qadir four for 104. The latter's analysis, derived as they were on an unyielding surface, did not appear to be a happy augury for the Indians.

Pakistan went further. They made their highest-ever Test score, with Qasim Omar's double century and Mudassar Nazar's 199 representing a brace of statistical achievements.

Watching the Faisalabad Test was one of the more trying experiences of life. They ought to erect a monument in the memory of the wicket. But hush, one must not speak ill of the dead.

Faisalabad nightmare

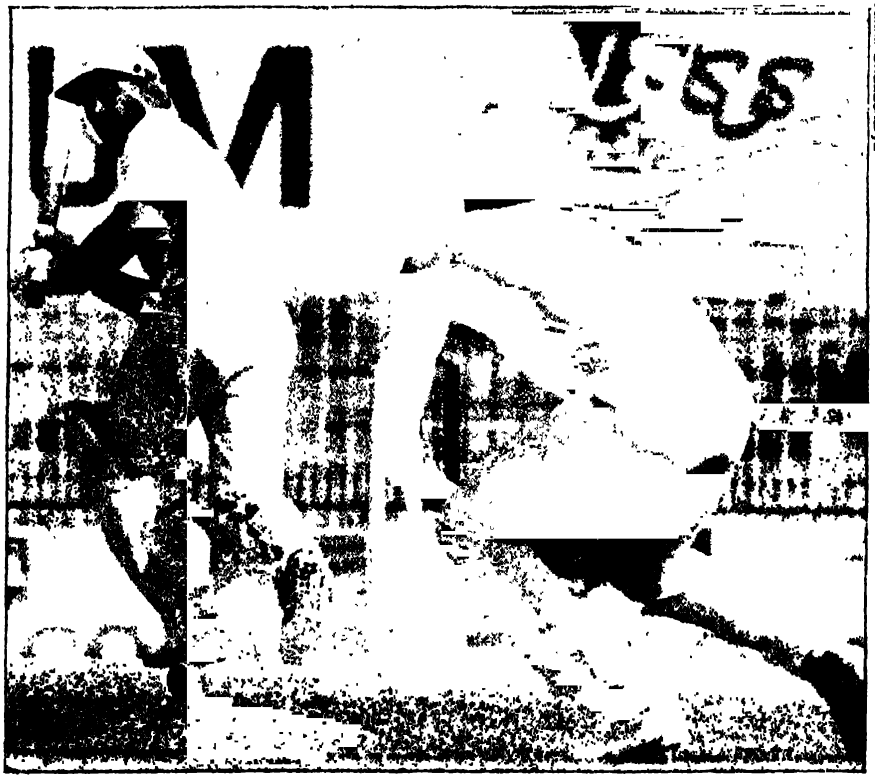
THE unresponsive wicket is perhaps not the only reason why a Test should never be played in Faisalabad. The township is a positive health hazard and this was amply proved to the tourists during their short stay.

Patil went down with a throat infection and Gavaskar ran a temperature for two days while almost every other player complained of the tummy bug. Almost every visiting journalist was on "cement tablets" immediately on arrival, while two of the pressmen proved susceptible to a viral infection and were compelled to miss the proceedings.

Add to that the fact that Kapil walked off the field with a suspect torn muscle in the lower back and Shastri bowled with a gash in his right forearm requiring anti-tetanus shots after play, and you have the picture of the Indian team.

The Chenab Club where the team stayed could quite easily have passed off for an infirmary. In fact, things reached such a stage on the fourth day that manager Raj Singh was togged out and ready to take the field in case of an emergency.

Mudar Patherya



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Mudassar Nazar: a memorable knock

It all stems from a defeatist mentality

In an exclusive interview to **Mudar Patherya**, umpire Khizar Hayat replies to the charges levelled against him



Nikhil Bhattacharya

'The last time when India came here, Gavaskar was so impressed with some umpires that he asked for them to be appointed for later matches too'

DO you feel that the umpire is sufficiently equipped by the laws of the game to enforce discipline on the field?

I feel that it is the responsibility of the Board to ensure discipline. If anybody misbehaves on the field it is the Board who should pull him up. If the Governing body is lenient, then these instances are likely to increase but if the Board is strict, then I have seen that nobody has the guts to break the discipline. Last year, I had the opportunity to go to England to conduct some County games. In fact, I umpired in as many as 19 of them and in all those matches, I came across only one instance when a batsman disputed an umpire's decision. He was from Somerset and they were playing Kent at Canterbury. I had to actually ask the batsman to leave. In England, if any player is reported against by an umpire, the Administration immediately clamps down with a fine of, say, £200. That is perhaps one reason why cases of indiscipline are fewer in England.

The Boards of India and Pakistan, on the contrary, are not that strong and hence not as effective.

The Board should be able to take more action than just issue a warning. In other disciplines they have the provision for sending a player off the field

You see, cricket is different. It is a gentleman's game. The umpire is the highest court of appeal and if you do not honour his position, discipline cannot be enforced.

One of the things that the players should take into account is that an umpire is also a human being and can make errors. It is the one who commits fewer mistakes who is a good umpire. The players ought to help the umpires in giving decisions. The batsman should walk before the umpire gives him out.

You just mentioned that cricket is a gentleman's game. The very fact that there is so much of indiscipline appears to contradict it.

The reason for that is that there is too much of money in the game now and nobody wants to admit his mistakes as that would bring one's market down. If one fails consistently, one can be dropped from the team.

Have there been any instance

your career when you may have reprimanded a particular player or taken him to task?

No, we just stopped short of reprimanding the batsman. It was the same instance that I mentioned earlier. It is surprising as batsmen in England never wait for decisions.

With the increasing pressure on the umpires, don't you feel that a third umpire in rotation is necessary?

We experimented with this system last season in Pakistan—we had one umpire relieving another at the beginning of each session—we observed that the one going to the pavilion for a bit of rest was the one who was suffering. He was getting stale and, with a break in concentration, could not remain consistently attentive.

What about an umpire in the pavilion watching the slow action replays and giving his judgement in case of a close run out, stumping, bat-pad or leg before decisions?

I feel that even if you have two umpires standing in the same position, looking at the same thing, there can still be a difference in the interpretation.

When you have to judge something in a split-second, you are liable to make a mistake. When you 'play the sequence in your mind, after that, you might feel that you may have made a mistake?

I never believe in action replays. There can be no substitute for an umpire's position. One has often observed that leg before decisions as interpreted by the camera's view often proves to be inaccurate because of the height at which the television cameras are often placed. There have also been some bat-pad decisions which have not been picked up by the cameras. In some cases, however, I do agree that replays do tend to help.

Let me give a fresh instance. At Lahore, Gaekwad was given out as caught Malek b Tauseef. But the action replay showed that the ball had come off the pad.

I shall not comment on any of the current games.

Then let me state an impersonal case. What if the batsman played it off the pad and is given out caught at silly point. Then the replay would certainly be a big help.

Let me confess that umpires also make mistakes. We are human. We have to concentrate hard on the ball for six hours a day. We can also get stale. There are times when you watch the ball but the mind's eye refuses to accept it. There are fifty thousand people in the stands creating a din and there you are trying to differentiate between the sound of a glove and a pad. It's quite a difficult thing. Moreover, at times the wind is against you and you don't hear a thing. At times, you might hear something like a snick whereas it could be a few coins in the bowler's pocket. These days all eleven fielders plus two batsmen are out to deceive the umpire. If we give a batsman out caught, say off the glove, we have people rubbing their elbows. If instances like these take place how can we be expected to judge properly? And then, on top of that, you have players condemning us.

What about neutrality? Imran Khan has been one of its principal advocators. It would tend to reduce the controversy over partiality.



An annoyed Kapil Dev starts the long walk back to the pavilion



Appeal against Roger Binny and he is given out

We saw this at Sharjah where the existence of neutral umpiring did not quite work In hockey and football we also have neutral supervision but that has not made a great change in the complaints There is also a financial problem involved in umpires being neutral Here in Pakistan we get paid Rs 6000 for a Test while English umpires are remunerated at 1 100 pounds per game What about this difference in wages then? Also what about the additional expenses of travel and staying for the umpires over a period of say three months? Is that not going to be a burden?

Everybody in India alleges when there is a series against Pakistan in Pakistan the home side plays with 13 players The implication is obvious

Whenever India comes to Pakistan they say it whenever Pakistan goes to India the same thing is said I think that it is a defeatist mentality that both countries are suffering from The truth is that neither of these countries wants to lose This problem shall persist as long as we do not take sport as sport

As a result whenever a losing side returns they first blames the umpiring before anything else It is then that one comes to the cricketing reasons When India went to England they complained about the umpiring When Pakistan went to India some years ago there was a rumpus about the umpiring

I can only think of one exception When Australia came to Pakistan a couple of years ago Hughes said that our umpiring was the best in the world The last time when India came here Gavaskar was so impressed with some umpires that he asked for them to be appointed for later matches too

Do you feel to be under greater pressure when you are standing against India?

We don't look at the batsman when giving a decision Similarly, there is no pressure when we stand against India

You might see a chucker and want to call him but since you might be standing in an India Pakistan match, you would perhaps refrain from calling him since that could be blown into a controversy which could harm relations between the two countries

As I said when we stand in a match be it an India Pakistan one or any other the players become impersonal entities We would call them irrespective of any other consideration

Last series we saw the umpire at Faisalabad allowing Sarfraz Nawaz to get away with no balls which was confirmed by a re run on television

He might have thought that proper

Do you admit that you have made mistakes?

Yes I have made some errors in my career But there have never been intentional ones Some of our errors have gone against Pakistan, some have even gone against India

Do you in a casual conversation, apologise to the opposition team after you realise that you may have committed a mistake?

What is the need to? It's all in the game Sometimes, you give the batsman out wrongly sometimes you make a mistake and allow him to continue

Uttarpara — Pin- 712

"My advice to you guys is to stay cool and hang in there. It will be tough going I assure you, but you've got to face the flak. Be ready for hostile crowds and officious officials and above all, be ready for Shakoor Rana," said Gavaskar.

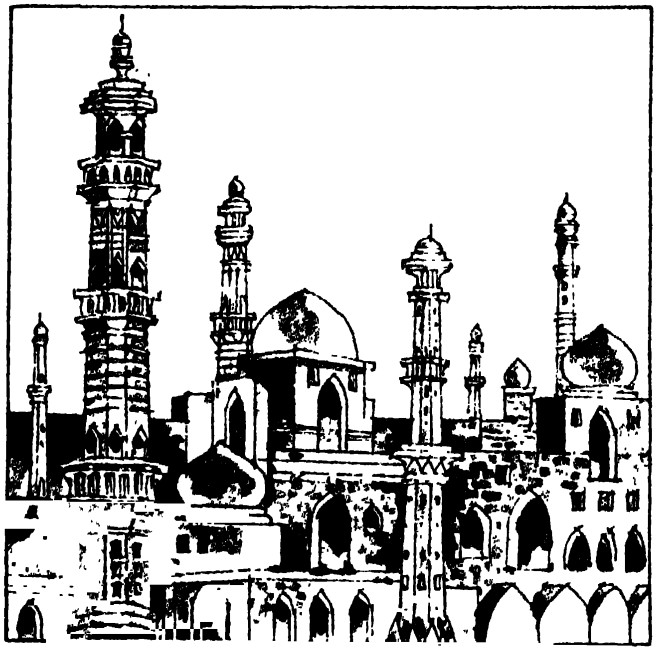
"What about him, Chiefy?" asked Sharma.

"He's a one-man army," said Gavaskar. "He'll give us the finger for sure."

"That'll be rather painful," said Binny.

"It sure will be," said Gavaskar grimacing, "but that's Shako baby. When the finger goes up, it doesn't go down."

—Courtesy Masood Hasan, in *Howzzat*



The hoo-hah about the umpiring flared up as the sun went down on the Lahore Test. While some of us had already left for our hotels, our copies wired, Sunil Gavaskar called aside a couple of the Indian writers and issued his side of the story. The dam had burst.

For once, Gavaskar was supported by the Indian Pressmen—to the last man. A television in the Pressbox afforded a closer scrutiny and the evidence of replays, more often than not, were to the detriment of the umpires in charge.

From what touring journalists could gather, Kapil Dev had nicked the ball before being declared lbw while Gavaskar had done ditto. Gaekwad had plonked his pad down in the ball's way only to stare in disbelief. The verdict went 'c Malek b Tauseef 60'. Binny was a doomed man, out lbw, both innings. In one case, the bowler was too embarrased even to appeal. While six lbws went against India, only one was awarded against the home country.

Pakistani reaction was critical. A life member of the BCCP considered Gavaskar's remarks "highly contentious and disparaging." A very senior Pakistani cricket writer and commentator noted in the *Dawn* "I would have advised Gavaskar not to go public and if he had any complaints, and they obviously do, to have taken them up privately. To go over the head of the administration and play to the gallery is provocative.

A dinner by the Lahore City Cricket Association on that last evening, 22 October, did not quite ease the tensions. The text of Gavaskar's out-burst had obviously carried, everyone was beginning to be alert. Whether it was negligence on somebody's part or yet another premeditated (pardon the pun) move to ignore the Indians is not known but most of the players were huddled together in an anteroom, quite distinct from the hall where the speeches were being made. Someone said that there were just not enough chairs!

We waited for the air to clear and the dust to settle a bit. Next morning we were off and as the van meandered through its frenzied course. We stole glimpses of the Qila, pointed fingers at the Sheeshmahal to show the others, the Diwan-I-Khas and the dungeon down below where Shah Jahan's prisoners lay in misery and where it was night all year long. We were off to Faisalabad.

A couple of hours by road and we were there. The old man's Lyallpur, Faisalabad is not exactly the place one would have in mind when planning a vacation.

The *Ghantaghar* is Faisalabad's epicentre. Designed and planned by General Lyall, this monument has eight roads leading to it. A manifestation of the Union Jack. Around this Ghantaghar is centred the township's commercial activity where one can pick up excellent trouser lengths for something as laughable as Rs 100/-. Where, when you talk of musicassetes, you invariably end up buying Munni Begum and Mehdi Hasan.

This visit, however, was a relief on two counts. With Diwali coinciding with the evening of the first day, the tourists, Press and players, organised a get-together. An *Aarti* was performed and the *Poojan* rituals were gone through with Lata Mangeshkar in accompaniment on tape rubbing out "*Om Jagdeesh Hare.*" It made quite a group picture, Vengsarkar in his kurta, Ravi Shastri donning his track suit, Madan Lal in his creased evening wear, Chetan Sharma in his shorts. Kapil had come to kill— in churidaar pajama.

Sweets and crackers followed with Vengsarkar topping with enthusiasm in lighting the *anaars*. Kapil Dev and Roger Binny, meanwhile, engaged themselves in some amusing conversation. "This is called *phool jhari*" said Kapil to Binny. "Phool what?" asked Binny. "Jhari. Phooljhari." Oh, starlight! That's what you mean." said Binny, with a smile.

The other redeeming feature was the Press match between the Indian and Pakistani journalists on the rest day of the Faisalabad Test. The homescribes were bowled out for 102. The Indian cricket writers passed the required number with six wickets to spare, going up 2-0 in Press "Tests" this series.

That evening, at a function organised by the local Press Club, the Indians were feted. The chief guest, the Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court, in his address hoped that relations between the two neighbours would improve. And who should it be but Dr. Javed Iqbal, son of the Allama himself. And there we were recapitulating Iqbal's "shikwa", his immortal lines of *"khudi ko kar baland inta, ki har taqdeer ke pahle, khuda bande se khud poochchey, bataa teri razaa kya hai."*

There couldn't be a more fitting way to end.

Mudar Patherya

A snick in time

Raju Mukherji assesses the Indian Test wicket-keepers

FAROKH ENGINEER was the man who diverted the attention of the Indian onlookers towards the wicket-keeper. Handsome of bearing and debonair in outlook, he commanded immediate attention. He lived by the sword. No task was too formidable, no opposition too superior. At Madras in 1967 he charged Hall-Griffith-Sobers-Gibbs as if the ghost of Victor Trumper was on him. 90-odd came before the gong struck for lunch. Incredible cricket indeed. Those who raised their eye-brows doubting his technique, gaped as his scathing bat numbed the likes of Snow-Higgs-D'Oliveira-Illingworth that same summer at Headingley. Not for no reason did Lancashire ask him to stay back alongside Clive Lloyd. Stayed back he did and certainly did not suffer in comparison.

His contemporary Budhi Kunderan was no less dashing, sometimes more so with the kind of panache that sent hearts thumping. Belligerant to the extreme, it is a queer irony of fate that he took to wicket-keeping. Far too restless for anybody's comfort, Kunderan went for others' catches. Even when still, he was all action. No matter what he did, he delighted. Once he opened India's bowling attack at Edgbaston, and of all people to Boycott. And true to his temperament bounced a nippy bouncer!

His batting was cavalier, to say the least. It was all sharp eye-sight, nimble foot-work and tons of devilry. His audacious stroke-play was not for weak hearts.

The third person in the running at the time was a direct antithesis. Inderjitsingji was cool, quiet and efficient. He followed the text book whether batting or keeping. Played four Tests, keeping a cool head to enable India to win against Simpson's Australians at Bombay.

However, the legacy of Indian wicket-keepers has to be traced to Lord's in 1932. On Janardhan Navle's stocky physique rests the honour of being the father of India's Test wicket-keepers. In the inaugural Test match at Lord's he stood up to the task manfully, letting go only 5 byes and having a part in the dismissal of the stubborn Jardine. At home, he played in just one more Test and made way for Dilwar Hussain.

Hussain made his presence felt with two courageous innings at the Eden Gardens. On a lively wicket he was struck on the head by Nicolls early in the innings. But, not the kind to take things lying down, he came back and determinedly worked his way to 59 and 57 against the pace of Clarke and Nicolls, not to mention the wiles of Headley Verity.

Behind the stumps, too, he was no less proficient. But his career was cut short because of academic commitments at Cambridge where surprisingly he missed his 'Blue'. However, in the infamous 1936 tour of England he did duty for the last time in the Oval Test. And again he was thoroughly competent, both with the bat as well as behind the stumps. Against an attack of Voce, Allen, Hammond and Verity he battled in his characteristic gutsy but unorthodox style to score 35 and 54, and picked up 3 victims. He was India's first wicket-keeper-batsman in the real sense of the term.



Durgaprasad

Syed Kirmani has put the standard of Indian wicket-keeping on a very high platform

Vizzy's ill-fated 1936 tour of England wrecked havoc with all and sundry. While Dilawar Hussain played the last match, K. R. Meherhomji played the second Test and Dattaram Hindlekar the first at Lord's. In Meherhomji's case, debut and swan-song coincided. But Hindlekar was luckier. He played in all the Tests of 1946.

After the War, for a few seasons cherubic Prabir Sen held the stage with distinction. Down Under he went as J.K. Irani's deputy but by the third Test he was firmly in the saddle. Between 1947 and 1953 he represented the country in as many as 14 Tests. Jovial and articulate, he was certainly one of our best cricket-ambassadors.

The Fifties must surely go down as the nadir of Indian cricket. The wicket-keeping department, too, suffered. The spot revolved around Sen, Joshi, Mantri, Maka and even Manjrekar for one match. Patankar and Rajindernath stood for one Test each.

However, around mid-Fifties, arrived Tamhane. For soundness of technique and equanimity in approach he was way ahead of his contemporaries. He took his catches, safe and secure. But did not convert many.

Today Syed Kirmani has put the standard of Indian wicket-keeping on a very high platform. But then in the 1979 summer he too fell foul of the selectors as Bharat Reddy and Surinder Khanna packed their bags for England. However, Kirmani recaptured his throne within months to everyone's relief. In his 42nd Test he achieved the wicket-keeper's "double," the only Indian to date. Underrated in India, taken for granted by the media, Syed Kirmani remains a model of consistency and class. A real champion. An ideal to emulate.

In the near future the names of Chandrakant Pandit of Bombay and Sadanand Viswanath of Karnataka will vie for the ultimate honours. It is a healthy sign that they are both very talented wicket-keepers and excellent batsmen, who are competitive and ambitious enough to keep each other on his toes.



Sportsworld

Abdul Qadir: In the bad books of the selectors?

Photograph: Nikhil Bhattacharya



Sportsworld

Asghar Ali: Keen to be successful

Photograph: Nishit Bhattacharya

The 'secret' Diaries of Dennis Lillee

Vic Mills picks up from where he left off

THE meeting epitomised the clash between the demands of the journalist and those of historical research.

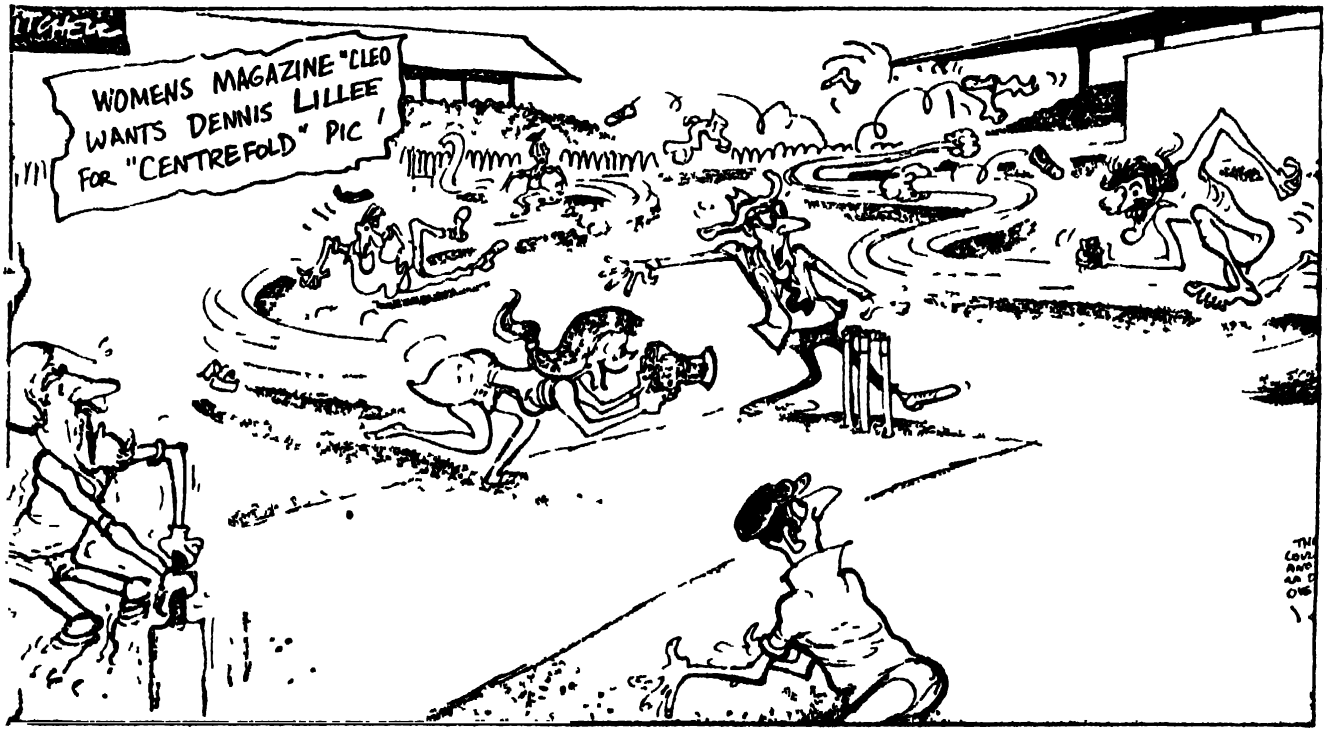
After two hours of hard drink and soft talk, Ridetheghan could not be pressured into providing what Treble Rum wanted the name of the former Test umpire who, Ridetheghan claims, salvaged the Lillee diaries from the wreckage of a plane and kept them hidden for two months Neither would Ridetheghan reveal how he learned of the umpire's existence, nor his present whereabouts, nor how and when the diaries were smuggled from the crash site at Koolyanobbing across the border into South Australia Further, in behaviour completely untypical of his native Australia, Ridetheghan refused to 'shout' the last round, claiming he had recently purchased a 1933 Douglas Jardine 'How to Incite a crowd to near riot' kit for his collection of cricket memorabilia, and was keen to leave for Pakistan, where the conditions appeared perfect for a trial run

The conversion of Treble Rum from believer to doubter and then to out-and-out skeptic was as sudden as it was dramatic From May 8, when he examined the diaries in a vault of a Kalgoorlie bank, until May 22, when their existence was publicly announced, he was prepared to stake his reputation 'on their authenticity', that afternoon he told *Wisden Cricket Monthly* he was '99½ per cent certain they are genuine

His doubts began the next morning, but *WCM* did not learn of them until that night, after the story had gone to press The following Wednesday he appeared on network television in Australia to denounce the diaries as *prima facie* forgeries 'The worm which began to gnaw away my previous conviction' was planted during a visit to Ridetheghan's flat He became suspicious of a letter Ridetheghan showed him apparently sent from Perth by Lillee in 1981, addressed to the popular Australian singing trio, Olivia, Newton and John, whom he had admired from afar and wished to meet Treble Rum 'It seemed on reflection that this letter was just a little too neatly contrived It was too like a document created to fit in with a verifiable fact 'Further research produced the one flaw that rendered the letter inadmissable as evidence Discreet visits into Sydney's culturally-orientated musically inclined gay community resulted in the admission that the trio were not connected in any way with the music or entertainment business, a mistake easily made, however as all three bore quite strong resemblances to various parts of Rolf Harris, but were in fact a homosexual building firm consisting of two delicate but awfully sweet bricklayers, and one ever so slightly butch labourer working out of Newtown in the western suburbs

Although not part of the diaries, the letter a proven forgery, provided the first chink in *Stickybeak's* armour Could the floodgates of uncertainty now be open? Hugh Treble Rum's turnabout is accompanied by an ever increasing list of cricket writers convinced of the diaries' forgery

Wisden Cricket Monthly, continued next week



'Off this unusually long run from behind the sight screen, here comes Lillee streaking in. !'

'Now, now children, no quarrelling'

In this concluding extract from his book 'Fifty years in Cricket', published by Hutchinson, London, **Len Hutton** recalls some of those unforgettable days of his career when England and Australia faced each other in the battle for the Ashes

MY nose was broken in a curious accident at Old Trafford My heart was all but broken when Australia snatched victory by scoring 404 in 344 minutes at Headingley in 1948

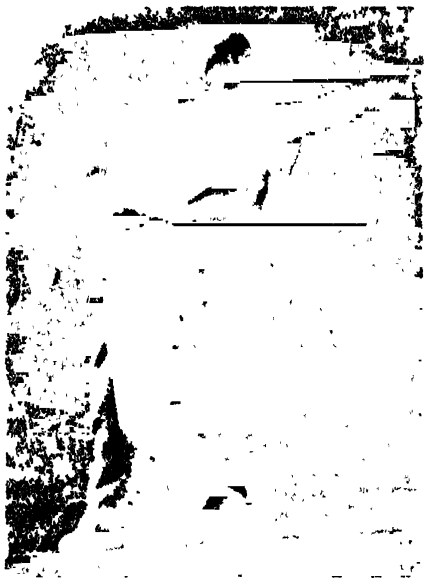
The injury came in a Yorkshire Second XI match in 1933 A ball had passed wide of the leg stump and as there was an unusually long delay I turned round to see what had happened As I did so Bill Farmond the wicket keeper who spent a large slice of his career as a reserve but went on MCC tours to South Africa and the West Indies threw the ball back to the bowler Unfortunately for me I was hit smack on the nose from only a few inches away and I had to undergo an operation in 1935 which I am sure cost me my form that season

As for the opinion that I was a defensive captain I always insist that I defended when it was necessary and attacked when I had the chance I could give chapter and verse on defensive measures used by other captains which passed unnoticed and I was often inclined to think some of my critics lived in ivory towers and were insensitive to the fact that the public particularly in 1953 were longing for a measure of revenge against Australia When I took over there had been a humiliating defeat in the home series with the West Indies in 1950

England would not have recovered the Ashes in 1953 without two exceptional rearguard actions at Lords and Headingley which proved the mettle of the side Test matches are tests of strength and pride and I doubt if there would have been general acclaim if England had sacrificed their chances by a prudent attack I was always very conscious of my double responsibility as No 1 batsman and captain In cricket generalities tend to take root and I think it absurd to blame me as preoccupied with defence

Attack is splendid tactic if there is the batting or bowling to sustain it and a captain has a side one or two classes better as Bradman had in two post War series Frank Worrell could afford aggressive batting when he led his attractive side in Australia in 1960 61 because as he said he could gamble on at least two of his batsmen coming off

I have read that I set a bad example by playing spin from the crease but I can assure my critics that I would have given much to have gone down the pitch to attack Yet I doubt if the



George Hirst : One of Yorkshire's immortals

ground, or the press box, would have rung with sympathetic understanding if I had missed a straight ball and been stumped by a yard or two If England's batting had been less fragile and less dependent on a few batsmen, I could have had a different approach

Theory is cheap and I doubt whether it was properly understood that the twin spinners of 1950 Ramadhin and Valentine, especially in English conditions, were not long in the air, were not easy to get at and considering they had virtually no previous experience, they bowled to their fields with remarkable consistency Their captains, John Goddard and Jeff Stollmeyer, did a lot for them and Stollmeyer in particular developed field setting to a fine art He was so meticulous that I would stand at the wicket wondering how much longer he would take, but he got it right in the end and made it very hard to find scoring lanes While it is true that Miller did a demolition job when Ramadhin went to Australia English and Australian conditions are different the Australians were forewarned of a threat and England did not have a Miller

Ramadhin and Valentine were outstanding bowlers, but they still needed help and support Stollmeyer not only handled them judiciously but, in general, was as shrewd a captain as I came across I expected he would show all the perceptive qualities of a cricket student, be able accurately to sum up the opposition, assess players and be tactically aware, but I confess I was surprised by the high order of those qualities I also quickly discovered that his position was no sinecure, and he had difficulties to match

my own on that volatile tour In my book, Stollmeyer deserves a high ranking among post-War Test captains

Starting with Vijay Hazare of India, I was singularly fortunate to have friendly and cooperative opposite numbers as captains Hazare, an accomplished batsman and a former pro with Rawtenstall and Royton, had a side which became disjointed and demolished by Trueman's speed They couldn't cope with Bedser. I wouldn't have wanted to change places with Hazare I also called all the shots when England went to New Zealand in 1955 and dismissed Geoff Rabone's team for a record low score of 26 The New Zealand players made it into a joke and wore a special tie with a motif of the figure 26 Significantly, I was not accused of being defensive when my bowlers pulverized India and New Zealand!

Hassett, Australia's captain in 1953, was an old rival dating back to 1938 I never heard an angry word spoken to or about the impish little man with a keen sense of humour and fair play In fact I doubt whether it would have been possible to have crossed swords with him, his sportsmanship and understanding greatly contributed to the excellent relations between the sides in the Coronation series As the invincible Bradman's successor, and at a time of rebuilding for Australia, he had no easy task, with the novel experience for an Australian captain (of the time) of being put under pressure His years of captaincy at many levels came to his aid In contrast, before I captained England in 1952, my captaincy experience had been restricted to a season with Lindsey St Lawrence towards the end of the war, and odd matches here and there Lindsay was as much a friend as an opponent Everyone in the game had a lot of time for him, and I was no exception

Ian Johnson was not everyone's choice in Australia for the captaincy for our tour there in 1954-55, particularly as Miller was available Johnson was a toughie behind his wide and ready smile He was the hardest and least flexible of the Test captains I met as England's leader, and with him I had my only instance of dissension

Alan Davidson was bowling left arm over the wicket during the 1955 Adelaide Test and was creating a rough patch with his follow-through David



A most unhappy moment: Bowled by Australian off-spinner Ian Johnson in the summer of '48

son had long spikes, and the marks on the pitch were not only a clear breach of the regulations, but could have been exploited by an off break bowler

I drew an umpire's attention to the matter, but no action was taken Later I again complained again I was ignored Alan continued with his follow through, and the third time I mentioned it, Johnson, fielding at mid off cottoned on and told the umpire in no uncertain language not to take any notice The umpire duly obliged and though I was singularly unimpressed, I allowed the situation to stand and got on with my innings I never willingly got involved in incidents or disagreements, partly because it is not in my nature, partly because it is unprofessional, and partly as a concession to the ethics of the game I was, however, privately annoyed that an umpire should allow such a malpractice to continue

Modern umpires are rightly strict about bowlers running down the pitch, and at Adelaide I would have been within my rights to have insisted on the laws being observed

At the end of the over Miller passed between Johnson and myself and waggishly admonished us with the words 'Now, now, children, no quarrelling'

The 1952 series with India was a successful rehearsal for the coming battle for the Ashes though I still felt the batting lacked real authority and above all, confidence There was good reason for gratification at the strength of the bowling and, indeed, India's inability to cope with Trueman and Bedser scarcely put the new captain's tactical skills to the test If it had not rained at The Oval the result would have been a clean sweep India could not conceal a terror against speed and it seemed that Trueman had only to run in as fast as he could to spread panic In the first match fittingly at Headingley for both Trueman and myself India lost 4 wickets without a run at the start of their second innings— 3 to Trueman and 1 to Bedser

There was nothing in the wicket to account for the debacle and I turned to the players and said Take a good look at the board for you'll never see another like it in a Test Except for the figure 4 against the fall of wickets there were noughts everywhere Australia were close with the first three out for 0 at Brisbane in 1950, but that was on a treacherous wicket India at Headingley had five out for 26 and the final total was 165 By the Eighties India, with a new generation of cricketers, won the Prudential Cup and showed that the old traditional fear of fast bowling had long since disappeared

India hastily recruited Vinoo Mankad for the second Test at Lord's He had been playing for Haslingden in the Lancashire League and at the time I

could not understand what one of the world's leading all-rounders—I would have put him in the first five—was doing in Saturday afternoon cricket when his country toured England England won comfortably by 8 wickets, but Mankad played England on his own As opening batsman he aggregated 256 runs, including a then record of 184 in the second innings, and bowled, in all, 97 overs with his left arm spin

Godfrey Evans almost scored 100 runs before lunch on the third morning and when I commiserated with him on getting so close to such a distinction he laughed and said Oh those sorts of records are only for the real batsmen

On the fourth evening England were left to get 77 to win and clearly there were many in the crowd hoping for a heady stampede to complete victory But the pitch was beginning to wear and believe me, Mankad who came on after one over with a ball rubbed in the dust to remove the shine and the off spinner Ghulam Ahmed needed a lot of watching I was not out of form, having made 150 in the first innings, and when Simpson was run out at 8 I saw no point in taking risks *Wisden* described it as a pathetic display but with the weather stable Hutton was satisfied to let the match drift into the fifth day ' On another page of the same edition the editor complained. 'In our uncertain climate Hutton took an unnecessary risk in waiting until the fifth day for victory.' Of course, I wasn't 'satisfied' to let the march go into a fifth day, but neither writer seemed to understand how well the Indian spinners bowled Often I read criticism of the run rate when by rights praise should have gone to the bowlers If Peter May and I had been able to apply the knockout blow there and then, we would have done so with the utmost relish and earned ourselves a day off'

A lot of the critics dismissed the Old Trafford Test as a bad joke after India were routed for totals of 58 and 82 inside a day, Trueman taking 8 for 31 in the first innings and Bedser 5 for 27 in the second India, admittedly, cut a pitiful figure, and one of the bowlers said it was the first time he had bowled at stumps without a batsman in his range of vision There was a tendency to retreat in the direction of square leg, and one batsman ran in, hardly took time to take guard, and ran out again I never saw anything like it at Test level but it was a heartening fact that England had a fast bowler to demoralise opponents

Tony Lock was also introduced against India, and actually took a catch the first time he handled the ball for England An aggressive player, he was an immense asset to every side he played for, never giving up and fighting to the last ditch. As a close fielder he was peerless, outstandingly brave, and he had the ideal temperament.

The Australians had the bowlers to deal out shocks A classic example was the way in which they cut the West Indies down to size in 1951-52 in another of those rubbers described as 'for the championship of the world' Australia won four of the five Tests the averages of the three Ws ranged from 53.70 to 14 50, and Sonny Ramadhin left the field in tears at Melbourne His wickets cost 49 64 each

There is one vital aspect of the 1953 series against Australia which is invariably overlooked—and that was the excellent spirit and determination in the English ranks Without it England would never have won, and survived the difficult Lord's and Headingley Tests to go to the Oval all square There were so many dramas and changes of fortune in that wonderful summer that I must have gone through every emotion known to man There was the severe disappointment at Trent Bridge where I am convinced Bedser's 14 wickets would have taken England to victory but for rain, the overwhelming sense of relief at Lord's when Watson and Bailey staged their epic resistance after all sensible hope had been abandoned—I was so tense I could not bear to watch half the time, the ebb and flow at Old Trafford with Australia's sensational collapse to 31 for 8 in the last unbelievable hour (some of the London journalists, having written off the match as a draw, left early, only to hear the stupefying news at Crewe Station that Australia were 31 for 6), the strain and anguish of another desperate rearguard action at Headingley (I counter-attacked by opening with Tony Lock in the hope of exploiting spin at the end where Alan Davidson had turned one or two), and, finally, the glorious, unforgettable moment of victory at The Oval It took some time for the fact to sink in that the Ashes were back after nineteen long years.

I lost all five tosses, and it is far from the truth that I was relieved not to have to make the decision at The Oval. On the contrary, I badly wanted to bat first as I suspected the pitch would eventually take spin—as indeed it did. There was not much in it in the first innings, and my chief concern was that Australia would not score too many runs in their second knock and



Wilfred Rhodes: No Peer as an all-rounder

leave England with a large target on a turning wicket. All 9 Australian wickets to fall to bowlers were shared by Lock (5 for 45) and Laker—De Courcy was run out—and England were left to get 132. By now there was real turn, but fortunately not too fast, and, equally fortunately, Australia's attack was not as well balanced as England's. Hassett used spin at one end and alternated with Lindwall and Miller at the other. I was annoyed to be run out, but when their form was most needed Denis Compton and Bill Edrich found it so well that they looked as if they could have gone on to centuries.

England's players could almost sense the swell of popular sentiment, and after waiting so long for a victory over Australia it was an excusable emotion. There have been better Test sides to tour England, but few can have been so warmly regarded or, in Lindsay Hasett, have had a captain of more chivalry and fight.

My personal feelings could be imagined. Bedser, Evans, Compton, Edrich and I had been on the receiving end since 1946. We had started with the maulings by Bradman's vastly superior sides and, Edrich apart, had also suffered a 4-1 beating in 1950-51.

I had a lasting regret that Cyril Washbrook was not there to savour the moment. Nor Watson (in the north we called him Billy rather than Willie as his father, Billy, was a well-known Bradford footballer). If he and Bailey had not batted from 12.30 until 5.40 at Lord's on the last day, Australia would have gone one ahead and, in all likelihood, it would have stayed that way. It was Watson's maiden Test against Australia and, while it is true the pitch became progressively slower, the demands on him and Trevor were abnormal. Their discipline and concentration had to be verging on the inhuman. At tea one of the players looked at Billy and voiced all our thoughts: 'I'm lost in admiration. He's batted all this time knowing that if he makes one mistake, just one tiny error of judgement, we have had it. And he's still at it.'

In such moments superstition is apt to take over and throughout the partnership Freddie Brown sat in a chair not daring to move lest it turn England's luck! All I could do in the intervals was to encourage them to stick it out, just as Hedley Verity had done with me in 1938. Then, if I had got out on my way to Bradman's record, it would have been disappointing and unlikely to have affected the result. Here it was so different, and when the last ball had been bowled and England had escaped I began to believe in miracles. To save the match after three being out for 12—we were set the impossible task of 343 to win—and Compton at 73 in a full day's play was truly remarkable, and I think the last day seemed the longest ever.



Hundredth first class century at The Oval: Congratulations from Jim Laker and Arthur McIntyre

One of my big disappointments of the rubber was to have been bowled second ball by Lindwall on my own home ground at Headingley after Hassett (said to have feared Bedser on a greenish pitch) had put England in. The start was delayed for twenty minutes, and Lindwall opened at the football stand end where there was no screen in those days. I never saw the ball which yorked me. Not to my surprise, I read that I made a rather crude jab with my bat some distance from my pad.

I have always maintained the necessity of effective sightscreens. Against a dark background, or poor screens, there is a real fear, particularly at the start of an innings, of losing the ball in flight. I never once had the problem in Australia's clear light. They also have good screens.

Another incident etched in my mind was going for a vital catch in The Oval Test of 1953. Trueman was bowling from the pavilion end and Neil Harvey, going for a hook, just failed to middle it properly and it went in the air. I set off running backwards towards deepish square leg with a thousand thoughts rushing through my head. After what seemed to be an age I took the catch at shoulder height, and I felt the peace of relief. It was Trueman's first Australian wicket.

Ranji Trophy:

The breeding ground of top-class talent

But it should be given its due importance by officials, selectors and players, says **Partab Ramchand,** tracing the history of India's premier cricket tournament

THE Board of Control for Cricket in India was formed in 1929 and India made their first official visit to England in 1932 and then played hosts to that country in 1933-34. Astonishing though it may seem to today's generation, all this was done with the country not having a national championship.

True, there was no dearth of cricket and the main competition of those times, the Quadrangular in Bombay, was pretty broad-based. Held along communal lines, the competition was between the Hindus, Muslims, Europeans and Parsis and thus encompassed the whole country, and all the top players did, in fact, take part in it.

But, while the matches created no religious tensions, it was obvious that a tournament, based on communal lines, particularly in that explosive pre-Independence era, would not last long. Many far-sighted members of the Board felt that a competition on inter-state lines rather than communal lines was what was needed.

But how was this to be done? And what would be the name of the competition? By 1934 the idea had gathered momentum and Anthony De Mello, the then secretary of the Board, thought the time was ripe for making a proposal to this effect. De Mello himself later recalled the Board meeting at Simla where the seed of the Ranji Trophy was sown.

"I remember the scene so vividly. The late Sikhandar Hayat Khan, then acting governor of Punjab and President of the Board, was in the chair. He was tall, slim and imposing. Yet he was dwarfed by the figure of His Highness the late Maharaja Bhupindra Singh of Patiala whose passionate interest in the game brought him to Simla as a representative of the Southern Punjab Cricket Association. Most of the other associations too had sent their delegates. There was also K. S. Himatsinghi, a nephew of Ranji .

"With some trepidation I submitted my proposal for the Ranji Trophy to the august gathering and also placed before the meeting an artist's drawing of the proposed trophy, a Grecian urn two feet high with a lid, the handle of which represented Father Time.

"Even I was not prepared for the events that followed. The Maharaja of Patiala jumped up when I was scarcely halfway through my brief proposal. The pine-scented air appeared to be immediately electrified. In deep tones charged with emotion, His Highness claimed the honour and privilege of perpetuating the name of the great Ranji, who had prematurely departed this life only the year before.

"He offered straightaway to present a gold cup of the magnificent design submitted by me and valued at 500 pounds to be called the Ranji Trophy. It was to be competed for annually by the provincial cricket associations of India."

The Maharaja also agreed to present a miniature trophy which would become the property of the winning association every year.

"Even I was not prepared for the events that followed. The Maharaja of Patiala jumped up when I was scarcely halfway through my brief proposal."

Thus was the Ranji Trophy born. And India at last had a national championship on the lines of the County Championship in England and the Sheffield Shield competition in Australia.

In the inaugural season, 1934-35 the provincial associations competed in a knock-out competition. There were fifteen teams in all, divided into four zones. Madras, Mysore and Hyderabad composed South Zone. Western India, Sind, Bombay, Gujarat and Maharashtra were from West Zone. Central India and CP and Berar from the East Zone, and Northern India, Army, United Provinces, Delhi and Southern Punjab from the North Zone.

For almost 20 years the pattern remained the same. More and more teams were included in the competition as the political map of India underwent changes every now and then.

A slight change occurred immediately after partition with Sind and a portion of Northern India going to Pakistan, but with more and more states being carved out of the Indian sub-continent the participating teams had swelled to over 20 in the early Fifties.

In 1952-53 a new zone, the Central Zone was introduced and the teams were suitably re-allocated. Now this necessitated a quarter-final, because there were five zonal winners.

By the mid-Fifties, it was obvious that all was not well with the national championship. In November 1956 the Indian states were reorganised on a linguistic basis and this had repercussions of the competition.

The princely states were abolished. Holkar became Madhya Bharat and

later Madhya Pradesh. Travancore Cochin became Kerala: Berar became Vidarbha, Western India (Kathiawawar) became Saurashtra, and Patiala became Southern Punjab. Northern India was changed to North Punjab and so on.

The logical happening to the abolition of the princely states and the reorganisation of the states should have been to have one association for each state. This would have meant a really proper national championship. But due to pulls and pressures the Board continued with the existing pattern and an anachronism developed which is seen even today.

As such, some of the states fielded, and continue to field, more than one team.

Two other distressing factors led to the administrators thinking seriously of changing the pattern. One was the increasing number of one-sided matches and the other was the deplorable tendency of captains to concede matches once the opposing team took the first innings lead.

Even well-known cricketers like Vijay Hazare, Vinoo Mankad, Polly Umrigar and Pankaj Roy resorted to this unhealthy trend, while leading their respective sides. And when the Delhi skipper Vaid conceded the quarter-final match to Bombay during the 1955-56 season, as early as shortly after tea on the second day, the administrators cried 'enough is enough'. And in 1958 at a meeting at Secunderabad, the Board passed a resolution to ban a team or a captain conceding a match.

A year before, the Board, in an effort to stop lop-sided matches and to give more opportunities to the players and to further broaden the base of the competition effected an important change in the pattern of the championships, turning it from a purely knock-out tournament to a league-cum-knock-out competition.

The zonal system remained the same, but instead of knocking each other out immediately, the teams played one another on league basis. To help determine the top teams in the zone—who would then qualify for the knock-out stage—the Board started a point system.

Eight points for an outright victory, five points to the team getting the first innings lead in a drawn match and three points to the opponents. In addition, as an incentive, the Board also introduced a bonus point. This was given to the team which scored at a rate of fifty runs or more an hour. It was changed a year later to 'a team which scores at the rate of three runs per over'.

During this time experiments were also carried out like having an eight-ball over and by having four West Indian fast bowlers, Stayers, Gilchrist, Watson and King to play in the championship. They happened to be in India during the 1962-63 season for a coaching assignment and thus represented four zones in the Duleep Trophy tournament and the winners of four zones in the knock out stage of the Ranji Trophy.

Too much tinkering with the rules of a game or the pattern of a tournament may not always be conducive to better fare, but in the case of the Ranji Trophy, it has probably been of much help to sustain interest. And so in 1970-71 the Board decided, on Maharashtra's recommendation, to allow the first two teams in the league table in each zone to qualify for the knock-out stage. Maharashtra, who for long, during the late Sixties, were arguably the next strongest team to Bombay, were possibly piqued by the fact that Bombay were pipping them to the post every year for the West Zone title. Ironically enough, the same year their proposal was accepted and Bombay were second.

But the two teams happened to meet in the final where a young Bombay side got the better of the experienced Maharashtra side in a keen final to retain their hold on the trophy.

The acceptance of the Maharashtra proposal has certainly made for keener competition during the knock-out stage over the last decade. And interestingly enough, there has been no Bombay supremacy during the period. In the last decade, for example, Karnataka and Delhi have shared honours with Bombay, winning the trophy that had eluded them for forty years and more.

"First class cricket in the country, especially the Ranji Trophy and Duleep Trophy competitions, should be given priority."

An important change was made in the points system last season with the pattern being more along the lines of the English County Championship. It was not altogether successful and did lead to some wierd results.

Thus, Hyderabad who lost to Tamil Nadu in the South Zone league, qualified for the knock-out stage, while Karnataka who did not lose a match failed to progress further. A lot of manipulation and improvisation was called for to tackle the new points system.

With more and more Test cricket being played, interest in the domestic season was diminishing fast. Even the Duleep Trophy matches which used to draw large crowds in the Sixties and Seventies, did not attract the same response and interest in the Ranji Trophy was even less.

The Board's tendency to concentrate on the international calendar at the expense of the domestic circuit could only lead to falling standards in what was, after all, the national championship, the premier domestic competition of the country.

Realising this, the Board at the end of the 1983-84 season appointed a high-power enquiry committee consisting of eminent cricketers like Umrigar, Pataudi and Venkataraghavar to delve deep into what was ailing Indian cricket.

The committee was frank in its findings and minced no words in stressing the fact that the strength of the Indian team was based on the strength of domestic cricket and the importance given to it. The committee noted, "The domestic calendar should not be disturbed irrespective of any tours by any country during the cricket season. The present domestic season was delayed till the Test series against the West Indies was through. First class cricket in the country, especially the Ranji Trophy and Duleep Trophy competitions, should be given priority and steps should be taken to make them more competitive and result-oriented".

Indeed, a very pertinent observation. There is nothing wrong in the present set up and pattern of the Ranji Trophy championship. It should only be given its due importance by officials, selectors and players. Only then will the competition truthfully carry out the purpose for which it was launched 50 years ago—to be the breeding ground of top-class talent.

Ranji reminiscences

M.J. Gopalan: (The man who sent down the first ball of the Ranji tournament.) When I received my mementoes at the closing ceremony of the Ranji Trophy golden jubilee celebrations at Bombay last month, my mind was a blur of memories. I could hardly believe it. Fifty years had passed since I ran up from the Wallajah Road end to bowl the first ball of the Ranji Torphy Championship to N. Curtis in the historic match between Madras and Mysore, the maugural match of the competition. Even though fifty years is a long time and the mind does get a bit hazy, there are some memories that will stay with me forever.

I was 25 then and I remember I was one of the automatic choices for Madras in 1934, having proved myself in the Presidency matches, the premier tie, held during the Pongal weekend every year in the month of January. The competition was between the Europeans and the Indians. There was no selection trial and, in fact, there was very little information regarding the Ranji Trophy. All we knew was that it was going to be a competition for the national championship and that it was the brainchild of Anthony De Mello, the then Board secretary and the moving force during the formative years of Indian cricket. No questions asked. We were told to play, so we played.

I distinctly recall the Chepauk Ground and the morning of November 4, 1934, when we played Mysore. The ground, fifty years ago, had a velvet like turf. There were no bald patches, no brown spots. You could pitch stumps anywhere on the ground and start a match. The ground was maintained very well by the Europeans and looked after by a band of dedicated workers.

It was a lovely sight with trees all round and wide open spaces. The wicket was always a sporting one, and the Presidency matches did provide many keen finishes.

The morning of November 4, reflected this atmosphere in every way except one—the wicket. It had rained the previous evening and this had made the pitch soft. It was a pretty cool morning with a slight breeze. Right away we knew it would be a disadvantage to bat first and fortunately our captain C. P. Johnstone won the toss.

Johnstone had played for Kent and was a shrewd skipper. After we all went into the field, he threw the ball to me and asked me to open the bowling. I was elated at having to send down the first ball of the maugural match of the tournament

A. G. Ram Singh: (The first man to capture a Ranji wicket) Fifty years can play tricks with a person's memory, but I do remember many things about that historic maugural tie. I was one of the automatic choices, having done well for many years in the Presidency matches. We were all keen to do well since it was known that this competition would be the national championship.

On that memorable morning, I remember I reached the ground very early to have a look at the pitch. It had rained the previous day and I was anxious to know what the impact was on the wicket.

I saw it was very soft and I knew that I would love to bowl on it as soon as possible. Luckily for me our skipper C. P. Johnstone won the toss and predictably put Mysore in to bat. Gopalan bowled the first over and then even though Madras had a good opening bowler in P. S. Ramachandran, Johnstone handed the ball to me to carry on the attack from the pavilion end.

That might have come as a surprise to many, but frankly, not to me. In those days, in the first four or five overs I used to swing the ball and then switch to spin. Moreover, it being a cool day with a fairly strong breeze blowing across, I was confident that I could do things on the soft track.

During my swing stint, I did trouble the batsmen a bit. But it was after I had switched to spin that I got my first wicket—incidentally, it was also the first wicket to be taken in the Ranji Trophy competition. M. S. Cosh was smartly stumped by S. V. T. Chari who was good enough to play for India against Australia the next year.

After that everything went right for me, with the wicket being a great ally. Frankly, all I had to do was to keep a good line and length and let the wicket do the rest. At times I was able to make the ball turn a foot. I bowled an unchanged spell to capture six wickets for 19 runs as Mysore were dismissed for 18 runs before lunch.

We fared only a little better when it was our turn to bat. The wicket was still soft. Yet, by adopting bolder methods, we got 130. I went one down and got 14, but then there were only a couple of twenties from Ramaswami and Gopalan, as far as I can recall.

Even so, I always felt a lead of 82 runs would be more than sufficient on this wicket, and predictably Mysore again found runs hard to get on a wicket that was a nightmare for batsmen.

Again I opened the bowling with Gopalan and except for a change of ends, bowled right through the Mysore second innings.

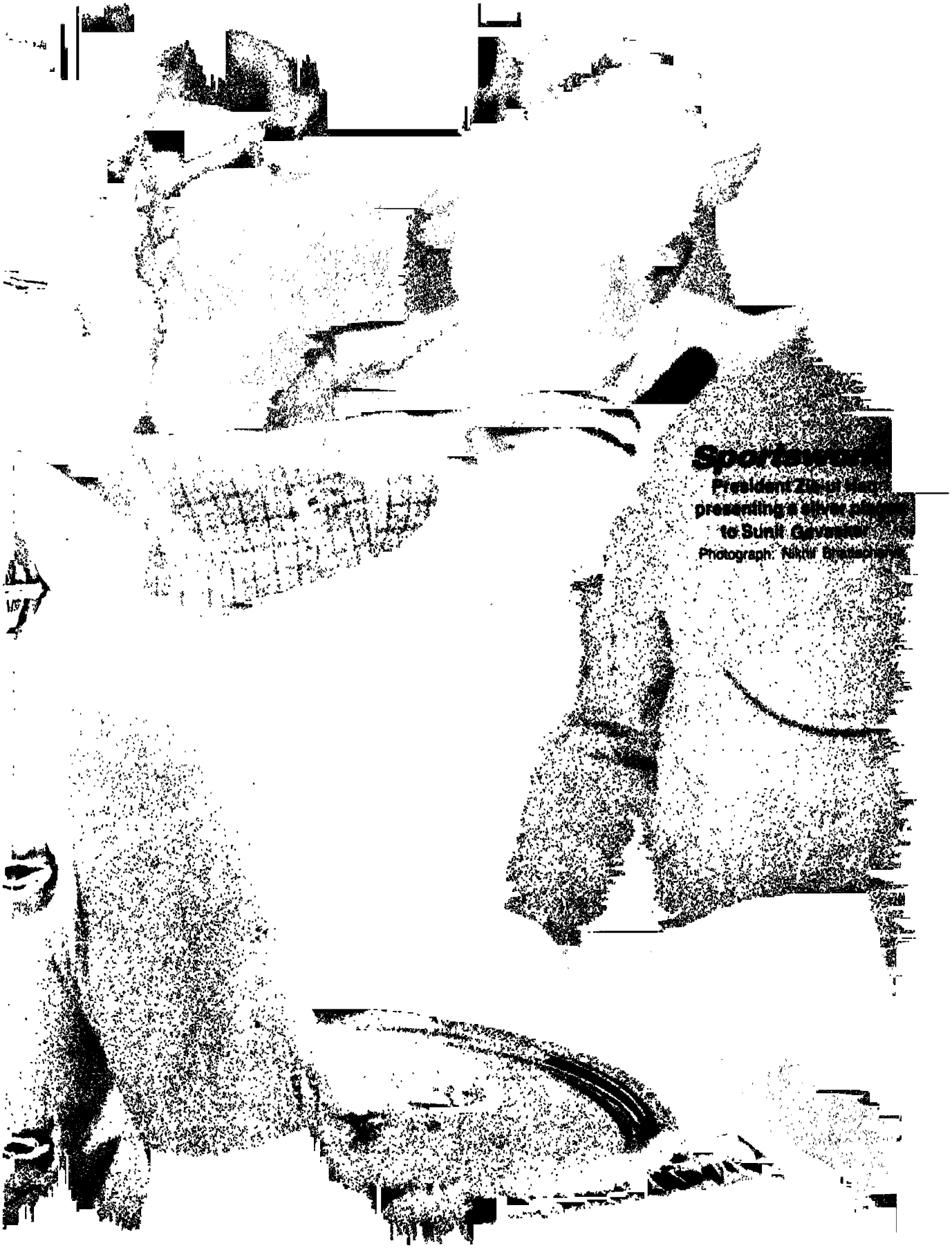
I got five wickets and with eleven for the match, was the first to get into the Ranji Trophy record books, in which my sons Kripal and Milkha were to figure prominently later on.

Thus we won the match by an innings and 23 runs in a single day, a record which stands till this day and which I venture to forecast will be difficult to emulate.

I cannot end without saying a few things about the Chepauk Ground of those days. It was paradise on earth. The turf was natural and even like a billiard table. There was no bald patch. Wherever you saw it was green. And with the lovely trees all around it, the Chepauk in those days gave one the impression of being one of the English village grounds.

I must also say that the crowd response was very good, probably because there was so very little cricket played those days.

As told to Partab Ramchand



Sportsmanship

President Zardari [illegible] presenting a silver [illegible] to Sunil Gavaskar

Photograph: Nikhil [illegible]

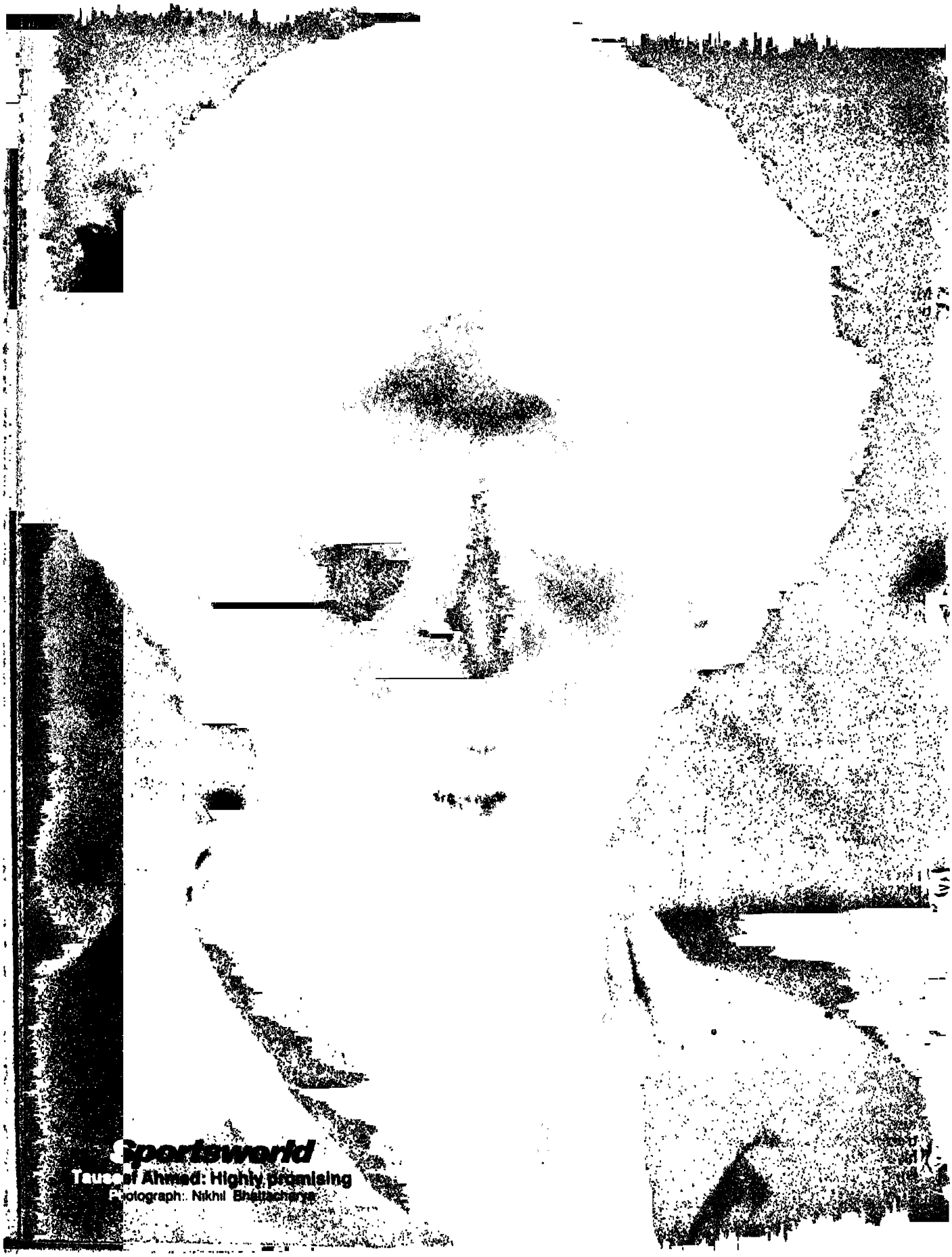


Sportsworld

Star bat Mohsin Khan with his wife Reena Roy

Photograph: Nikhil Bhattacharya





Sportsworld

Tauseef Ahmed: Highly promising

Photograph: Nikhil Bhattacharya

A Renowned victory at Mysore

Adi Davar

FOLLOWING in the wake of what happened in the Pune Derby a week earlier, the outcome of the Mysore Derby left the critics shocked. Renowned's victory in the blue riband of the Mysore turf was, in effect, the final nail in the air-tight coffin that Classic form had become. But even as the pundits tried to fathom it out and the punters recovered from the drubbing they had taken, the sporting Mysore crowd rose as one to applaud the architect of Renowned's courageous victory—the irrepressible Vasant Shinde.

It was only his power packed finish that got the judges' decision in a three-way photo finish, the likes of which had not been seen ever since that Indian Derby back in 1981 won by Track Lightning.

Classified in class I, Renowned began his Mysore sojourn on a far from happy note, falling by the wayside as Maltese Prince beat him most convincingly and, that too, while conceding him chunks of weight. In the 2000 Guineas he had to play second fiddle to Resplendent, who won on the bit as it were. Then, to add injury to insult, an objection by the third placed Lively Emprey, against the second placed Renowned was upheld and Renowned was relegated to third place. All in all, it could best be described as a far from enterprising beginning.

On Derby day he was being ridden by Vasant Shinde and that, as it turned out, was an extremely big plus factor in his favour. A field of five lined up to face the starter with the 2000 Guineas winner Resplendent the first favourite.

Now if the Guineas run was anything to go by the race looked to be in Resplendent's pocket. He had won the mile convincingly enough and his breeding suggested that the extra 400 metres in the Derby was right up his street. On that form he had the beating of both Renowned and Lively Emprey, so that appeared to annihilate their chances.

How wrong everyone turned out to be. Resplendent plodded on a poor fourth getting beat not only by Fond Hope but by Renowned and Lively Emprey as well, two horses he had beaten less than a month earlier in the Guineas by three lengths and six lengths respectively. This was a reversal of ten lengths in less than 28 days and it's a reversal few will ever attempt to explain.

Allowing Romantic Eve to call the tune at a fast pace, Lively Emprey adopted the same tactics that won him the Bangalore Derby this July. He sat just off the pace and looked to be going well enough. Tracking him was the favourite Resplendent and a couple of lengths behind were Fond Hope and Renowned still biding their time. Negotiating the turn and Romantic Eve had shot her bolt. She retired from the fray as Mercer sent Lively Emprey skating clear. Resplendent came up to challenge but Emprey shook him off and a furlong out it looked as though it was the Bangalore Derby all over again. Only then did Fond Hope and Renowned swoop down into the fray.

In those last anxious moments it was jockeyship that would ultimately tilt the balance and Vasant Shinde got that little extra out of a game Renowned who put his elegant neck in front to get the better of Fond Hope while Lively Emprey was an identical margin away in third place. Watching Vasant in those last hundred metres would have made a purist purr with pride.

Warren Singh tops jockeys table in Mysore

MYSORE saw a new champion emerge amongst the riders and young Warren Singh cornered the riding honours for the first time in his career.

A Calcutta boy, he began his apprenticeship under Lawrence Fownes (now doing incredibly well as a trainer in Hong Kong) before transferring his indentures to the Bangalore based trainer Zareer Darashah. It was under Darashah that Warren blossomed. It was Darashah who gave him his chance and Warren was quick to grasp the initiative.

Ironically, Warren was not present to receive his trophy due to a fall that had hospitalised him the day earlier. But he has a bright future ahead when he returns to take up the reins where he left off.



Warren Singh atop one of his many winners being led in by the man who gave him the break, Z. Darashah

Liverpool's darkest day

Premen Addy

RECENTLY Liverpool experienced one of their darkest days since they climbed to the First Division in 1959 and made it their own in the subsequent two decades and a half

At the end of last season they had carried off the League Championship for the third year running yet here they were with almost the same team 15th in a table of 22 Unbelievable but true

They lost to their Merseyside rivals Everton 0 1 Everton had last beaten Liverpool at Anfield way back in 1970 when they also went on to take the First Division title Their manager, Howard Kendall, was then a player

Everton's victory was no fluke They looked the better side and their winning goal from a Graeme Sharpe volley from about 30 yards out must rank as one of the best seen on this or any other ground

It was said at the start of the season that Ian Rush the wonderman who scored 47 goals for Liverpool last season would take three months to recover from a cartilage operation

Well he has made a speedier recovery than was thought possible and insisted on being included in the first team where a further couple of weeks with the reserves might have brought him back to peak fitness

But these are desperate times calling for desperate remedies So Rush made his first appearance of the season—and on his 23rd birthday, too A goal from him would have had the makings of a fairy tale, but real life is usually far sterner and the striker returned home scoreless

Elsewhere, form was more predictable Arsenal kept to their winning ways with a 3 2 victory over Sunderland The match was not quite the thriller the scoreline suggests, for the Gunners were in firm control and only carelessness in defence brought Sunderland into the reckoning at all

Arsenal s goals were scored by Tommy Caton Ian Allison and Brian Talbot while Sunderland s sole scorer was Clive Walker, whose first goal came from a penalty

The problem for manager Don Howe is to calm his players and get them accustomed to life at the top They look a splendid outfit, despite the loss through injury of Paul Mariner and Tony Woodcock, their two England strikers

Those who are playing are brimming with confidence and skill, no one more so than Charlie Nicholas, the man who had moved south from Scotland last year and who has only now found his footballing feet And what feet they are

There is wizardry in them which has

Colorsport



Ian Rush: creates chances out of dead situations

set Highbury alight. His run down the right flank and cross, which Allison put away with his head, had the crowd in ecstasies as his hapless marker chased shadows.

Manchester United, meanwhile, beat Tottenham by a solitary goal scored by Mark Hughes in the 68th minute. There was a capacity crowd at Old Trafford but the match was a bad tempered affair, full of niggling fouls and occasional foul-ups.

Nottingham Forest drew 1-1 with Newcastle United, but newcomers Sheffield Wednesday thrashed Leicester City 5 nil, with Imre Varadi scoring a hat-trick.

The leading positions in the First Division are read as follows: Arsenal with 25 points from 11 games are in first place, followed by Wednesday with 21 points, Manchaster United with 20, Everton also with 20 but with an inferior goal difference, Spurs with 19 and Forest with 18.

At the bottom of the table, Watford and Luton had no holds barred encounter which the latter squeezed 3-2. The man of the match, by general acclaim, was Luton's midfield hero Ricky Hill who has been out of action these past few months. Watford are currently in last place with Stoke.

In Scotland's premier division, Aberdeen romped home to a 4-nil win over St. Mirren, Celtic emerged a comfortable 3-1 winners over Dundee United, while Rangers only drew 0-0 with Dumbarton. Aberdeen are at the top of the table with 19 points from 11 matches, Celtic are in second place with 18 and Rangers, a further two points adrift with 16.

The focus of attention switched to the various European competitions. Liverpool played host to Benfica of Portugal on a rain swept evening. Would the Merseysiders continue on their downward slide was the question on most lips. The answer was an emphatic no. Liverpool won 3-1, with Ian Rush getting a hat-trick.

Each of the goals was simple. He was at the right place at the right time. His eye was unerring, his placements sweetly accurate. Of such stuff are the game's great strikers made.

In the 1960's and early 70's Jimmy Greaves displayed this ability week after week. At an international level, few could better the West German Gerd Muller, a small man with lightning reflexes and an inborn sense of timing.

I recall him almost flat on his back in 1974 scrambling the ball past Gordon Banks in goal at Wembley. It was a brilliant piece of opportunism and it put Germany back on top just as it seemed that England were taking hold of the match. Germany won 3-1.

Rush was superb. With him in a goal scoring mood, Liverpool regained much of their lost confidence. Confidence is one of life's intangibles. The Stock Exchange is one place where it can be measured. Soccer, cricket or Tennis, for example, are others.

With Rush back, it might be time for Liverpool to make their expectant return to glory. Everton in the Cup Winners' Cup beat Inter Bratislava of Czechoslovakia through a headed goal by Paul Bracewell.

But the most spectacular tie came in the UEFA Cup between Partizan of Belgrade and Queens Park Rangers which Rangers won 6-2. The Yugoslavs led 2-1 in one spell, but thereafter it was a deluge and they were totally swamped.

I saw highlights of the match on television and I don't think I shall see better struck goals during the rest of the season.



Graeme Sharpe: scored a most spectacular goal

Ron, the star-spotter

Lawrie McMenemy on the celebrated manager of Manchester United



Colorsport

Jesper Olsen: a genuine world-class player

AS teams are often mirror-images of their managers, no-one who knows Manchester United's Ron Atkinson will be surprised that he has built the most star-studded and exciting side in Britain.

I can't think of anyone who appreciates outstanding football talent more than Ron. He is a bit like Walter Mitty, in that he is still obsessed by the unfulfilled dreams of greatness which frustrated him as an inspiring but technically-limited half-back in Oxford United's team in the 1960s. Manchester United, through their stature in the game and ability to attract most of Britain's leading footballers, have provided Ron with the ideal environment in which to add a touch of reality to his fantasies!

This side of Ron—which I understand comes through particularly strongly when he takes part in Manchester United's training matches with the first-team stars—was emphasised to me during the Old Trafford pitch inspection prior to Southampton's match there last season.

While the referee and I were prodding the pitch and discussing the conditions, Ron became absorbed in doing little tricks with the ball against imaginary opponents. Eventually I found it impossible to resist the temptation to join in, hitting a long ball which Ron gleefully belted into the empty net like a man scoring the winning goal in a F.A. Cup Final!

This enthusiasm for the game is one of Ron Atkinson's greatest qualities. It characterised most of his 382 Football League appearances for Oxford and, indeed, when I was manager of Doncaster Rovers, I once considered trying to sign both Ron and his brother Graham.

Another reason why I have a lot of respect for Ron is that, despite his flamboyant, high-living image, he is an extremely down-to-earth man who has never lost sight of his undistinguished football roots.

His marvellous sense of humour—he's in the Tommy Docherty class when it comes to one-liners—is often directed at himself. In other words, he doesn't take himself too seriously and thus is able to put his larger-than-life media image into perspective.

I know Ron quite well. When he left Cambridge to become West Bromwich Albion's manager, he telephoned me for advice at a Leicester hotel where Southampton were staying prior to a second F.A. Cup replay

against Grimsby at Filbert Street. He still pulls my leg about it because I was out when he rang and, upon returning his call and ascertaining what he wanted, I asked him to ring me back so that Southampton wouldn't have to pay the bill!

I have twice had the chance to become Manchester United manager. Following the departure of Tommy Docherty, United's chairman Louis Edwards telephoned me to enquire whether I would be prepared to take his place. I said that I would but I was on holiday abroad at the time, and when I returned, Dave Sexton had been appointed.

I was offered the job in succession to Sexton, but had to say "no", partly because Southampton's directors were determined to hold me to my contract and partly because I just didn't feel it was a good time for me to leave The Dell.

On that second occasion, Ron was among the men I suggested as possible alternatives. I am often asked whether I regret not going to United. There are times when I become a little envious of the tremendous financial resources that Ron has at his disposal. Nevertheless, the challenge of trying to compete with men like him, on my limited budget, is one which I still find very stimulating.

Not only this, I don't think that my style of management—based on being able to involve myself in virtually every aspect of a club—would be encouraged at a place like Old Trafford.

Ron has been under a lot of pressure to produce a Championship-winning team since his arrival in 1981, and there is little doubt that it is now more intense than ever due to the decline of Liverpool, and the vast amount of money he has spent on signing Gordon Strachan, Jesper Olsen and Alan Brazil.

I was very impressed with Strachan and Olsen in United's 0-0 draw at Southampton in August. Breaking forward from their wide midfield positions, the width they gave to United's football caused us a lot of problems.

All teams need to vary their style of play from time to time and, in United's case, it would not surprise me to see them occasionally use Olsen in the Michel Platini-type role—between the midfielders and strikers—which has given Arsenal's Charlie Nicholas a new lease of life this season. Olsen, who has explosive pace, tight ball control and excellent "vision", is as well-suited to this sort of role as anyone.

My only question mark against United is that, apart from Gordon McQueen, who has only recently returned to the team after a long absence through injury, they don't have a really experienced, dominating figure at the back.

In this respect, it was interesting to note that Ron recently made enquiries to Ipswich about England centre half Terry Butcher. Still, even if United fail to win the Championship this season—I'm sticking to my original tip, Arsenal—one thing's for sure. With a manager like Ron Atkinson, they're always going to be worth watching.



Colorsport

England's Mark Hateley and Terry Butcher in a goalmouth tussle with Finland's Aki Lahtinen (4) and Pauno Kymalainen

Separating champions from also-rans

With almost a quarter of the First Division fixtures completed, two of the most interesting aspects of the Championship situation are the ease with which the newly-promoted teams Sheffield Wednesday, Chelsea and Newcastle have adjusted to life at this level....and the apparent demise of Liverpool. Here, Chelsea's centre half Joe McLaughlin gives a typically candid assessment of his own team and of the leading Championship contenders



Kerry Dixon: the goals are beginning to flow again

PEOPLE who are writing Liverpool off at the moment are crazy.

There are a lot of reasons why they have not made a good start. Among them the departure of Graeme Souness and Kenny Dalglish's loss of form. But to me, the absence of Ian Rush, because of a cartilage operation, and Craig Johnston have been equally important factors.

Rush has the uncanny knack of creating chances out of 'dead' situations. I felt that was lacking in Liverpool's play when I saw them lose 0-1 to Tottenham in the recent televised match.

I felt they also missed Johnston, who has now returned from Australia following the birth of his first child.

I wish that Craig, who named his daughter Chelsea, had extended his love for the name by agreeing to join us in September when our chairman Ken Bates flew to Australia to try and sign him.

He is the kind of quality player we need in our midfield in the First Division.

I am not criticising our present midfielders Micky Thomas, Nigel Spackman and John Bumstead—they are all skilful, quick players—but Craig has the ability to put his foot on the ball and slow things down when necessary.

That is a quality we lack at the moment, and might have been one of the causes of our inconsistent start to the season.

Another factor has been our inexperience. We are a young team who came into the First Division on the crest of a wave after winning the Second Division title, but now we realise that there is a lot to learn.

The players in the First Division are of a better standard in all departments. Their passing is more accurate, their first touch better and anticipation quicker.

I've been caught out as much as anyone. For example, when we faced Aston Villa at Villa Park, I kept Peter Withe—the most difficult opponent I have encountered so far—fairly quiet for most of the game. But he scored twice, taking advantage of momentary lapses of concentration on my part, and Villa won 4-2.

It's a good sign that all our players have been aware of their limitations, and willing to absorb the lessons of the First Division.

Take Kerry Dixon. After scoring 34 goals last season he only managed one



Joe McLaughlin (right) heads the ball watched by team-mate Colin Lee and Jim Gilligan (Watford)



Chelsea's Pat Nevin (left), chased by John Barnes of Watford

in our first seven games. Now that he has become sharper, the goals are beginning to flow again and I'm confident he will manage at least 20 by the end of the season.

Winger Pat Nevin, our outstanding player last season, has also struggled, but like Kerry he is improving with every game. He has had better full backs marking him this season and I also feel he has missed playing with another wide man. Our success last season was based on stretching opposing defences with two wingers For that reason I'd love to see our left winger Paul Canoville back in the team

Tottenham skipper Steve Perryman feels that playing with two wingers—Tony Galvin and John Chiedozie—has given Spurs their best chance of winning the title in his 15 years with the club

Like Steve, I believe that using two wingers enhances the chances of any team, although I must admit that I don't rate Tottenham as serious contenders for the title They look a bit weak at the back, often getting caught square

I wasn't impressed with Arsenal either when we drew 1-1 with them on the opening day of the season, although they were without Graham Rix and Charlie Nicholas that day, so I will reserve my opinion on them!

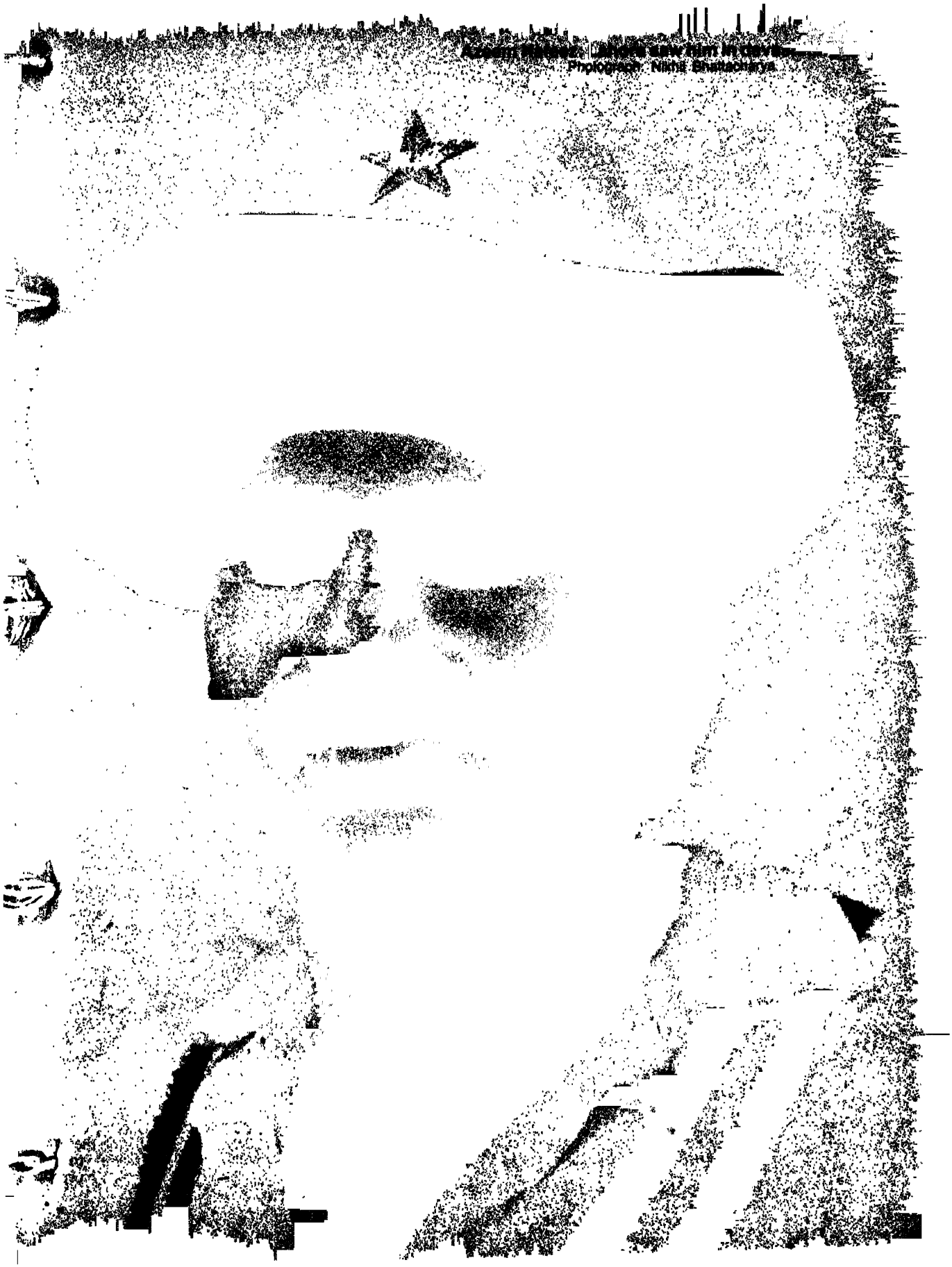
Of the teams at the top at this stage, I'd single out Manchester United

Although we held them 1-1 at Old Trafford last month, I thought they showed real Championship quality that night

Arriving at the famous stadium, I was immediately filled with a sense of awe, as were the rest of my colleagues, and in the first 20 minutes the ability of Gordon Strachan and Jesper Olsen threatened to crush us.

I was particularly impressed by Olsen, whom I remember playing against twice for the Scotland Under-21 team against Denmark two years ago. I had heard a lot about him even then, but in those two games he did little. Now he is a genuine world-class player He has injected devastating pace into the United attack

These are the sort of players who separate Champions from the also-rans . although, in United's case, their bid to win the title for the first time since 1968 is bound to be threatened by the inevitable Liverpool surge.





A sad commentary

Reader **Srinivas Achyut** of Bangalore opines that the quality of cricket commentary on Doordarshan is appalling

COMMENTING on the poor transport arrangements at the Calcutta airport, the Australian captain, Kim Hughes, is reported to have said that, like professional cricketers, every time an official fails, he must be dropped. There is a strong case in favour of extending this argument to cricket commentators on Doordarshan as well. Most of our men in the box perform terribly and, what is worse, they don't even seem to be aware of it. I think it is time that the viewer takes it upon himself to inform the gentlemen across the TV screen what really is expected of them

Firstly, one expects a commentator to be as prepared for the match as the players themselves. This means that he must worry less about how he is going to knot his necktie and more about how he is going to perform. The English commentator at the recent Bombay one-day match was nattily dressed. But when he went down to interview the rival captains he hadn't even framed the questions he was going to ask. This is terrible. It is always a big moment for viewers when the captains talk, and it is grossly unfair if the commentator goes down without doing his home work.

A commentator must also be knowledgeable and articulate. Most, on the Doordarshan panel, fail on both counts. Indeed, they literally survive on the handouts which the statistician keeps passing over. By a curious convention, the statistician is condemned to silence.

The truth, of course, is that the commentator is expected to interpret the statistics and explain them in a better manner. Probably, a senior Delhi-based English commentator does this. But anyone who can't do this must really get out.

Secondly, one expects a TV commentator to possess a certain presence. Of course, the average Doordarshan commentator has his own ideas on how this presence should be: a) wear a bright checked T-shirt and b) when you are not putting on your dark glasses you should be taking them off. Sometimes, watching them, one feels genuinely sad. This is hardly the 'presence' that is required and how tragic that, despite several screen appearances, the commentator has still not realised this. Actually all that the viewer expects is an agreeable personality and a clean shirt. And, to be sure, a lot of cricketing wisdom. One would like to single out here, the English commentator at the Trivandrum match With his electronic calculator, his binoculars and his cricket rules' book he strongly conveyed the impression that he was there to inform. Most others, unfortunately, are quite content to be simply 'there'.

Thirdly, one expects Hindi commentators to be at least fluent in the language; by any yardstick this is the minimum requirement. Yet, we had to endure a former medium pace bowler on two occasions recently. One feels sorry that he couldn't progress beyond the fringe of Test cricket because his Ranji Trophy record is quite excellent. But commentary in Hindi..ah, that's an altogether different matter. This gentleman's performance is pathetic: shocking grammar, incomplete sentences and even a certain facility to transfer his discomfiture on to the viewers!

And finally...the Doordarshan cricket expert. The following extract from one's cassette is most revealing:

Commentator: "That was a vicious delivery from Holding which really swung back to catch Gavaskar right in front of his wicket. What do you think?"

Expert: "You are right. That vicious Holding delivery really swung back to catch Gavaskar napping. Lovely ball!"

So what's new?...This, by and large, is what Doordarshan viewers usually put up with.

There are a few exceptions, the happiest such exception being the former Indian captain of the Sixties. What does one expect of an expert? If the expert cannot be the Sherlock Holmes to the commentator's Watson, he can at least have a) outstanding knowledge of the game and b) the ability to be a good moderator in the commentators' box discussions. On Doordarshan the criteria are a little different. How otherwise does one explain the fact that one gentleman sometimes qualifies as the expert and at other times as the commentator? Does he choose to leave his expertise behind sometimes.

If one is sounding too pessimistic about the Doordarshan potential, then the Australian manager Bob Merriman's observation might re-assure. Merriman said that TV coverage had improved 'unbelievably' since 1979. He is right, of course, because Doordarshan has since acquired all the required gadgets in the course of the Asiad. All that Doordarshan needs to do is to exercise some judgement in the choice of its commentators. The following hint might help: choose the commentator first, and his beard later. For that, everyone will agree, is really the correct way of going about it all.

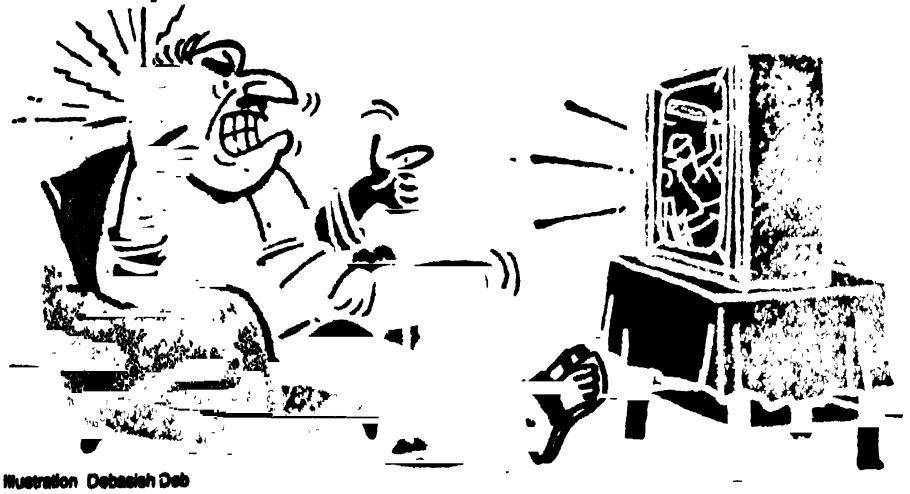


Illustration Debasish Deb

I prescribe pro football

Tan Shri Dato Hamza, the President of the Asian Football Confederation, tells **Suprakash Ghoshal**

MOST European coaches who have so far been imported to Asia are of the opinion that it would take our continent at least 10 more years to be at par with the leading footballing nations of the world. Don't you think the Asian Football Confederation can play an important role in speeding up our progress?

Of course it can, and I think never before has the AFC been so much concerned about the development of Asian football as it is now. We need a great leap forward.

Of late we have realised that for better results it is crucial for the AFC to be turned into a self-sufficient body run by a group of efficient professionals who can devote all their time and energy to the cause of Asian football. We have got a lot of things to do and our success depends entirely on how well we can chalk out a blue-print.

On the one hand, we have to study the conditions prevailing in various member countries and then seek to eliminate the factors detrimental to their development in football.

So, in view of this enormous task facing us, we asked Mr. Peter Velappan to join the AFC as a full-timer. He is on our staff now, and I think it is going to help us a lot.

Moreover, I am travelling all over the continent to find out the problems faced by the football federations of our member nations. We are exchanging views and you can say we're trying to chalk out a plan collectively.

So much has been said about professionalism. In fact, it has shown encouraging results in some countries. What is the AFC thinking about it?

We prescribe professionalism for every country of Asia. It will work wonders. But it is not possible to introduce professionalism overnight. You have to take a lot of things into account.

A case in point is Malaysia. We have been trying to introduce professionalism there for some time now. But so far we have not been very successful. We have found that the amount of money involved in the game may not be sufficient for introducing professionalism.

Moreover, of late we have noticed a slight decline in the popularity of the game there. But, even if the popularity had been at its peak, the whole economy of the circuit may not be able to sustain professionalism.

What do you think about the chances of other Asian nations?

Korea has already shown the difference professionalism can make. But, even there professionalism is not yet mature enough. It will take them a few years more to get acclimatised to the new conditions.

Fortunately, they have got the infrastructure to withstand the pressures of pro football. And one should not be surprised if they show some more astounding results in the coming years.

Of the other nations, I think India has the capability to introduce pro football.

Yet another major problem faced by most Asian nations in their efforts to improve their standards of football is a severe lack of international class coaches, well-versed in the advancements of modern football. What are you going to do about that? Do you think importing European coaches will offset that problem?

Nothing can be better than having good coaches in our own countries. Importing foreign coaches has shown encouraging results in some countries. But how long can you carry on like that? On the one hand, it is expensive, while on the other, the idea is not conducive to long-term planning.

In view of these problems, we are having a dialogue with the world body, the FIFA, in order to organise some advanced training programmes for our leading coaches. Fortunately, we are getting encouraging response, and chances are that in the next few years Asian coaches will get more opportunities to learn the advanced techniques of football.

We cannot forget history.....we always welcome India, but a strong India, the India everybody will be delighted to see in action

The news that India would no longer be invited to the Merdeka tournament, which is an important event in the Asian continent, came as a shock to every football lover in this country. True, our boys performed miserably the last time they played there. But is it not rather harsh on the part of the organisers to debar a nation just for poor performance?

Well, it seems rather harsh. But can the Merdeka organisers afford to have second-string teams in their tournament, which, without doubt, is one of the most prestigious competition in this continent?

It is not very rarely that some Asian countries have sent their second-string national sides to this tournament, for a variety of reasons, like pressures from domestic clubs and so on.

India also did so, the last time they visited Kuala Lumpur. The authorities here should have been aware that Merdeka is an important tournament.

Also a lot of money is involved in it. We cannot simply allow the tournament to degenerate into a farce with the presence of unworthy teams.

If India gives due importance to the tournament, the doors will always be open to her. After all, we cannot forget history. For years India has been an important participant in this tournament. We always welcome India, but a strong India, the India everybody will be delighted to see in action.



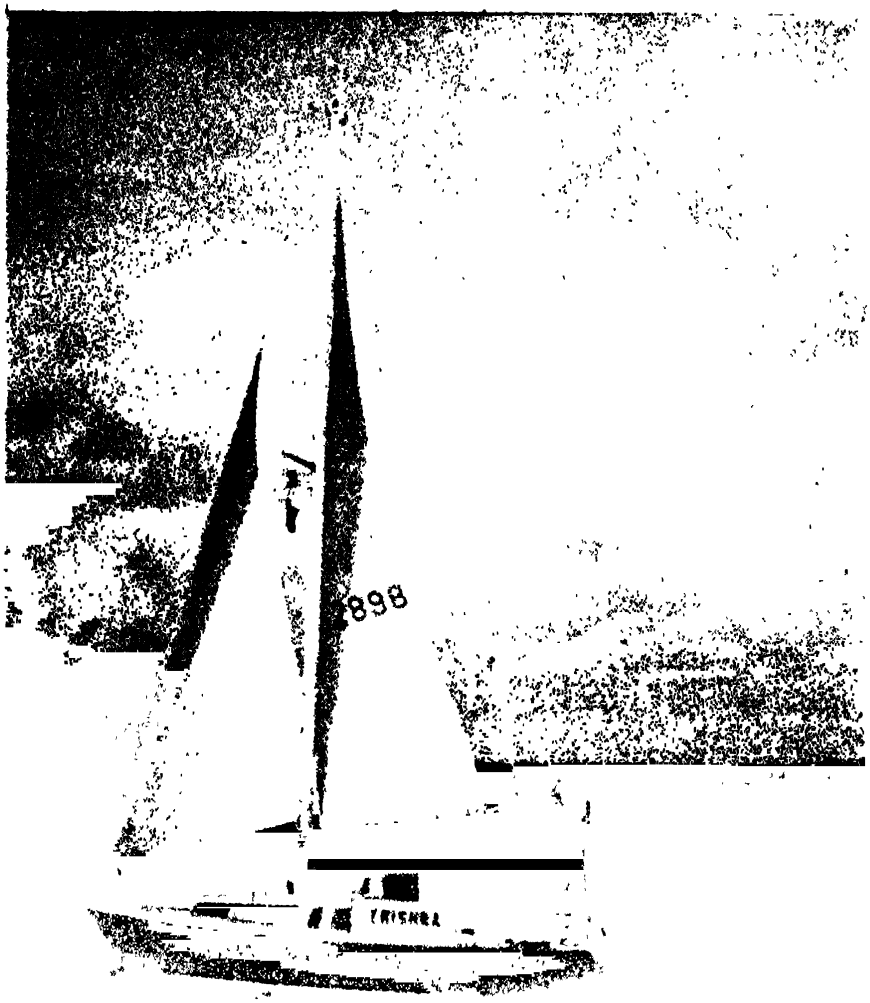
'Trishna'—the thirst for adventure

Binoo K. John met the yachting crew that is currently sailing around the world

THE insatiable yearning to conquer the seemingly insurmountable has driven man to the dizzy heights of the Everest and the snowy waste of the Antarctica. The forces of Nature have always posed a challenge to him. Thus, he takes arms against these forces as though saying, 'Here I come'. Many have perished under Nature's wrath but, somehow, the spirit survives.

Indian youth have never lagged behind in this search for adventure. He has been up there on the mountain peaks experiencing 'the soothing white loneliness' as Reinhold Messner called it and he has been down to the exotic depths of the Pacific Ocean. He has braved the waves of the English Channel and he has also endured the merciless sun of the Sahara desert.

The latest in the series of expeditions that Indians have undertaken is the Army sponsored sail around the world on a yacht. A six-member Army team set sail on 12 October from Portsmouth Harbour in the south of England on their Yacht *Trishna*, the first such venture by India.



***Trishna* with the Indian Army team aboard**

The team, skippered by Major K.S. Rao has Lt. Col T.P.S. Chowdhury (watch leader), Maj A.P. Singh (navigator), Capt A.K. Singh, Lt. Bharati and Lt. Shekhar who at 22 is the youngest member of the squad. It took Major General H.K. Kapoor, the moving spirit behind the expedition and the Sapper Adventure Foundation, Pune, four years to organise the course which will be completed in two stages.

Yachting is still in its infancy in India. Maj. Gen. Kapoor, while toasting to the expedition at the St George Barracks at Gosport, Portsmouth, expressed the hope that this expedition would inspire many more and give a boost to the sport of sailing. As Maj. Gen. Kapoor said, "I wonder why a country with such a long coastline (like India) has only about five yachting clubs."

Talking to *Sportsworld*, minutes before he set foot on the Finnish yacht, the skipper Maj. Rao effused confidence, very typical of an adventure-seeker. "We have all got accustomed to the yacht, having made a couple of trips across the Channel and all of us are in high spirits." Maj Rao, who has about two decades of sailing experience, has skippered the Albatross, a seabird class of boat, which sailed from Bandar Abbas (Iran) to Bombay two years ago.

The yacht, aptly named Trishna, (Meaning, an urge to attain) was acquired by the Indians only two months before the expedition set off. The dove grey class reinforced plastic hull, carrying the Lloyds Certificate of Moulding, was built in 1970. The yacht is equipped with all the basic cruising equipment like wind instruments VHF and HF radio transreceivers and satellite navigation system.

The Army, has of late been taking a lead role in inculcating the spirit of adventure among Indian youth. It was only recently that the Army mounted the Kashmir to Kanyakumari hang-gliding expedition and within the next two years the Army will send a team to scale the Everest.

A table tennis famine ahead?

Rajat Kathuria probes into the recent trends in Indian table tennis

IT is a matter of utmost concern that most of the leading Indian table tennis players are under the curious misconception that attendance at a preparatory camp for an important tournament might hinder their chances of selection.

Not touching the sensitive issue of consistency in selecting Indian teams in much detail, this piece analyses the remarkable consistency in the attitudes of the players.

The reason for broaching this subject at a time when Indian table tennis seems to be surrounded by a feeling of euphoria (realising fully well that it could be foolhardy to temper such a feeling, for my own sake) is that two of the five players who find themselves in the Indian team for the Asian Union table tennis championship to be held during the last week of October in Islamabad (Pakistan), are as yet juniors rendering the average age of the team to less than 20.

This may augur well for the future but experience is what we really need to overcome arch rivals Pakistan—a clash with whom seems more or less inevitable in the play off stage, if not in the group matches.

In forming the team, however, the selectors were given very little room to exercise their discretionary powers. Three of the leading players did not join the camp. The team therefore selected itself. Kamlesh Mehta (captain), V. Chandramouli, Sujoy Ghorpade, Arun J. Burua and Rahul Dutta.

The feeling that any Indian team should be announced before the commencement of a camp seems to be gaining ground and the writing for the future is clearly on the wall. While little can be said in defence of such an attitude, its germination can be traced back to the last AUTT held in Calcutta, 1980.

A two-month camp comprising 24 players was held prior to the tournament. Eventually 12 were selected following gruelling league matches which were dubbed as "selection trials." This trend was continued, with "trials" gaining in importance and a player's yearly performance receding into the covers of the past.

Current form became the sole criteria for selection. Exceptions however, were these which only proved the rule conveniently

Four years have elapsed since the last AUTT and the players have decided that it is time that their demand of knowing the team well in advance was met. Tension and suspense, they say, prevents them from giving off their best at camps.

The federation, on the other hand, subscribes to the opposite school of thought. Taken at face value, a stronger case could be made out for the latter's view point. Which, however, is not the case. Trials at camps have often provided effective alibis for inconsistency in selection procedures. But that is a fairly sensitive issue and quite another story.

Coming to the issue of players voluntarily dropping out of the camp, one cannot help but feel that it is the interminable saga of the apex body's incredibility and half truths that has called forth such an action. In spite of everything, the feeling is that the players have over—reacted. The noblest objective of the federation of providing continuous exposure to all players in such camps should gain favour with the players rather than the idea of restricting camps to just the team members.

The question that immediately arises is: Can the incompatibility between trials and camps be underscored in the better interests of the game in India? Or is this incompatibility just a prelude to the famine that lies ahead?



Ashok Vora

Kamlesh Mehta will lead the team

Too many cooks spoil the broth

The second Pune International Marathon was a success, but there were too many people around the runners, feels **Rahul Chandawarkar**

PRESIDENT Julius Nyrere back home in Dares Salaam must be happy to note that two young boys from his country just came, saw and conquered the second Pune International Marathon on Sunday the fourteenth of October.

The two Tanzanian boys, Stephen Marwa, a 23-year-old army recruit with a career best timing of two hours, fifteen minutes and 21-year-old team mate John Bura with a personal best of two hours, thirteen minutes were favourites to win this race from the word go. There was nobody to challenge them.

This year's marathon could not, for various reasons, attract as many foreign competitors as last year. The foreign participation was restricted to the two Tanzanians, one Kenyan and two men from Singapore. The Kenyan and the Singaporians faded out and were no where in the reckoning.

The race started from the Nehru stadium with the Union Minister of State for Defence K.P. Singh Deo firing the starter's gun. The bunched start saw K.M Suresh of Karnataka leading the pack of runners via Tilak Road and Laxmi Road upto the four kilometre mark at City Post. From this point, the blue vested John Bura of Tanzania took over and kept up a good pace right past Main Street in the Pune Cantonment via the Poona Club, Wadia college and across the Bund garden bridge till the Deccan College Khadki.

The order behind which had remained unchanged so far started getting restless and Prahlad Singh of the Services followed by Gian Singh also from the Army took over from Bura pushing him to third place. At this stage, one could notice a slight dropping of the shoulders on Bura's part indicating tiredness. Surinder Pal Singh of the Services then picked up a good lead over Bura pushing him still further down to fourth place.

There was wild speculation in the Press bus, in which we were travelling, as to Bura's fortunes. But the seasoned and talented Tanzanian proved many wrong as he came close on the heels of the leader Prahlad as they neared the Holkar bridge after having crossed the Khadki bazaar. Prahlad bravely kept up the lead as the runners passed the Kirloskar Oil Engines factory and came unto the century old Harris bridge on the Bombay Pune national highway.

By this time they had covered seventeen and a half kilometres in sixty five minutes. The order read Prahlad, John Bura and Gian Singh respectively.

The nineteen kilometre mark saw a complete transformation in the proceedings with Stephen Marwa coming out of nowhere to take charge of the bunch, running fast and powerfully, increasing the margin between him and his second placed team mate John Bura.

Around the 21 kilometre turnabout, Bombay youngster Savio D'Souza, winner of last week's 21 kilometre Runathon at Bombay, beat back Prahlad, Gian, Surinder and took the third place behind John Bura and Stephen Marwa. About the same time last year's runner up Swaroop Singh of the Services dropped out of the race complaining of fatigue.

Talking to *Sportsworld* at a place where the bus had halted, he said "After not finding myself in the first five runners, I decided to give up because it would not have been worth it to finish the race falling way back in the positions".

Swaroop had clocked two hours, twenty seven minutes and eight seconds last year. Tommy Persson of Sweden, who came sixth in the recently concluded Seoul International marathon, had won in Pune last year.



Anand Prabhune

Stephen Marwa—the clear winner

in two hours twenty four minutes and fifteen seconds Japanese Tadashi Matsumoto and Brazilian Euclides Fajardo had bagged the third and fourth places respectively

Coming off from the flashback, the race had now petered down into a non contest as Stephen Marwa was running very strongly towards a definite title with nearly a kilometre separating him from Bura and Savio But from the crowded Jangli Maharaj Road, Bura kept cutting down the distance.

Stephen Marwa, sporting vest number one, entered the stadium to a standing ovation from the multitude gathered in the stands He finished in two hours, thirty three minutes and fifty nine seconds John Bura came a little later in two hours, thirty four minutes and fifteen seconds and, to the crowd's great pleasure, was followed by Bombay boy, Savio D'Souza in two hours thirty six minutes and forty one seconds

The top three were followed by Pyara Singh of the Railways, Surinder Pal Singh and Bakshish Singh, both of the Services respectively

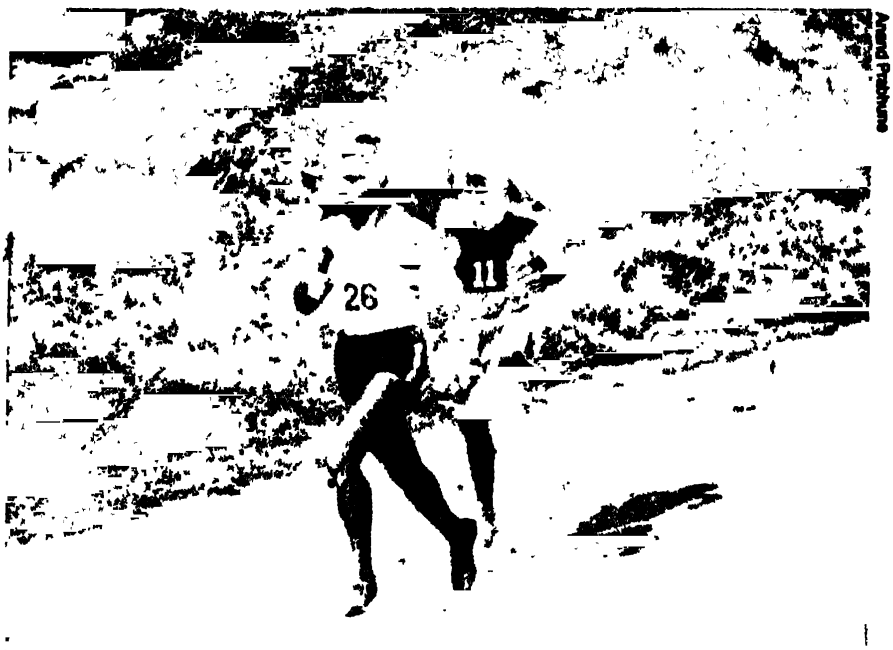
Talking to *Sportsworld* Stephen Marwa and John Bura said, 'We enjoyed the climate and the race' but when asked the reason for the slow timing they said, "If we had tougher competition and someone to keep a good pace with, we could have done it much faster' Their manager Stanislaus Nyange agreed with their opinions and expressed great happiness over their wins



Asha Agarwal, India's lone woman marathon runner

Savio D'Souza, a Standard Mills, Bombay employee, who was running the Marathon for the first time said, "I got a catch low down in the stomach on two occasions, once at the seven kilometre mark and then again at the 32 kilometre mark, but thank god it was not serious I enjoyed the race very much and it was a very good experience"

The much heralded race between Indian Marathon queen Asha Agarwal of Delhi and Hong Kong Champion Winnie Chu Ng never materialised. Asha, who stood fourth a fortnight back at the Seoul Marathon in two hours, forty six minutes forty seven seconds, pressed tiredness as the reason for opting out of the full distance. She competed and won the Half Marathon of 21 kilometres in one hour, twenty five minutes and twenty seven seconds nevertheless.



Surinder Pal Singh (26) and Prahlad Singh (11) matching stride for stride

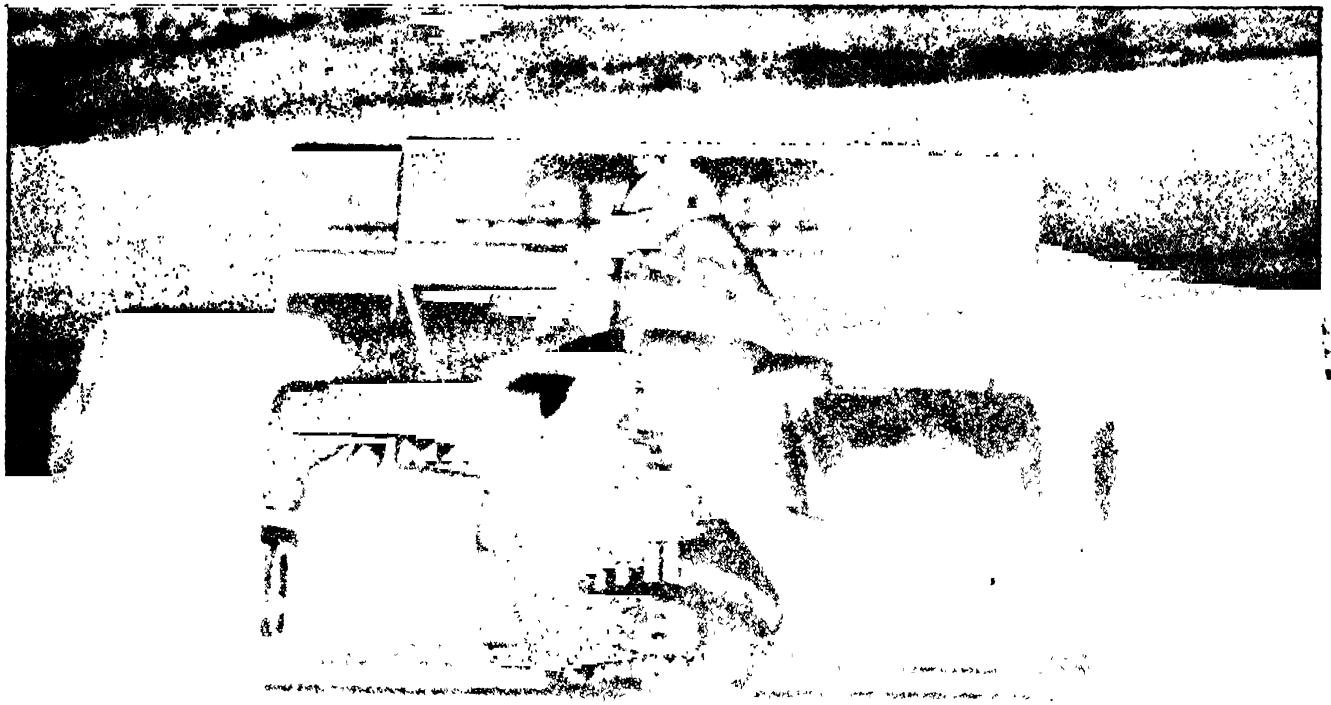
Winnie, whose best timing clocked recently at Seoul was two hours, forty two minutes and fifteen seconds, attempted the full marathon but had to give up at the 30 kilometre mark. She told *Sportsworld* "I gave up for lack of competition and was having trouble with my breathing also. I should have attempted the Half Marathon like Asha".

In the tradition of the London and Boston marathons, this year's Pune International marathon also had thousands of runners taking part in various age groups and sizes in distances ranging from two to 12 kilometres. One glaring point which needs mentioning is that there were just too many pilot riders and cars accompanying the runners thus causing inconvenience from time to time

The adage 'too many cooks spoil the broth' must be kept in mind by the organisers so as to make the race even better from the organisation point next year.



Frank Bruno, the 22-year-old heavyweight boxer from Britain, shows cameramen his 22-inch hand span during a reception. He will be taking on Jeff Jordan of Columbus, Ohio at London's Albert Hall on November 6



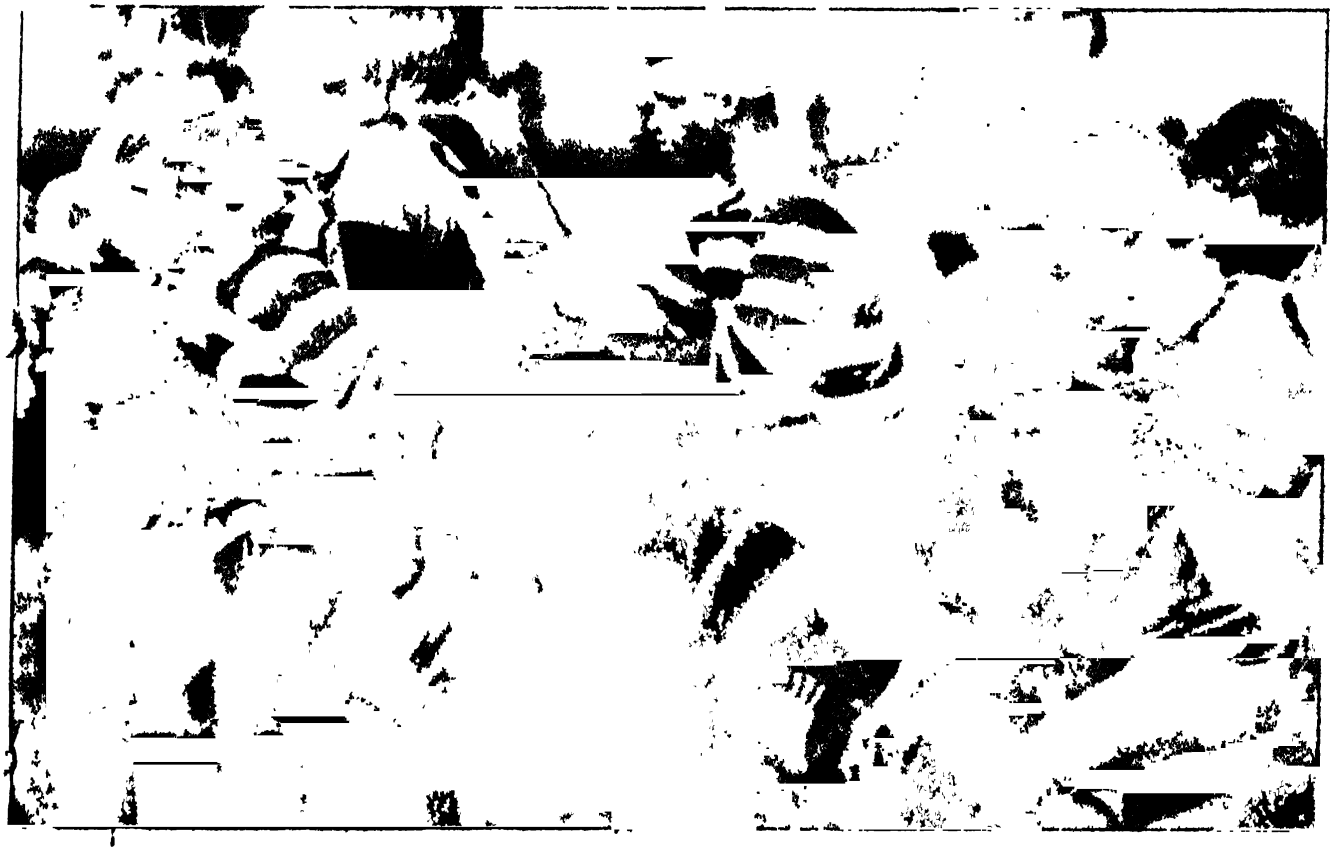
Niki Lauda drives to his third world championship in the Portuguese Grand Prix at Estoril. Championship runner up Alain Prost's win at Estoril was not enough to give him the title

Marvin 'Marvelous' Hagler (right) watches Mustafa Hamsho fall to the canvas during the third round of their WBA middleweight title fight. Hamsho was knocked out in the same round



Prince Edward (centre, on ground), youngest son of Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, seems to be getting the worst of it as his team, Jesus College, register a 23-4 victory over Fitzwilliam at Cambridge

Photographs by Associated Press



MADRAS

Polo Time

THANKS to the Officers' Training School, Madras and its commandant Maj. Gen. T.S. Varma, but for whose initiative the matches on such a large scale could not have come to be organised, the country's polo scene got the necessary fillip at a time it badly required it.

However, by the time the long stretch of sponsored matches got over, if anything, it was more than clear that it would require several such efforts to retrieve the game to the prominent position it enjoyed in its illustrious days before Independence.

For one thing, it is difficult to get standard polo ponies and, in any case, not at affordable costs even for fairly rich people. Additionally, the kind of establishment-support that it received during the days of the Princely-status, and later on, of the Raj, is sadly missing today. The result is that the players are left to fend for themselves entirely.

The suggestion of one of the players of the game in the country and one of the very few civilians owning and maintaining a stable of polo-ponies, in this context, is worth consideration. He would like the several race clubs and the riding clubs in this country to groom polo-ponies and lease them out on a big scale to needy players at reasonable rates so that more civilians could take to the game.

That as it may, the Madras tournaments brought to fore some of the fine players of the game like Vijay Singh, Maj. Garcha and Capt. Kishan Chauhan. These three players, with notable assistance from Capt. Giriraj Singh, Ashwin Muthiah, Buchi Prakash and the Commandant himself, kept the proceedings absorbing for the most part.

In the initial stages of the matches, that lasted for well over a fortnight, there were a few low-handicapped matches in which quite a few civilians including Calcuttan Ronny Nath participated.

While these were good, the subsequent matches featuring Garcha (handicapped +5) and of course, Kishan Chauhan (+3) and a few other high-handicapped players were notable for good markings. The Army Commander Cup match on the last day was presided over by Gen. Vaidya and won by the team headed by Maj. Gen. Varma. It was a fitting finale to a tournament that was so efficiently organised by the O.T.S. Madras.

K S Raghavan



Action from one of the polo matches

BOMBAY

Easy win for Central Zone

WITH the Indian team touring Pakistan, the Duleep Trophy has been robbed of its glamour. In the quarter final, Central Zone scored a convincing victory over East Zone by a margin of nine wickets.

On an easy paced wicket at the Brabourne Stadium, East Zone won the toss and decided to take first use of the wicket. Doshi might well have rued his decision because East were soon three down for 32. Karan Dubey left in the very first over caught behind off Pradeep Sunderam, while Subroto Das had his castle shattered by Rudra Prasad Singh in the sixth over.

But East's hopes received a big setback when Arun Lal played on to a delivery from Vivek Ban Singh. At this stage, had Ban Singh held on to the ball as Aveek Mitra turned Rudra Prasad Singh, East would have been in a hopeless situation.

Mitra, then on 15, went on to score a ton with the help of eleven fours, and was mainly responsible for giving the total a look of respectability. Together with Asjit Jayprakasam (33), Mitra added 94 for the fifth wicket. Sambran Banerjee (38 n.o.) and Randhir Singh (21) did their bit before East Zone were bowled out for 256.

Not to be outdone, Central Zone began in the same manner as East Zone and lost three quick wickets for a mere 17 runs. It was during this period that Doshi made his exit from the scene. Padam Shastri (44) and Sanjeev Mudkavi (184) added 82 for the fourth wicket as the game swung from side to side. But it was only due to the support of the lower order batsmen Gopal Sharma (24), R.P. Singh (20) and Rajinder Singh Hans (37), that Mudkavi carried his team to a position of safety.

After being in arrears by 96 runs on the first innings, East Zone were skittled out for 152. Except for Arun Lal (44) and Rakesh Shukla (33), none of the other batsmen showed the determination to survive on a wicket that posed few problems. Central Zone knocked off the runs required for victory, losing only Khandkar

Haresh Munwani



WILLIAM TATEM TILDEN

CONSIDERED BY MANY AS THE GREATEST TENNIS PLAYER EVER, 'BIG BILL' TILDEN WAS 27 WHEN HE ENTERED THE TENNIS SCENE IN 1920. BY THE TIME HE WAS 37, HE HAD WON THREE WIMBLEDONS, LED USA TO SEVEN STRAIGHT DAVIS CUP WINS (1920-26) AND WAS THE AMERICAN CHAMPION SEVEN TIMES (1920-25 AND 1929). TILDEN WAS ALSO AN ACCOMPLISHED DOUBLES PLAYER



BIG BILL TILDEN WAS A VERY VERSATILE PLAYER WITH EVERY STROKE AND SHOT AT HIS COMMAND. HE GAVE AMERICA HER FIRST EVER WIMBLEDON SINGLES TITLE WHEN HE WON IN 1920.

Illustrations Subrata Gangopadhyay

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd. to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

STATUTORY WARNING CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

22 October The first Test between India and Pakistan ends at Lahore with India at 372 for six. With this draw, the scene now moves to Faisalabad for the next Test.

Niki Lauda is the Champion Formula One driver as he beats Alain Prost to the coveted top spot by a mere half point. Prost wins the Portuguese Grand Prix but cannot prevent Lauda from winning the championship with a second placing.

Steve Jones runs the fastest marathon in history as he wins the Chicago Marathon with a timing of 2:08.05 beating Alberto Salazar's three year old record of 2:08.13.

23 October Ramesh Krishnan beats Nduka Odizor of Nigeria 6-2, 6-1 to enter the second round of the Hong Kong Grand Prix tennis tournament while Sashi Menon crashes out to Tomas Smid 3-6, 6-1, 3-6.

The visiting team of hockey players from the Australian Institute of Sports is held to a 2-2 draw by the Delhi XI at the National Stadium, New Delhi.

24 October The second Test gets under way at Faisalabad with the Indians taking first strike and ending the day at 216 for four. Sandeep Patil (42 n.o) and Ravi Shastri (18 n.o) are at the crease.

Ivan Lendl receives minor bruises and a cut on his face when he crashes his Porsche against a tree on a highway near Greenwich, Connecticut. He is discharged after first aid but not before the local police fine him $40 for 'unsafe movement on a highway'.

25 October Prakash Padukone, India's badminton ace, is hospitalised at Copenhagen for teatment of blood clots in his left armpit and shoulder. He is reported to be very depressed and will not play any more this year.

Sandeep Patil scores 127 and Ravi Shastri 139 to help India notch up her best ever total against Pakistan. The end of the second day finds India at 484 for nine.

Ramesh Krishnan edges his way past Paul McNamee of Australia 5-7, 7-5, 6-4 to enter the semi finals of the Seiko Super Tennis tournament at Hong Kong. Vijay Amritraj, however, loses to John Sadri of USA 2-6, 7-6, 1-6.

26 October Sarfraz Nawaz hits back at Sunil Gavaskar's criticism of the umpires and calls his behaviour 'schoolboyish'.

Pakistan hit back with a century from Mudassar Nazar to end the third day of the second Test at 216 for one. The only successful Indian bowler was Chetan Sharma.

Tomas Smid forces Ramesh Krishnan to make errors and beats him 7-5, 7-5 in the Seiko Super tennis tournament at Hong Kong.

Maya Cherburdonidze is presented with the title of world champion in women's chess by the world chess federation president Mr Florencio Campomanes.

27 October Prakash Padukone speaks to the media and assures everyone that his injury is very minor and he will be back on the court very soon.

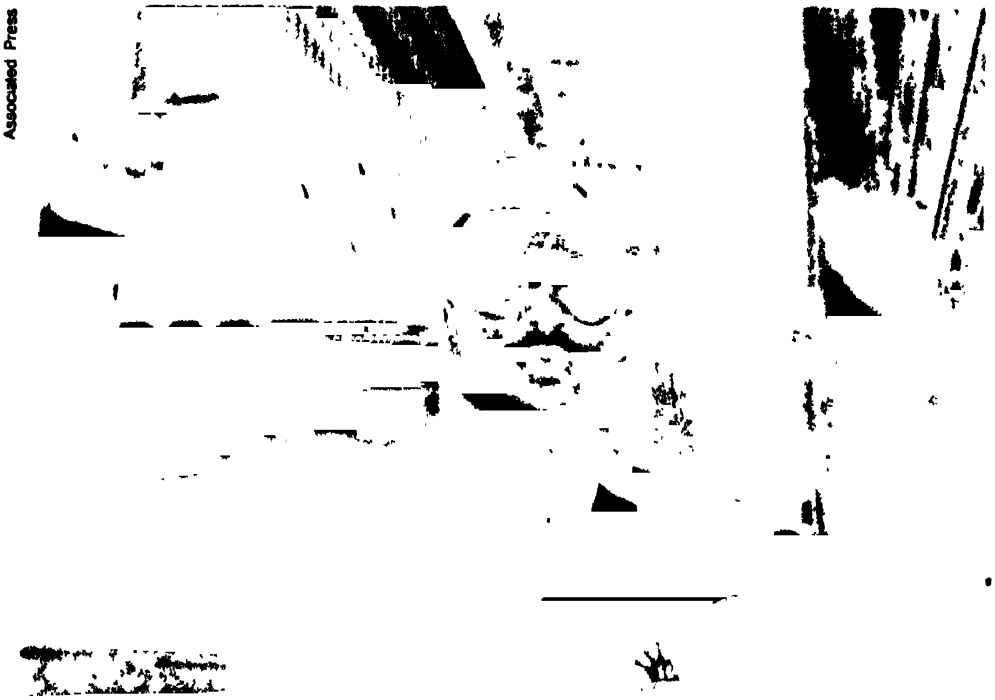
Jahangir Khan, the number one squash player in the world, has an easy match against Ali Aziz of Egupt 9-2, 9-3, 9-2 to move up in the World Master's squash championship.

28 October The fifth Himalayan Rally is flagged off from the National Stadium, New Delhi. Leading the field, on paper atleast, is the veteran Jayant Shah and his navigator Lofty Drews.

The fourth day of the second Test drags on with absolutely no chance of a decision in sight. Mudassar Nazar scores 199 and Qasim Omer is unbeaten on 147.

Ken Rosewall gives Rod Laver a 6-1, 6-1 drubbing in the final of the $25,000 Grand Master's tennis tournament at Salt Lake City, America.

Morten Frost of Denmark wins the Scandinavian Cup badminton tournament with a 15-10, 15-8 win over Han Jian of China.



Associated Press

Seems like 42nd Street... This dude is Marvin Hagler, the WBA middleweight champion, who recently defended his title against Mustafa Hamsho

At his peak as a jockey

he killed himself

FRED ARCHER was the leading jockey and sporting celebrity of Victorian England—12 times in succession champion jockey—when he put a pistol to his head on November 8 1886, and shot himself.

Why did he do it?

He was immensely rich and so successful in the saddle that there are experts even today who say he was the finest jockey of all time. But behind his success was a sad personal story.

His first child was stillborn. Two years later his wife Nellie gave birth to a daughter. Archer hurried back to Newmarket and was grief-stricken to see Nellie die before him without a glimmer of recognition in her eyes.

Friends had to restrain him from throwing himself into her grave. He was heart-broken.

Abnormally tall

He went on riding and next year won the Derby yet again. Altogether he rode 246 winners that year, a record subsequently to be beaten by Sir Gordon Richards.

Abnormally tall for a jockey—he was five feet ten—Archer often had to lose nearly three stone at the start of a flat season in order to get down to his racing weight.

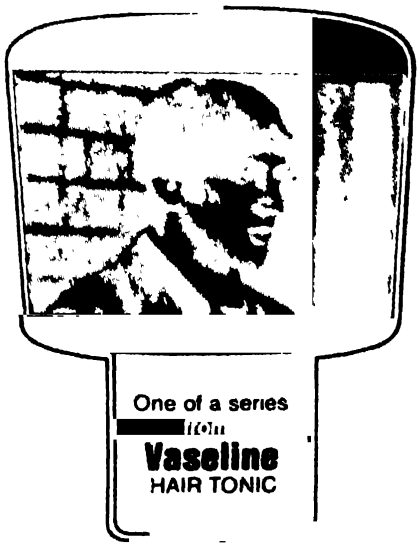
His methods of slimming were physically damaging. He had a Turkish bath built in his luxurious home and existed on only one meal a day—usually a tablespoon of hot castor oil and half an orange.

Two years after his wife died, only one major race eluded him, the Cambridgeshire. He wasted to eight stone seven pounds to ride St. Mirin, came in a pound overweight, and was beaten by a head.

Typhoid fever

He caught a chill that day. He went on riding at Newmarket, Brighton and Lewes but became so ill that he was taken home. Typhoid fever developed and in a fit of depression he took out a revolver and shot himself. He was 29.

FRED ARCHER



One of a series from
Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

In 8,084 races he rode 2,748 winners. No other jockey in history has ridden so many winners in such a short space of time

Did he die of a broken heart, or was it because he punished his body so much? Probably both.

Archer was born in 1857 in the village of Prestbury, near Cheltenham. His father was a steeplechase jockey and young Fred was always riding.

At the age of 11, the youngster was apprenticed to a trainer at Newmarket. At 15 he rode 107 winners and came second in the jockeys' table.

The number one jockey at Matt Dawson's stable in Newmarket was Tom French, like Archer exceptionally tall. French died of consumption at the age of 29 brought on by constant wasting.

Archer, only 17, was promptly engaged by Lord Falmouth as the number one jockey in French's place. That season he won the jockeys' championships and was never to lose it.

Burning fire

By the time he was 25, he had won all the classics twice. He had a burning fire inside him to come first, the primary asset of the champion. He hated coming second.

In 1880/a horse called Muley Edris picked him up by the arm, carried him some distance and then knelt on him. He was badly lacerated and bruised.

Only three weeks were left before he was due to ride the favourite, Bend D'or, in the Derby. The best surgeons in London could do nothing for him. He was urged to withdraw. But a quack doctor strapped a piece of iron to his arm and persuaded him he could ride.

He spent the last few days before the race reducing his weight by a stone. When the 'off' was sounded, his arm hung by his side, useless.

As he came round Tattenham Corner he was so close to the rails that he had to lift his leg to avoid it being smashed. Robert the Devil led and appeared to have won the race. But Rossiter, Robert, the Devil's jockey, panicked.

Sporting winner

Archer on Bend D'or swept by in one of his typical finishes and won by a head. On his way back, he heard some owners criticising Rossiter's riding.

'Don't say it', he said. 'The lad rode as well as any lad could but met a better horse.'

That was Archer—sporting and generous in victory. Poor Rossiter was so distressed that he cut his throat in an attempt to commit suicide. He recovered and went to ride many winners in Rumania.

Archer won the Derby again in 1881 on the American horse Iroquois, in 1885 on Melton and in 1886 on Ormonde.

His success on Melton has been called the finest tactical achievement of his career. But six months after his last Derby victory he was dead.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

A Surprise Treat

Of pizzas

BASEBALL is not so popular in India but it forms part of the staple diet of the sports lovers all over America. Recently, the Detroit Tigers won the 'world series' which is fought for by the winners of the two local leagues. Although the name suggests international competition, the series is restricted to a series of games between the winners of the American leagues.

This year, the competition was between the San Diego Padres and the Detroit Tigers. After the series, Detroit Tigers were the clear winners and there was joyous, and sometimes riotous, celebration by their fans. There were many incidents of violence at these celebrations and some police cars were damaged in the process.

But the person who celebrated the victory of the Tigers in the most unusual way was Tom Monaghan, their manager. Monaghan is also the owner of a large line of pizza stores under the brand name Domino. As soon as the final game was won, Monaghan arranged for a surprise treat for the Pressmen at the stadium.

About 45 minutes after the game, while the reporters were still tallying scores and collecting all the data they need, two helicopters clattered into view. The helicopters landed just outside the stadium and soon the Pressmen, numbering over 850, heard an announcement over a microphone, "Gentlemen, dinner is served".

Monaghan had sent two helicopter loads of pizza for the Pressmen and the treat was absolutely on the house. This was in accordance with the widely advertised Domino policy which states that a pizza delivered 30 or more minutes after it was ordered is free.

Fists Are Better

Than ladies

MADISON Square Garden saw action as 'Marvelous' Marvin Hagler took on Mustafa Hamsho in a title defense fight for the world middleweight title.

But with so many attractions nowadays to compete with, the organisers thought of having three women judges for the fight as a publicity gimmick. There were many objections to this proposal and the most coming from the camps of the fighters.

The three women nominated to do duty during the fight were Eva Shain, Carol Castellano and Carol Polis. The only one among them to have ever judged a big fight being Eva Shain who officiated at the Muhammad Ali—Ernie Shavers bout in 1977.



Eva Shain

The bout itself was favoured to be a repeat of the last encounter between these two boxers. The last time they met, the referee stopped the fight in the 11th round to save Hamsho from further damage. As it was he ended up with 55 stitches. This time it was even worse. Hamsho was knocked out in the third round and Hagler reigned supreme, yet again.

Although by fight time only one of the expected three ladies were at the ringside. With all the opposition from the fighters themselves, the promoters were forced into having just Eva Shain as part of the panel.

Maybe Hagler summed up the best. He held up both his fists and shaking his right fist he said, "This is K" and shaking his left fist he said, "And this is O". He continued to say "These are my judges".

Narrow Win

By half a point!

CHAMPIONSHIPS have been won and lost but this year's Formula One drivers' championship probably saw the closest margin in a world championship. Driving for the championship were Niki Lauda of Austria and Alain Prost of France.

Both of them are team mates in the McLaren TAG-Porsche team and drive almost identical cars and it just goes to prove the superior driver all the more. After all the Formula One Grand Prix races but the one at Estoril, the Portuguese Grand Prix, Niki Lauda was in the lead with 66 points to Alain Prost's 61½.

If Prost won at Estoril, Lauda would have, atleast, had to finish second to still keep the lead and win the championship. With this slim 4½ point lead, Lauda was still a far cry from being the champ.

Race day was not quite the ideal day for fast driving with superfast cars. It had rained and the track was still slick. Prost got off to a great start from pole position and sped away to take the lead. Lauda had to fight his way through the traffic and, eventually, after 30 laps was lying third. But he was still 40 seconds behind second placed Nigel Mansell in a Lotus. This was too much of a distance even for Lauda and it seemed as if Prost had it all bagged when, in the 51st lap, Mansell went into a spin and had to retire because of brake failure. This stroke of luck gave Lauda his second spot.

Prost maintained his lead to win but Lauda was still the champion driver for the year by a mere half point! Lauda totalled 72 to Prost's 71½ to make it a clean sweep for McLaren racing team. A distant third in the championship was Elio de Angelis with 34 points.

Great Names of Sport

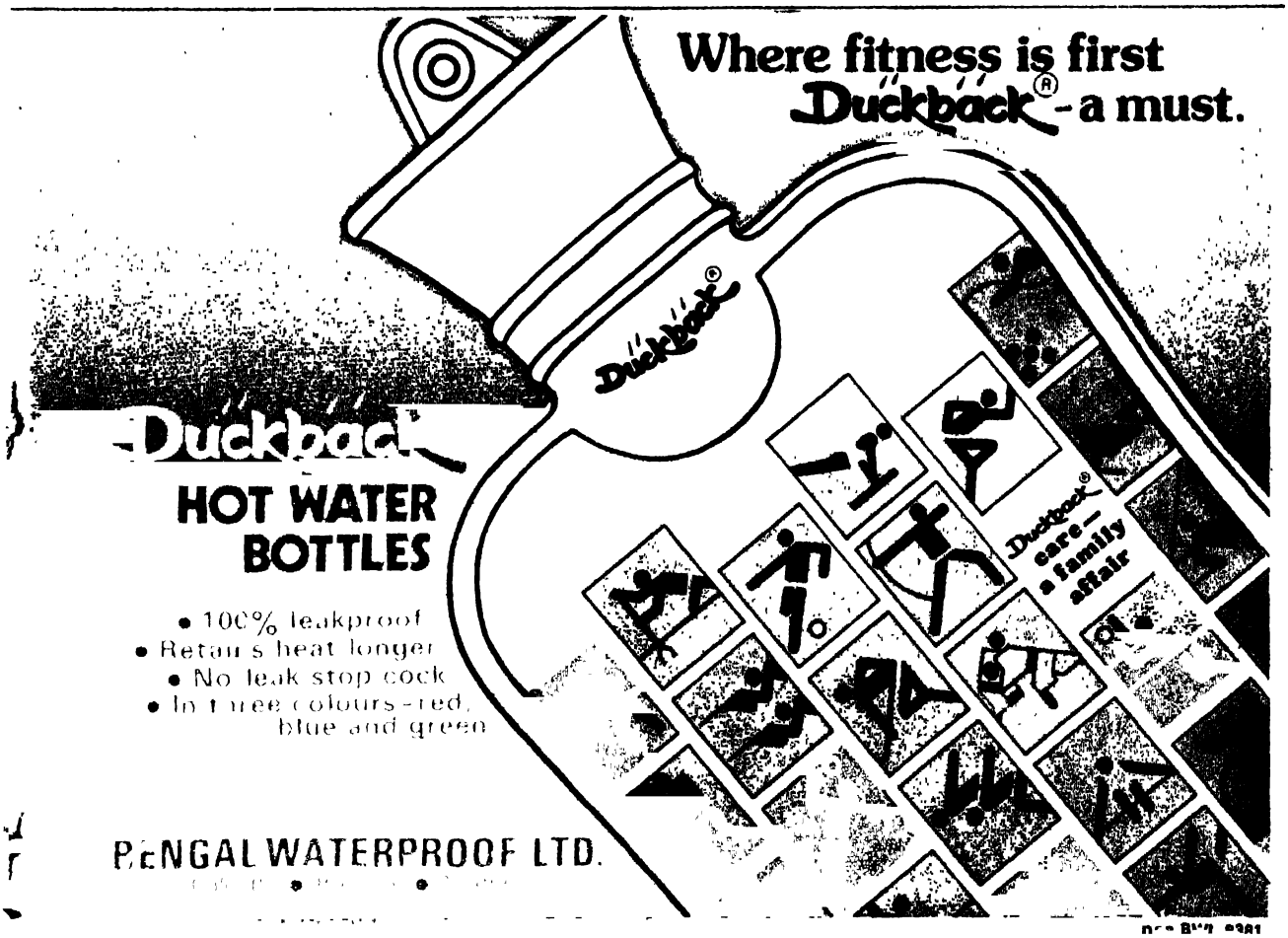
THOSE who play games sometimes sport famous names. There was once an English county cricketer named Julius Caesar, but he never came, saw or conquered. A South African cricketer of the 30s was named Xenophon Balaskas, better known for his leg-breaks and googlies than for any scholarly treatise of the game. The 40s in India saw Napoleon Mendonsa in action, not as a dashing forward, but as a goal-keeper. And the Brazilian world Cup soccer team fielded a player named Socrates, in the midst of action on field in the centrehalf position and not at the centre of thought.

In The Swim

CALIFORNIA: When Arthur Hargrave, President of the Rossmoor Rotary Club arrived home from New Zealand, his luggage was heavier than when he left. He brought with him 3 gold, 1 silver and 3 bronze medals from winning events in the first World Masters Swimming Championship held in Christ Church. He swam in the 75-79 year age group and won in the 50, 100, 200 metres backstroke and the 50 and 400 metres free-style, as well as the 200m. free-style relays. More than 1,000 swimmers from 26 countries competed. "It's swim for your life," says 77-year-old Art who has had open heart surgery." Happiness in the Masters is getting old enough—to enter a new age group!

Bernie Tellis

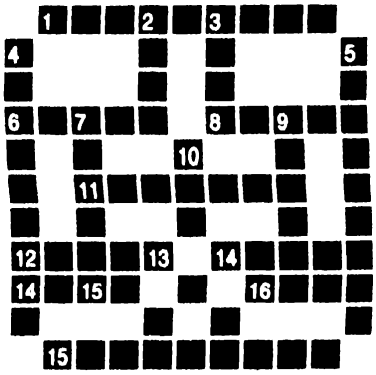




CROSSWORD

Mudar

261



ACROSS

1 Swimming 'great contains Noah s sailing vessel (4, 5)
6 Venue of the first Asian Games in 1951 (5)
8 Indian cricekters Gondotra and Malhotra have something to share (5)
11 West Indian cricketer, Davis, but not Charlie (7)
12 Tennis player Ilie Nastase, also called? (5)
14 Part of the crockery as a prize for first-round losers (5)
15 Heavyweight boxing champion killed in an air crash has a negative ending (1, 8)

DOWN

2 If an Australian is a 'Kangaroo', a New Zealander is a? (40)
3 Famous sports shoe manufacturer has a maternal ending (4)
4 Centre of the most famous boxing bouts in America has an insane beginning (7, 2)
5 Woman tennis player threatens to take to court She comes up (3, 6)
7 Wimbledon men s singles finalist in 1983 (5)
9 Japanese motor cycle manufacturers, world famous, contains a prepaosition (5)
10 Country which hosted the Olympics in 1904 (1, 1 1)
13 With the number of Tests being played these days, batsmen find it relatively easy to score 1000 runs in a calendar 'what'? (4)
14 Commentator Narottam and table tennis player Indu (4)

Excellent: 16-14, Good: 13, Fair: 12.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

1 Who is the first woman to be elected to the I O C ?
2 Who is the first athlete to fail a sex test?
3 Who is the first Asian woman to win an Olympic track and field medal?
4 Who is the first black woman to win an Olympic gold medal?
5 Which two athletes were involved in the first-ever Olympic wedding?
6 Which was the first 400m race in history in which three women broke the 50-second barrier?
7 Who became the first woman to do two-and-a-half forward somersault in diving?
8 Who became the first woman to run 1500 metres faster than Paavo Nurmi?
9 Who became the first woman to break the 55-second barrier in 100m freestyle?

ANSWERS

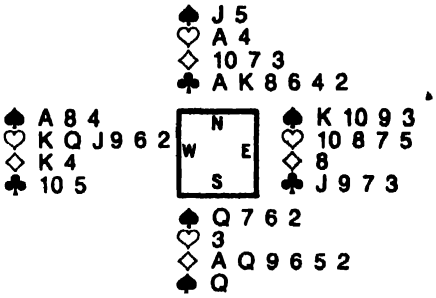
1 Pirjo Haggman (Finland)
2 Ewa Klobukowska (Poland)
3 Chi Cheng
4 Alice Coachman (U S A) who won the high jump gold in 1948
5 Nikolai Prodanov, Bulgarian gymnast and his compatriot Diana Yorgova who were married in the International Club of the Olympic Village in Tokyo
6 The race at the Moscow Olympics Marita Koch, Jarmila Kratochvilova and Christina Brehmer ran the distance in 48 88 sec , 49 46 sec and 49 66 sec respectively
7 Georgia Coleman (U S A) who won the springboard diving at the 1932 Olympics
8 Tatyana Kazankina (USSR), when she ran the distance in the world record time of 3 52 47
9 Barbara Krause (GDR) who won the event in 54 79 secs

BRIDGE

B r s h ap

The annual match between the Lords and the Commons which is organised by the indefatigable Rixi Markus and so superbly staged by the Inn on the Park Hotel, has generally been won by the Lords but this year one of their best players Harold Lever, was abroad, and there was a close finish

The following deal was interesting in both a technical and psychological sense



Both sides were vulnerable and North began with a cautious pass The bidding continued

South	West	North	East
		pass	pass
1D	1H	3C	3H
4D	4H	5D	pass
pass	dble	pass	pass
pass			

Tony Berry sitting West began with the king of hearts won in dummy Lord Grimthorpe the declarer played a club to the queen and followed with ace and another diamond West continued hearts which looks a little dangerous but since there was only one entry to dummy the declarer was able to ontain only two discards and still had to lose two spades at the finish

Some of the spectators thought that the best line for the declarer would have been to play a diamond to the queen at trick two Then if the defenders lead another heart, South can ruff, cash the queen of clubs and with two entries to the table, get the clubs going

Do you seen any snag in this line of play? It s probably right but when West comes in with the king of diamonds his best play (if not a spade) is another trump Then again the dummy is sho of entries Of course, South can cas the queen of clubs earlier, but then the defence is easy

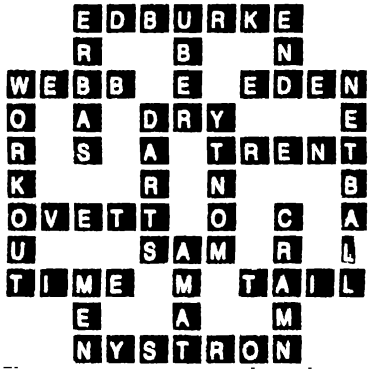
This week's quiz:

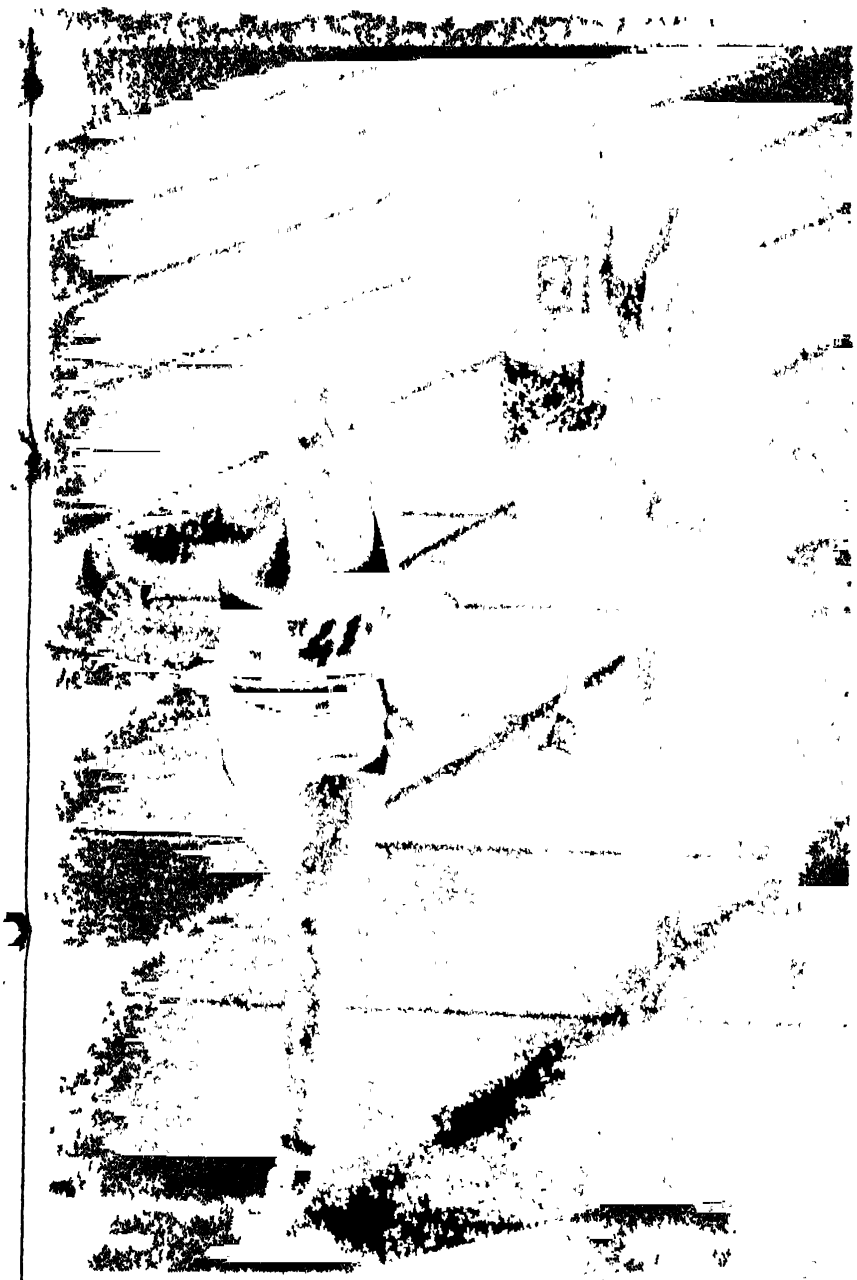
West	East
♠ A Q 8 2	♠ J 6
♡ 7 5	♡ K J 8 3
◇ K Q J 10 5 3	◇ A 9 8 6 2
♣ 10	♣ K 4

West plays in five diamonds after South has opened one spade The lead of the 10 of spades is covered by the jack, king and ace How should West play after drawing trumps?

Answer: The best line is to finesse the 9 of spades (South opened one spade, remember), discard a club on the spade queen, ruff the fourth spade, and exit with a club

SOLUTION 260





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incomparable batsman meets he
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names sadhuya

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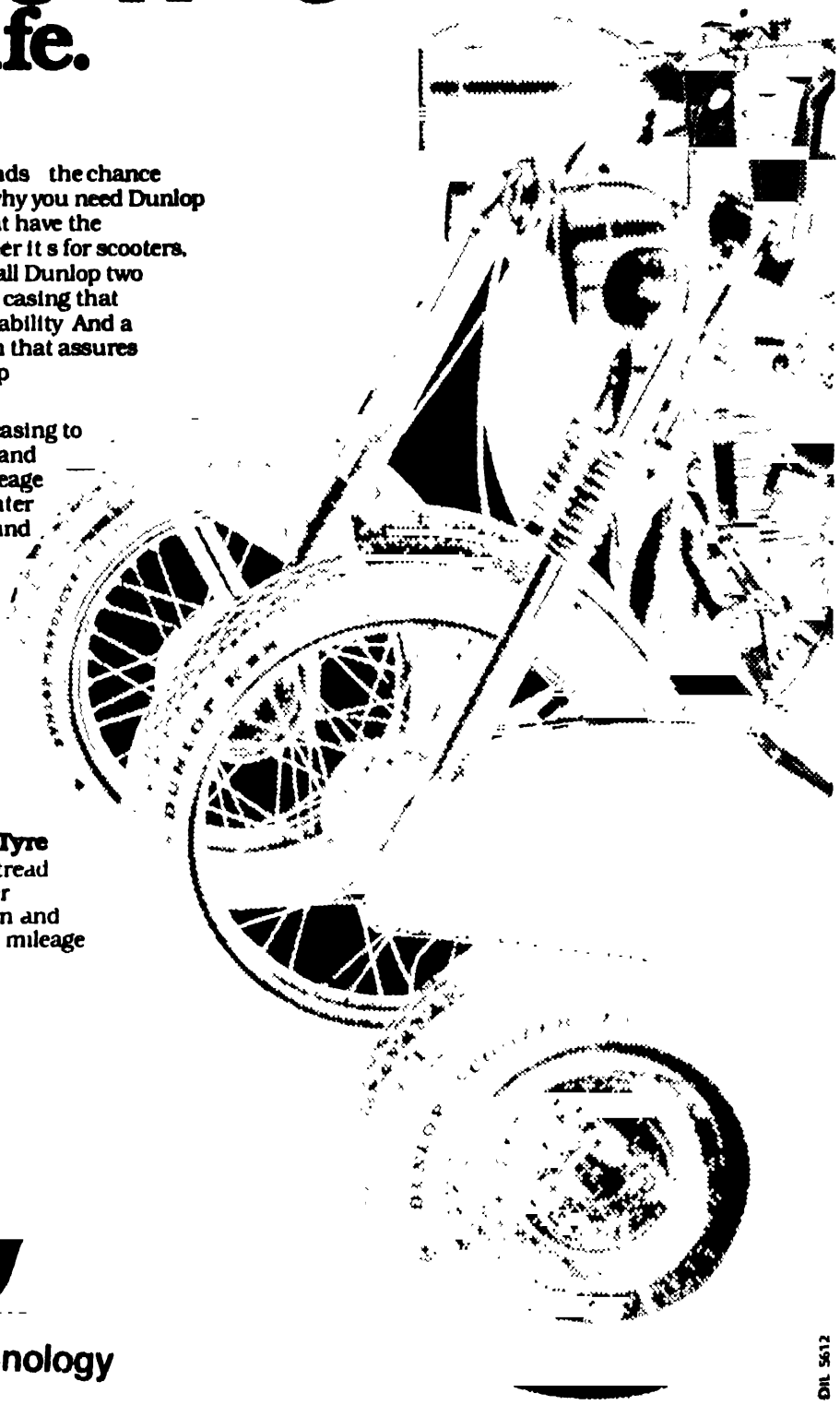
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Matchless umpires

NO doubt Mohinder Amarnath and Zaheer Abbas have played well but the better performance came from the two umpires, Shakoor Rana and Khizar Hayat at Lahore

They certainly deserved the Man of the Match award jointly but perhaps the BCCP expected something more from them

Well done umpires! You have kept your head high with your matchless display!

RAJIV RANJAN
Patna

Another ton

CONGRATULATIONS to Sunil Gavaskar for adding another feather to his cap when he led the Indian cricket team in the first Test at Lahore against Pakistan It marked his 100th Test appearances and he has become the first cricketer in Asia to do so

Gavaskar we are sure will continue playing cricket till he surpasses the record of maximum Test appearance—111 held by Colin Cowdrey of England

S HUSSAIN
Dibrugarh

Bitter

KIM HUGHES and his boys will have a bitter memory of their recent tour Graeme Wood showed his outrage against the cricket officials by suggesting that they should be lined up and shot

I believe that such inefficient officials should be sacked from their jobs and furthermore they should not be given similar posts in the future

ARTA MISHRA
Cuttack

What about Pronob?

INDIAN cricket is faced with a problem—opening batsman With Gavaskar not willing to open but forced to do so and the so called newcomers failing, the sport becomes an open challenge to the budding youngster

And the one who has been constantly overlooked is Pronob Roy When a player of Gavaskar's calibre has praised Roy for his technique and temperament, then why has he been constantly overlooked? Is it because he comes from the East Zone, considering the fact that nepotism has dug its roots deep into Indian cricket Constant ignorance by the selectors leads to demoralisation and one wonders whether Pronob Roy will be able to maintain his enthusiasm in the coming years

AROOP SINHA
Calcutta

A great effort

HATS off to Mohinder Amarnath for his stupendous effort which saved India from the humiliation of defeat in the recently concluded First Test against Pakistan He, once again notched up a magnificent century against Pakistan and that too under severe pressure

The courage with which Mohinder confronted the Pakistani attack seems to echo the words of Shaftsbury 'True courage is cool and calm The bravest of men have the least of bullying insolence and in the very time of danger are found serene and free

SABUJ SEN
Calcutta

Supremacy

AUSTRALIA won the one day international series with consummate ease by whipping India 3 0 The ultimate result could have been 5 0 had the weather god not intervened They have proved their absolute supremacy in all the departments of the game

AMAN TIWARI
Delhi

Magnificent

KUDOS to Mohinder Amarnath for his magnificent comeback in the very first Test which he played against Pakistan

He batted very sensibly throughout the match and went on to make an imposing century which was his third at Gaddafi Stadium, Lahore Mohinder was a picture of dedication concentration and application

ARVIND KUMAR
Patna

That rebuilding process

John Arlott goes back 25 years to when England were on the right end of a 5-0 whitewash against India—and were looking to the future, as in 1984

As England address themselves to their task in India, their supporters are understandably enough in fairly low spirits after the rough season of 1981 It may be a comfort for some though to recall that, just 25 years ago, England themselves inflicted a 5 0 defeat on India

It was a gloriously sunny summer but not, otherwise quite so bright as the Test score might suggest India unlucky in terms of illness and injury - Borde Gaekwad Contractor, Nadkarni and Manjrekar all were affected—played with no great heart For Englishmen, though it was cheering after their 4 0 defeat of the previous winter in Australia

We were, of course watching the final decline of the great side Len Hutton had created and Peter May inherited Hutton himself had gone, and now, significantly, he was followed by the man who was in a way his key cricketer, Trevor Bailey who like Frank Tyson, Peter Loader and Jim Laker, did not survive the Australian defeat Peter May was to go to West Indies in the following winter and to return for the Australian series of 1961, and Tony Lock made sporadic reappearances, while, importantly Tom Graveney was to emerge from eclipse to a mellow maturity

Most convincingly though from the public point of view the 1959 series saw the end of the Test career of that most characteristic of all wicketkeepers Godfrey Evans, who announced also his retirement from the first class game

It was not generally realised in England though that we were watching the laying of the foundations of the side which was to hold the balance savagely close through five series against Benaud's and Simpson's Australians until Illingworth's win of 1970 71

At the start of the 1959 series, the chairman, Gubby Allen announced that the selectors were about to build the side to face Australia in 1961 Certainly they were not afraid to experiment

The new opening pair the football ers and outstanding fieldsmen Arthur Milton and Ken Taylor did not survive beyond the second Test though Taylor was to pop up again for a single match five years later Of their replacements, Geoff Pullar instantly made his place secure but his partner Gilbert Parkhouse must have been unlucky, with an average of 48



Peter May, captain in 1959

to be dropped for ever Raman Subba Row successfully took his place and the pattern began to emerge

To recall the series, England also brought in Tommy Greenhough the Lancashire leg spinner and Martin Horton the Worcestershire allrounder at Trent Bridge Peter May won the toss, England batted and at 60 for 3 were under threat They recovered—basically through May's 13th and last and faultless —Test century, and were only once more in trouble in the remainder of the series

Ken Barrington founded his faithful and capable Test career Martin Horton and Godfrey Evans chipped in usefully and, when Fred Trueman and Brian Statham took 13 wickets double harness, the total of 422 was enough for an innings win

At Lord's India batted Tommy Greenhough's brisk wrist spin brought him 5 for 35, and England, through a sound 80 by Barrington, had a lead of 58 Trueman, Statham, Moss and Greenhough made that enough Manjrekar who had been shockingly unfit and overweight, but was still India's most capable batsman, made 61, but that was his last Test of the summer, immediately afterwards he had an operation for removal of a kneecap

Not for the only time, Desai and Surendranath—both game but waspish rather than of great pace—opened the Indian bowling sharply before May and Cowdrey saw England comfortably home It was Godfrey Evans' last game for England he had made 219 Test dismissals (46 stumpings)

Greenhough was not available for Headingley, he withdrew to tackle the problem of his awkwardly straight followthrough, which damaged the pitch Indeed, between them, the two sides made 11 changes England replaced Evans with Roy Swetman

Harold Rhodes of Derbyshire took a wicket in each of his first two overs Test cricket, India never recovered

from 23 for 4, and were all out 161 After 146 for the first wicket by Parkhouse and Pullar—surprisingly a first-wicket record for England against India—Colin Cowdrey made a quite masterly—almost placid—160; Barrington further established himself; and Trueman, Mortimore and Close cut down the Indians for a win by an innings and 173

Old Trafford was the most eventful of the series. England brought in Mike Smith, while India called up the Oxford freshman, Abbas Ali Baig, in place of Manjrekar Pullar became the first Lancashire man to score a Test century at Old Trafford, Cowdrey played with splendid ease, Mike Smith made his first Test hundred, and England were a massive 371 before the fourth wicket fell Surendranath plugged dutifully away for 5 for 115.

Rhodes—whose Test career was broken by the doubts about his action—again slipped quite early under the Indian ribs Then Cowdrey, taking over as captain from May, who was ill, amazingly announced that, in the interests of the spectators during the Manchester holiday which began on Monday, he would not enforce the follow-on even if he had the chance.

There were many and indignant protests at that decision, but England duly batted again, and Cowdrey declared with a ponderous lead of 547.

After Pankaj Roy was out, Baig and Nari Contractor joined in India's best stand of the series Baig, short, neat, quick-witted and a brave hooker, was only 20 years and 131 days old but, despite being hit on the head and concussed by a bouncer from Rhodes, made a century in his first Test After Contractor, he and Umrigar began to push the score briskly along and all at once it began to look as if the laugh might be on Cowdrey, when a brilliant recovery and return by Dexter at mid-off ran out Baig Barrington, given an unusual and unexpected bowl by Cowdrey, delighted himself by taking five wickets in the match with his leg-breaks He and Trueman mopped up and England won by 171 runs.

The Oval saw England's unique clean sweep all too easily achieved. Subba Row, reintroduced, made 94, 'M.J.K.' 98; Illingworth—the jigsaw beginning to fit—50 Trueman took seven wickets, Statham five, the returning Greenhough four, and the difference was an innings and 27

Gradually the new England side was taking shape; above all, Pullar, Subba Row, Smith, Barrington and Dexter now plugged the yawning batting gaps of the previous winter



Abbas Ali Baig receiving the 'Visitor's Trophy' award from Denis Compton in 1959

India were in a trough. The Hazare generation was fading, Borde was a game, enterprising allrounder with experience in the Lancashire League The little 'Fergie' Gupte had played there, too, a wrist-spinner—perhaps technically then the best in the world—he suffered—and that is the precise word—at the hands of his fielders; but took 17 wickets at 34 65

Trueman—who always fancied himself against Indian batsmen—and Statham were generally too much for them

It was altogether an unhappy tour for the immature and injury-plagued Indians who, of their 33 first-class matches, lost 11 and won only six Their last fixture, of two days, was drawn against Durham, for whom a burly 17-year-old schoolboy, by the name of Colin Milburn, scored 101

Only two years later, of course, under the capable captaincy of Contractor, they were to beat Dexter's side by 2-0 in India Then the recovered Manjrekar averaged 83 71, Umrigar, Jaisimha, Borde and the young Nawab of Pataudi all over 40, Durrani took 23 wickets and Borde 16 Meanwhile England had played a closely and hard fought series against Benaud's side, losing 2 1

Thus does the history of Test cricket and cricketers somersault beyond the most expert prophecy.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Christmas in India

Tony Lewis recalls a dramatic Test at Delhi

A HIGHLY personal account, more about me than about the team; but it was the experience as much as the scorecard which made it forever unforgettable. Hence the diary quotations.

Imagine how I felt, in late December 1972, about to play for England for the first time, having made my debut in first-class cricket 17 years earlier, 1955. It was an incredible prize at the end of the road I was 34 What is more—I was captain.

India v England at Delhi. Of 15 Tests in India since the war England had won only one, in the Nigel Howard tour of 1951-52.

Not only was history against us, so was the reputation of the current Indian side, Wadekar's heroes, who had performed the miracles of beating West Indies under Sobers in the Caribbean and England under Illingworth in England.

The selectors had given me a young side to try to begin a new generation of Test cricketers. I had asked Geoff Boycott to be my vice-captain. He turned it down because he had health worries He wrote to say that he hoped 'one or two of you will make the Test match grade'.

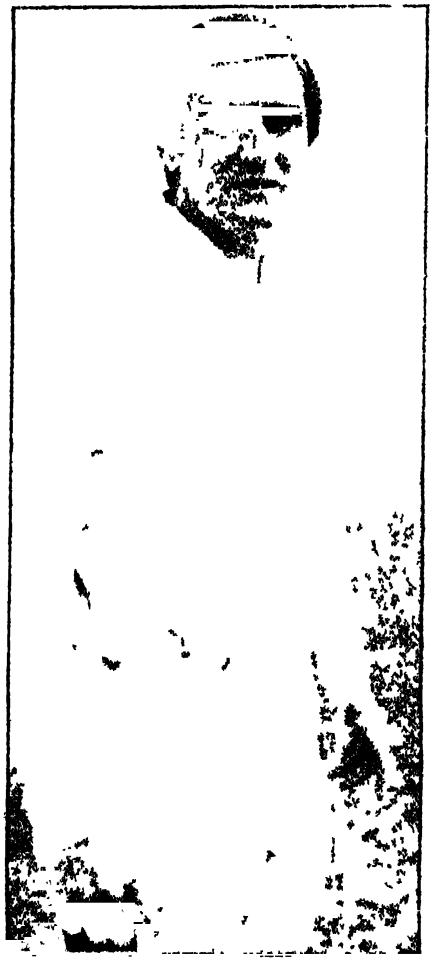
The side for this particular match was Lewis, Barry Wood, Dennis Amiss, Keith Fletcher, Mike Denness, Tony Greig, Alan Knott, Geoff Arnold, Pat Pocock, Derek Underwood, Bob Cottam. Others on the tour were Chris Old, Norman Gifford, Jack Birkenshaw, Graham Roope, and Roger Tolchard.

So far, the facts I have shared with you represent challenge. However, there was private depression too. Ten days before this Test I stumbled on the uneven outfield at Indore and pulled a small muscle in the right calf. I could not walk with my foot flat on the ground, let alone run.

December 19: 'Fitness test passed. Bernard Thomas jogged me around the stadium I batted for 40 minutes. Amused to think that after playing first-class cricket for so long I should be taking the field with my right leg strapped to the knee and thick foam padding stuck in the heel of my boot.'

So it was Alan Knott proposed my health at the pre-Test dinner. Here I was with the nerves of a novice and the authority of a captain

We had a long discussion about the Indians: all the boys contributed. 'We agreed—they are used to high-class spin right throughout the country, so we should present them with faster bowling whenever possible. 2. They are great 'waiters' and 'milkers' of bowling· we should not over attack. 3. Gully is a key position, deep and possibly two at a time. 4. Our spinners should bowl a full length and straight—the more room the Indians have, the more they indulge in their speciality of back-foot driving and cutting. 5. Our batsmen will have to play firmly through the cage of close



"I was 34. What is more—I was captain."

fielders which seems to follow us everywhere and we must on no account sweep The umpires gave you out on the shot.'

On the day, I recall going down the chicken-run of an approach to the field to toss with Ajit Wadekar. Spectators leaned over the side of the tunnel shouting 'Best of luck uncle' Then we emerged into the sunshine, just like going onto Wembley There was a gradual and eventually deafening roar—not just for England, but for Wadekar's men, back from the most successful overseas campaigns in their history

I led England into the field for the first time, fighting back personal emotion, praying that my leg would stand up, and hoping that some of the plans would work Luckily, I had bowlers who knew exactly where they wanted to bowl and where they wanted their fielders.

Twenty-three overs of Geoff Arnold, 6 for 45 masterly swing and seam bowling. 23 overs of Bob Cottam, 2 for 66, intelligent support; 23 overs of Tony Greig, 2 for 32, giving nothing away. Just 15 overs shared between Underwood and Pocock and India were out for 173.

December 21· 'Joy turns quickly to sorrow. Chandrasekhar gave me a most miserable debut. I survived the last ball of one over and fell lbw to the first of the next It could never have been out. It was his googly pitching about middle and leg and going on the leg side. I was forward trying to pick it up over the four short legs ...Mike Denness thought it was awful, he was at the other end, but there you are. You either win or lose. I lost.

But the team lads were great. Knotty said, "Len Hutton did that too." Keith Fletcher added with a wry smile, "Not only Sir Len but me too...caught off me bleedin' thighpad. It was at Headingley".'

I learned a lot about Tony Greig in this match. Tremendous competitor. He used his long reach, and his height. Chandra was turning the googly a lot, the top-spinner bounced waist-high; and if he turned the legspinner it almost 'walked'— it was rare but lethal. His faster ball, with the whip of



Tony Lewis introducing his side to Mrs Gandhi, as is the custom whenever a Test match is played in the capital. In this particular photograph there is Tony Lewis (extreme left), K.D. Rungta, Mrs Gandhi, Donald Carr, Mike Denness (looking the other way), Dennis Amiss, Bob Cottam, Jack Birkenshaw, Graham Roope and Roger Tolchard.

that withered arm, bowled Fletcher before he had completed his backlift. *Wisden* now records the tightness of the match. How Chandra took 8 for 80 and Bedi 2 for 59 in 47 overs. It was tense stuff all played close to the bat.

More plans went right. Greigy and Fletch and I had discussed the use of Greig himself as a silly-point fielder, hovering at Gavaskar's toes when Derek Underwood bowled. Sunil's departure in exactly that fashion started a little Underwooditis in the Indian dressing-room. Underwood 4 for 56, Arnold 3 for 46, Pocock 3 for 72—India all out 233 and we needed 207 to win the match.

After nights tossing and turning with the nightmare of a 'pair' in my first Test, I eventually got to the middle again at 76 for 3. For 20 minutes I obeyed my nocturnal self-strictures to take my time, to keep it cool with all those fielders standing around. Eventually I leaned into Chandra's floated googly and hit it without any real followthrough to mid-off. There was no fielder there. Barry Wood, batting neatly at the other end, called me because I, the caller had said nothing. I set off on rubber legs and the crease appeared to be getting further and further away with each stride. I was in. Off the mark.

An hour or two later, Tony Greig and I were walking off, bats raised, garlanded by swarming Indians. We drank champagne in the dressing-room, provided by members of the British High Commission. I stood, towel around waist, staring at the heavily bandaged leg and foam support. Could this be true? Bernard Thomas, the medical magician, gave me a wink.

We rode on the rooftop of the bus back to the hotel. The streets were lined with cheering Indians. 'But there's a lot more cricket to come,' warned Alan Knott...and he was right.

The music in the hotel lift was Bing Crosby singing *Roasting Chestnuts on an Open Fire*. Good grief! I had completely forgotten, it was Christmas Day. I opened the envelope which contained the Man of the Match prize—rupees to the equivalent of £50 sterling. There was a Father Christmas after all.

India won the second and third Tests and the fourth and fifth were drawn.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Thirty-three years on

A glance into the past, by **David Frith**

I RECENTLY had the good fortune to see a film taken by the late Nigel Howard on the 1951-52 English tour of India Often shaky, in good old hand held fashion and as short of focus as you would expect from 8 mm film, yet it conveyed the essence of the time

The MCC team, 15 professionals and two amateurs, travelled by sea, whiling away the hours in the pool and playing deck quoits One sequence even showed Donald Carr, in voluminous shorts, juggling with all the skill of a premier short-leg fieldsman

They flew in a DC3, two little seats on one side of the aisle, one on the other, and when they emerged, somewhat wondrously, down the steps they grinned proudly from under their panama hats

They proceeded to carry the flag all round India and Pakistan (before thrashing little Ceylon in the final tour match), fighting hard through the drawn Tests at Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta before winning at Kanpur where the Lancashire spinners Hilton and Tattersall took 17 wickets between them Then at Madras England conceded defeat by an innings Mankad taking 8 for 55 in the first innings, Roy and Umrigar scoring centuries The black armbands are discernible around the players' biceps King George VI died during the match.

Brief and jerky as the film coverage was the Indian jubilation is obvious, for this was their first Test victory In the years to follow, they became no strangers to victory though in this edition will be found the story of their 5 0 defeat in England in 1959 which made it eight defeats in nine successive Tests against England

Of course, the Madras win had to be seen in perspective how could a team at the start of the 1950s lacking Hutton, Compton, May, Simpson, Bedser and Laker be thought remotely representative? Still, they were rated as Test matches, just as the contest of the late 1970s, when the World Series stars were absent, were rated Test matches

The point is, happiness radiated from every face, players and spectators The rancour generated by Jardine's Prussian attitude on the previous tour of India, in 1933-34, was buried What really mattered was displaying sport for the purpose of brotherhood and entertainment. Long outmoded aspirations

Now, 33 years on, England and India both have desperate needs David Gower is on the threshold of a thoroughly unwanted record that of leading his country to most defeats before chalking up a victory England are desperate for a revival India, on the other hand, have gone 29 Tests without victory—and have even had their World Cup glory in limited overs cricket shattered

It won't be 8mm stuff this time Television cameras will beam the latest sensations across the world Last time England played there we had dreadful over rates, umpiring disputes, animosity Now, with both countries in need of success at penance of imagined humiliation, we may be in for a winter of 'and there is *no run there*' commentary.

As with an early goal in football, so a decision in the opening Test could liven up the series But it would need the minor miracle of India's umpires giving a lead to the rest of the world by bullying both sides into delivering 18 overs an hour

Then the hard-tried public of both nations could enjoy a welcome smile, such as graced the faces of the Robertsons, Shackletons, Graveneys and Lowsons of so long ago.



"David Gower is on the threshold of a thoroughly unwanted record, that of leading his country to most defeats before chalking up a victory."

Diwali in Faisalabad

Camera coverage by **Nikhil Bhattacharya**



'm jagdeesh hare'. From left: Gavaskar, Mrs Kapil Dev (hidden partly), Amarnath, B.S. Sandhu, Chetan Sharma, Maninder Singh, Vengsarkar, Madan Lal, Freuden de Vitre (commentator) and Bibhuti Das.



The Indian tourists in Faisalabad pose for a group photo



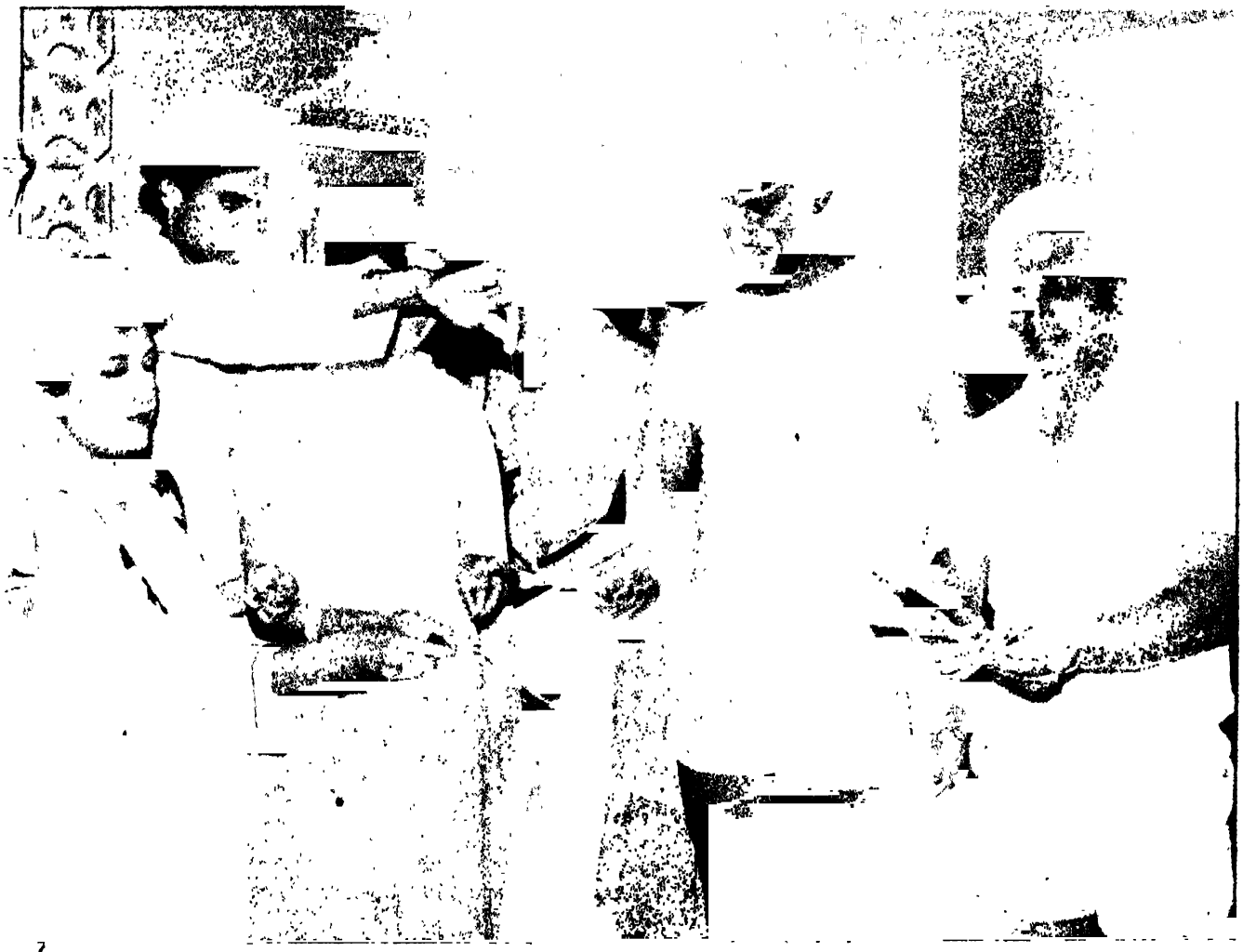
"Aly, what are you doing?" It's time for theatricals for Surinder Khanna (from left), Kirmani, Roger Binny (behind), B.S. Sandhu and Dilip Vengsarkar



Love at first bite?
Sandeep Patil with his wife



The Indian 'gang'. From left: Madan Lal, Ravi Shastri, Vengsarkar, Bibhuti Das, Gavaskar and Yadav



'Stars and lights.' Having their share of fun are (from left) Mrs Gavaskar, Kapil Dev, Mrs Patil (face hidden), Sandeep Patil and Sunil Gavaskar.

'The selectors think they can ruin anyone'

Abdul Qadir tells Mudar Patherya

You are supposed to be very close to Imran. Ever since Zaheer has led Pakistan, your appearances for the country have lessened. Doesn't this look suspicious?
Perhaps, it does but there is not anything in it. Imran has got his own opinions and I have mine. We act accordingly. What goes on in his mind is not necessarily known to me. Nor am I connected with what he does. It's just people's imaginations at work, I guess.

Last year when Zaheer brought his team to India, Imran had refused to tour earlier, Sarfraz was dropped while you backed out, saying that you should be paid a couple of lakhs for your house before you made the trip.
I wouldn't agree with the words 'backed out.' At the time Zaheer took his side to India, I was involved with the construction of my house which I had to complete by a given time. The thing was that I took a loan from Habib Bank and there were a lot of formalities that I had to fulfil before it could be sanctioned. The blueprints had to be passed and cheques collected. Now all this was going to take place around the same time as the Pakistan team was to tour India. I had anticipated this clash of dates and had therefore informed the BCCP and the manager of the Pakistan team immediately after the World Cup that I would not be able to make the tour of India. But the BCCP insisted that I make the trip.

Here was a problem. I was needed to stay in Lahore to complete the paperwork for the loan while the tour meant that I would have to be away. So the BCCP tried to set my problems at rest and agreed to advance a loan from their funds so that I would be able to go under Zaheer.

At the last minute, however, they went back on their promise and said that they were short of funds and wouldn't be able to help me out. When the team was announced my name was in it. The following day I went to see the manager. I told him that since I had not been granted the loan, my inclusion would only increase my difficulties. In that context, I refused to go. The next day they announced: "Qadir demands two lakhs to play in series."

Everyone must be aware of what they are doing at present. I don't know why they don't like me.

Is it because you are supposedly a very close friend of Imran Khan and he is not captain any longer?
Well, if Imran had an objection to some members of the committee, I have never interfered with his preferences or dislikes. I have always tried to keep aloof from Imran's point of view. I have never encouraged Imran to be hostile to them. I know that Imran's influence has been good for me and that is all. I have never been part of any intrigue or conspiracy. I wonder why people are still after me.

"I don't know why the selectors don't like me"

Do you feel that some people are trying to get their own back at Imran by trying to jeopardise your chances?
That becomes difficult to answer. However, I sometimes do wish that these people cared a bit more for the country.

So you feel that the administration has not given your career the fullest support?
No, it has not. Right from the time I played my first Test match for Pakistan in 1977-78 against England, this has been the case. I was always given the impression that I was on trial. I was always struggling to do my best for captain and country.

Without the support of your captain?
Yes, and I used to perform extraordinarily most of the time and still would be in-out, in-out.

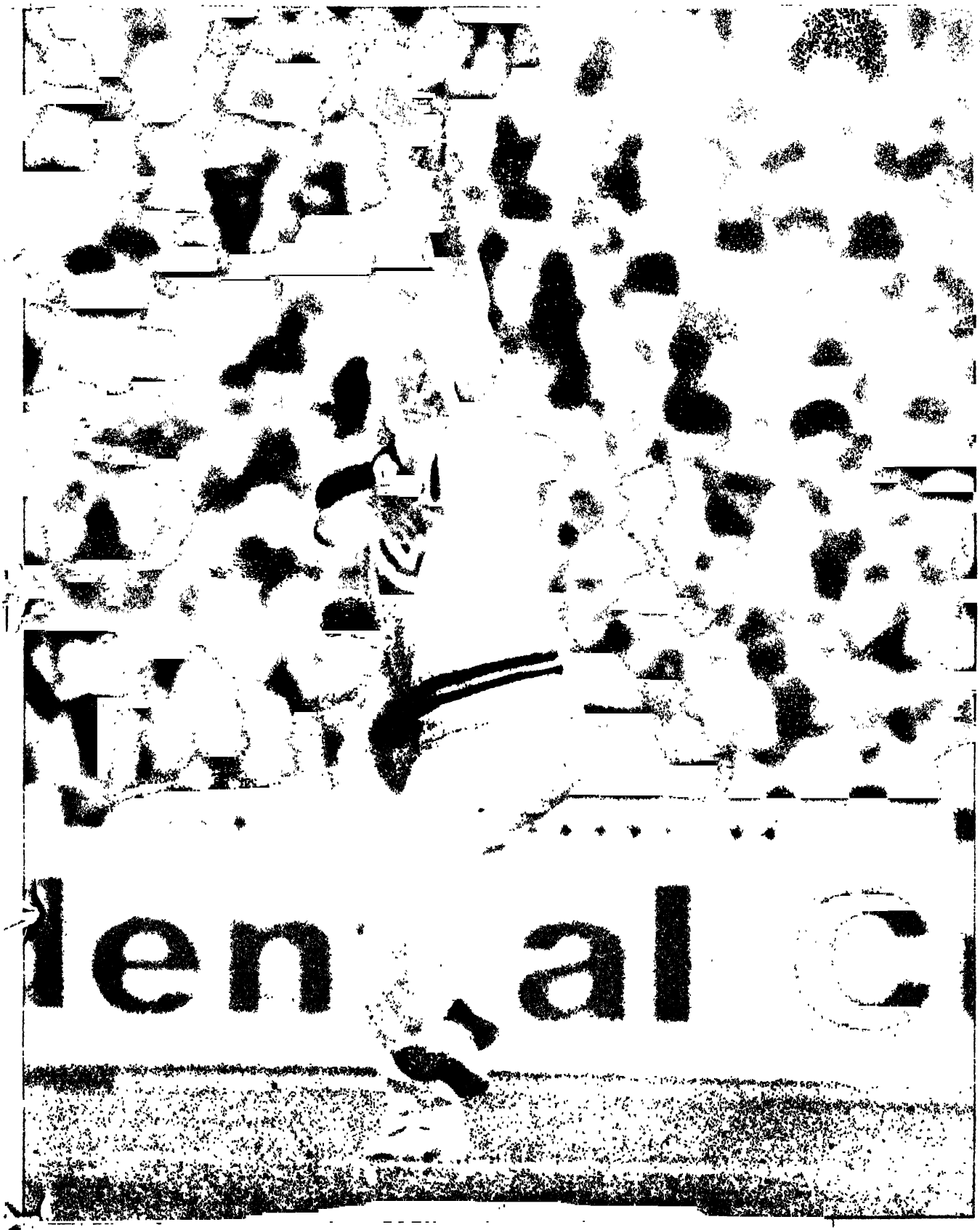
Would you agree that one of the reasons for that has been the Karachi-Lahore bias which runs deep in Pakistan cricket?
I think that there is definitely something of this sort. I won't say anything more than that. It would only be a poor reflection of our sporting administration.

It's amusing to think of it. The selectors have done away with their only attacking bowler and match winner and thereby lessened whatever chances they had of winning.
Sometimes you sacrifice so much for your country. There are occasions when I have felt a pain in my ankle, but have kept on bowling without complaining at all. And then one is dropped.

Coming back to the tour of India by Pakistan last year. Did the administration not try to bring about a reconciliation?
Not at all. It is the same this time. I did everything they asked me to before the first Test. They asked me to attend the nets, they asked me to go through a fitness test. I agreed to both and passed each: yet, they dropped me.

You were accused of being late in reporting your arrival from the West Indies to the BCCP.
Firstly, I left for the West Indies with their approval. If reporting late is the crime then how could Wasim Raja be included? He was not even in the 58 chosen for the camp, so technically he did not report at all. Moreover, the Chairman of the Selection Committee was criticising Raja for the last two months only to justify his exclusion.

The Board said that they were expecting us back on 1 October. But we finished our matches only on 2 October, so how could we have made it back on time? Moreover, there was no instruction to me to return by 1 October. It was Sarfraz who had been asked to report by that date. I was merely been told to go. Also, I had



Abdul Qadir. "I wonder why people are still after me."



"...I am indifferent to whether a particular batsman is great or not. I haven't really found any batsman difficult to get out."

been excused from attending the training camp by Haseeb Ahsan, the Chairman of Selectors, as I was undergoing tendon treatment. All evidence is against them, yet I am helpless.

The BCCP officials say that you did not inform them of your arrival on time.

How can they say that? My matches in the West Indies ended only on 2 October. I set out immediately, the flight from Trinidad to London taking 10 hours. From there I purchased an emergency ticket and flew to Islamabad. On arriving in Lahore on 5 October, I gave an interview to an Urdu daily and sent a letter to the Pakistan television intimating them of my arrival. They ignored the items. The same evening I went to see one of the selectors, Shafqat Rana. He wasn't at home so I told his son to convey the message that I had been there to report myself. The next day was Muharram and being a holiday, the offices were closed in Lahore. On 7 October, therefore, I went to the BCCP office around 9 am in the morning. On 8 October I got an air ticket from the BCCP enabling me to fly to Karachi. How can they say that they had not been informed? I reached Karachi on the day the selectors were going to choose the side. I rang up Haseeb Ahsan, Chairman of the Selection Committee, but he wasn't in his office, so I tried telephoning home but he was't there too. I passed on the information that I was staying at the Midway Hotel. I tried contacting Haseeb right through the day but without success. Around 7 pm in the evening, a journalist came to see me at the hotel. It was surprising: How had he come to know that I was staying here when the selectors claimed that they were unaware of my presence? The reporter brought it to my notice that the team had been announced and I had been dropped. Moreover, Shafqat Rana, one of the selectors, signed the team list they had agreed upon. He agreed that he was aware that I had come to his house earlier. How can the selectors then say that they never knew? Anyway, this is not the first time.

There is a certain contradiction in your exclusion. That you were included in the 17 at a later stage meant that disciplinary proceedings against you had been abandoned. Then you were dropped from the final playing eleven. Now this clearly means that on the final count you were not considered good enough. To go back a little, at Karachi early this year you had won Pakistan the Test against England almost single-handed. Now all of a sudden, you were not being found capable.

That is exactly what they have done. I would have been happier had they come up to my face and told me that I was not being found good enough to be in the team. The thing is that the selectors think they are in a powerful position and can ruin anyone at the slightest excuse. I was asked to go through a fitness test. I did so. I was asked to attend the nets a day before the game. I did that too.

You were seen inspecting the wicket with Zaheer a day before the match. That gave many the impression that you were going to be a certainty in the side.

Well, I bowled to Zaheer and Miandad in the nets. Finally I went to Haseeb Ahsan and asked him whether there were any more tests required of me. I wanted to know whether I had been selected for the Lahore Test. He asked me to see Zaheer Abbas. I repeated my query. He said: "No, you can go", so I left for home. I knew I had been dropped. I was very confident after coming back from the Caribbeans. Now it is all shattered.

I bowled to Zaheer and Miandad in the nets. Finally I went to Haseeb Ahsan and asked him if there were any more tests required of me. He asked me to see Zaheer Abbas. I repeated my query. He said: 'No, you can go,' so I left for home."

Going back a bit, you were n

considered successful against India the last time we toured here in 1982-83

I think I bowled very well during the series I did not play the first Test and it was drawn In the second at Karachi I got six wickets In fact, on the first day itself, I picked up quite a few and for the first time India was under pressure Finally on the third day Imran came and finished off the side In the following Test matches, Imran and Sarfraz bowled more than anyone else so I hardly got any spells They were taking all the wickets so there was hardly any need for me At Faisalabad I did not even bowl more than 10 overs

One of the theories is that the Indians tend to read the googly in flight while the rest of the batsmen try to read it by the flick of the wrist before delivery

I don't believe all this as the googly is not the only weapon of a leg spinner The thing is that if one is bowling well according to one's field and obtaining some turn from the wicket, it becomes difficult for any batsman to play, whether he tries to see which way the ball is spinning in flight or playing after it has hung

What then would you say about the tour to Australia last winter? You didn't bowl too well

To this I shall agree This was the same side as the one which had toured

"I was bowling to many left-handers in their side, almost five in the top six. Let me confess that I am never happy against left handers as leg spin does not tend to leave the batsmen, as it does when a right hander is batting. I was also not able to grip the ball properly."

Pakistan in which I had taken 22 wickets in three Tests No I was struggling to get a single wicket, primarily because I was not bowling well Another reason was that I was bowling to many left handers in their side almost five in the top six Let me confess that I am never happy against left handers as leg spin does not tend to leave the batsmen as it does when a right hander is batting One of the reasons why I was not getting wickets was also because I was not being able to grip the ball properly The ground conditions were sandy unlike here where it is muddy So to obtain a better grip time and again, I used to rub my hands on the soil Finally, this was pointed out to me and then I began rubbing my hands on the pitch area to grip the ball better It was then that I succeeded It was a one-day match and I picked up more wickets than anyone in our side



"I was convinced that I would pick up seven to eight wickets. I was bowling extremely well. But the next day Asif Iqbal (above) gave me only one over!"

You have been in Test cricket for almost seven years. Which has been the most difficult batsman to get out?

This is the most difficult question for me to answer. It's a purely psychological attitude when I am on top I believe that I can get any batsman of the world out Just as Richards, Kapil and Botham do not care about the reputation of the bowler once they get going, so I am indifferent to whether a particular batsman is great or not In fact, I haven't really found any batsman difficult to get out

Which has been your best bowling effort?

I think I bowled extremely well at Delhi in 1979-80 when Asif Iqbal was the captain I bowled some 14 overs given away 16 runs That night I could not sleep as I was convinced that I would pick up some seven to eight wickets I was bowling extremely well But the next day Asif Iqbal never gave me a single over Again, against the West Indies at Faisalabad in 1980 81, I bowled somewhere around 15 overs giving away almost the same number of runs and picked up one wicket But after that I wasn't used properly

Abdul Qadir takes this opportunity to invite Indian readers to write to him Should they be interested they can correspond with him at the following address. 49 Infantry Road, Dharam pura, Lahore

FAISALABAD would have been Job's acid test. One left it on the afternoon after the Test—not for the Sialkot match but straight for Karachi. After a week of imposed penitence one was finally flying southwards to restore the tissues.

There was this gut feeling that something of a political nature was bound to happen at Sialkot. The border is minutes away and as you sit in the pavilion you can look at the hills shielding Jammu on the other side of the mesh. So near, so far.

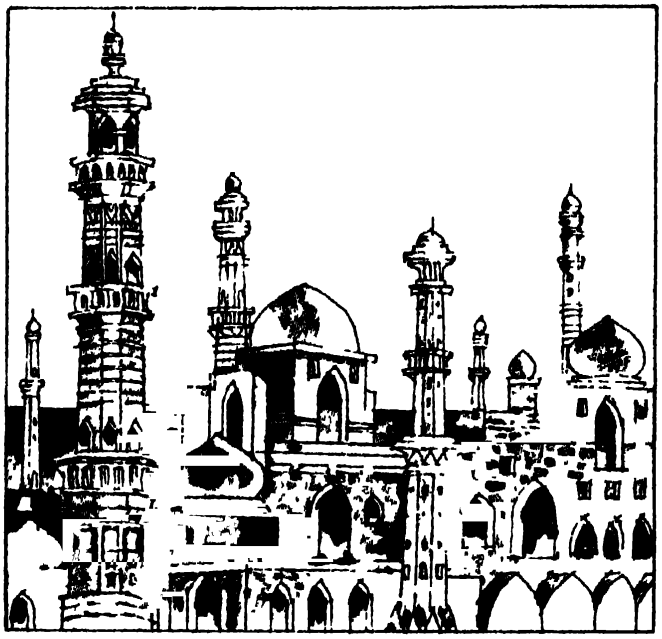
'Something' did happen. At 11.40 am Raj Singh walked into the Press Box, as we are told, and announced: "Gentlemen, our Prime Minister has been shot. We are calling off the match at lunch."

The Pressmen moved over to where the Indian team was sitting. Security was immediately tightened. Jasdev Singh came running over from the commentary box. He had just tuned in to Delhi and heard a voice over the air saying that killers had emptied bullets into Mrs Gandhi. But, of course, the journalists knew.

The Indians left the ground without informing anyone. Within half an hour in a motorcade, the scribes following, the entourage was off to Lahore. As dusk closed in on the tourists at Gujaranwala, some miles from Lahore, the word was reached. The PM was no more.

In Karachi newspapers interrupted their normal schedule of work and released bulletins. Barring exceptions, the normal reaction was one of shock. "The loss is as much ours as India's. She was a great leader." That was the stock feedback.

Raj Singh, manager of the Indian side, said: "The Deputy Commissioner of



Sialkot came and told me the news. I was stunned. Initially, the boys were not told about it. Later, when word was passed around everyone was shocked. The dressing-room was absolutely quiet. You could have heard a pin drop."

Raj Singh went on: "The boys continued playing but there was a call from the External Affairs Ministry in Pakistan. They asked us to call it off for security reasons. It was entirely at their behest that we abandoned the game. I wanted to continue playing as we had a chance of winning but there were two Sikhs in my side. There was a capacity crowd and what if there had been catcalls? The situation could have got out of hand."

The players were dumbstruck. Just last year most of the players had met Mrs Gandhi. "We had won the World Cup and the personal touch was there—she would, over dinner, come across and say 'Why don't you have this' or 'This tastes good.' The boys just couldn't believe that she was now dead. Nobody touched the lunch in the dressing room."

Masood ul Hasan, the team's liaison officer, related: "Rajbhai was just stunned. He was on the verge of tears. The players did not have the strength left to even lift their kitbags. I had to carry each bag to the vehicle. It was like a death in the family."

In Karachi things were no different. From the lady behind the counter in the shopping arcade of the hotel to the taxi-driver to Zaheer Abbas, everyone was ears and eyes for Mrs Gandhi.

"They should have told us as they got the news at Sialkot. We wouldn't have carried on. That would have saved us much trouble—trying to save runs, making fielding and bowling changes," said Pakistan's captain. "Thank God, it was not a Muslim," said the cabbie.

But the most telling reaction was mirrored at the Karachi Stock Exchange. Reeling from falling values over 11 successive weeks, the assassination triggered off a firming tendency. The border tension had eased, they said. There was little fear of war now. This was, at last, the marketman's *teji*.

"I wanted to continue playing as we had a chance of winning but there were two Sikhs in my side. There was a capacity crowd and what if there had been catcalls? The situation could have gone out of hand."

PAKISTAN, on an afterthought, may be an interesting evaluation. Some weeks ago in these very pages one had spoken highly of that country. The honeymoon this time, sadly, appeard to be over.

Public reaction ranged from the hostile to the indifferent. We found to our dismay hotel rates *changing* without notice; we came across people passing derogatory remarks against our PM, then dead; we had plainclothesmen tailing us, at odd hours. At Faisalabad it became routine for them to rouse us out of bed at 11 pm just to ensure that we hadn't sneaked off to spy on their air force installations at Sargodha!

On the last trip it was possible to hear time and again: "*Aap to hamare mehmaan hain.*" And in good faith. There was no such poetry this time.

Personal friends apart, we retained little through the tour.

Mudar Patherya

The 'secret' Diaries of Dennis Lillee

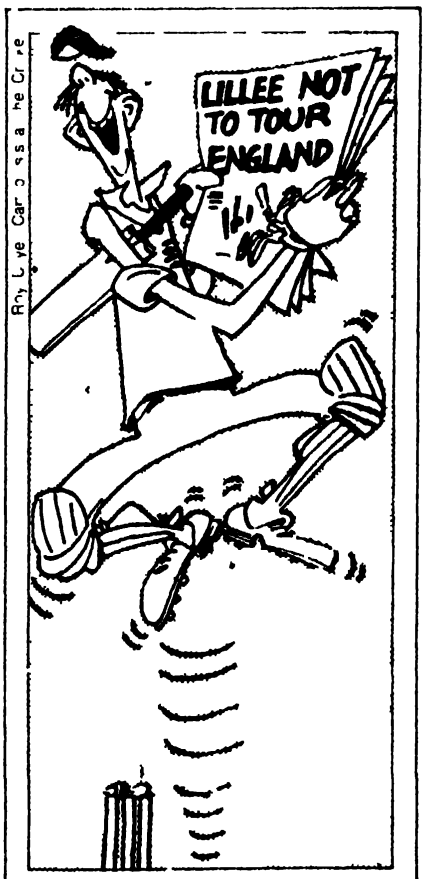
Vic Mills reaches a very interesting stage

THIS groundswell of opinion would appear to be based upon the following observations

i) Lillee was no writer This is borne out by the admission that his literary incursions during a long career were aided and abetted by several 'ghost writers' *My Cant*, Lillee's best selling book on the vocabulary peculiar to Australian Test cricketers, was produced entirely by dictating to secretaries This theory receives added credence by the fact that Lillee used a rubber stamp from a John Bull Printing set to sign autographs The signatures on the betting slips would appear to weaken this premise The often illegible scrawl, however, is thought to be that of his syndicate partner and star inside forward Rodney Marsh

ii) No time Lillee's days, which are well documented, left little time for writing and usually ended extremely late When not representing his State or country, his time was much sought after by the advertising industry Lillee displaying the seasoned television nervelessness of a Tony (art transplant) Greig, appeared in many commercials, of which three remain firm favourites The most popular saw a sweat soaked Lillee in the dressing room at the close of play Even after bowling 30 overs of top pace under a scorching Australian sun on pitches baked hard as concrete, my XX (brand name withheld) cricket boots still retain enough shape, suppleness and strength to enable me to kick top order batsmen from any country in the world I recommend XX cricket boots They put the kick back into your sport, Sport!" The Interflora group were next to see the potential of using Lillee in their advertising campaigns Pictured at the top of his run up, Lillee was set to deliver a bowl, the bowl in question, throughout a series of 'takes', containing pleasing arrangements of freshly cut blooms The scene was acted out against the backcloth of a capacity MCG crowd chanting 'Li-ly, Li-ly, Li-ly' Finally, in a more academic vein Lillee's awareness of the rigors of pure mathematics, during a character portrayal in a McDonald's take-away was nothing short of genius

iii) Lillee was too ill to write Towards the end of his career Lillee found himself beset by illness and injury The ailment known as Commentator's Colic hit him very badly in the early part of this decade The most notable symptoms included glazed expressionless eyes, bouts of extreme vacantness, these invariably followed by a stream of high pitched, excitable comments bordering on the puerile Often referred to as Lawry's Lisp the illness would seem at its most contagious within the studios or outside broadcast units of Channel 9 and only then in the company of Messrs Lawry, Stackpole, Greig and Chappell the elder



An England batsman bravely wearing a smile to mask his disappointment at Lillee's omission from the 1977 tour

It is well documented that Lillee suffered with severe back trouble This was in the main self-inflicted, an instance of infamy having its price, and usually occurred through imperfect technique when attempting to break his own record distance for throwing the metal bat Few will be aware that Lillee made a creditable, yet unsuccessful, attempt to have this event included in the Moscow Olympics of 1980 The Russians, inflexible as ever, chose instead to include their version of television's *Game for a Laugh* namely *Hospitalise the Dissident*

While the above came at opposite ends of his career, Lillee found himself troubled throughout with a speech defect, known to the medical profession as 'sledging' When faced by batsmen in general, and the likes of Fletcher, Brearley and Mandad in particular, his speech would be reduced to a series of spectacular verbs invariably ending in 'off' The side effects of sledging included an exaggerated followthrough, whereby the bowler finishes no more than a yard or two from the batsman This is accompanied by gesticulations or pointing movements with the right hand and index finger prominent In its most advanced state, such action is preempted by an appeal to the umpire This, a highly complicated series of actions, involves dancing Dervish fashion down the wicket, turning squatting as if a Sumo wrestler This time, however, both arms are held aloft, index fingers raised

The final authentication of the diaries will not be possible until independent experts of all kinds, cricket writers, radio and television commentators, advertising executives, metallurgists, shirt and head-band manufacturers, exponents of the martial arts, the occupants of the Sydney Hill and Melbourne's Bay 13, accountants, turf accountants, lawyers, agents, linguists, and Channel 9 executives, have had total access to all the diaries for whatever length of time is necessary In the meantime the detective work continues

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Continued next week

A perfect preparation?

Steve McMorran

PREPARATIONS for the New Zealand cricket team's tour of Sri Lanka and Pakistan were meticulous.

Members of the touring party assembled over three weekends for acclimatisation schools at which the hazards and difficulties of their forthcoming trip were analysed and discussed in graphic detail.

Specialists were summoned to drill into the team the problems they could expect to encounter in one of world cricket's most testing environments.

Officials from New Zealand's Ministry of Foreign Affairs with experience in the region discussed with players Pakistan's history, its religious and political situation, and passed on first hand views since most of the current touring party will be visiting that country for the first time.

Doctors, including the team's personal physician, discussed the health hazards the team would face and emphasised the need for a managed diet. They lectured on precautions which could be taken against the extreme heat in which the team could expect to play both in Sri Lanka and Pakistan, which was probably the greatest single danger to performance in an uncompromising environment.

Players with experience in the region discussed pitches, opponents and crowd behaviour. The placidity of Pakistan's wickets is a major concern to the New Zealanders who will be without their most tested bowler, Richard Hadlee, on this tour and who will rely heavily on young spinners Evan Gray and John Bracewell on pitches which should offer little assistance to their battery of medium pacers.

Companies, wishing the departing team well, lavished on them gifts of food to allow players to prepare their own meals throughout the tour. A microwave oven was obtained and the team collected enough cereal, enough fruit and enough condiments for 800 breakfasts.

Captain Jeremy Coney boasted that this was the best prepared New Zealand cricket team ever to tour overseas.

Everything supported his view but then, 48 hours before their departure, disaster struck. During a practice match against an Auckland Provincial XI, two members of the touring party, Gray and all-rounder Lance Cairns, contracted severe viral infections which sent them to their beds suffering extreme nausea and diarrhoea.

It was a chilling irony for a team whose preparation had been hailed as perfect. Before they had even embarked on their journey, the health hazards they feared most had struck.

It was a bit of luck for a team on the eve of departure that Gray and Cairns' ailments turned out to be of a 24-hour variety. With bed rest and treatment, they were on their feet again before the touring squad boarded a plane for Singapore.

Their practice match, a fundamental part of their tour buildup, was rendered a disaster. When Gray and Cairns withdrew, local players had to be called in to boost the New Zealand side's numbers, so that the three-day tie did not have to be abandoned.

The game continued but disaster struck a third time when young batsman Martin Crowe was hit on the forearm while fielding at short leg by a pull from English professional Dipak Patel. He took no further part in the match, joining Cairns and Gray at the team hotel with a forearm which was badly bruised but fortunately not broken.

News arriving in New Zealand from the Test series between India and Pakistan didn't help the confidence of the team either. The second Test had become a batting feast with 1174 runs scored in five days for the loss of only 16 wickets. The news only reinforced New Zealand's view that the work of bowlers on this trip will be long and thankless.

Experts of all kinds weighed in with their opinions of New Zealand's prospects in Pakistan. Great Australian fast bowler Dennis Lillee, in New Zealand to promote his latest book, predicted New Zealand would win the Test series in spite of the absence of Hadlee and captain Geoff Howarth, because Pakistan would be equally disadvantaged by the loss of Imran Khan.

Imran Khan himself however, contacted in Sydney where he has undertaken Sheffield Shield commitments with New South Wales, predicted Pakistan would prevail—too strong now that batsmen Qasim Omar, Zaheer Abbas and Moshin Khan had found form and too guileful when bowling on their own wickets.

The lean form of New Zealand's batsmen, at the beginning of their home season, did nothing to improve their confidence. Their practice match against Auckland ended in passive draw with few performances about which the tourists could enthuse.

They departed for Singapore in good morale, in spite of their setbacks, to play a second practice match against the Singapore Cricket Club, over 40 overs, before heading to Sri Lanka.

Opening batsman John Wright joined the team at their Singapore hotel direct from a honeymoon in Kuala Lumpur with his new wife. He was desperate for practice.

The full complement of the New Zealand side would not be assembled until their stopover in Sri Lanka when their numbers would be supplemented by the arrival of players previously engaged in a tour of Zimbabwe with the young New Zealand cricket team.

That was a ground breaking tour for New Zealand, their first to that part of the world and one of the first opportunities for Zimbabwe to host a nation with full Test status.

It was a stroke of luck for a team on the eve of departure that Gray and Cairns' ailments turned out to be of a 24-hour variety



Piggott—the ageless maestro

Adi Davar

THE end need not necessarily justify the means—but as Lester Piggott drove Commanche Run home in the St. Leger at Doncaster for a record shattering 28th Classic victory, not even his sternest critics could have refrained from cheering.

Thirty years after the maestro had opened his Classic account on the aptly named Never Say Die, this was surely one of his finest hours as he passed Frank Buckle's long-standing record of 27 Classic wins, a feat no British rider will ever pass, not this century at least.

Today, his face bears the deep scars of a long battle with nature and the body he was born in—going out into the paddock at Doncaster, its owner was still not walking altogether sound (as per commentator Brough Scott's pre-race review) after his last nightmarish fall. It left a few so called 'experts' trying to spot a weakness in his riding but they all had to eat humble pie as Lester virtually powered the Commanche home to count his 28th Classic coup.

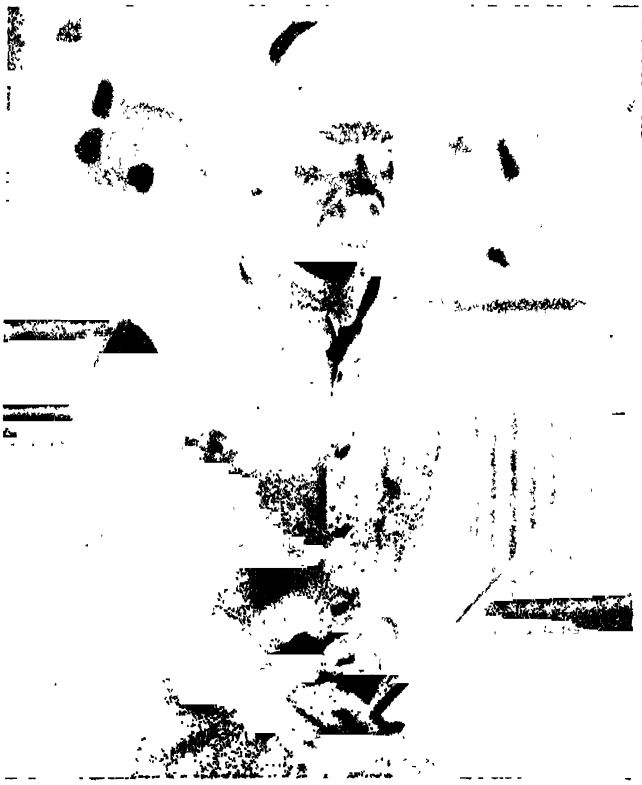
There are times when Piggott can look old, well beyond his 48 years but that final furlong dispells any doubts whatsoever and, like wine, Lester is still very much the champion he was, is, and will always be.

Willie Carson on Cragy, Greville Starkey on Alphobatum, and Walter Swinburn on Shernagar are certainly not the three softest touches for an old man in a driving finish. Add to that the fact that Steve Cauthen, the young American Champion Elect was on Baynoun and finished second, just a neck away. It leaves little to no doubt at all that if Lester was getting on in years this sort of a triumph could never have been his.

For, if even a doubting Thomas might have thought, that style, and elegance combined with the strength and fire of youth could show up the limitations of the least copyable method ever used by a champion jockey, this was it. But if that was what they thought, they were promptly and magnificently taught the errors of their doubts.

Steve Cauthen had given Baynoun every chance. He had extricated the last ounce out of him at the finish, looking before his great rival, a perfect copybook blueprint of neat stylish jockeyship. With 200 metres to run, it looked as though Baynoun was a shade better and would scramble home. The main reason he did not was because Commanche Run turned out to be, just marginally, the better horse, but, he needed the help to prove it.

Fear is not the only thing which travels down the reins. Somehow either through his hands or with the whip, or via some other portion of his anatomy which happens, however briefly, to be in contact with the horse, Lester Piggott contrives to transmit his own amazing undiminished will to win.



Associated Press

A record 28 Classic wins

It may not look pretty nor conventional, but, without the slightest doubt, a special invisible magic of its own which is, when you come right down to the crux of it, the mainspring of the racing history, one saw unfolding itself at Doncaster.

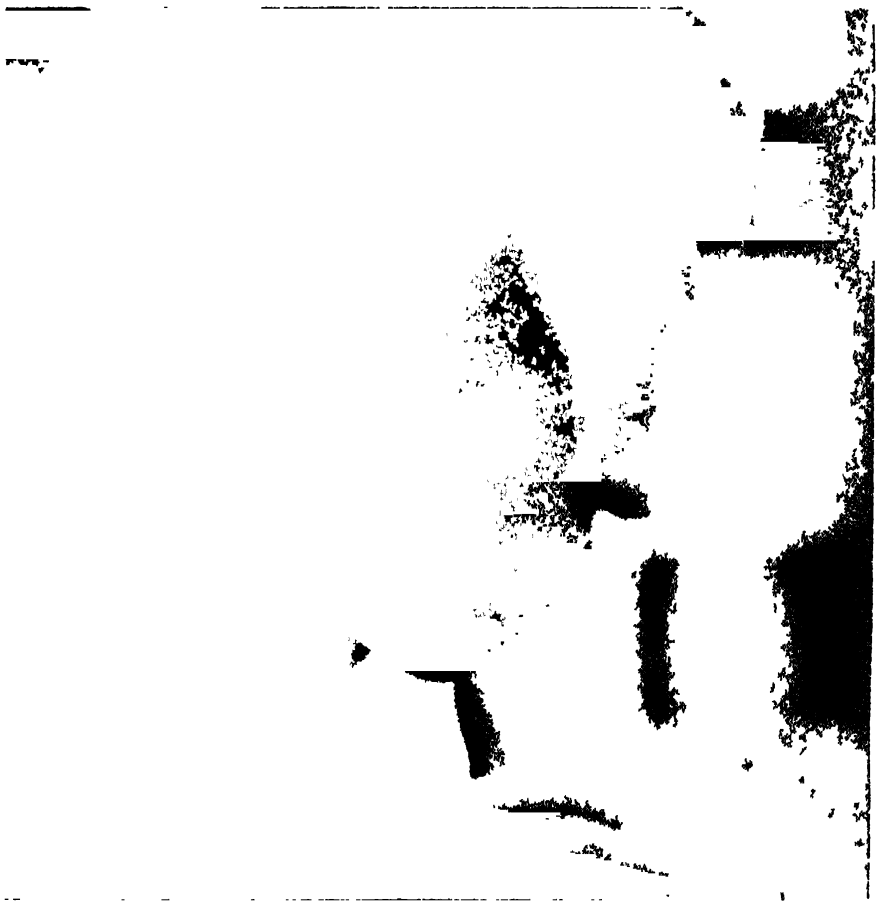
It is pointless to speculate now whether Luca Cumani's stable jockey Darryl McHargue would have got Commanche Run home. There has been quite a bit of ill feeling among racing scribes about the "unsporting" jocking of McHargue, the boy supposedly down to ride Commanche Run, and the entire affair left a bad taste in the mouth. Trainer Luca Cumani had stood staunchly by his jockey's side and pointed out quite truthfully, "It's mostly the horse that does the winning."

But there is, of course, another side to the argument. For instance, no one could blame Fulke Johnson Houghton, trainer of the narrowly beaten Baynoun, for echoing Vincent O'Brien's famous dictum on the subject—"The great thing about having Lester riding for you is that then, at least he cannot ride against you."

That is the undeniable truth which lay behind Mr Allan's (the owner of Commanche Run) 'unsportsmanlike' decision. Several informed and interested observers, Noel Murless and Vincent O'Brien among them recognised it years ago—quite early in the long eventful history which began in 1954 when a cherub faced 18-year-old won his first Epsom Derby on Never Say Die.

A war of attrition

International Master V. Ravi Kumar dwells on some interesting aspects of the world chess title bout between Anatoly Karpov and Gary Kasparov



Anatoly Karpov· ingenious

IT started in a whirlwind fashion The world chess title bout between Anatoly Karpov and Gary Kasparov It seemed the former the defending champion, would not have to labour for long to outclass his young opponent And a dream would be shattered all too soon

But, things unfolded a little differently After the stormy opening phase, the bout seemed headed for a stalemate where neither player could play for a decision and seven consecutive draws followed after Karpov had won the ninth game

But, I always felt that Kasparov always had a chance to turn the tables on the champ if he had got a break The series of drawn matches, surely, helped Kasparov since he could buy time to go for the kill

When I first met Grandmaster Gufeld at the Mount Abu Pre-Olympic coaching camp, I wanted to know his impressions of the big match, since he was the deputy chief of the Press Centre He said, 'It is a fantastic match, both Karpov and Kasparov are playing very well " He added that the score 4-0 indicated nothing about the standard of play "It is not that Kasparov is playing badly, only Karpov is playing fantastically and his game is simply ingenious "

I analysed the first eleven games with Grandmaster Gufeld and came to the conclusion that Karpov is extremely good at creating psychological pressure and this was the deciding factor behind his initial success in the match

Needless to say, the champion's superb technique played a vital role in the inaugural game Karpov, who had white pieces by winning the toss, totally surprised Kasparov by reviving an old tactic "the Keres Attack" against Kasparov's favourite Sicilian Scheveningen

In fact Karpov had abandoned the 'Keres attack a couple of years before since it does not suit his style Gufeld commented, 'Karpov does not like to play Keres attack"

However on comparison it is more unpleasant for Kasparov to face this variation Since it deviated away, from his favourite Sicilian Scheveningen

Karpov obtained the space advantage from the beginning but uncharacteristically committed a strategic mistake in the middle game with a premature pawn advance Kasparov immediately equalised the position with a tactical finesse and the game was drawn on the 36th move by repetition of moves

The second game was eagerly followed since Kasparov was playing white, with the initiative in his hand Facing the standard Queen pawn opening 1 d 4, Karpov employed his favourite Queen's Indian defence The challenger surprised Karpov with a dangerous gambit line and by introducing a theoretical novelty on the 15th move, obtained a dynamic middle game position with the advantage of active piece position

Karpov defended well, but his underdeveloped piece position let him down At a critical point, Kasparov had four obvious continuations leading to a clear advantage, but he chose the fifth A strategic blunder which Karpov utilised to reorganise his pieces.

The world champion then built up a winning advantage with his extra material, but committed a grave blunder in the 40th move in time scramble and drew in the second session

According to Grandmaster Gufeld 'Kasparov exploded his theoretical bomb shell rather prematurely as you can see that in later games Karpov cautiously avoided this gambit variation "

I asked him what was the reason for Kasparov's strategic blunder that almost cost him the game? Gufeld pointed his forefinger to the sky and said "Heaven knows what he had in his mind."

In the third game, Karpov once again avoided the Sicilian Scheviningen and transposed into Marocozy bind. Soon, the players reached a standard book position and Kasparov once again experimented with a novelty on the 12th move. Karpov thought for 20 minutes and initiated the immediate exchange of Queens to reach a favourable ending with severe pressure on black's central d6 pawn.

Kasparov sank into deep thought. Apparently, his novel move backfired and now he had to defend an unpleasant inferior ending.

After fifty minutes, Kasparov made his move which involved a pawn sacrifice for active counter-play in the hope of holding the position. But Karpov's display of an highly efficient and accurate end game technique shattered Kasparov's hopes and the champion registered his first fine victory in a grand manner when the challenger resigned on the 31st move.

The Press pundits praised Karpov's end game skill. Grandmaster Gligoric of Yugoslavia said, "It was straight like an arrow moving accurately towards the bull'seye"

The thing that puzzles me about the third game is why did Kasparov's novelty on the 12th move backfire in just three moves, as Karpov had a comfortable end game position with a minute, but significant advantage, on the 15th move?

The next couple of games were drawn with neither of the contestants being able to establish a clear advantage. The most critical games were in the second week of the match when Karpov won the sixth and seventh games in succession and surged ahead with a 3-0 score.

Karpov employed the Queen's Indian Defence but carefully avoided the Gambit variation and equalised easily. Kasparov, as usual, unable to resist an unclear tactical continuation, sacrificed a pawn to obtain an initiative and a strong central position.

Karpov was once again back to the wall but once again smartly outmanoeuvred the challenger to obtain a winning position based on Kasparov's time trouble.

On resumption of the adjournment, Karpov neatly worked his way in converting it into a full point. The seventh game was even more bitter for the challenger as Karpov thrashed the former's favourite Tarrasch Defence and established a clear opening advantage.

In the complex middle game struggle, Karpov exploited the weakness of the isolated pawn in copybook style to score his third straight victory of the match. Here is how Gufeld described the seventh game: "when a robot sits on the other side of the board and systematically crushes you, exploiting the classical advantage with utmost precision, you are simply helpless".

Kasparov's admirers were thoroughly disappointed by their chess idol's performance. But Kasparov remarkably recovered and he drew the next four games with solid positional play and bought the time he desperately needed to restore his energy.

The 14th and 15th game saw Karpov's dynamic approach. Understandably, Karpov wants to finish him off but yet again he could not break through.

A report in the *London Times* said that Kasparov is threatened and that explains his uncharacteristic blunders and the 4-nil score.

The paper noted that Kasparov, who was expected to play well was neither ill nor nervous and said, "When you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Perhaps Kasparov has been warned not to play well and given to understand that the consequences for him and his family would be disastrous if he did".



Gary Kasparov: facing psychological warfare

The FIDE President Florencio Campomanes strongly reacted to the report and said that the atmosphere in the match had been misrepresented and the players insulted.

If Karpov achieves a score of 6-0, then he would become the strongest chess player in the history of chess. However, it would be difficult since Kasparov is bound to score at least a couple of wins before Karpov wins the sixth game.

The champagne summers

Tough. Shrewd. Brilliant. Fierce. No four adjectives describe Ian Chappell better. An avowed leader from the front, Chappell was the flagbearer around whom Australian cricketers rallied, and around whom they eventually flourished. The Chappell era became an era full of legend, drama, heroism, incredible achievement and—quite naturally—controversy as well. Ian Brayshaw analyses Chappell's contribution to Australia's cricketing heritage in this, the first extract from his book, 'Warriors in Baggy Green Caps'. The book is published by Lansdowne Rigby International and is priced at £8.95

WEST AUSTRALIAN cricket lovers have been brought up on a meagre diet of Test match fare. Indeed, it was not until the 1970 71 season that the WACA Ground in Perth was granted its first Test match—and that an Ashes clash against 'the Old Foe. Captain of the Australian team on that historic occasion was Bill Lawry, a lean Victorian who must go down in the annals of the nation's cricket as one of its hardest doers. Perhaps as well recognised for his long, pointed proboscis as for his grim left-handed forward defensive lunge, Lawry was one of those men people loved to hate. It was quite ironical that his value as an opening batsman in many Australian teams was rarely appreciated in his own country, yet fully recognised by opposing teams and their legions of supporters.

They knew that to dismiss Lawry cheaply was to strike an early blow at the very heart of the Australian batting, a fact hammered home to me as I watched the delirious reaction of the England players and the Manchester fans to Lawry's dismissal for only 16 in the First Test at Old Trafford in 1968. To all but those who knew him well, Lawry was a man of steel, an expressionless and relentless runmaker with something of a heart of stone. However, the grandness of the occasion on the first morning of that first Perth Test match, with the ground bursting with eager people and bathed in sunshine, obviously found a corner of warmth in his heart.

A hush fell over the ground as Lawry and Ray Illingworth walked out to toss the coin. Australia won and Lawry asked England to bat. Though sending in the opposing side went against the tide of Test cricket history, it was a reasonable decision because the iron-hard Perth track had a record of favouring the pace bowlers early. Australia's speed battery for the game was the great West Australian Graham McKenzie and the windmill-action Alan Thomson. In the First Test at Brisbane, McKenzie had been given pride of place at the head of the attack. Perth was his home track, he was by far the senior partner, and everybody in that ground expected Lawry to throw him the ball for the opening over.

Lawry didn't disappoint the fans. But to their amazement McKenzie began to mark out his run at the northern end of the ground, the uphill, up-wind end normally reserved for the medium-pacers in the West Australian attack. Immediately the pro-West Australian crowd recognised a backhanded compliment. It was just another example of the love-hate relationship that Bill Lawry seemed to have with cricket people wherever he went...love him for giving McKenzie the first over in recognition of the historic moment; but hate him for making big 'Garth' open the bowling from the wrong end. This event, which occurred quite close to the end of Lawry's marvellous Test career, reflected his rather perverse nature.

Since our playing days have ended I have found out just what these people had meant when they spoke so fondly about Bill. He is a warm and friendly fellow with a wide open sense of humour, capped by a raucous laugh. Bill was a series of contradictions, a man perhaps grossly misunderstood and generally unfairly maligned. He gave a lot to Australian cricket through a very difficult period following the breaking-up of the great Richie Benaud team. He was a man who would gladly bleed for his country. He had taken over the captaincy of the Australian team for the Third Test against India in Australia in 1967-68. The Sixth Test against England in Adelaide during that 1970-71 series was his twenty-fifth in the job.

Lawry appreciated that there was

something in the wind, yet few would have forecast that the Australian selectors would unceremoniously dump him from both the captaincy and the team at the conclusion of the Test, which was drawn. There would have been even fewer who could have forgiven the way the axing of Lawry was executed.

Lawry had become the first Australian captain since just after the turn of the century to be removed from his post during a series. Despite the extremely rough treatment meted out to him, Lawry showed his characteristic ability to turn the other cheek, as he had done so often when batting for Victoria and Australia. He accepted the situation manfully with not a word of criticism of the men who had done the job so crudely. 'I have been a selector on four tours overseas,' he told a Press conference at Melbourne's Essendon Airport on his return after the axing, 'I've had a hand in dropping many a player...now I know how they felt.' Lawry added. 'There's certainly no ill-feeling between me and the Board of Control.'

While Lawry was sitting in stunned silence in his Adelaide hotel room, trying to digest the news he'd just heard from a team-mate, Pressmen were desperately reaching for the new Australian captain. Ian Chappell also admits that he heard indirectly the news of Bill Lawry's demise and his own elevation to the exalted rank of Australian captain. He was tracked down to an Adelaide hotel, where he was having lunch. Former South Australian team-mate Alan Shiell, by then an Adelaide cricket writer, eventually found him. At the age of 27 and With 36 Tests behind him, Ian Michael Chappell began his reign.

As he downed a celebratory drink in that Adelaide hotel, Ian Chappell hadn't an inkling of what would transpire over the next five years or so before he resigned from the post—as he had promised himself he would, so that 'they' wouldn't 'get' him as they had his captain, Bill Lawry. What did lie ahead was a renaissance of the game in Australia; a period during which team performance reached heady heights; a time when 'professionalism' became a byword and money, or the lack of it, a basis for revolution in years to come; an era of 30 Test matches during which, under Chappell's tutelage, Australian teams reflected their nation's ethos—brashness, all-out aggression and a thumb on the nose to all manifestations of authority.

However, like it or not—and like Ian Chappell or not—there was a continual aura of excitement, a bubble of enthusiasm and a level of activity at the turnstiles that had not been seen for many years, as Chappell's teams made their indelible mark on the history of Australian cricket. Those who allow the 'ugly Australian' label which the team picked up late in the piece to dominate their memories are clouding the real issue with an emotional response to a few isolated incidents.

After all, this *was* one of the great Australian teams. There were 15 wins and just five defeats in 30 Tests played, and the line-up of players who pulled on the baggy green cap in Chappell's time included six whose names will stand proud when people reminisce in years to come about the Aussie champions of the game.



Patrick Eagar

"Chappell became almost a cult figure with his mannerisms when it was his turn to bat."

Ian Chappell was a very good batsman and a great leader; Dennis Lillee the world record-breaking fast bowler; Rod Marsh the world record-breaking wicketkeeper who was also a thumping-good batsman; Greg Chappell the master batsman and fieldsman; Doug Walters the champion batsman and darling of the crowds; and Jeff Thomson the unorthodox fast bowler, who was the very fastest. With those players as a nucleus of his teams, it is no wonder Ian Chappell enjoyed such success during those champagne summers.

They gave Chappell a team that included two players making their Test debuts in Ken Eastwood and Tony Dell and three playing in only their second Test in Dennis Lillee, Terry Jenner and Kerry O'Keeffe. Two others, Rod Marsh and Greg Chappell, were playing in their first series. That left only four players—Ian Chappell himself, Doug Walters, Ian Redpath and Keith Stackpole—with any substantial Test match hardening.

Chappell must have had mixed feelings about the fact that seven of his players had a combined total of twelve Tests behind them. On the one hand that would make it awfully hard to begin his reign on a winning note, but on the other, not a lot could be expected of him in the circumstances. As it turned out, Chappell and his tyros went close to winning the game and squaring the series. The Australians led by 80 runs on the first innings and, chasing only 223 runs for victory, they were finally overcome just before lunch on the fifth day. After a disappointing batting performance they had finished 63 short of the target.

Sadly, the game is more likely to be remembered with bitterness rather than the start of a colourful era of leadership and a gallant fight by a team of 'greenhorns'. It will always be remembered as the 'walk-off Test'. About five o'clock on the second day England's captain Ray Illingworth led his team from the field after a violent demonstration by the big crowd. Tempers were brought to the boil on the other side of the fence after England's John Snow, fast bowler



Patrick Eagar

"...under Chappell's tutelage, Australian teams reflected brashness..."

extraordinaire, bogey man of the Australian batting and bête noire of the Australian crowds, dropped one short to number nine batsman Terry Jenner and hit him on the head. Jenner retired hurt and Snow was warned by the umpire for intimidatory bowling (as he had been earlier in the series). When Snow retired to fine leg at the end of the over he was grabbed over the fence by a spectator. Missiles were thrown on to the field and the England team responded by heading for the pavilion, where they remained until Illingworth was convinced it was safe to return and the field had been cleared of debris. The Australian batsmen at the time, Greg Chappell and Lillee, remained on the field and made quite a forlorn sight—but they later said they'd stayed in the hope that by doing so Australia would win the game by default!

The scheduled tour of Australia by South Africa in 1971-72 was cancelled for political reasons and, though a blow to all concerned, it possibly served the interests of Chappell and his team. As an alternative the Australians met a team of mercenaries fighting under the banner of 'Rest of the World' and led by Gary Sobers.

This was a team of top-flight world cricketers of the day, including, ironically, South Africans. And, while it was not quite the 'real thing', the series of five internationals gave Chappell and his team an excellent chance to settle down before their next major assignment, an assault on the Ashes in England in 1972. The Australians were beaten two-one in the international series, but there were excellent batting performances by the two Chappells, Walters and Stackpole, while Lillee blossomed as a potentially matchwinning speedster and a quiet and unassuming West Australian swing bowler called Bob Massie made his first mark on the international scene. At the end of that tough campaign, Chappell and his men were ready for England.

Growing in confidence and competence with every day of the tour, Chappell's Australians covered themselves in glory in what must rank as one of the most interesting and even series between the two countries. Illingworth's walk-off decision had tarnished his reputation back home, but he clung to the captaincy and in fact celebrated his fortieth birthday on the first day of the opening Test at Manchester.

England won that game by 89 runs, thanks largely to a grand Test debut by the lanky Tony Greig, who top-scored in both innings and took four wickets in Australia's second innings. But there were memorable performances by two young Australians who a decade later would become world champions. Lillee captured a career-best six for 66 in the second innings, and Marsh had a field day with the bat in the second innings, belting 91 (with four sixes and nine fours) in 123 minutes. Marsh also took a record-equalling five catches in England's second innings.

It was just another loss for Australia, but such was the burgeoning brand of Chappell leadership that his men were able to bounce back and level the series in the Second Test at Lord's. Playing in his first Test match, the 25-year-old Massie captured eight wickets in each innings to set records. Australia's batting was highlighted by a Greg Chappell century, classical in the conditions. After a run of 11 Tests without a win (seven of them losses), Australia had at last put one on the board.

The team had an appointment after play that night—a job with a bit of difference. Already they had begun to capture the imagination in England and after long celebratory drinks they filed into a recording studio at midnight to lay down their 'hit' record, 'Here Come The Aussies'. One of the lines

in the chorus must have been an inspiration for the team... 'We'll play out in the English rain to bring the Ashes back again'. Their victory at Lord's had been an important step forward. The worm had begun to turn.

WHEN somebody, some time in the future, sits down to write the epitaph of Ian Michael Chappell, how will he be remembered? More than likely as a blunt, hard-hitting, straight-to-the-point, angry fellow who in 1971 picked up Australian cricket by the scruff of the neck and planted it squarely at the top of the tree.

Chappell never was one to make excuses. Why should he? He always believed in what he did and said. In his book *Chappelli* he wrote: 'I make no excuses for the way I am or the way I react. It takes all sorts to make up the world of cricket and the sooner officials learn to accept this fact the better it will be for the game and the players.' Chappell's teams were often caught up with controversy stemming from red-blooded on-the-field acts, which could be put down to gamesmanship. I think cricket would be far better off without such occurrences, but they have been going on since the game began. It is only in more recent years that they have been highlighted, particularly by the probing lenses of television.

The word 'sledging' has become accepted as descriptive of this behaviour. Perhaps wrongly, Ian Chappell and his teams have been credited with perpetuating the act which necessitated the invention of the word. Chappell disagrees. 'I didn't invent "sledging",' he said recently. 'When I first played club-cricket in Adelaide I copped plenty of abuse.'

He once said: 'I've always thought the most important thing in the captaincy was to have the players' respect.' And, 'I don't feel a player ever let me down in an important game...and that's all that ever worried me.' Chappell obviously had the ability of all great leaders—to get his men to give their best every time, to be prepared to walk on broken glass with bare feet if asked. There's a sort of magnetism about Ian Chappell. In a group, he is invariably the centre of attraction. I am not sure he always wants it that way, but it mirrors the strength of the man's personality.

Chappell became almost a cult figure with his mannerisms when it was his turn to bat. He invariably appeared on the arena at a brisk upright walk, usually wearing a cap and with his collar turned up at the back. Once on the green he would gaze to the heavens, apparently to quickly accustom his eyes to the light away from the dressing-room confines. Out in the middle there never was more of a busybody, surely. He'd take guard and then would begin the fidgeting. He was an inveterate gardener on the wicket, in a long innings he'd mark his guard many more times than he'd score runs and he was forever fiddling with his equipment, his gloves, his pads, his protector and his cap. Standing in the slips watching this constant fidgeting was almost enough to put you on edge...but he would reason that it was all part of his game, of his effort to concentrate and not concentrate whenever the need was right. I'm certain of one thing, it would not be a matter of Ian Chappell being nervous out there.



"Ian Chappell does make it so easy for his enemies and so very hard for his friends."

It is a matter of fact that in his closing days as a player in the latter part of the 1970s Chappell did much to besmirch his name and to cloud the memory of the positive contributions he had made earlier for Australian cricket. As one commentator said, after yet another Chappell 'incident': 'Oh dear, Ian Chappell does make it so easy for his enemies and so very hard for his friends.'

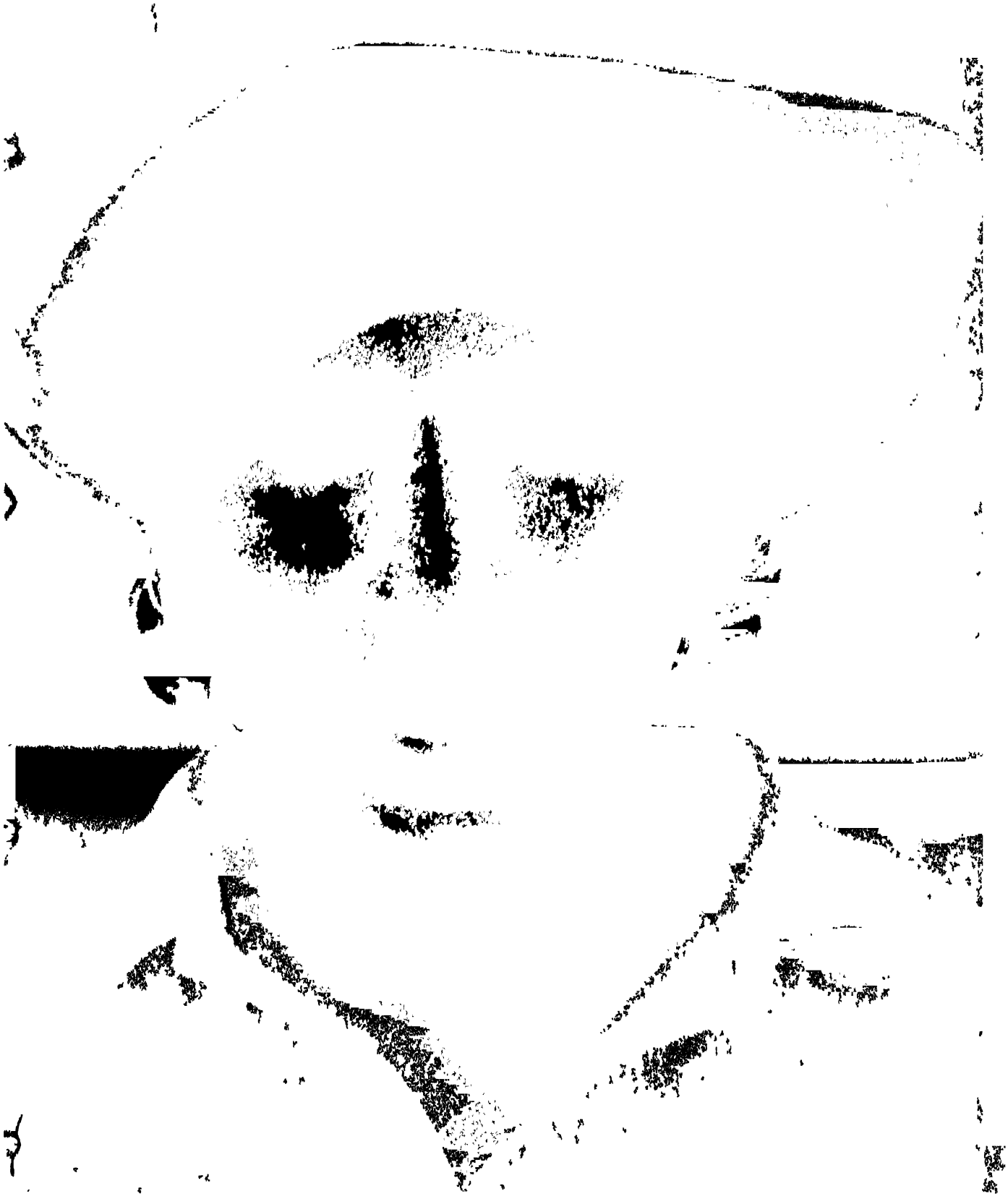


East Bengal's ace frontliner Debashis Roy writhes in pain after a collision with a Bangkok Bank player during this year's IFA Shield tournament

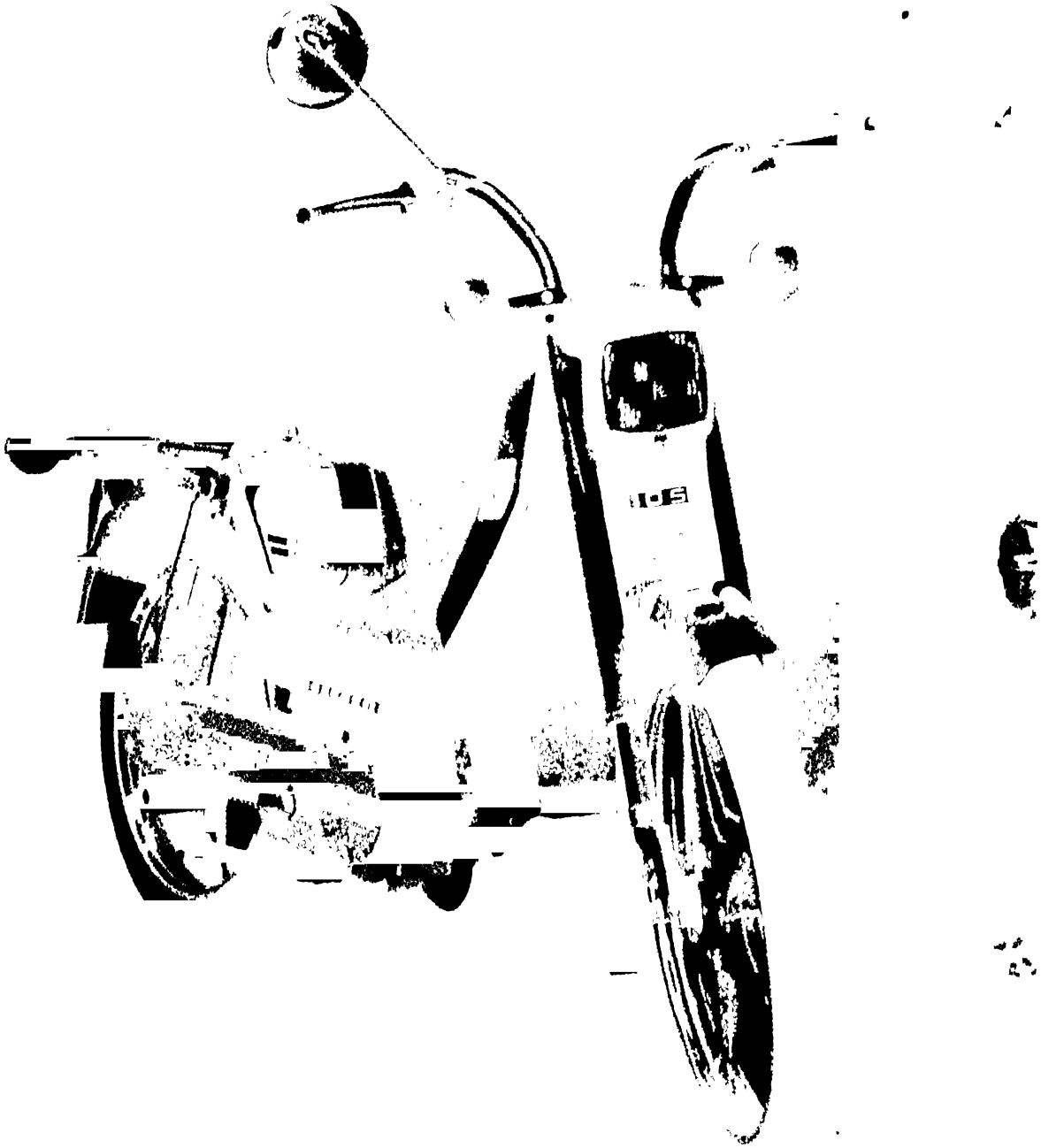
We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs must be accompanied by their negatives which shall be returned after use. All contributions that we use shall be paid for

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THIS IS WHAT THE NEW PEUGEOT SPORTIF LOOKS LIKE.



SCM 1677

SPORTIF TOUGH. STYLISH. AND

the superbike

THIS IS WHY YOU'LL WANT TO OWN ONE.

Today, most bikes offer you a choice between fuel efficiency, speed, greater load carrying capacity and good looks. Now, for the first time, one bike offers you all these. And more.

Take a few minutes off to read about the Sportif. When you've finished, you'll know why this internationally proven 50cc two seater is a superbike. Then, there'll just be one thing left for you to do...

1. Sportif is made in collaboration with PEUGEOT of France, Europe's largest manufacturer of two wheelers.

Sportif, one of the latest models on the roads of Europe, is designed by Peugeot of France, a company renowned for its high-level automotive technology. Shree Chamundi Mopeds Limited, a unit of the Mehta Group of Industries, one of South India's most dynamic industrial houses, has entered into collaboration with this world-famous company. Together, Peugeot and Shree Chamundi Mopeds introduce Sportif to India.

Sportif is one of the most popular bikes on European roads today. A look at some of its very exclusive features will show you why.

2. A special automatic gear system with an infinite range of speed ratios gives you more power while consuming less fuel.



Sportif's gear system is specially designed to give you optimum power at any speed. It's unique system comprises two variators — one for speed and the other for torque. Together they deliver the most effective speed-torque ratio required at any given time. You get quicker pick-ups. And you can effortlessly climb up steep slopes even when carrying two. What's more, at the same time, you're consuming less fuel.

3. A Peugeot-designed flap-valve engine gives you 33% fuel economy and a top speed of 60 kmph.

Sportif's powerful single cylinder, two-stroke flap-valve engine can carry two people up a gradient as steep as 16%. The superbike's double variator system and flap-valve engine, with its imported carburettor, combine to give you over 80 km for every litre of petrol under standard running conditions. And an effortless top speed of 60 kmph.

4. A unique self-starting option lets you start up at the touch of a button.

Sportif's special self-starting mechanism is powered by a DC motor with a 12 volt magneto-charged battery. Just press a button and the engine comes alive.

If you'd rather pedal start, that's another option. However, Sportif's standard fixture will be a kick starter. So, all in all, you get a never-before choice of one, two or three starting options.

5. Tough, good looking mag wheels give a smoother ride while keeping your maintenance costs low.



Sportif is fitted with stylish mag wheels made from cold-rolled steel sheets. Extremely tough, easy and economical to maintain, these specially designed wheels are made up in sections. So, if you damage your wheel rim in an accident, you don't have to replace the whole wheel. However, if you prefer to have standard spoke wheels, the superbike can be fitted with them.

6. A polypropylene anti-pilferage petrol tank that's completely corrosion and rust proof shows the fuel level at a glance.

Built with a cover made of tough ABS, Sportif's petrol tank has a special tamper-proof locking system. When you unlock the cover, an indicating tube shows you the fuel level at a glance. And being made of polypropylene, the tank is completely rust and corrosion proof.

7. The latest in exterior graphics combines stylish French looks with comfort and toughness.

The superbike's body styling is of the very latest French design. Its body sides are mounted on a sturdy centre frame, while the mouldings and pressed components are fabricated for extra toughness. Heavy duty shock absorbers take the roughest bumps with ease.

8. Specially designed, high power lighting gives you better visibility on dark roads.

Sportif's square-shaped 16 watt twin filament headlight, with a dip-dim attachment, disperses light better than other bikes. It also has indicator lights, and 6 volt, rear and brake lights. These lights are powered by a star connected magneto with a built-in transformer to take voltage surges.

9. Contour seating arrangement to give both you and your pillion maximum comfort.

The superbike's contour seating, with high quality foam, gives just the right cushioning support for two. What's more, its silencer has an extra cover that protects your pillion's feet from touching the hot muffler.

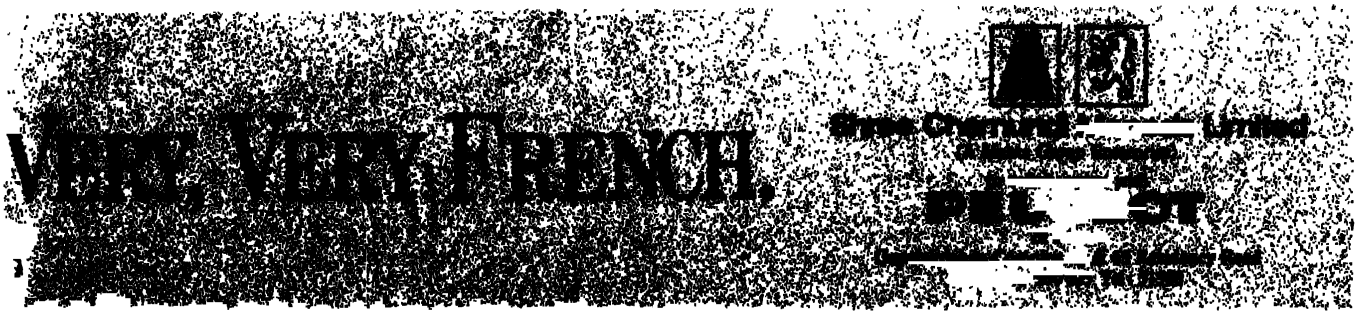
Moreover, all the major parts and components of Sportif are made by Peugeot in France.

So, that's Sportif. The stylish French superbike that gives you all the fuel economy you want. And more... All the power you want. And more... All the riding comfort you want. And more...

Now, don't you think Sportif really is the superbike you've been waiting to own?

Production commences December '84.

The Sportif logo is subject to Government approval.



Rich strain of Aussie talent

AFTER the Los Angeles Olympics, Australia are in search of younger players to take the place of ageing ones, many of their present players being over 30. But after a close look at the Australian Institute of Sports team which went home with an unbeaten record from the tour of Karachi and New Delhi, one would advise them not to worry. They have plenty of promising young talent.

The touring team, managed by Terry Walsh and coached by Richard Agiss, chief hockey coach at the Australian Institute of Sports, consisted of young players between 19 and 24 years. Three of them were in the Los Angeles team and seven of them played in the Asia-Oceania zone of the junior World Cup at Kuala Lumpur. Half a dozen of them will don the Australian jersey again at the Champions Cup tournament at Karachi in December.

To encourage hockey talent, the Australian Institute of Sports offers expert coaching to young players for 45 weeks at Perth where they also go to school or work. The tour brought to an end the course for the sixteen players who played five matches each at Karachi and New Delhi.

Judging from what one saw of the team at New Delhi, Australia will not miss players like Ric Charlesworth or Jim Irvine in the next Olympics. Manager Walsh, one of the famous goal-scorers of modern hockey, who is still very much a member of the national team, agreed.

To keep himself in proper shape for the Champions Cup, Walsh regularly had his training runs at the National Stadium.

Seeing them exercising and running round the stadium, one knew why Australian players, whatever their sport, are so fit. The Australians often moved up into attack or fell back to defence in waves of ten men—something only very fit teams can do.

But one was taken aback to be told by Agiss, also the Olympic coach, that the players were not in peak fitness. "We had not put them through a fitness schedule before the tour," he said, adding that a programme to achieve top physical condition is different from ordinary training.

Captain Nigel Patmore, Grant Mitton and goalkeeper Neil Snowden were the three Olympians in the party.

But seeing Steve Colledge and Graham Reid score goals or the tall full back Ken Wark or centre-half Warren Birmingham tackle and make long through passes for the forwards, or Brett Butcher and Wayne Morgan break through on the wings, any of them could qualify for a place in the Australian Olympic team in 1988. They provided ample proof that Australia were rich in reserves.

The Australians were rather disappointed that their games, arranged for them, were not against stiff opposition. Still, coach Agiss thought that his players had learnt a lot from the New Delhi visit, especially the games against the star-studded Indian Airlines.

"Playing against ball players like Zafar Iqbal and Mervyn Fernandez is always a rewarding experience for young players," said Agiss. Australia also has her ball artists, like Peter Haselhurts, but they do not control and move the ball at the speed of a Zafar or Fernandez.

But even the Airlines team was not at its best. The players flew in from all over the country in time for the two games which they lost two-four and three-five. They also badly missed Hardip Singh Grewal.

The toughest game the Australians had was against the Delhi Hockey Association XI. The D.H.A. team were able to put up a good show because they were already in training for the first phase of the Wills Trophy tournament. As always, the Australians went all out for victory, but the D.H.A. team managed to hold its own, with full back Sukhdev Singh especially having a good game. It was a two-all draw: the only game the young Australians were unable to win, and win convincingly.

A correspondent

A good opportunity wasted

THE visit of the Australian Institute of Sports hockey team was a splendid opportunity for the Indian Hockey Federation to provide our rising players with experience of match-play against a top class foreign team.

The Australians had written to the Indian hockey authorities well in advance, asking for matches against teams of national level assuring us that the Australian Institute of Sports were sending out a high-class team, which indeed it was.

They were happy to play against Indian Airlines and the Delhi Hockey Association eleven, who, on their day, can give a good fight to the best of teams. But the local State Bank and Customs teams were less than even club level standard. Customs could not prevent the Australian goal-rush in spite of borrowing the services of Olympic full back Vineet Kumar from Indian Airlines.

While Customs were being over run by the Australians on the Astroturf inside the National Stadium, the strong Central Reserve Police Force (CRPF) team were busy practising on the grass pitch just outside. Few teams are known to play the type of straightforward fighting hockey that the Adivasi-dominated CRPF are capable of.

Yet another match could have been arranged against our junior national team. The match could have been viewed as some sort of extension of the battles fought in the Asia-Oceania zone junior World Cup, where India lost to Australia in the final after beating them in the pool stage of the tournament. Seven players of the Australian Institute of Sports team were junior World Cup players.

Sponsoring companies would have been only too keen to do their bit if only the Indian Hockey Federation had shown the right approach. The Australians would have played to bigger audiences and the IHF would have been left considerably richer.

The famous Middlesex Twins

Premen Addy



IT was a glittering evening the other day at the Hilton Hotel. Cricket administrators, players of yesteryear and today, scribes and pundits who earn their living reporting the game, or simply enjoy talking about it, were there. They had gathered to honour the gayest pair of batsmen to have wielded the willow in English colours, at least since the war.

I refer, of course, to the incomparable Denis Compton and Bill Edrich, the famous Middlesex twins whose deeds in the never-to-be-forgotten summer of 1947 set both their country and the cricketing world alight.

The tourists that year were the South Africans under the leadership of Alan Melville and how they suffered at the hands of these cavaliers as they lost the series.

Compton scored 3,816 runs with 18 centuries and Edrich 3,539 runs with 12 hundreds and Middlesex, not surprisingly, cruised home with the County Championship.

The guests warmed themselves with the memories of those glorious months 37 years ago. The anecdotes about the two they were honouring are legion and were recounted with wit and relish by a variety of speakers.

A typical Compton call was "Yes....No...Sorry...Oh my Gawd". And with that, another batsman was on his way to the pavilion. As Trevor Bailey once remarked, with Compton the call to run, was always a subject of negotiation.

Compton, according to the late Neville Cardus, was a genius; his great contemporary, Hutton, was organised talent. The Compton sweep is remembered and talked about with the same admiration as, say, the Hammond cover drive or perhaps the Ranji leg glance. Compton made this stroke his own and present day practitioners of the sweep inevitably invite comparisons with the marvellous Denis.

Edrich was less gifted than his partner but had immense guts, as one would expect from a highly decorated World War II fighter pilot. Just before the war, he had such a dreadful Test run that his exclusion from the side became a real possibility. But he came good in the timeless Test against South Africa with 219, the match finally being abandoned as a draw after ten days as the Englishmen had to catch their homebound ship.

Edrich developed into a skilful allrounder after the War, when his opening overs with the new ball were very fast indeed. It was against Bradman's all conquering Australians that Compton and Edrich faced their most testing moments. They came through with their reputation for courage and skill intact.

Compton's wonderful innings of 184 against the full fury of Lindwall and Miller in the Nottingham Test of 1948 despite being struck on the head was recalled.

With bandages around his brow, he fought it out toe to toe with his formidable adversaries. Whatever the intensity of their battles in the middle, Compton and Miller were the closest of friends, with the latter calling his third son Denis Charles, which are of course, Compton's Christian names.

Yes, those were the days when cricketing chivalry hadn't been drowned in aggression, when such things as obscenities and remarks directed at batsmen from the close field in order to disturb their concentration were considered a slur on the game's most enduring tradition.



Denis Compton: 'Yes.....No....Sorry....Oh my Gawd'

Compton was the first professional to advertise commercially. His sleek head of hair on every Brylcream picture made him a household figure but it netted him a mere 500 pounds, considered quite a sum in those days.

So it was that the fiftieth anniversary of the coming together of the Middlesex Twins as two young apprentices at Lord's in 1934 was recorded in the plush surroundings of a West End hotel.

Shell-shocked

MEANWHILE, the present had caught up with us as the latest batch of Football League matches were played before growing crowds.

The biggest shock of the day was undoubtedly the 5-nil thrashing of Manchester United by Everton. United with their galaxy of million dollar stars were shell shocked after the match. Olsen, Robson, Strachan and the rest were totally outclassed.

For Everton the future looks rosy. Kevin Sheedy who scored two of the goals and then retired with a badly gashed forehead was given a rousing ovation by the crowd. His club has thus climbed to second place, 23 points to Arsenal's 25. The Gunners were beaten by the East Londoners, East Ham 1-3.

Tottenham are in third position with 22 points, having beaten Stoke convincingly 4-nil, while Sheffield Wednesday drop to fourth with a 1-nil defeat at the hands of Coventry. West Ham are fifth and Manchester United now stands sixth.



Gordon Strachan: outclassed

They ooze class and style

Lawrie McMenemy on the big English football clubs



Colorsport

Mark Lawrenson: stands out because of his pace

LIKE blue-blood millionaires, England's biggest football clubs ooze class and style.

Their attitude to the game was brought home to me once, when I was having a chat with Arsenal's Old Etonian chairman Dennis Hill-Wood in my office, following a Southampton-Arsenal match at The Dell.

Glancing out of the window, I caught sight of white-jacketed waiters putting plates of smoke salmon and bottles of wine on the tables of Arsenal's executive-type team coach, and joked: "You lot believe in travelling in comfort, don't you?"

"We always keep champagne in the fridge," he replied. "You never know, Lawrie...the boys might lose!"

Everton FC are a bit like that, which is one of the reasons why I am delighted at the success they have had in the last six months.

All clubs want to achieve success, but sometimes, I think that the competitive element is taken too much to the extreme.

At some English League clubs, I get the impression that visiting teams who avoid defeat are regarded almost as criminals! That's why I have a lot of respect for Everton. No matter what their result, they remain one of the most courteous and hospitable clubs in Britain.

Cynics will argue that Everton have had a great deal of practice in the art of adopting a philosophical attitude towards setbacks, having spent a number of years being totally overshadowed by their neighbours Liverpool. To me, though, it is one of the hallmarks of clubs of their stature,....a sign of genuine class.

It's rare that one finds this in a small-town club, although one exception is Ipswich. Their outlook was summed up once by their chairman John Cobbold (like Sir Dennis Hill-Wood an old Etonian), when he was asked to comment on a run of bad results. "There's no crisis," he said. "There's only a crisis here when we run out of white wine in the boardroom!"

I think it is sad that characters like John Cobbold and Sir Dennis Hill-Wood—both of whom have died—are so few and far between in the game.

There is a new breed of football League club chairmen. A number of them are young, hard-headed businessmen who are taking a much more active part in the running of their clubs than their predecessors and,

indeed, adopting the same methods which have brought them success in their own fields.

I'm not suggesting that these men aren't good for the game but, to some extent, I'm not sure that I like the sort of impersonal, clinical atmosphere they have created.

In this respect, Everton deserve much praise for managing to combine a high level of efficiency with a human touch.

There is little doubt that Everton's success this season—their tremendous 1-0 win at Liverpool put them in fourth position in the First Division—has stemmed from the confidence they gained through their League Cup and F.A. Cup runs last season.

I'd say that the League Cup Final against Liverpool was their most important turning point because, although beaten, they had good cause to feel they had been unlucky over the two matches. The experience of those matches stood them in good stead for their semi-final against Southampton, and considering the sense of purpose and drive they displayed in that tie, it came as no surprise to me when they went on to beat Watford with ease in the Final.

We met Everton again, of course, in September, getting a 2-2 draw at Goodison Park after being 0-2 behind after 10 minutes. That could prove one of Southampton's best results of the season.

Everton's rise provides a classic example of the difference that confidence can make to a team. They are unrecognisable to the side which struggled during the first half of last season.

Among the players who have blossomed the most are goalkeeper Neville Southall, central defender Kevin Ratcliffe, midfielder Peter Reid and striker Adrian Heath.

Ratcliffe stands out because of his pace. There are a lot of quick central defenders in the First Division but Ratcliffe, like Liverpool's Mark Lawrenson, seems to have an extra gear. Reid is also worthy of special mention, considering the anguish he has experienced through his injury problems in the past.

When he was at Bolton, and involved in a lengthy dispute with the club—he refused to play for them for more than two months—he reportedly turned down a transfer to Arsenal because they weren't prepared to pay him the basic salary he wanted. At that time, I was asked for an opinion about Reid and I remember saying: "If the lad wants to be a First Division star, he has blown it."

I think he has been very fortunate to join a club like Everton.

I was discussing Liverpool's decline at Wembley last week with Peter Shreeves and David Pleast, managers of Tottenham and Luton. The interesting thing about our conversation was that, while we all agreed that Liverpool have a number of problems, not one of us was prepared to dismiss their chances of winning something this season.

"We can't do that," I joked, "because we all realise that our teams have still got to face them!"

I really do have the feeling that Liverpool will not end the season empty-handed. The same applies to Everton.



Kevin Ratcliffe (left): an extra gear

Will Delhi host the Olympics?

Lokesh Sharma seeks the answer

SPORT has two arenas: the Coliseum and the Parliament House. When Baron Pierre de Coubertin revived the Olympic Games in 1896 the purpose was noble and peaceful. But the modern Olympic Games have not been utilised so much for international understanding as for protecting national interests and ideologies.

Politics has become an inherent part of the Olympic Games.

New Delhi may benefit from the international political climate when the venue for the 1992 Olympic Games is decided in the 90th International Olympic Committee Session at the new IOC headquarters at Lausanne in 1986. Six cities have expressed their desire to host the Games of the XXV Olympiad. Of them,only New Delhi is a corridor unscathed by the recent crossfire between east and west.

Four of the six bidders—Barcelona, Brisbane, Paris and Amsterdam—have definite pro-west leaning and are therefore unacceptable to the East Bloc. Belgrade is the other bidder and Yugoslavia is neutral like India. Significantly, both countries are the founder-members of the Non-aligned Movement. But the scales are tilted slightly against Belgrade as another Yugoslav city, Sarajevo, hosted the 1984 Winter Games. So, by laws of equal distribution, New Delhi is the favourite.

This time the IOC is going to weigh the political affiliation of a country more than its ability to host the Games. Remember what happened to Moscow and Los Angeles and now threatens to happen to Seoul. The Games of 1988 had become an issue even before the Los Angeles Games started. South Korea is considered to be a satellite nation of the USA and does not have diplomatic relations with many countries, prominent among them being Italy, the East Bloc nations and the Peoples' Republic of China.

Besides, North Korea is an important ally of the Soviet Union in South Asia. North Korea, in fact, announced on September 22 that it would boycott the Games and ask others to follow suit.

The East Bloc countries have already started lobbying for changing the venue of the 1988 Games and the Yugoslav Olympic chief, Caslav Veljic, has offered to host the Games at Belgrade, if the need arises. It is highly unlikely that the venue will be changed. Seoul is already prepared for the Games. But in case the Games are shifted, then New Delhi's chances will brighten.

The IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch has repeatedly said that there is no question of shifting the Games from Seoul. In an attempt to sort out the differences, the IOC is holding a special Session in Lausanne in December this year which is something unprecedented in its 90-year existence. Once the IOC manages to find a solution, its next step will be to please the dissatisfied East Bloc. Another factor in New Delhi's favour.



Juan Antonio Samaranch

In fact, only one point is against New Delhi and that is the IOC practice of not having successive Games in the same continent. Since Seoul is hosting the 1988 Games, the next Games must be held outside Asia. But the 1996 Games have already been awarded to Athens, where Baron de Coubertin's dream took shape. The ancient city will celebrate the centenary of the Games. So, if the 1992 Games are awarded to a European city, then two successive Games will be held in the same continent. This unique situation defeats all arguments against New Delhi.

Paris is the other likely candidate as history speaks in its favour. On November 25, 1892, Baron de Coubertin convened the first Olympic Congress in the University of Sorbonne, Paris. The French plan to commemorate the 100 years of that historic event.

Paris stands to benefit from the fact that quite a few influential Frenchmen are interested to see the Games in their capital city. A leading sports goods manufacturer has its parallel headquarters near Paris and wants to have the Games in the city to get the maximum mileage out of them.

Significantly, this company has strong links with the IOC and has received favours earlier also. Last year, when there was a proposal to give the exclusive commercial rights of the Olympic flag, motto, flame and symbol, to a private company, the choice had narrowed down to a newly-floated company (International Sports Leisure, Lucerne, Switzerland) whose maximum shares were held by the owner of this sports goods manufacturer.

Among others, the president of the Association of National Olympic Committee; Mario Vasquez Rana, had some interests in the International Sports Leisure. The influence of this sports goods manufacturer in the IOC corridors is obvious.

Each candidate city has something or the other against it. New Delhi may have some infrastructural inadequacies, but, as far as political considerations are concerned it appears to be the most acceptable choice.

Youth triumphs over experience

THE four-day Duleep Trophy semi-final between West Zone and South Zone offered an opportunity to the country's second string of cricketers to parade their talent. And it South Zone triumphed, it was simply because its youthful side had a better balance than the experienced West Zone squad.

Both sides were depleted as their leading players were doing national duty in Pakistan but West Zone seemed to suffer a bit more. With seven of its players, Sunil Gavaskar, Dilip Vengsarkar, Sandeep Patil, Ravi Shastri, Balwinder Sandhu, Anshuman Gaekwad and Gulam Parkar away in Pakistan as against South Zone who missed Roger Binny, Syed Kirmani and Shivlal Yadav, West Zone had its task cut out but failed to rise to the occasion.

West Zone's captain Raju Bhalekar won the toss and decided to have first use of the wicket, but must have soon regretted his decision because both the openers were back in the pavilion after just seven balls had been bowled. For the only time in the match when the wicket had some life in it, promising opener Lalchand Rajput played Shekhar's fourth ball onto his wicket, while Ranjit Khanvilkar with his very first delivery got through the defence of Riaz Poonawalla.

Chandrakant Pandit was joined by Bhalekar at the wicket and the two somewhat steadied the rocking boat. Pandit, in particular, played an attractive innings of 31 before he was consumed at first slip by Abdul Jabbar off Arshad Ayub. Pandit, who hit four fours in a stay of 79 minutes, made his exit with the team score being 62. At the same total, off spinner Arshad Ayub was able to convince the umpire about the ultimate direction of the ball which Milind Gunjal blocked with his leg guards. With West Zone at 62 for four in a mere 17 overs, the fate of the match was more or less decided.

Soon after, Sivaramakrishnan beat Kiran More with his flighted leg spinner and Jabbar took the second of his three catches. Next followed a fruitful partnership between Raju Bhalekar and Suresh Keshwalla around which the West Zone total was built. Bhalekar used the lofted drive to effectively combat the three-pronged spin attack in the shape of Laxman Sivaramakrishnan, Raghuram Bhat and Arshad Ayub. In a stay of little over three hours, Bhalekar reached the ropes 10 times in his 75. Along with Keshwalla, who used brute power, the pair added 68 before the former fell to the Ayub-Jabbar combination.

Up till now, South Zone's ground fielding had been rather good but their catching left a lot to be desired. And West Zone could have been bowled out for less than 228 had the South Zone fielders held their catches.

Keshwalla (49) and Raju Kulkarni (40) both hit five fours and a six to provide some respectability to the West Zone total. Besides, the fact that last man Ravi Thakkar batted for an hour in the company of Kulkarni, indicated that West Zone had only themselves to blame for their predicament.

Arshad Ayub bagged three wickets for his splendid effort while, Bhat and Shivaramakrishnan had two victims each. For South Zone the bad news was that star batsman Mohammed Azharuddin was injured during fielding while trying to stop a full blooded drive.

Srikkanth and Vishwanath started confidently against West Zone's new ball attack of Kulkarni and Keshwalla. While Sadanand Vishwanath went for his strokes, Srikkanth was keen on not surrendering the initiative. The fifty was hoisted in an hour off 14.4 overs, while the hundered came in 113 minutes off 23.2 overs, and the 150 in a mere 140 minutes off 23.2 overs.



Srikkanth: a fluent ton

It was at this juncture that Vishwanath left, being bowled by Ashok Patel. Vishwanath's 74 included a six and 10 boundaries, while Srikkanth reached his hundred with the help of 17 hits to the fence.

Ranjit Khanvilkar and Madhavan added 192 for the third wicket in 190 minutes and none of the West Zone bowlers seemed to make any impression on them. The latter, in fact, was unlucky that he fell five short of the three-figure mark. Left handed Madhavan played elegantly off his legs and was the perfect foil to the right handed Khanvilkar. After Madhavan's exit, the South Zone run rate dropped and Khanvilkar in particular was guilty of not keeping the scoreboard busy That apart, Khanvilkar's six-hour vigil, during which he scored 156, ensured that South Zone would enjoy a massive first innings lead. And when Khanvilkar left, the score was 517 for 5.

Qayum, who remained unbeaten with 61, and Jabbar, who made 32, along with the remaining batsmen failed to force the pace in order to give themselves enough time to bowl out West Zone in the second innings. After 153.1 overs had been bowled in 624 minutes, South Zone's innings came to an end with the total at 593, 16 minutes before tea on the third day. Thus, South Zone enjoyed a first innings lead of 365.

In the second innings, West Zone had their moments of anxiety but nevertheless survived the ordeal. Five down for 307 with 150 minutes playing time remaining, West Zone, at one stage, were in deep trouble. Both Gunjal and Pandit recorded hundreds while Rajput, Keshwalla, and Poonawalla reached the half century mark. West Zone finally ended the day at 491 for 6 in 490 minutes in 128 overs. The game being called off after the 14th mandatory over, victory was South Zone's by virtue of their first innings lead.

Haresh Munwani

North Zone find the going easy

CENTRAL ZONE's skipper Sanjeev Rao must be still cursing himself for foolishly electing to bat on a green top wicket. The Pune wicket, which is usually a batting paradise, had a lot of green patches this time. The North Zone speedsters Manoj Prabhakar and Rajinder Ghai exploiting these ideal conditions had the Central batsmen in all sorts of trouble, bundling them out for a paltry 88, their lowest ever in Duleep Trophy. They had scored 90 in 1965-66 at Indore against North.

A slow over rate gave a bonus of 12 runs to the Central Zone making their total reach a 100 runs. Openers Shashikant Khandkar and Padam Shastri, with 20 each to their credit, were the only batsmen among the runs. The pace duo of Prabhakar and Ghai bowling in tandem were a sight to watch as they reared up the ball menacingly from those odd green patches, completely unnerving the batsmen.

Much was expected from the talented young Central Zone batsmen, especially Sanju Mudkav, who had scored 184 runs against East Zone in the quarter-finals at Bombay. But they had no answer to the speed and accuracy generated by Prabhakar and Ghai.

North Zone had fielded as many as seven national-level players and a tall score was naturally expected, considering their strong batting line-up. But Chetan Chauhan and Navjot Sidhu, who opened for North, were in all sorts of trouble against enterprising Central spearhead Pradip Sundaram.

This bespectacled six-footer with a fluent bowling action had Chetan Chauhan edging no less than four times in the slip and gully region. But unfortunately for Sundaram, his butterfingered colleagues saw to it that Chauhan finished the day at 62 with as many as four lives.

Resuming on the second day, Chauhan made 98 with the help of two more lives before Sundaram trapped him with a ball which came in. Chauhan, throughout his innings, was a mirage of his true self and, in all probability, one feels he is over the hill. None of the strokes made by him had a stamp of true class.

The other big guns, Ashok Malhotra and Kirti Azad, could not strike form and fell to what could be termed as irresponsibility on their part. Malhotra stepped out wide to strike spinner Mudkavi and saw his castle being disrupted by stumper Chaturvedi. He made 18.

Azad, on the other hand, mistimed a hook shot and was caught by substitute Hassan at mid-on off a Rudra Pratap Singh delivery. He made 13.

After this, one was witness to some exciting batting on the part of Manoj Prabhakar, Yashpal Sharma and Gursharan. Gursharan was his steady self and compiled a neat 63 with six hits to the fence while Yashpal, on the comeback trail, recorded the only century of the match making exactly hundred in 211 minutes with 12 fours. But Manoj Prabhakar, who unfortunately missed the Pakistan tour, set the ground ablaze with a livewire 54 in just 76 minutes with eight hits to the fence and a six over long on.

Thus North made 407, putting Central to bat with the ignominy of an innings defeat facing them.

The wicket was playing a lot easier the second time around and Shashikant Khandkar and Padam Shastri played brilliant cricket to record an opening partnership of 137 runs which eclipsed the previous best of a 112 made by Suryaveer Singh and Laxman Singh against North Zone in 1971-72. But the moment Shastri left, caught superbly by an alert Sidhu off Prabhakar, the slide started once again and Central found themselves at 194 for six.



Gursharan Singh: a neat 63

The middle order failed again, this time to left arm speedster Sunil Walson who claimed four scalps. Khandkar, showing glimpses of his talent, executed some real good shots all around the wicket. Especially the pulls off back foot through mid wicket and the powerful drives through cover and extra cover provided the right momentum for the demoralised team and the hundred was recorded in 87 minutes off 18 overs. Shastri too showed aggression, hooking Walson for two sixes over fine leg and square leg.

The rout was steadied somewhat by some rearguard action on the part of Gopal Sharma who cracked a quick 46 inclusive of seven fours in 66 minutes. Sunil Chaturvedi, the wicket-keeper-batsman remained unbeaten on 66 in 213 minutes as Central closed their second essay at 302.

An extra 24 runs given to Central forced the Northerners to come out and get 20 runs for victory. Chetan Chauhan, unbeaten on 19, and Arun Sharma recorded the runs in 14 minutes on the fourth day. To everybody's amusement, even this time, Chauhan got a reprieve when the Central slips let go a snick off a Sundaram outswinger.

To conclude, one could say that Prabhakar and Ghai with five wickets each for 28 and 33 in the first innings respectively were the men who turned the match completely. Khandkar and Padam Shastri with 100 and 60, respectively, to their credit in the second innings showed how wrong their skipper Sanjeev Rao was in electing to bat on an unreliable green top, falling easy prey to the speed bowlers.

If the Central fielding was not as bad as it was, and catches were not dropped at crucial junctures, North could have been given quite a tough time in this match. The bowler to suffer the most being Pradeep Sundaram who really bowled his heart out.

Rahul Chandawarkar

Sikkim Governor's Gold Cup

Underdogs to the fore

Subhash Sarcar reports from Gangtok

IT was the last day of the month of October, 1984 That fateful day Mrs Indira Gandhi was gunned down Gangtok's Paljor ground witnessed a record crowd It also saw underdogs Jamshedpur SA and debutants Mohun Bagan battle in the finals of the sixth Governor's Gold Cup Football tourna ment And it saw how a fighting Jamshedpur outfit slowly fell apart after a sparkling start

Referee Shetty pointed to the cen tre spot after Krishnagopal Chow dhury tapped the ball home off a Krishanu Dey pass in the dying minute of the first half Then there was a hush all of a sudden

It was the darkest hour in the history of the nation The news spread like wildfire that our beloved Indira Priyadarshini had been shot at Everyone was dumbfounded But the Sikkim Football Association president, Mr P K Pradhan, had to take a decision He had a hurried discussion with the All India Football Federation secretary, Mr Ashoke Ghosh, who was present as the chief guest The unanimous decision was to stop the match and declare the two finalists joint winners The crowd silently re traced their path back home

From a Rs 3-lakh budget since 1980 the costs of the tournament have escalated twofold with better teams taking part However the organisers do not find it much of a problem as the money is shelled out from the public exchequer and the entire government machinery is pressed into service

All this is being done to promote the sport in this border State where most people cannot afford to go out of Gangtok and see a good side in action And Sikkim is really profiting from it, the surest sign of which was the performance of Sikkim Reds

There can be no two opinions that as long as P K Pradhan, Karma Yougel, Durga Thirani, Mundra, N K Thapa, M K Pradhan and a few others are at the helm of affairs, the tournament will go a long way However, the SFA boss wants to gradually hand over the responsibility to the local businessmen Therefore, public cooperation is essential to achieve the desired goal —an august tournament

There were altogether 15 teams in the tournament, including eight from Calcutta However, Nepal XI couldn't make it because of the communica tions gap during Diwali celebrations But the teams that impressed most



Sikkim Reds' Khagen Dewan chases Satyajit Ghose. Bagan managed to beat the local side 2-1 in the quarters

A new rule

A NEW clause was included in the Sikkim Governor's Gold Cup tournament rules The win ners of the Gold Cup will have to return the trophy to the Football Association before the team leaves Gangtok In compensation, the winning team will be presented with a 'token trophy' duly in scribed, which the team could re tain permanently

The reason for this new rule was simple Punjab Police, the holders for the past two years, had to return the Cup by the month of July but did not do so According to the SFA president, "When we finalised the tournament in September, Punjab Police confirmed their entry and promised to bring the trophy "

But, they withdrew without any intimation and as a result, there was no trophy to be displayed during the early stages of the tournament Finally, the trophy was brought to Gangtok by six police personnel but by then it was too late to avoid the embarrass sment

AIFF to penalise erring teams

THE All India Football Federation will shortly enforce a FIFA rule to penalise a team which withdraws from a tournament after confirming its participation This issue cropped up when Punjab Police the holders of the Governors Gold Cup, withdrew after confirming its entry which put the organisers in a quandary

The AIFF secretary, Mr Ashoke Ghosh, who was present as the chief guest, was questioned about this We have no such rule in the federation to penalise an erring team, although it does exist in the FIFA rule book The Asian Football Association ordered Macao to pay AIFF a penalty of 500 dollars for withdrawing from the Asian Cup after confirming its entry The federation is soon going to implement this rule You can be sure of it," asserted Mr Ghosh before the finals between Mohun Bagan and Jamshedpur XI at the Paljor Stadium

Mohun Bagan had agreed to make its debut in the tournament thanks to the effort of the Sikkim Football Association representative in Calcutta, Pannalal Chatterjee - who has been striving to get the Calcutta teams to play at Gangtok since the tournament's inception 'This year, we wanted to restrict the number of teams to 16 and endeavoured to get one of the best teams from all over the country We were content with two big names even after Gorkha Brigade Tamil Nadu XI and the



SFA president P K Pradhan

BSF intimated their inability to participate as they had promised the Durand Cup organisers earlier said the SFA president Mr Purna Kumar Pradhan

"Why should teams commit themselves if they are unable to take part and, that too when they make the schedule according to their choice? Besides Punjab Police EME Secunderabad and CRPF Neemuch, did not come even after giving the green signal A re schedule was necessitated which affected the collection as public enthusiasm ebbed considerably although we had a sellout on the final day, confessed Mr Pradhan

Fortunately Mohammedan Sporting readily flew from Calcutta to replace the fancied Punjab Police team The presence of two big teams was a saving grace of the Sikkim organisers

are a junior NISA Manipur side, who made their maiden appearance in a major tournament, Sikkim Reds and Jamshedpur SA

The Manipuris played their first match of the season as back at Imphal the local league has been suspended due to a court injunction Yet, they humbled Aryan in the quarters The boys are fighters, but junior internationals Mani Gangmai and N Laxmi earned the applause for their stellar performances Gangmai has got speed and can dribble well What he needed was good support which no one in his team could provide So was the case with Laxmi, who waged a lone battle to hold the defence

To play with Mohun Bagan was a privilege for the Manipuris They went all out initially, but floundered against the experienced Bagan side in the semis

The boys were nervous and nothing went right after sometime except that their goalkeeper P Satyajit once showed good anticipation, when he charged out to fist a Prasanta Banerjee angular shot Gangmai faltered after some good moves on the midfield Krishnagopal scored two of the three goals –the first one off a Manas Bhattacharya pass and the other when Agurung Kabui's back header saw Krishnagopal shoot with glee Arup Das chipped over the goalie's head into the net off a Fareed lob

Sikkim Reds never had it so good in the tournament reaching the quarters to meet Bagan But never underestimate your opponents Bagan were overconfident, although playing on a sandy surface was definitely a problem for them They couldn't turn fast with the ball nor were they able to impress in the first half The Reds fought doggedly and Bishnu Thapa came close to scoring after snatching the ball from Pratap Ghosh

But in a counter attack, a move by Bidesh Manas and Krishnagopal saw Prasanta find the net Minutes later the ball drifted home from the boots of Bikash Panji

But Bagan had to pay for their mistakes Samar Bhattacharjee made some lapses and on one occasion Walter Stolke missed the goal by a whisker while on another Udai Rai's shot was frantically saved by Pratap

However Urgen Lama played the lead role Even if they had territorial advantage in the latter session the Reds finishing was poor Samar made a costly blunder for allowing Stolke to slam home after the ball deflected off the bar from a Udai Rai attempt

Samar could have made a quick clearance instead of dilly dallying for Rai to snatch the ball Medio Fareed was a mere passenger

Reds had their chance to equalise when Samar handled the ball, but Dulal Ghosh hasn't the temperament to convert a penalty against a big team his shot went wide over the bar Anyway, Sikkim Reds tried hard and lost but never disgraced In spite of the absence of three key players—Jerry Basi, first keeper C Chanda, wing half Topgay and Hungoo Tsering—Reds played well

Incidentally, this very team lost to Bagan in the Darjeeling Gold Cup in 1979 when Shyam Thapa netted the lone goal in the dying minutes of the semi final match That year Mohun Bagan played in an exhibition match at Gangtok and drew 1 1, but it was for the first time Bagan entered the Gold Cup

Jamshedpur SA came to the tournament after they were recommended as a very strong side They thrashed Rajasthan and made their presence felt They were considered favourites against Mohammedan Sporting in the first semis Mohammedan S C. moved up, but they were saved by the skin of their teeth when Taltolla Institute

launched a spirited onslaught on them.

However, Mohammedan S.C's prestige took a nosedive when Jamshedpur beat them by a solitary goal. Composed mainly of Adivasi boys and a few Bengalis who are employed with TISCO and its two sister concerns, JSA has all Bihar State players. Their strategy was to go all out in the 4-2-4 formation.

One may offer the excuse that the Mohammedan S.C. players were not accustomed to playing on such a sandy surface, but at the same time one cannot doubt that Shabbir Ali, Jamshed and Moidul flopped. Moreover, the midfield was not working, in spite of Prasun Banerjee's presence. No wonder, JSA forwards Vijay Kumar and Jagdish Kumar particularly troubled the rival defence

Jagdish is an exceptionally good forward Some of his defence-splitting passes aided by his tremendous punch made him the cynosure of all eyes in this match

But it was skill that they lacked. They missed a precious chance in the first half off a move by brothers Jagdish and Vijay. Diehard K C. Murmu had shown speed and stamina and played all over the field. He has the makings of a good midfielder while Miller Raut was the pillar of strength in the defence.



An aerial tussle for the ball between Shabbir Ali and a Jamshedpur player in the semis



Mohun Bagan's Arup Das leaps to head the ball in front of the NISA Manipur goal in the semis. Bagan won 3-0

Mohammedan S.C. let them off the hook in the first half itself They were overconfident and the opponents cashed in on it. Subir Sarkar was kept on the sideline in favour of Pradip Talukdar, who was no match for the Jamshedpur boys. Sarkar was brought later but his presence proved futile.

But the inevitable occurred seven minutes into the second session. In a fast match one blunder can sound the death knell for a team especially when Jagdish and Vijay were always hawking for the ball. And it so happened when Pem, who had all the time in the world to clear the ball from the penalty area backpassed to Atanu Bhattacharjee and Jagdish pounced on it and banged it home.

Mohammedan S.C tried desperately to get the equaliser and they did come close to it. But the quicksilver S. K. Hansada confidently clutched on to the ball. Hansada had on a number of occasions showed excellent anticipation. And that was the end of the road for the Calcutta team. The Jamshedpur side deserved a victory and they earned it to meet Mohun Bagan in the final.

Subroto Cup Football

Car Nicobar in the driver's seat

K THOMAS' boys from Car Nicobar at last brought to end the three year reign of Madhyamgram High School in the Subroto Mukherjee Cup football tournament There was not a better team in the entire tournament for what can be called the "Schools football cup of India" and not another forward with the same explosive shot as that in Thomas' boots

Very deservingly, Government Senior Secondary School, Car Nicobar beat Government High School, Dimapur, Nagaland in the final and appropriately Thomas scored the only goal Well as the Nagaland boys fought, it would have come as no surprise had Car Nicobar won the match by a three goal margin

Standing between them and more goals was the Dimapur goalkeeper K Kamchungmai who proved how richly he deserved the scholarship he was awarded by the expert committee appointed by the tournament organisers

It was a refreshing final to watch between teams of boys strong in the legs and lungs Both teams tackled with vigour and had little hesitation in shoulder charging But for all the knocks given and taken the players did not lose their cool After all it was only a game of football

Earlier in the semi final Car Nicobar had defeated holders Madhyamgram by the convincing score of three nil Madhyamgram are the only school to have won the tournament for three consecutive years Car Nicobar had a special reason to give of their best against the holders of the cup from West Bengal

In last year's semi final between the two teams, Car Nicobar had walked out in the second half after two of their players including Thomas were shown the red card

What a moment it was for captain Thomas this year! This was his fourth, and last year in the tournament and the thrill of receiving the cup from the Chief of the Army Staff, General A S Vaidya, will never be forgotten by him all his life

Car Nicobar had won the tourna-



The winners Car Nicobar jubilantly hold aloft the Subroto Cup

These lads have plenty of talent

AFTER watching some of the promising boys in the Subroto Mukherjee Cup football tournament, one was left wondering if the best talents in the country had been given a fair trial before the Indian team for the Asian Schools football tournament, held in New Delhi earlier, was selected

A Thomas or a Davidson from Car Nicobar could have done the country proud had they been given a chance But one understands the Schools Games Federation of India (SGFI) restricted their choice to those seen only in their own tournaments.

There have been many cases when boys have not been able to play in the SGFI tournaments for one reason or another

Every year the Subroto Cup organisers provide a list of outstanding players spotted in their tournament to the SGFI and the State education departments, recommending suitable follow-up action But the effort is lost

It will only be proper if at least those selected for scholarship awards by the expert committee of the Subroto Cup are invited for training camps and trials before the Indian Schools team is selected.

The Subroto Cup is a unique service in the cause of schoolboy football and the prestige it had acquired in the quarter century of its existence is the result of the infrastructure available in the shape of the sponsorship by the Durand football tournament society

It is, in fact, a missionary movement which has spread and grown in importance with each passing year

The SGFI should show a more positive attitude to the tournament by not only closely observing it but also actively co-operating with it

This year, one noted the presence of the AIFF president and secretary, Khalifa Ziauddin and Ashoke Ghosh, on the chairs for special guests arranged by the sideline near the Ambedkar Stadium grandstand. But these gentlemen were there only because they happened to be in Delhi for the quadrennial elections of the Indian Olympic Association. Surely, even they could not have missed noting the talent of boys like Thomas and Davidson

But who cares for the "Kala Pani" islands and its young footballers? At least, the Subroto Cup organisers do, and their efforts deserve to be encouraged.

It was heartening that a scholarship was instituted in the name of the late Trilok Lau, a well-known former Delhi footballer, coach, FIFA referee and commentator, by his club, New Delhi Heroes Mr Lau died after a heart attack earlier this year The Lau scholarship went to Arjun Naik of Municipal High School, Orissa

The scholarship winners:

Davidson, K. Thomas and Anand (all from Government Senior Secondary School, Car Nicobar), Abhijit Ray Choudhury (Madhyamgram High School, (West Bengal), Jacinto Bahratt (Don Bosco, Panaji, Goa), Sat Pal (Govt. H.S , Mahilpur, Punjab), Manotosh Roy and Ashim Banerjee (NCC Group Hq. Kalyani), M C. Kabui (St. Anthony's, Shillong, Meghalaya), Dilip K.P. Bharma (Govt. H.S. Kokrajhar, Assam), Lalchwiliana (Pianghleia H.S. Mizoram), K Kamchungmai and Dibambo (both Govt. H.S., Dimapur, Nagaland), Deepak Gyandeep, (Hindi H S Gujarat), Suresh K. (G.V. Raja Sports School, Kerala), Raghunath Chauhan (Govt. School, Moti Bagh, Delhi) Arjun Naik (Municipal H.S., Orissa).

ment in 1966 and 67 and were joint winners with Gorkha Boys Company, Dehra Dun, in 1969.

Car Nicobar opened their campaign with a 5-0 victory over Sukhamoy High School, Tripura. Their next win, five-nil again, over 1978 champions St. Anthony's, Shillong, took them into the quarter-finals where they eliminated N.C.C. Group, Kalyani 2-1. Then came the triumphs over Madhyamgram and Dimapur.

Of the 16 goals scored by Car Nicobar, Davidson got 7 goals and Thomas (5). John Augustine, (3) and Anand (1) accounted for the remaining goals.

A 30-yard shot, punched out by Kamchungmai a few minutes before half-time, drew praise from none other than Puran Bahadur Thapa, one of the all-time greats of Indian football. The portly, retired Colonel, now settled in Shillong, was reminded of another famous Gorkha team-mate Sri Bahadur. "Remember these sudden long booming shots by Sri Bahadur? This boy Thomas has the same shot," he said.

Compared to the record of the Car Nicobar team, Dimapur's progress to the final was not so convincing. Starting with a 3-1 win in extra time over Government School, Nawakadal, Srinagar, they beat Raiganj Corporation High School, West Bengal, 2-0. They, then edged out Pianghleia High School, Aizawl, 1-0, in the quarter-final and Don Bosco High School, Goa also 1-0, in the semi-final. The Dimapur school were joint cup winners in 1980 and runners-up the following year to Madhyamgram.

As usual, the organisers made a good show of the tournament. As always, they were alert to catch the cheats. There was the case of at least two teams, Raiganj Corporation School, West Bengal, and Dimapur, who after a pre-match check were left with no players at all on the bench. But then all this is an old story.

The Subroto Cup is the most sought after football trophy for schools and every year there will be some teams who regard a little cheating in order, but they would do well to remember the risks involved.

The Subroto Cup organisers are in the habit of maintaining records very methodically, are strict about rules and have their own panel of doctors to determine the ages of doubtful cases.

The Subroto Cup is not all football for schoolboys from the far-flung parts of the country. It is part of their education and a character-building experience.

A Correspondent

CAB youngsters impress

Pradeep Paul reports from Digwadih Stadium, Jamadoba

AS you get off the Trekker that has jolted you from Dhanbad railway station to Jamadoba and try to acclimatise yourself to standing on terra firma, the first thing that hits you is the dust. The Trekker roars off and you are left in another cloud of dust.

The dust is everywhere. It is almost an inch thick on the roads, with the tarmac barely showing through. It settles in your hair, clogs your nose, grits up your ears and chafes the skin under your collar.

Only after you have showered and changed into a fresh set of clothes can you try to concentrate on anything else. And what better thing to do to relax than watch cricket.

The Tata Collieries Sports Association held their 8th T.C.S.A. Invitation Cricket tournament at the Digwadih Stadium, Jamadoba. Six teams were invited this year, namely, Y.P. Dhawan's XI which consisted of Bihar's Ranji Trophy players, the remaining were playing for the Dhanbad Cricket Association President's XI. State Bank of India, Calcutta had a star-studded team consisting mainly of players from Bengal. The M.N. Dastur XI was another entry, with the rest of the Bengal players and probables distributed in the other two teams, the CAB XI and Samar Paul's XI.

The first match was played on 20 October. This match was a one-day match with each side allotted 50 overs to bat, as was the system with all the matches except the final which was a two-day match. The State Bank of India, Calcutta XI took on the Dhanbad Cricket Association President's XI. A low scoring match, it was won by the Calcutta team by a clear margin of six wickets. Dhanbad XI scored 111 in 45.2 overs and the Calcutta team replied woth 113 for four in just 27.2 overs.

The second day of the tournament saw Y.P. Dhawan's XI playing against the CAB XI. The CAB squad comprised very young and upcoming players with a couple of old warhorses to keep them together. They impressed a lot and, if they curb their impetuousity, can pull off many an upset. CAB took first turn at bat and rattled up 224 runs for the loss of six wickets with Kalyan Dhall scoring 61 and B. Das scoring a century (101). These two notched up a 125-run partnership for the first wicket.

In reply, Dhanbad Cricket Association President's XI could only last out for 44 overs in which they scored 171. Skipper Hari Gidwani led the scoring with 59.

The first semi-final was played on 22 October between the CAB XI and, last year's runner-up, M.N. Dastur XI. This match saw a very unusual mode of victory as CAB beat M.N. Dastur on a better run average as play had to be stopped early because of bad light. Batting first, CAB scored 266 for the loss of four wickets. Rajesh Dani scored a promising 102 n.o. and Amit Hore contributed a valuable 75. These two shared a fourth wicket partnership of 160 runs. The most successful Dastur bowler was P. Neogy who took 3 for 41.

What better way to relax than watch cricket

The Dastur XI replied with 224 for the loss of eight wickets when bad light conditions forced the draw of stumps after they had batted for 48.4 overs. But with 42 runs to get in 1.2 overs (eight balls), the possibility of Dastur making it was remote. Raja Venkat scored 45 and so did the experienced Nandu Chandravarkar who ran himself out in an effort to speed up the scoring.

The other semi-final was the stuff that nail-biting stories are made of. State Bank of India, Calcutta batted first and notched up 205 for nine in 46 overs. Skipper Pranab Roy (40) and Palash Nandy (46) were the main scorers and doing the wicket-taking for Samar Paul's XI were Satindra Nandy (three for 37) and Biswajit Bhowmick (two for 39).

In the Samar Paul team's turn at bat, the issue was quite evenly poised till the later stages when the Bank team appeared to have taken a firm hold of the game. It was at this stage, when Samar Paul's XI were reeling at 162 for eight and still needing 44 runs to win with two wickets in hand, that Satindra Nandy and Aloke Kanjilal came to life and played a stellar innings to lead their team to 208 for eight with just four balls to spare.

After this match, the final was a bit of a let down, as far as excitement was concerned. Samar Paul's XI took guard first and suffered a setback as Barun Burman struck in his opening spell to leave them at 6 for one. From then on it was a slow drag with Prabal Ghose and Farasatullah taking charge of the proceedings. At lunch, they were 122 for one with Ghose on 45 and Farasatullah on a well made 72. By the end of the day, Samar Paul's XI had reached a safe total of 338. Farasatullah scored 131 and Prabal Ghose 100.

The bowling honours went to the bearded Sujan Mukherjee who, despite an injured finger on his bowling hand, bowled manfully to end up three for 145 off 36 overs.

With the final being a two-day affair, many a thought was going around if it would not have been better to have restricted it to just a day. Anyway, looking at the game itself, it was not an imposing total and CAB would have to score on an average, just 3.75 runs, per over.

However on 25 October, the CAB XI played very tamely and were all out for a meagre 253. All the batsmen except Kalyan Dhall played quite irresponsibly and were out for low scores. Dhall was the only batsman who stuck it out and scored 108. Barun Burman also had a slog towards the end and was last out on 46. The Paul XI bowlers shared the bowling honours with Susanta Bhattacharya getting three for 53 and Farasatullah, Satindra Nandy and Champi Chatterjee getting two apiece.

All in all, a very enjoyable tournament and Samar Paul XI keep the trophy for yet another year. And I was back to the dust and the grime.

A man who doesn't look for excuses

Raju Mukherji profiles Aveek Mitra, East Zone's star cricketer

IF my intuition be correct then it will be Bengal's Aveek Mitra's handsome figure that will herald a welcome return to those days of early stability when Gavaskar and Chauhan walked out to open the country's innings.

Aveek is essentially an opening bat whose fearlessness and fortitude have brought him into the forefront of national reckoning. Yet, by a strange quirk of fate it is his own State and Zone who are indirectly jeopardising his chances by thoughtlessly forcing him to go low down the ladder. Thankfully, however, such a careless approach has not wrecked his confidence. In fact it has made him all the more resolute and determined. Let Aveek take over, "Yes, I am an opener and prefer to open the innings but if for the benefit of my team I am asked to go lower down I shall certainly try to do my best in that position."

That certainly is a line from Dale Carnegie and that certainly will take this young man of 26 a long, long way. Positive approach coupled with a selfless spirit is a rare combination of character and if such qualities are not nurtured, then Indian cricket will be a loser in the long run.

The ebony, six-feet plus frame holds not an ounce of excess weight because Aveek, over the years, has been nothing short of a maniac as far as physical training is concerned. Even during winters of discontent his was a presence that the gymnasium was never deprived of. In the summer months, while in India, it was divided loyalty between rugby and swimming.

Today, as Aveek takes his confident stance, little do the spectators realise that only three years ago he was having a trying time to fit into one of the club sides of Calcutta because of typical maidan petty politics.

Aveek Mitra's cricket career veered through the usual inter-State, schools and university cricket and made its entry at the first class level in 1978-79 in the pre-quarter final encounter at Bangalore where Aveek played a very responsible innings of 40 odd.

However, next season the Bengal selectors forgot all about the young man. Gradually, and for no apparent reason, he vanished into oblivion from the first-class scene for the next three seasons.

In 1982, Aveek, in utter frustration, rejoined Aryan Club.

A complete transformation took place almost overnight as it were. He raced to a 1000 runs target—rather rare in Calcutta club cricket these days—but still could not draw the attention of the then shy Bengal selectors. In the summer he spent a very worthwhile interlude in the northern leagues of England and came back to Calcutta all set to conquer the cricket fields.

And conquer he did. In style and splendour. Shifted and shunted around the Bengal batting order, he batted with courage and conviction, silencing those who had time and again questioned his credentials.

First he met Bihar with a solid straight bat to the tune of 137 not out. Next he blasted Orissa for 59 thereby proving that his stroke play was no inferior to his defence. Then against Delhi he took the team on his broad shoulders to lead a vain fight-back. Aveek scored 93. In between, he scored 40 odd, both against the West Indies and North Zone.

The 1984 summer saw Aveek in England as a full time professional in the Yorkshire Leagues. Remarkable consistency gave him 1,000 plus runs and loads of confidence.

Continuing his magnificent form in England, he made his mark in Indian cricket immediately by making an excellent century at Brabourne Stadium against Cental Zone. He certainly looks to be the best bet among the openers trying to make their headway in the big league.

Very sound of temperament and a technique based on compactness and coverage have made Aveek a natural opener. His positive approach will stand him in good stead when the balls are flying around his ears. He is certainly not a lily-livered cricketer nor a man who looks around for excuses. In him Indian cricket will find another Chetan Chauhan. If the betrayal that befell Chetan, is also Aveek's lot, then Indian cricket will be the main loser.

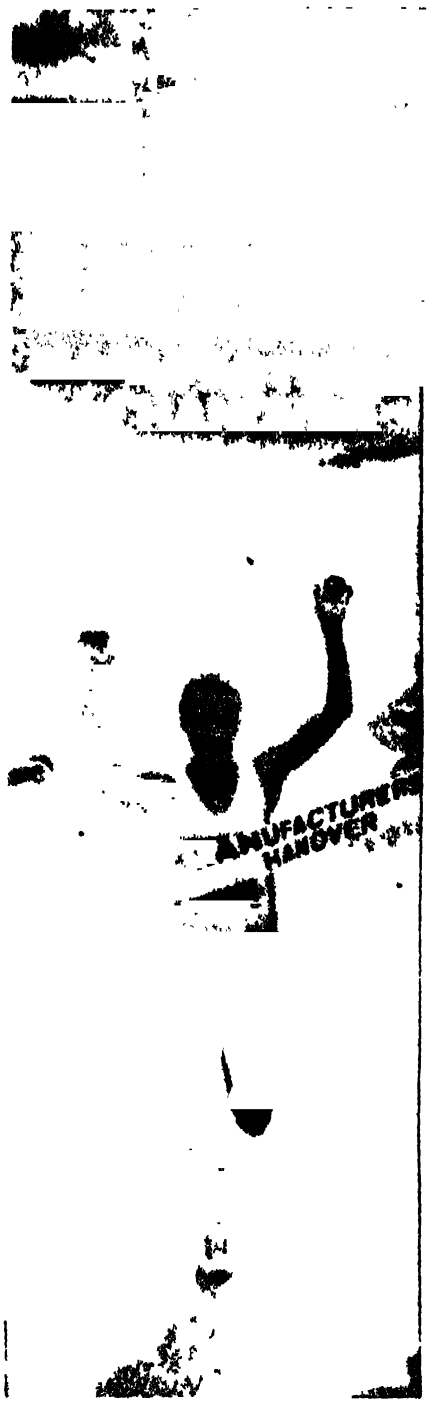


A natural opener, Aveek is the best bet

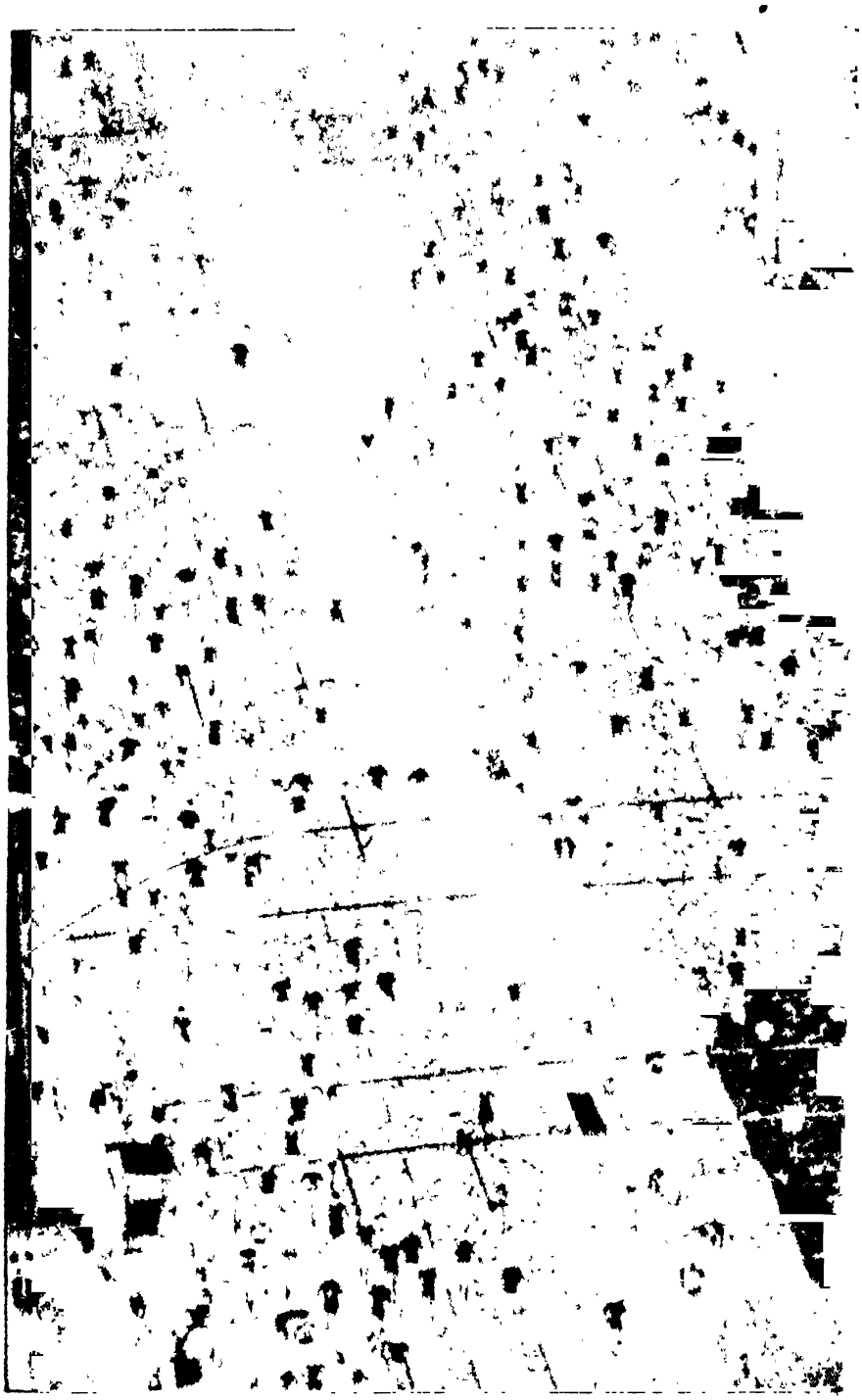
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The New York Marathon

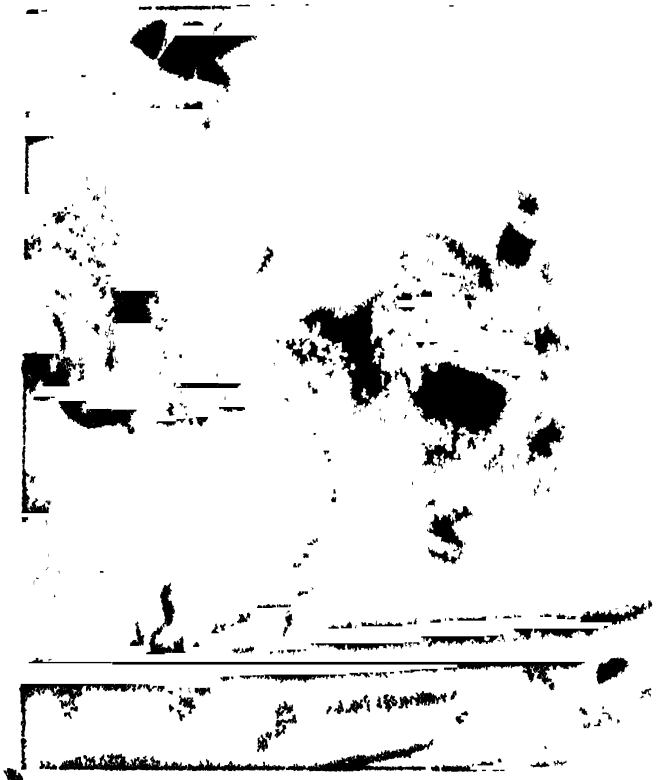
Photographs by Associated Press



Grete Waitz wins, yet again. Waitz won the women's division for the sixth time in the past seven years



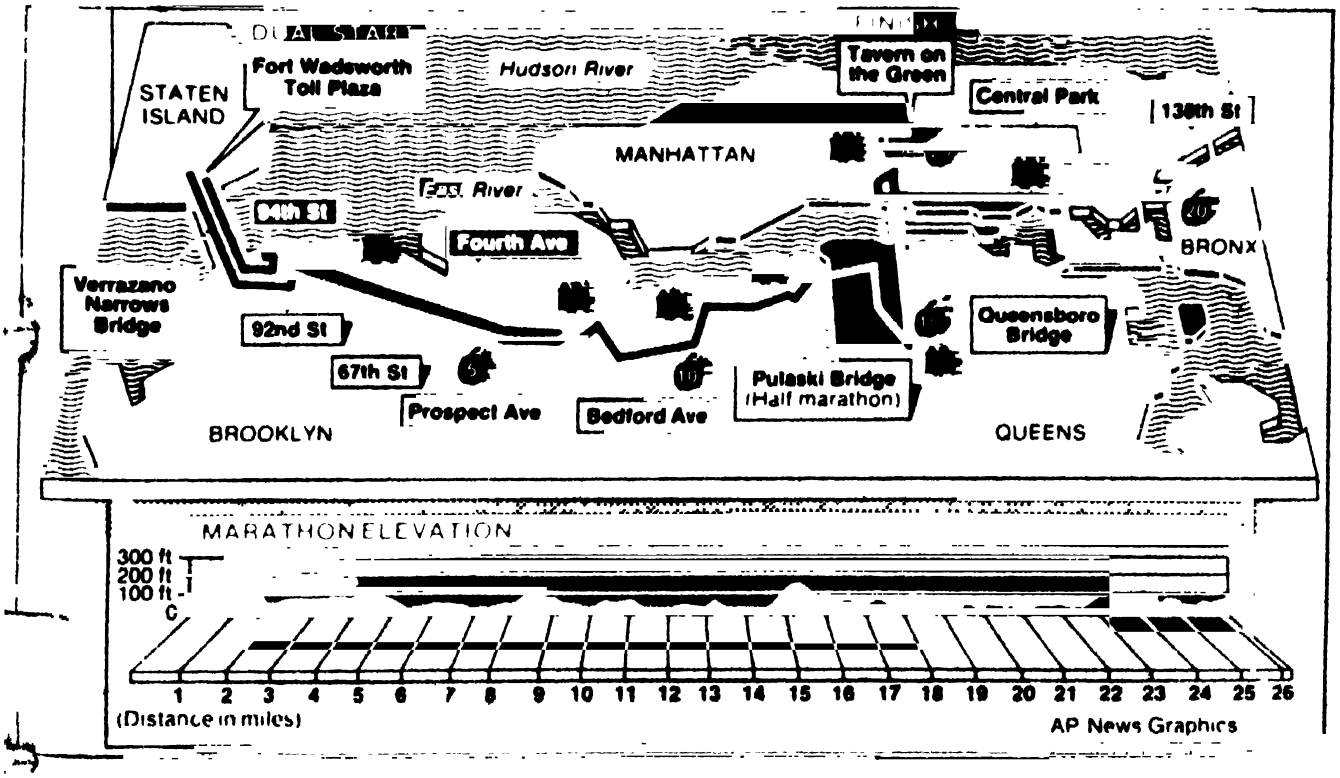
Paper cups litter Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn as runners take advantage of the water station at the five-mile mark of the New York marathon. Over 18,000 runners took part in this year's run



Emergency medical attention had to be given to 48-year-old Jacques Bussereau of France after he collapsed during the marathon All efforts proved futile as he became the first known death in the 15-year history of the race



The winner-Orlando Pizzolato



A map of the route of the New York Marathon, showing mile indicators and favourable viewing points

KERALA

Kerala annexes powerlifting title

KERALA's crack lifter P J Joseph spearheaded Kerala to the championship in the four state inaugural South India Powerlifting Championship held at the Indoor Stadium, Calicut

Kerala tallied 63 points against Karnataka's 55 and Andhra's 35 to bag the KTC trophy The one day championship saw new national records in 56 kg class and 60 kg class The record in the 56 kg class was created by P J Joseph when he lifted a total of 552 5 kgs which was 10 kg above his own tally achieved at Durgapur Joseph was placed third in the world meet in Sweden last year

The day's other record went to Sudhakar Kamath whose total in the 60 kg class, 545 kg was 2 5 kgs better than the previous best Kamath is an Asian silver medallist in his category

Two of the Kerala's lifters P J Joseph and N I Poly have been selected for the 1984 World Powerlifting Championship to be held at Dallas, Texas, USA from 22 26 November P J Joseph will represent the country in the 56 kg category and N I Poly in the 52 kg category While Joseph a bronze medallist at the 1982 Munich World Meet and national record holder in 56 kg and 60 kg categories has represented the country five times, Poly would be making his maiden international appearance

Results 52 kgs—N I Poly (Kerala) lifting 175 kgs 56 kgs P J Joseph (Kerala) lifting 552 5 kgs 60 kgs S V Sudhakar Kamath (Karnataka) 545 kgs 67 5 kgs —Sivaprasad (Kerala) 527 5 kgs 75 kgs B Manju (Kerala) 560 kgs

MP

CALCUTTA

DI Win Don Borthwick Football

THE Don Borthwick Memorial Five A Side Football tournament was held at the Calcutta Rangers Club grounds recently This tournament is held in the memory of Don Borthwick who was one of the pillars of the Calcutta Rangers Club

This year the tournament held in October saw 16 teams in the fray

Played over a weekend, the matches were played in a sporting spirit and the large crowd of spectators were treated to some entertaining fotball With the home team faring badly, the attention was divertd to last year's winners, Smashers This team played well and came into the final where they were pitted against Dalhousie Institute, more popularly called the DI

DI proved too good for Smashers and recorded a 3 0 win to carry off the trophy All the three goals, and obviously a hat-trick, were scored by Ransdale Deane The other players of the winning team were also names to reckon with, Vece Paes (captain), Dennis Williamson, Ranjit Sen and Derek O Brien in goal Deane was named the 'best player' of the tournament

A Sudden Halt

THE tragic death of our beloved Prime Minister left us shattered Sportwise too we suffered

Calcutta was the venue of the 41st National Aquatics Championships The championships started amidst a lot of chaos as there were very poor arrangements for changing rooms and even drinking water But it all settled down as the competition started Only the heats of just six events could be witnessed before everything was stopped

In the 200m butterfly, Khazan Singh of the Police established a new record clocking 2 12 35 min to clip 2 15 secs of his own record Bula Chowdhury, Bengal's aqua queen also set up a new national record in the 100m butterfly She clipped 0 23 secs off her old record of 1 08 5 min as she swam to an easy win

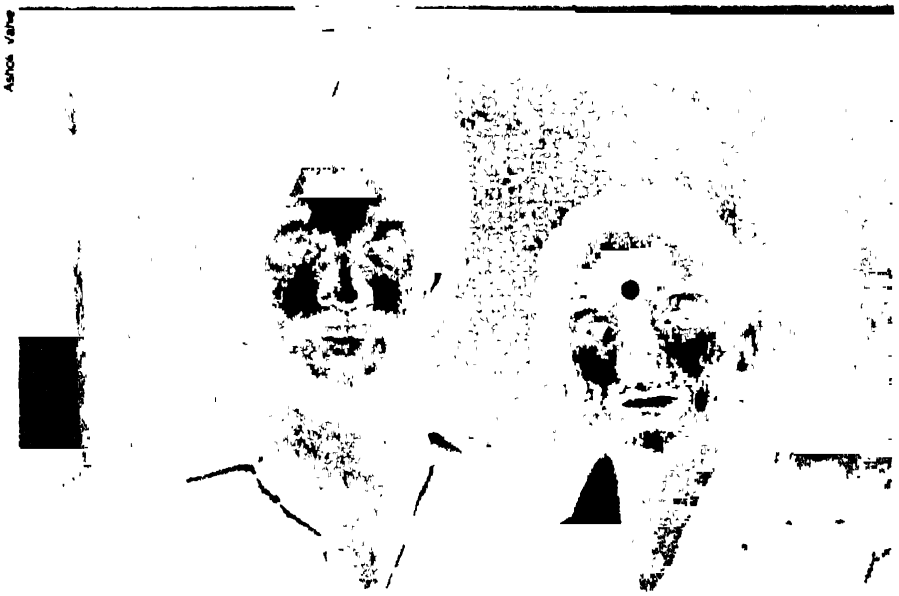
Other events that heats were held for were 800m freestyle (women), 200m breaststroke (men) 200m breaststroke (women) and 4×200m freestyle relay (men)

Cricket suffered too The J C Mukherjee cricket tournament at the maidan was called off midway It now faces a complete re-scheduling

Even the canines were affected The annual Dog Show was scheduled for 2 November The Calcutta Canine Club had organised a twin show to be held over three days But it had to be postponed and will be held at a later date

Even turfites had to wait another week for the races to resume for the winter season The first outing was scheduled to be on 8 November but is now scheduled for 14 November

Pradeep Paul



Ashok Vahe

Two Indian hockey Olympians, Gurmail Singh and Rajbir Kaur, recently married in Jullundur



FREDERICK JOHN PERRY

POPULARLY CALLED FRED PERRY, HE WAS THE LAST ALL-TIME TENNIS GREAT FROM BRITAIN. PERRY WON WIMBLEDON THRICE IN A ROW (1934, '35, '36) AND TEAMED UP WITH MISS D E ROUND TO WIN THE MIXED DOUBLES TWICE (1935, '36). HE WAS ALSO THE WORLD CHAMPION IN TABLE TENNIS IN 1929 AND POSSESSED LIGHTNING-QUICK REFLEXES



PERRY WAS THE FIRST MAN TO HOLD ALL THE FOUR MAJOR CHAMPIONSHIP TITLES (WIMBLEDON, AMERICAN, AUSTRALIAN AND FRENCH)

Illustrations Subrata Gangopadhyay

MINAR SPORT CHALLENGE

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd to honour and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

STATUTORY WARNING CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

29 October The second Test between India and Pakistan meanders to a tame draw with Pakistan scoring their best-ever total in a Test innings. Qasim Omer scores 210 and Salim Malik is unbeaten on 102 to take Pakistan to a mammoth 674 for six.

The end of the second day of the fourth Himalayan Rally finds Jayant Shah in the lead, as expected.

Prakash Padukone is released from hospital as he will not need to undergo surgery for the treatment of blood clots in his left shoulder and armpit. He will be out of action till the end of the year.

30 October Tragedy strikes the Himalayan Rally as an accident claims the life of Carl Gustaf Forsmark from Sweden. His Mahindra jeep rolled into a 80m deep gorge killing the 62-year-old Forsmark and seriously injuring his co-driver Naresh K. Chhabra. In the rally proper, Jayant Shah is still in the lead.

Vijay Amritraj scrapes past Steve Denton 7-6, 6-4 to enter the second round of the $315,000 Stockholm Open tennis championship.

Ramesh Krishnan overcomes Francisco Gonzalez of Paraguay 6-1, 6-7, 6-3 to advance into the second round of the Taipei Open tennis championship.

31 October The one-day international between India and Pakistan is called off as a mark of respect to the late Prime Minister Mrs Indira Gandhi who is brutally assassinated at her residence in New Delhi.

Jehangir Khan, the world champion, continues his winning streak since April 1981 to win the Squash World Masters' title at Warrington. He beats New Zealand's Stuart Davenport 9-5, 6-9, 9-0, 9-1.

The National Aquatic Championships being held at Calcutta is called off as a mark of respect to the late Prime Minister.

1 November The remaining part of the Pakistan cricket tour is called off and the forthcoming series against England at home is to be delayed.

Vijay Amritraj overcomes his anguish as he thrashes Henrik Sundstrom 6-1, 6-4 in the second round of the Stockholm Open tennis championship.

2 November Ramesh Krishnan enters the quarter finals of the Taipei international tennis championship as he strokes his way past Glenn Michibata of Canada 6-3, 6-1.

V. Anand, the 15-year-old national junior chess champion, wins the Junior Asian chess title as he outplays S. Paul Arokiaraj.

3 November The English cricketers who had arrived in India for the winter series will be going to Sri Lanka to get some match practice before the Tests.

Ramesh Krishnan is edged out of the $75,000 Taipei international tennis championship as Australia's Wally Masur upsets him 6-4, 6-4 to move into the final where he will meet Brad Gilbert.

Top seeded Luis Pongoh of Indonesia is upset by Michael Kjeldsen of Denmark 2-15, 7-15 in the semi finals of the Canadian Open Badminton Championship at Ottawa.

4 November George Best, the British socce star, scuffles with the police as they call at his home when he had failed to appear in court on a driving charge.

The Himalayan Rally, which had been called off following the death of Mrs Gandhi, is not to be resumed. Judging on the performance over the sections that had been covered, Jayant Shah of Kenya is declared the winner.

O.B. Agarwal beats Terry Parsons of Wales 11 frames to seven to win the World Amateur Snooker championship at Dublin.

Michael Kjeldsen beats Siji Pamungkas of Indonesia 15-12, 15-11 to annex the Canadian Open badminton championship. The ladies crown is won by Chen Aong of China as she upsets the top seed Luo Yun 11-7, 12-10.



The flag-off of the fourth Himalayan Rally at National Stadium, Delhi

Only opponent he couldn't lick

—the bottle

THEY said Benny Lynch was possibly a better flyweight boxer than Jimmy Wilde, who preceded him as world champion by some 12 years.

There was no way of telling, of course, because the two men, Lynch from Glasgow, Scotland, and Wilde from Pontypridd, Wales, were of different generations.

Wilde had the better record, but Lynch might have surpassed it had he not been beaten by the one opponent he couldn't lick—the whisky bottle.

Lynch drank away a fortune. In 1946, at the age of 33, he died with pictures of his wife and two sons and a few odd coins in his pockets. His realisable assets were £100.

He weighed 112 lb and was only five feet five inches tall at his peak...but as a boy he took on all comers, even heavyweights, in the booth.

At 18 he had his first professional fight, against a young flyweight called Young M'Coll. He won by a knockout in the third round.

Lynch was a classic boxer with an aggressive style and a knockout punch, unusual in a flyweight. He was quicker and more skilled than his opponents and could punch harder.

Critics like the late John Macadam, a fellow Glasgwegian, said of him: 'He will be a world champion'.

Tiny, angel-faced, with his hair slicked back, Lynch was beating experienced men and in 18 months he had worked his way through all the available opposition in Scotland, including Jim Campbell, the Scottish champion.

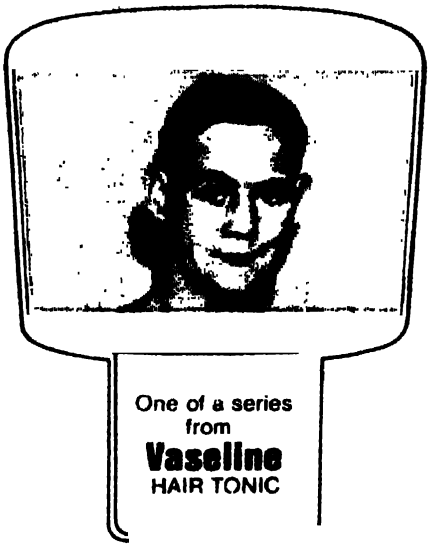
He was ready for the big wide world. In 1935 he fought a draw with the world flyweight-champion, Jackie Brown.

A rematch took place six months later at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Brown, who died in March, 1970, was born in Manchester and was called 'The Manchester Express'. He was one of the fastest flyweights of the pre-war years.

But Lynch was faster. He chased Brown round the ring in the first round and dropped him with a right. In the second round, Brown was down twice more.

BENNY LYNCH



One of a series from
Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

Triple champion

Three titles—World, European and British—were at stake, and in those days no champion reckoned ever to lose his title while still conscious. But the punishment dealt out by Lynch was so crippling that the referee was forced to intervene.

At 22, Lynch was world champion.

He bought a house for his young wife and called it 'Belle Vue'. Everywhere he went it was 'What ya' havin' Benny?'

Night after night he had to be carried home. He had three more fights in Glasgow that year, none of them against serious opposition.

In 1936, he took on Jim Warnock in Belfast and lost. He wasn't fit. He had difficulty in making the eight-stone limit when sober, let alone in drink.

Stirring contest

Early in 1937, he was booked to fight the Filipino 'Small Montana' at Wembley for his world title.

Montana, real name Benjamin Gan, was the holder of the American flyweight title. Lynch was in good shape and he won a stirring contest on points over 15 rounds.

But more drinking bouts, more parties and he was in trouble again. Six weeks after the Montana fight, he climbed into the Belle Vue ring in no condition to meet an ordinary boxer by the name of Len Hampston from Batley, Yorkshire.

Lynch was sent flying to the canvas several times and when it looked as though he wouldn't regain his feet in the fifth round, his chief second climbed into the ring, automatically disqualifying his man.

At least it saved Lynch the indignity of being beaten by a knockout.

Lynch went back into hard training and three weeks later knocked out Hampston in 10 rounds.

On October 13, 1937 he took part in his greatest fight—a defence of his world crown against Lancashire Peter Kane in front of 40,000 fans at Shawfield Park, Glasgow.

It was one of the most exciting fights ever staged between little men.

Lynch put Kane down with a left hook in the first round, but had to battle out 13 more rounds before he finally won by a knockout.

Forfeited titles

Then it was back to the bottle for Benny. When he fought a return with Kane in March, 1938, he was lucky to draw.

On June 29 he came in overweight for his title defence against the new US champion, Jackie Jurich. He was fined £200 and his World, British and European titles were forfeited. He beat Jurich in an overweight contest, but the end was near.

He tried a comeback in the tail-end of 1938, but lost two fights to undistinguished opponents.

He took a job as a labourer and on August 6, 1946, died of tuberculosis at the age of 33.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

Mac Chat

Mind your manners

ADVICE columns are quite popular in newspapers and magazines But the latest one of its sort will surely vie for top spot in a popularity poll.

The leading tennis magazine, *World Tennis* has started a new advice column It offers queries such as 'Should you kiss your mixed-doubles partner after a match?' Another question that was interesting was, 'My wife wants to take me to a women's tennis match and I think it is boring What should I do?' The answer was equally interesting, 'Stay at home and do your tax returns or catch up on your correspondence'.

Till the column catches on and the readers start sending their personal queries in, the entire show has to be managed by the magazine. So, *World Tennis* have got a very suitable person to run the column. None other than Mark McEnroe, the younger brother of John McEnroe.

And the title of the column: 'Manners by McEnroe'

Speaks for itself, doesn't it?

The Powers Of Suggestion

And superstition

FARING badly in anything is enough to get the best person down. It certainly managed to get an entire rugby team down. London Welsh, a rugby team playing in the English Rugby League, had gone so many games without a win that team morale was at rock bottom.

In a desperate bid to rejuvenate the team's spirit and morale, the players were issued instructions that resembled strange cryptic announcements These instructed the players to turn up for their matches wearing odd socks—wear a hat—and even go to the extent of bringing a spider in a matchbox.

The officials figured that with so much going wrong for the team, it wouldn't hurt to try and experiment with superstition. And it seems to have worked. In their very next outing against Llanelli, they put up the best performance seen from them in recent times and recorded a much needed win 40-9. This was also their best result in years.

This superstition streak has spread to Scotland too. Another rugby team, Cumnock, had gone without a win the whole season and were experiencing the same type of problems as London Welsh.

Here again, the players were instructed to wear outrageous headgear—come for matches with a red streak in their hair—and even play their matches with nail polish on their fingernails. And it worked! Cumnock are presently leading the table in the Scottish Rugby League.

Too Much

Of a good thing

AT the highly successful Los Angeles Olympics, the hero was clearly, the sprint king, Carl Lewis. He was lauded as the successor of the legendary Jesse Owens and placed on the high pedestal of athletic glory.

Riding on the crest of his success wave, Lewis entered into several contracts with leading industrial houses for the endorsement of their products. Also in the making was a biography of the hero of the LA Games.

But it seems Lewis is not the 'golden boy' any longer. The biography has been released in America but is not doing as well as it was expected to do on the stands. Bound in paperback and priced at an almost giveaway price of $2.95, the book, entitled *'Carl Lewis! An American Hero'*, is selling so slowly that there is absolutely no plans for a reprint. The publishers, Bantam Books, are very disappointed at not having the desired sales.

It seems as if people had enough of Carl Lewis during the Games.



Carl Lewis

Get Your Goat

And play better golf

A GOLF club in Marlin, Texas has found a novel way of keeping their golf course ship shape. The nine-hole course in this small country club is kept clean by a goat which roams around freely and feeds on all the litter on the course.

Other bigger golf clubs spend thousands of dollars on keeping the weeds down and trimming the grass. But this club has invested in a goat that does the work which normally would have cost quite a packet.

Golf Goat II, as the goat is called, is the second goat that the club has owned. Before him, they had a goat which was affectionately called Jesse. Jesse was with the club for seven years and eventually died of old age and the cold. The goat was very popular with members and would follow them on their round.

Once, Jesse took a ball from the fairway and dropped it in the weeds. The club members immediately replaced his water with lager and from then on, he never touched another ball.

The members explain that goats will eat stickers and weeds before they will eat good grass, so the course is always free of weeds. They also feel that Golf Goat II is not as good as the late Jesse but still does the job of keeping the course clear well enough.

Mate To Donate

It's a horse's world

HORSE racing is expensive. Breeding horses is even more expensive. That may be what prompted the owners of Seattle Slew to come up with a novel idea.

Seattle Slew is the breeding world's most expensive aand most fashionable sire. He has sired other greats like Slew O'Gold, Landaluce and the recent winner Swale.

Auctioning a breeding season with Seattle Slew will fetch anything in the region of $500,000 to $800,000. And the owners of this majestic horse have decided to annually auction a breeding season to the stallion and some of his offspring, the proceeds of which will go to charities.

By charities they mean, namely, veterinary research.

Sports Is Good Medicine?

PUNJAB: This Indian state is noted not only for its sports heavies but also for its heavy humour in every walk of life from politics to sport. And now comes news that the government plans to reserve 25% of medical college seats for good sportsfolk.

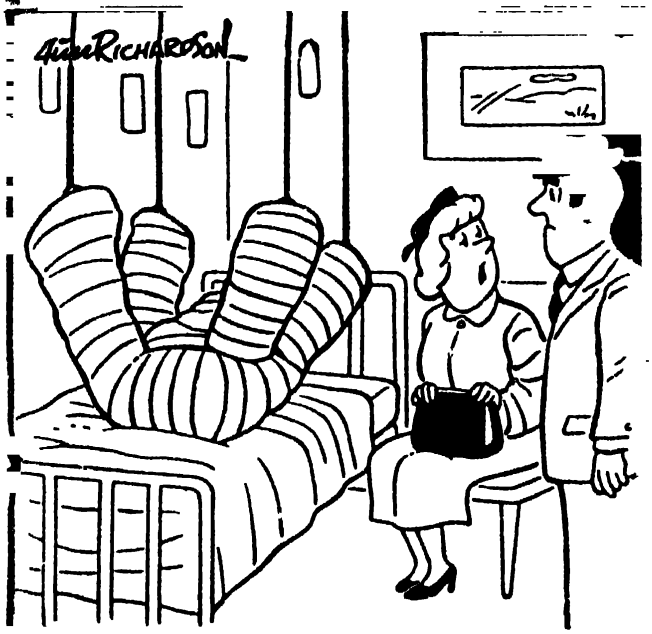
But do they necessarily make good doctors? For instance, does a kabbadi player possess the skill for neuro surgery? Perhaps the government should seriously consider providing playgrounds with hospitals attached so that a medico-sprinter or pole-vaulting surgeon can hop over for a hurried consultation or an emergency operation.

Proof In Print

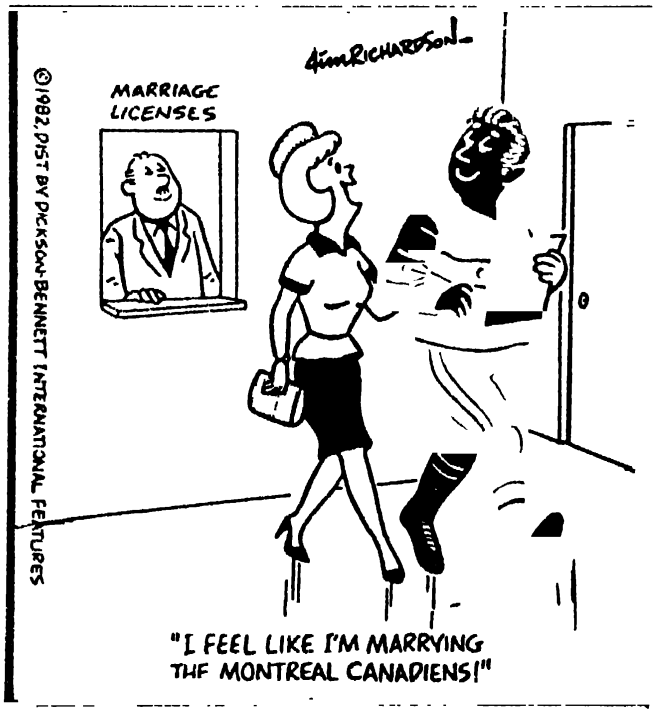
SHROPSHIRE: In a village cricket match, one of the visiting batsmen was hit by the ball, on his pads. There was a loud and immediate appeal for lbw and up went the home umpire's finger. The batsman was very angry and as he passed the umpire he said, "I hit that one hard. I wasn't out."

"Oh yes, you were", said the umpire, "and if you don't believe me, look in next Thursday's Gazette." "You look", replied the batsman, "I'm the Editor."

Bernie Tellis



"THIS IS THE WAY IT IS WHEN YOU'RE THE MOTHER OF A HOCKEY PLAYER."



"I FEEL LIKE I'M MARRYING THE MONTREAL CANADIENS!"



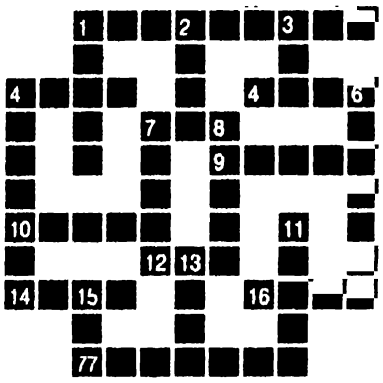


"CONFOUND IT, KELLY, PELICANS DON'T NEED A FISHING LICENSE!"

CROSSWORD

Mudar

262



ACROSS

1 Chess champion has a vehicle sounding towards the beginning (1 6)
4 Ruthless baseball player A great (4)
5 Lines at the side of a tennis court (4)
7 Association of Tennis Professionals (1 1 1)
9 English pace bowler of not so long ago could be mistaken for boggy soil (1 4)
10 Actor who played Bradman's role in the film *Bodyline* is not sour returning (5)
12 Title common to Stanley Matthews and say Len Hutton (3)
14 Leg spinner of Pakistan former captain and manager and one the gentlest cricketers (4)
16 Osculatory action for Hungarian footballer Laszlo (4)

DOWN

1 Indian basketballer Moontasir and Pakistan's hockey player Safdar have something in common (5)
2 Plant undergrowth for an English bowler between the Wars (4)
3 Technological advancement that has led to a spurt in cricket films (1 1 1)
4 France's tennis competition at the end of the year generally played among the players with the most points at the end of the circuit (7)
7 Former England opener comprises a woman's title before marriage (5)
8 Force for an Indian badminton player (5)
11 The best cricketing all rounder in the world? (1)
13 Country which hosted the 74 Asiad (4)
15 Form of wrestling(3)

Excellent 20-18 Good 17-16, Fair 15

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

Unscramble the following jumbles to find out terms associated with volleyball, basketball and athletics

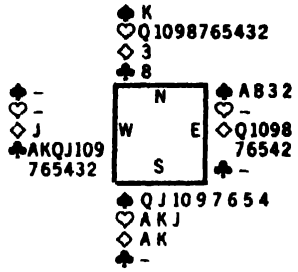
1 PISONERV
2 COLKB
3 NETNAAN
4 CARDOKABB
5 CREORS
6 VOPIT
7 HINDWADE
8 ALP
9 KISEP
10 GODPIN

ANSWERS

10 DOPING
9 SPIKE
8 LAP
7 HEADWIND
6 PIVOT
5 SCORER
4 BACKBOARD
3 ANTENNA
2 BLOCK
1 OVERSPIN

BRIDGE

Some years ago one of the magazines conducted a competition for the unluckiest story from the card table There were numerous blood-soaked entries, including one rather morbid account of a vulnerable grand slam whose accomplishment was prevented by the untimely demise of one of the defenders The following hand would surely have won the prize had it not been submitted by more than one competitor suggesting that it was not an original composition, let alone an actual occurrence



North-South are vulnerable and South is the dealer His hand provides an opportunity for a rare call — an opening bid of five in a major, carrying the message that the opener is concerned only with possible losers in the trump suit The bidding continues

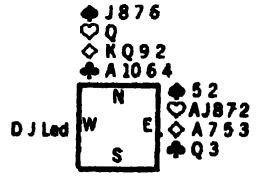
South	West	North	East
5S	6C	6S	dble
pass	pass	pass	

West leads the ace of clubs and South is well pleased with the dummy "Thank you partner" he says

I don't know what you're so happy about ' says East, 'I'll lay quite heavy odds against your making this contract "

It may take you a minute or two to see why East was so confident He ruffs with the ace of spades and returns a diamond South has to win the first trump in dummy and must then sustain a heart ruff

This week's problem: Martin Hoffman is composing a book of defensive problems 'Do you think this is difficult?" he asked me



South opens one spade and plays in four spades West's lead of the jack of diamonds is covered by the queen and ace, South dropping the 6 What should East lead at trick two?

Answer: Most players, in a pairs event led a trump West played ace and another, and when East won the next trick with the ace of hearts he was end-played, because South held ♡ K 10x It is better — but not necessarily obvious—to cash the ace of hearts earlier on

SOLUTION 261



Stop bad breath. Fight tooth decay.



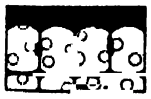
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This is how Colgate's trusted formula works for you every time you brush:



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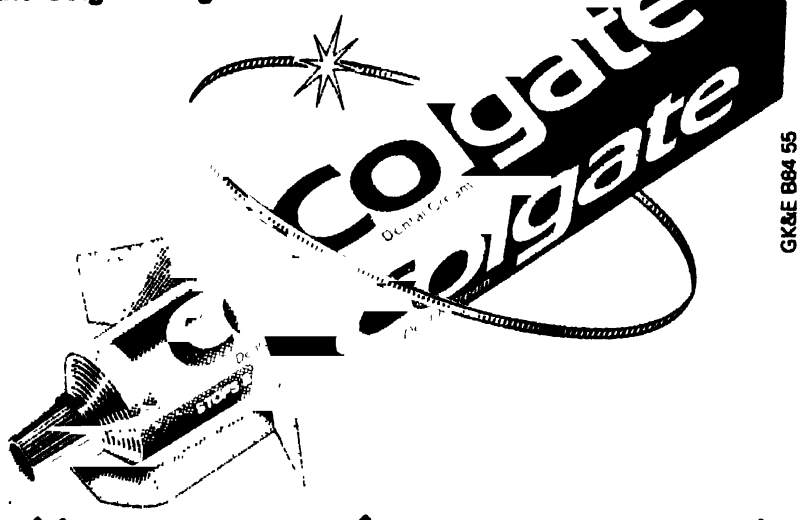


Colgate's unique active foam reaches deep to remove odour-causing food particles and decay-causing bacteria.



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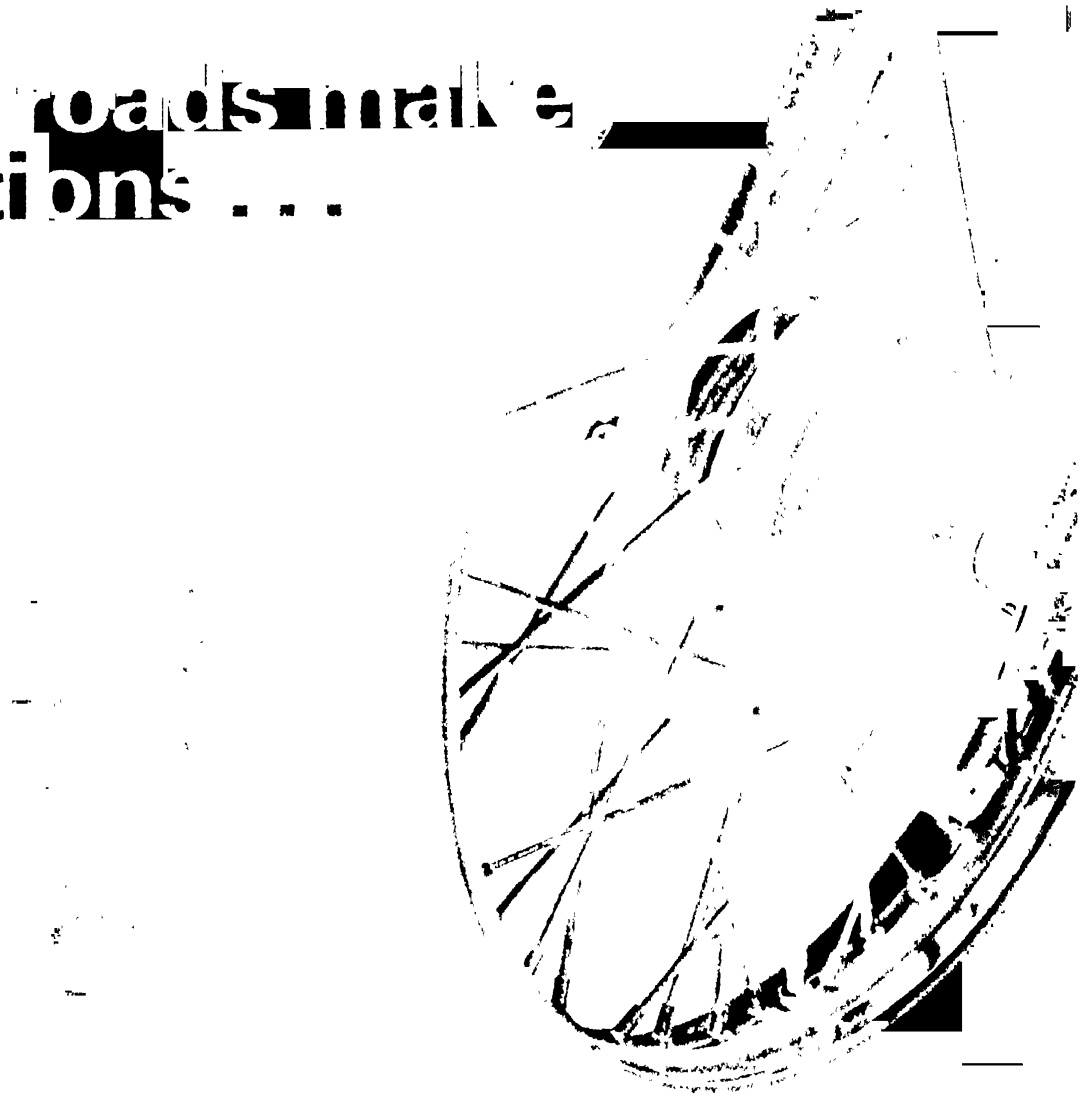
Make sure your family brushes with Colgate after every meal.
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Give them the Colgate Ring of Confidence.



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GK&E B84 55

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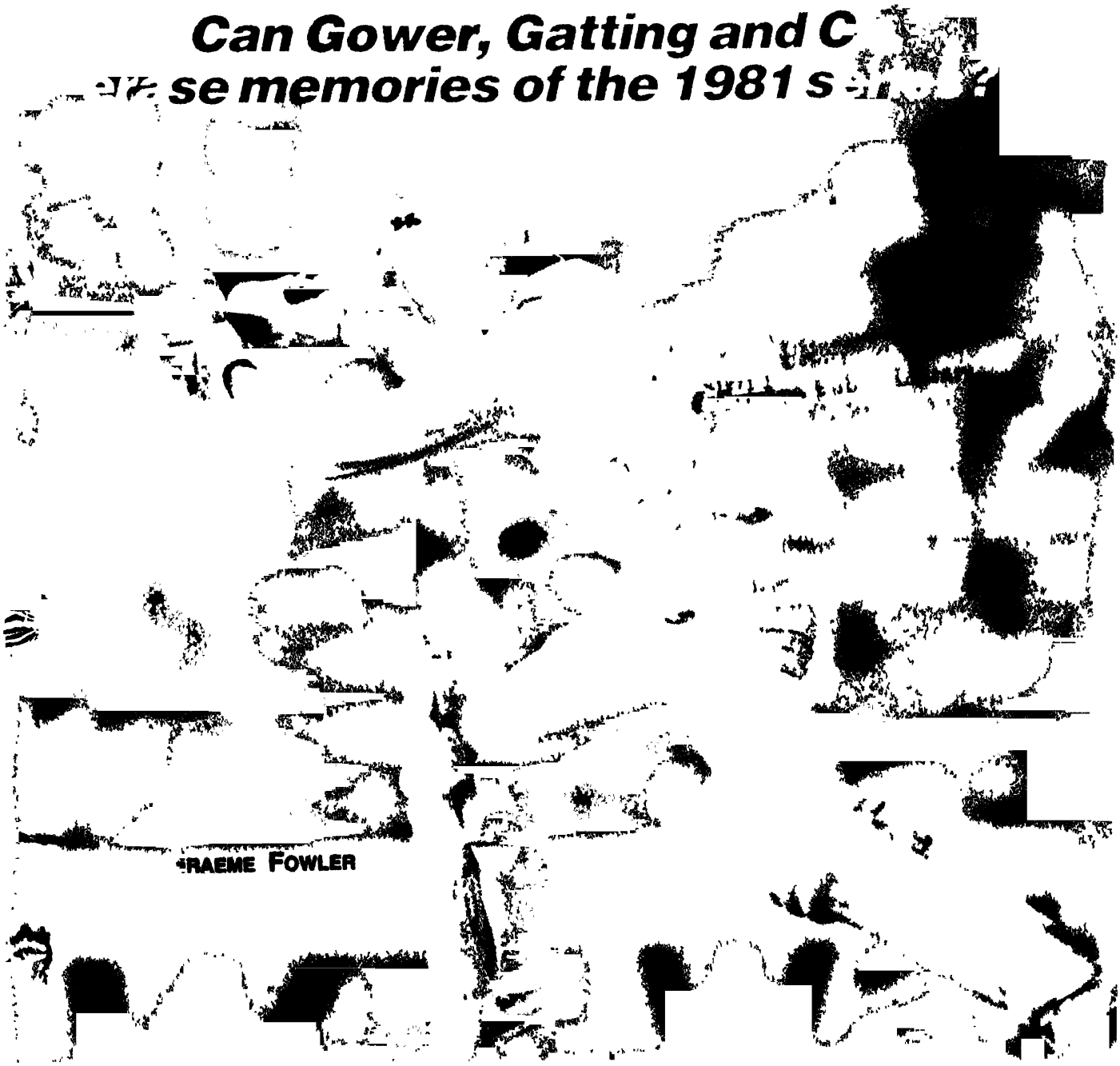
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21-27 NOVEMBER 1984 AN ANANDA BAZAR PUBLICATION

Sportsworld

Passage to India

Can Gower, Gatting and C[illegible] se memories of the 1981 s[illegible]



GRAEME FOWLER

Growing children need Complan

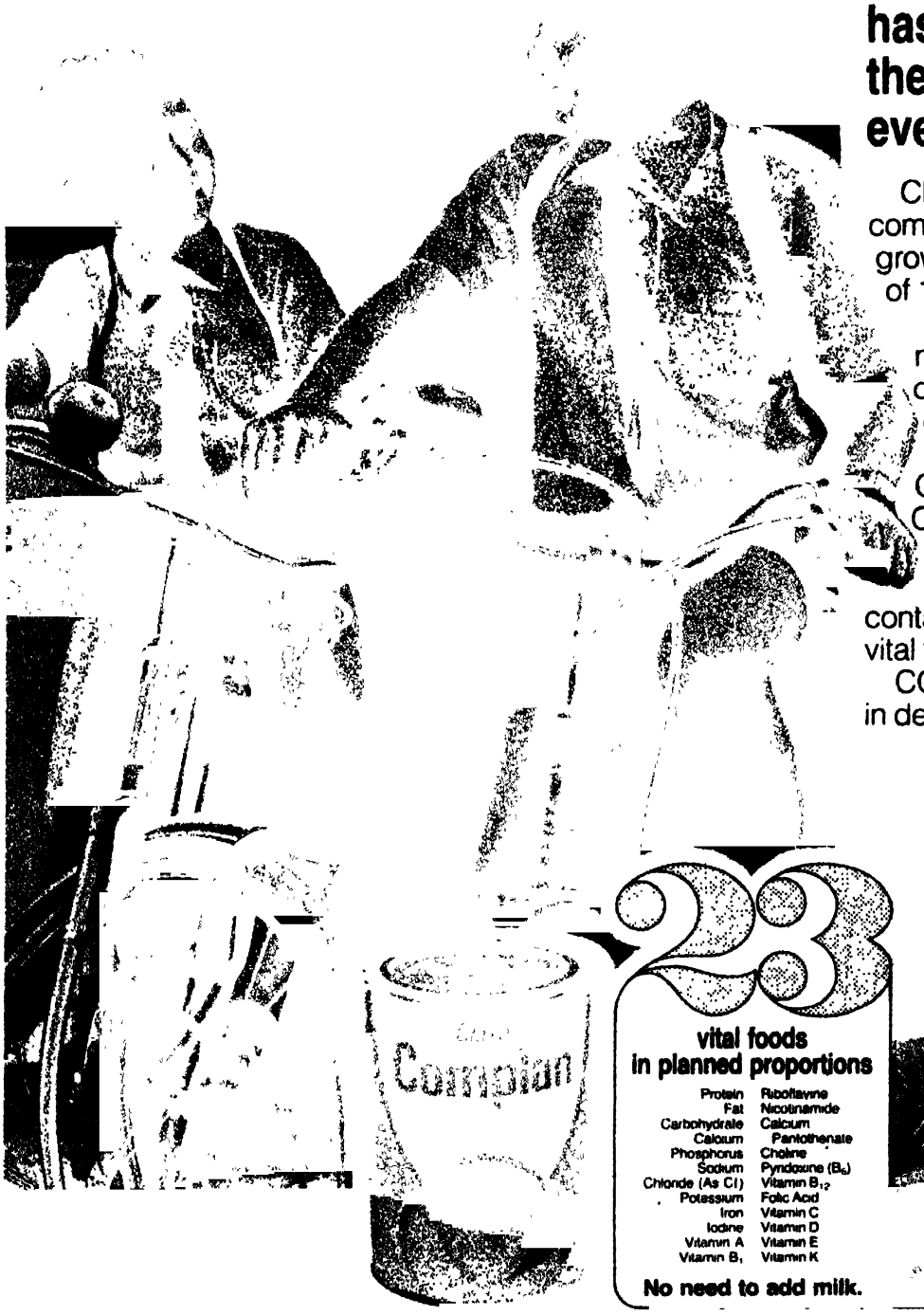
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Sodium	Pyridoxine (B_6)
Chloride (As Cl)	Vitamin B_{12}
Potassium	Folic Acid
Iron	Vitamin C
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Vitamin B_1	Vitamin K

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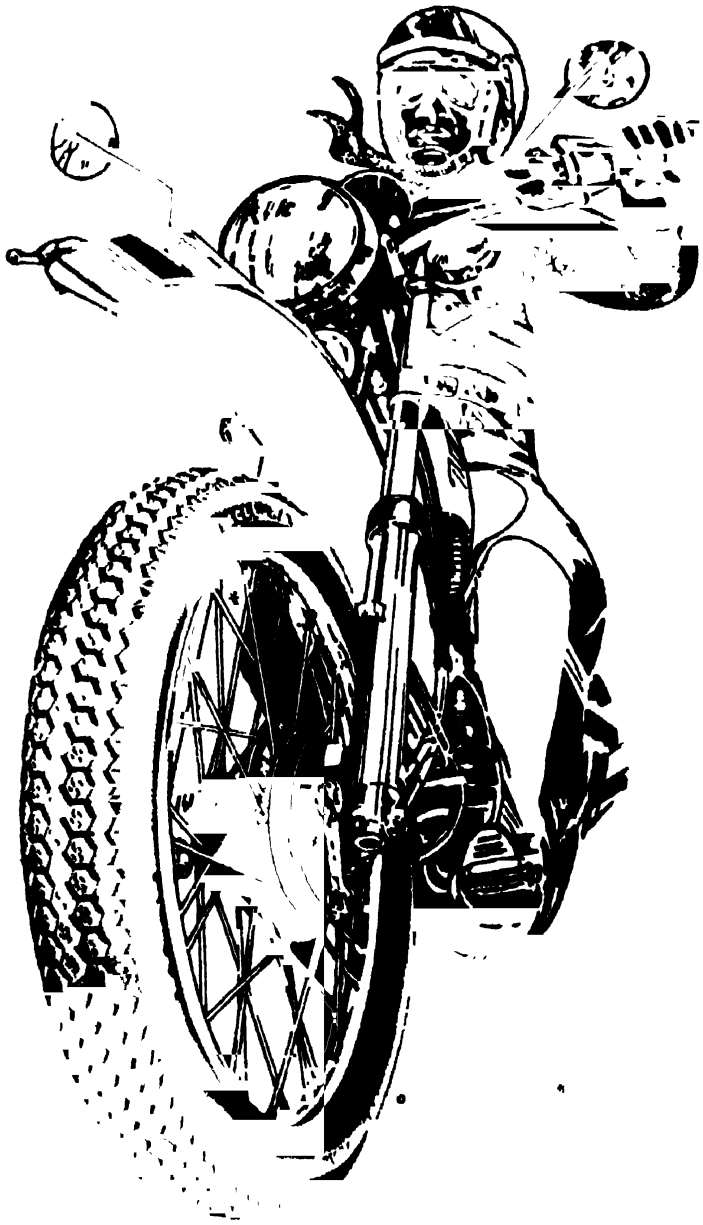


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Sportsworld

November 21-27, 1984

VOLUME VI ISSUE 46
AN ANANDA BAZAR PUBLICATION
RS 3 00

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England could cause surprises
Tony Lewis, former England captain, assesses the touring team, led by David Gower

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Difficult task ahead
Ashis Ray points out that both England and India are seeking to revive respective cricketing fortunes

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Cover transparency of Graeme Fowler by Patrick Eagar

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Speaking out

Gavaskar, at last, overcame his reluctance by speaking out his mind to the Indian press without mincing words after the completion of the Lahore Test.

When circumstances compel, one should not refrain from taking such a step Sports and politics should not be mixed together and it is never desirable to sacrifice the former for the sake of the latter

Moreover, a leader is duty-bound to keep up the spirit of the team espe cially when the sagging morale is created by preplanned and predetermined umpiring Every visiting team has gone through the harrowing experience in Pakistan but only Gavaskar has dared to tell the truth

Under these circumstances, the BCCI should consider whether it actually helps Indian cricket by arrang ing these tours in the name of impro ving bilateral relations

NIRNAL KUMAR GOENKA
Bihar

Dead Pitches

The spectators have blamed the players of the touring side for the dull proceedings in the Test matches But I feel that the pitch was the main culprit It was too easy paced and it turned out to be a graveyard for the bowlers Both at Lahore and Faisalabad, the wicket did take spin but did not possess the bounce that would have given a greater edge to the spinners

PARTHO ROY,
Bhadrakali

Forgotten

It is proverbial that public memory is short But specialists and profes sionals are not expected to have a short memory. After being dropped from the Indian team, Vishwanath has not been given any chance to play in a significant match It appears that our cricket authorities have accepted the fact that he is finished

Last year, when our middle order batting collapsed against the Carribeans, all the batsmen in the reckoning were tried except for Vishwanath.

This year, when our team for Pakistan was selected, all the last year's flops were picked in the name of experience. But Vishwanath did not find favour even though in last year's Ranji matches, he was in fine fettle

One gets the impression that the cricket authorities were looking out for an excuse to drop him and now, he has been deliberately forgotten and sidelined Perhaps, all along, he has made the mistake of serving Indian cricket and not the bosses

ANSHUMAN TIWARI,
New Delhi

Misleading Errors

While I am grateful to Derek O'Brien for his article, "Farm from the Madding Crowd," *Sportsworld* (10-16th October), I would like to point out certain minor errors.

The sire of Choco Baby is Damaston and not Midnight Cowboy.

The first of the first horses mentioned is Loyal Scholar 111 and not 11, and the sire of her dam Spirit was Faux Tirage

Loyal Scholar 111's sire was Palyana and not Talyana

The scion of the Vizianagram family who patronised the Chota Nagpur Stud Farm was my old schoolmate PVG (Vishy) Raju and should not be confused with "Vizzy", the famous cricket personality

Finally, while it is true that the soil of Northern India is better suited for stud farms, the Chota Nagpur soil conditions are almost identical with South India

DAVID R CAMERON,
Calcutta.

A Fiasco

It is indeed a miracle that we could draw the match despite the best efforts by the Pakistani umpires

Umpires are human and they prone to make mistakes, but to err repeatedly and deliberately is something which one can't tolerate

SRINIVASAN UMASHANKAR,
Nagpur

Revival needed

The current Test series between England and India in India is a crucial one There is at present a great need for the revival of the cricket passion in India

Both the teams have players who can electrify the game by their performances and bring back the crowds

RABIN KUMAR CHATTOPADHYAY,
Uttarpara

This England team could well surprise

Tony Lewis assesses David Gower's touring side

IT is very difficult to say how good England are. Too few of the party of 16 have made an impact on international cricket and even those who have, like Gower, Lamb and Pocock, have been severely scarred by the West Indian whitewash last summer.

Perhaps, Allan Lamb should be the exception because he scored three centuries against the West Indies in Tests. He is a player new to Indian conditions, but he has the technique to play well wherever he is.

Gower, Gatting, Pocock and Allott have toured India before. Sunil did not think that was enough to disturb a settled Indian team. There are three opening batsmen, two of them uncapped. Graeme Fowler of Lancashire is a chirpy individual, left handed, and a very consistent gatherer of runs. He has applied his mind to his game and gets runs as much by character and nimbleness as by classical strokeplay. He should rise to the new authority of finding himself a senior partner at the top of the order.

Moxon and Robinson, the others, are selected purely on potential. Moxon had an unlucky season at home and he will thank the selectors for having faith in his talent. He is a natural: he could be a high class batsman. He was chosen for one Test against the West Indies but was injured.

India could make him, and the same could be said of Robinson, the young Nottinghamshire opener. He and Broad are a most capable opening pair. Broad suffered the slings and arrows of the West Indians' fast bowling last summer only to be left out of the tour party. That was unlucky. However, if you ask umpire Dickie Bird which opening batsmen he would choose for England he would say Robinson and Moxon. So the presence of two novices on tour should not be taken for blind experiment.

Gower, Gatting and Lamb will be expected to provide the heavy middle-order scoring. Gower barely withstood the burden of captaincy last summer, but his batting talent is too bountiful to disappear. It is due to return. Lamb's form, as I have said, is encouraging. Gatting is the mystery man. In County cricket he compiles the big hundreds with a wide range of stroke-play, but in Tests he has never got to a century. Oddly, in Pakistan and at home, he was out lbw while attempting no stroke. He almost gave the dismissal a personal brand-name. In club cricket, when a batsman pads up and is lbw players laugh and say that so-and-so is 'Gattinged.' My personal belief is that Gatting will make the breakthrough soon. He must count himself lucky to have so many chances.

The young all-rounders, Cowdrey and Ellison are Kent players who are unlikely to be in the Test team together. Both are medium fast bowlers and lively middle-order batsmen. Cowdrey's batting is developing and he has shown the ability to concentrate for long innings when necessary even though his instincts are sometimes a little too rushed. His bowling is urgent and honest, with away-swing the bonus.

Ellison, who has already played Tests is another away-swing bowler to whom Gower will look for penetration if swing is in the air. His batting is forceful.

One of the England players who came out of the summer with credit was the wicket-keeper Downton. His batting against the fast bowling was staunch and highly successful, and his 'keeping was of a much higher standard than many expected. This followed the prediction of the old England wicket-keeper John Murray. He said many seasons ago that Downton did have class and it was Murray, then a selector, who secured Downton's selection for three Tests against West Indies in 1980 and four against Australia in 1981.

His deputy is French of Notts about whom many speak with enthusiasm, but like Robinson, Moxon, Cowdrey and Ellison, the tour of India will establish or disestablish his future chances.

Maturity comes in the form of spin. Pocock was on the tour I led to India in 1972-73. A superb craftsman who has been ignored for too long. By choosing him last summer and for this winter tour the selectors are virtually saying that he should have played much more often for England in his long career.

Edmonds too is a high class spinner, capable of winning matches. He is not the easiest person to contain within the team context. He is self-assertive and extremely contrary when it comes to accepting orders. However, India is just the place for him, where the team is thrown together most evenings, team-spirit is always high, and hopefully he will give David Gower his undivided skills. When Edmonds is single-minded about his cricket he is one of the finest left arm spinners in the world.

The third spinner, less experienced, less of a turner of the ball, but still a clever bowler, is Marks. He demonstrated his liking for conditions in Pakistan with useful performances at Faisalabad and Lahore with bat and ball. He is one of the rare slow bowlers who excels at one-day cricket.

And so to the fast men. Allott toured India under Keith Fletcher, Cowans and Foster. Of the three, Allott made the greatest strides forward last summer. He now bowls a firm line, on or around offstump: he keeps the ball well up to the bat, and got a lot of wickets. Cowans has struggled a little with his action but it is certainly time that he was thrust into the front line or withdrawn. He can be fast.

Foster is lively, with a delivery very close to the stumps which gives him an excellent chance of getting players to play across the line of flight. In the absence of shine on the ball in the middle of a hot Indian day, this asset may be crucial to the captain.

It is good news that a minimum of 80 overs a day will be bowled in Tests, but even so, to beat India, England will have to play positive cricket. The team chosen has just that quality—the runs should come attractively and in plenty of time to work long and hard at the business of winkling out the Indian batsmen. This team could well surprise.



Downton's batting against the fast bowling was staunch and highly successful, and his 'keeping was of a much higher standard than many expected."

A difficult task ahead

Ashis Ray previews the series

WHEN the captain of a touring side describes his squad as one of the most inexperienced ever to leave his country's shores as David Gower did on the wickless prior to his departure for India it leaves very little to discuss on this count.

Of course it is possible that a skipper is being shifty in order to protect himself in advance from a bad performance. But in this case England's curly haired young helmsman was uttering nothing but the truth.

England has its indomitable Ian Botham not to mention the unconquered South Africa lovers among them the irrepressible Graham Gooch not to mention the now retired Bob Willis are a modest sight indeed. So much so that despite the fact that only three years have intervened since Keith Fletcher took out his team only two Gower, Mike Gatting and Paul Allott survive from that trip.

Of the rest many Pat Pocock has visited India in 1972-73 under Tony Lewis while four of the others Chris Cowdrey Bruce French Martyn Moxon and Timothy Robinson are seeking to play their first Test.

In fact in what has arguably been the lowest ebb in their cricket history England this autumn have lost a series to New Zealand and Pakistan for the first time been whitewashed at home by the West Indies and last but not the least put up a rather poor display against the Sri Lankans.

Of their three openers Gower's best only Graeme Fowler the left hander has graduated to the highest level in both Moxon and Robinson having potential. And as for the middle order while Allott has shown signs of being a genuinely attacking batsman and Paul Parker and Jack Russell of this type the jury is still out on Neil Foster and Richard Ellison are yet not fully convincing.

Less discouraging however is the spin department and the middle order for temperamentally erratic Phil Edmonds and the wily and evergreen Pocock form an effective duo of left arm orthodox and off spin respectively. Indeed the latter, who toured the West Indies under Cowdrey's illustrious father Colin, in the late Sixties, could become an important member of the party's think tank.

England albeit without Willis and Botham and wilting under a drugs scandal (later dismissed by the authorities), were exposed to no more than placid pitches and an unsettled Pakistan side (as demonstrated in the Asia Cup only a few weeks thereafter).

In such circumstances to mount a rear guard action was not exactly so brilliant or taxing. But of course from all indications Gower and Gatting got along very well and the latter emerged as an astute consultant—a state of affairs which however were rather rudely disturbed by the West Indians a few months later.

In the ensuing situation, of course, apart from the fact that India is not as formidable an opposition as the Windies, the duo concerned are said to be advantaged by the absence of the apparently difficult-to handle Botham. This towering all-rounder is alleged to be particularly troublesome as a bowler—never happy to be taken off!

Presumably, Sunil Gavaskar has no such problems with Kapil Dev, although personal relations between the two cannot be at its best, and which, together with the suspect loyalties of some other members of the Indian squad, probably amounts to the skipper's main worry.

Gavaskar, as many will be aware, did not take his sacking after the 1982-83 tour of Pakistan too well. Indeed, apart from the fact that he felt he'd been unjustifiably removed, he was resentful about Kapil's appointment, because he believed that it was a folly to choose him as captain when he had no experience of West Indian conditions.

The ties have progressively deteriorated between the two, leading to an unpleasant polarisation between north and west and a counter disrespect when Kapil lost the leadership. Indeed, the sight of the Haryana super-star holding court in Sharjah with the northerners in a desperate bid to cling on to threatened allegiance said it all.

But one of the bonuses of professional cricket is that money acts as an incentive to performance, and so, even if there is a strain between players, personal showing is generally unaffected. Team selection, however is a different matter, and in this respect, Gavaskar has already had to make his share of compromises vis-a-vis the trip to Pakistan.

To cite just one example, Gavaskar is said to believe that Madan Lal is finished as a bowler. Yet, seemingly as a gesture of goodwill to Delhi, he picked him ahead of Balwinder Sandhu. And, he may have to continue walking this kind of a political tightrope until he strengthens his hand with some much-needed success.

Of course, the twenty months away from "power" will have given him time to reflect on his previous handling of affairs. He will have taken stock of the mistakes, both tactical and in terms of team composition, he made in his erstwhile reign, and become careful not to repeat them.

To his benefit, the forthcoming tussle is a home series. He possesses, moreover, a stronger batting side than his opponents, a bowling attack which is no inferior, but a much less sharper set of fielders overall. It is also in the game's favour that a minimum of eighty overs a day has been incorporated as a clause in the series' regulations, even if at the last minute.

The latter aspect, given good weather, should ensure that the extreme boredom of the last visit by the Englishmen is not re-enacted. But a truly exciting series would depend on the wickets and the ability of the bowlers on either side to exploit them.

Thus, India can only hope that Kapil is back at his best, for Chetan Sharma, Sandhu and the spinners, Maninder Singh and Shivlal Yadav, can, now, be relied upon to lend him the required support on sporting tracks.

Of course, the assassination of Mrs Gandhi and the aftermath could cast a shadow of gloom over the Indian camp. But even so, if pressed for a view, I would say: It would be surprising if India lost.



One of the only three to survive from Fletcher's side—Paul Allott

Cabinet reshuffle

Jonathan Rice eavesdrops on a secret telephonic conversation

ON Monday, September 10, the Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, made her long-awaited announcement of the Cabinet reshuffle. Despite a summer which had seen more downs than ups for the Conservative government (the miners' strike, two dock strikes, GCHQ, the drought, etc), the new team looks very like the old one. Only one familiar face is missing, that of the ebullient independent Jim Prior, who had made it known much earlier that he did not wish to continue in the Cabinet.

On Wednesday, September 12, the chairman of the England selectors, Mr Peter May, made his long-awaited announcement of the England team to tour India and Australia. Despite a summer which had seen more downs than ups for the England team (the West Indies 'blackwash', a weak showing against Sri Lanka, injuries, etc), the new team looks very like the old one. Only one familiar face is missing, that of the ebullient independent Ian Botham.

Are the two announcements connected? Our political cricket correspondent Sir Jim Carton has the proof. A secret telephone conversation between Downing Street and Lord's was unwittingly broadcast over the loudspeakers, and the transcript has come into our possession.

Note: Although the speakers identify themselves only in code, Sir Jim believes they are personages 'at the highest level of cricketing and political administration'.

PM: Is that the PM? This is PM.

PM: Ah yes, PM. I was expecting you to call this pm.

PM I like the way you chose your new team, PM. Any tips you can give me?

PM: Well, it's really quite easy. You get rid of one or two, and replace them with one or two others. It doesn't make a lot of difference either way.

PM: But how can I replace Ian Botham?

PM: How could I replace Jim Prior? Just find somebody else who doesn't mind getting attacked by the Press for incompetence every time he fails to pull off a miracle. There's always a queue of volunteers outside my door.

PM: Douglas Hurd?

PM: Richard Ellison? You get the idea. But make sure Mr Botham stays in Scunthorpe all winter. I don't want him visiting his uncle, President P. W. Botham, in South Africa.

PM: What about new faces? How can I bring them in?

PM: Yes, new faces. You need them for the newspaper headlines. (Pause). What about the family connections? Have you got the son of an ex-leader you can put into the team? I used Lord Avon, and tucked him away as a junior local government minister.

PM: Chris Cowdrey? Reserve allrounder?

Quite clearly, as long as the Tories remain in power Lord's will never be abolished.

PM: You are really quite good at this. Now who is there that you can axe? Somebody who has served you loyally and uncomplainingly, so that when they get kicked in the teeth, it hurts all the more. Like Ivor Richard at the European Commission, for example.

PM: Chris Tavare? Chris Broad?

PM: Why not both? You've chosen Chris Cowdrey already and you can't have confusion in your team caused by too many people with the same name.

PM: OK. That's a deal.

PM: Who have you got for Defence?

PM: Downton and French.

PM: French, eh? Well, we're in the EEC, I suppose. What about Energy?

PM: Edmonds.

PM: Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster?

PM: Paul Allott.

PM: What about the vice-captain? The main qualification for a deputy PM seems to be a wide range of shots, which don't always go quite where they are intended.

PM: We've already got Mike Gatting down for that.

PM: Can I swap your Fowler for ours?

PM: Sorry, no can do. Norman isn't a left-hander and Graeme shows no aptitude for Security, Social or otherwise, especially at the start of an innings.

PM: Well, no harm in asking. Let's see, PM, you seem to have most of your team worked out, and very conservatively so, if I may make so bold. By the way, who have you got as the faithful dependable pillar on whom you can lean in times of trouble? I've always had Sir Geoffrey Howe, my woolly baa-lamb.

PM: Lamb.

PM: But no Welshmen. The Welsh are better as opposition. Not that fellow David Steele. Isn't it about time he retired?

PM: No Welshman. No David Steele.

PM: I know it is India you are touring but I don't suppose I could persuade any of the team to spend some time at Orgreave or Kiveton Main? If you have the bats and the helmets and the forearm-protectors already, it seems a pity to miss a chance to hit it to the pickets, as Mr Benaud so poetically puts it.

PM: No thank you. No unofficial tours. We don't have the jobs and visas for Yorkshire, and anyway, we don't want to upset Sir Geoffrey.

PM: One last thing, PM. I...well, I've noticed that you have managed this year to bring back one or two people who had been dropped from the team a while ago. I've got one, er, player in mind who might be due for a recall fairly soon. How can I do this and retain my popularity?

PM: You mean 'Percy' Pocock?

PM: Not 'Percy' Pocock. 'Percy' P...

At this point, the tape suddenly ends. However, enough details have been gathered from this undoubtedly authentic transcript to prove that cricket and politics remain inextricably linked. Quite clearly, as long as the Tories remain in power Lord's will never be abolished.

The 'secret' diaries of Dennis Lillee

Doubts surface. Vic Mills explains the dilemma

LAST Friday morning there was an air of considerable elation in the editorial offices of this magazine. After two months of difficult and often tedious negotiation, *Stickybeak* magazine had finally agreed to hand over to *Wisden Cricket Monthly* original volumes of the Lillee diaries. At last, it seemed, we could arrange our own tests—and determine once and for all if the material was authentic.

In secrecy, two of the insignificant-looking volumes bound in green-and-gold imitation dingo fur, circa Lindy Chamberlain—those for the years 1974 and 1975—were carried to London on a flight from Perth and handed over to the Editor of *Wisden Cricket Monthly*, David Frith, who had personally vouched for their safe-keeping. The volumes were to be kept at the offices of *WCM* over the weekend, for perusal by the Editorial Board, before being handed to the experts on Monday morning for chemical analysis to begin.

The weekend was barely under way, however, before the drama began to unfurl. *Stickybeak* phoned *WCM* in the early hours of Saturday morning to warn, that the WACA (West Australian Cricket Archives) in Perth, which had earlier in the week been given seven volumes, had denounced them all as certain forgeries. The reason for this total certainty followed.

The diaries detailing the technique for kicking diminutive Pakistani batsmen, and two volumes covering 1973 and 1979, had been examined by the Archives Forensic Institute. Tests carried out on pastry crust found stuck to pages of the diaries was proved beyond all reasonable doubt to belong to a type of meat pie found only in Melbourne.

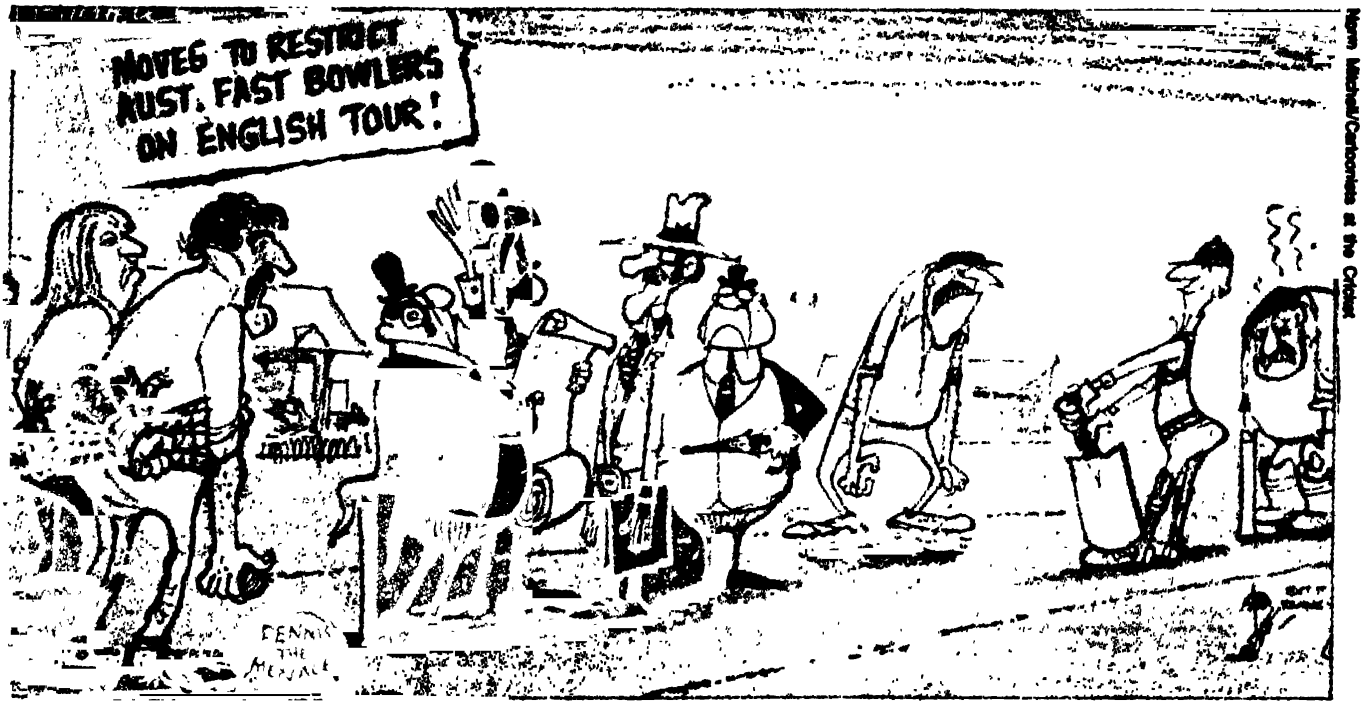
Despite the immense amount of travelling undertaken by Lillee in the past 15 years, the contention has been throughout that all entries made in the diaries took place in Perth. The prospect of Lillee purchasing a meat pie in Melbourne then travelling the 2000 miles to Perth before consuming the said items is just too absurd to contemplate. Further, Lillee was always known to have perfect table manners. Team-mates interviewed in the past three months have since sworn affidavits to the effect that not once during his long career did they witness Lillee spilling any of his food.

If such disclosures had drawn the sting over the question of authenticity, the drama had still to run its full course. On Wednesday evening the president of the Archives took home four more volumes of the diaries, "read right through them," he said. "At midnight I said to my sulpha-crested cockatoo: I don't care whether they are real or forged. They are so boring, so totally meaningless, it hardly makes any difference."

Next day four of his colleagues studied the diaries and rapidly came to the conclusion that the contents had been drawn largely from a massive two-volume collection of Lillee interviews, bloody-oaths, and histrionic appeals, compiled by PBL overlord Lynton ('I don't know whether Test cricket can be saved') Taylor and first published in 1980.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Continued next week



Norm Mitchell/Cartoonists at the Cricket

'Also ensure that those colonial scoundrels bowl underarm and make the ball bounce twice before arriving at the gentlemen batsmen!'

Behind Their Backs

That was where Rodney Marsh spent most of his time, to the acute discomfort of the most prominent Test batsmen. And Australian sides were certainly the richer for his presence. Ian Brayshaw looks back on the remarkable career of a remarkable cricketer, patriot and combatant. These extracts are from the book "Warriors in Baggy Green Caps" published by Lansdowne Rigby International and priced at £8.95

ANY close analysis of the reason behind the success of Australian teams under Ian Chappell would soon isolate Rodney William Marsh as a major factor. Though relatively short in stature, the powerfully-built Marsh stood tall amongst an august line-up of teammates during those heady days. His influence was profound. It was not simply because of the wicketkeeping and batting talents of the man. That prowess classified him as a genuine all-rounder of a different type, given that we traditionally consider only players who bat and bowl with distinction to be all-rounders. Much more than all of that, though, Marsh made a significant contribution to the character and fighting spirit of the team.

You could say with Marsh and Ian Chappell that it was a case of likes attracting. The two were from the same mould in terms of a devil-may-care attitude backed by a pugnacious competitive streak. Circumstances threw them close together on the field, Marsh behind the stumps and Chappell only a metre or so from him at first slip, when the new Australian gloveman made his Test debut in the First Test against England at Brisbane in 1970. By that time Chappell, though only four years his senior, was a veteran of some 31 Tests. On the other hand, Marsh would never be as vulnerable in cricket than he was in that opening game and the others to follow during that summer of 1970-71.

He was under fire from the influential Sydney Press before he'd even tried on his new green and gold cap. The critics did not concur with the Australian selectors' opinion that the young Marsh was a better bet than the seasoned New South Welshman Brian Taber for an Ashes series. They bellowed from the roof tops and Marsh felt the world closing in on him when he arrived in Brisbane two days before the Test. He had not long been the regular keeper for his own State of Western Australia and, try as he might, he was in such a position of seige he was battling to convince even himself that he was without a shadow of a doubt the man for the job. It was then that Ian Chappell made a fateful move.

After the traditional practice session at the Gabba on the morning of the day before the game, he suggested that Marsh might like to join him and some others in a round of golf. Lugging a golf buggy around a hilly course and having a few beers afterwards may not read like the ideal prescription for the afternoon and evening before your first Test match but it was just what Marsh needed to put down the rebellion inside his embattled brain. That afternoon the foundations were laid down for a friendship that was to last through all sorts of thick and thin. In truth, Chappell must have sensed that the Australian captaincy was not too far away from him and out on that golf course he signed on a servant who would one day serve him loyally.

The following day Marsh went out into the cauldron of Test cricket with a mind rid of the shackles of uncertainty. Only a true romantic would write that the chunky West Australian was an instant success. His obvious struggle behind the stumps even moved a cold-hearted Melbourne newspaper columnist to dub the new boy 'Iron Gloves', alluding to the fact that the ball bounced out of Marsh's grips as though he was wearing metal gloves. It was much to the young Marsh's chagrin and embarrassment that the nickname stuck, but in later years he accepted it somewhat proudly. By then he had established himself as one of the greats in a grand line of Australian keepers and then the 'Iron' referred to the fibre of man, rather than that of his gauntlets.

There must have been times during that first summer when the Australian selectors wondered at the wisdom of their choice and even contemplated the implications of changing horses. As he soldiered on trying to vindicate their choice, Marsh found steadfast allies in Chappell and his mate Doug Walters, the 'Bertie' and 'Freddie' in a trio of inseparables that included 'Herbie' (ironically, Brian Taber), who had picked up their nicknames from a television series they had seen while touring South Africa with the Australian team the previous summer. At the end of Marsh's first Test match innings, in which he'd claimed four catches, but dropped as many, the dry Walters quipped, 'Never mind pal, if you'd taken them all you'd have broken the world record in your first innings.'

It was Chappell in particular who helped the inexperienced Marsh digest the rights and wrongs of captain Bill Lawry's decision to declare the Australian first innings closed in the Fifth Test of that series at Melbourne with Marsh not out on 92. The declaration robbed Marsh of the opportunity in just his sixth innings to become the first Australian wicketkeeper to score a Test century. Thanks to the supportiveness of those

close to him, the youngster was able to swallow a bitter pill without too much rancour. Anyway, after one more game Lawry's tenure as Australian captain was abruptly ended and so Marsh embarked on a large slab of his career when he would constantly have the team's leader standing in his back pocket out on the field.

Marsh's devotion to the cause of becoming Australia's wicketkeeper had been deeply rooted. He fitted the gloves given to him before he became a teenager as though they had been tailor-made for him. He spent countless hours in the backyard of his home practising the techniques and developing the inbuilt mechanisms of anticipation and reflex. By 1968, before he'd celebrated his twenty-first birthday, he was convinced he would one day make it. His conviction was so strong that when he wrote to his WA University Cricket Club teammate John Inverarity, then on tour with the Australian side in England, he signed off with the words, 'Australia's future wicketkeeper'.

Now, having fulfilled his own promise, Marsh was not about to relinquish his place in the Australian side. He set about honing his skills and there can have been no more assiduous worker at the job of perfecting the art of wicketkeeping. Part of the improvement process was to shed some of the excess weight he had carried with him into Test cricket. With the devoted assistance of his wife Ros, Marsh was able to trim off many kilograms and reduce himself to a figure that could only be described as 'heavily-muscled', never again as 'fat'. Part of the secret in controlling that particular problem of his youth has been diet, the rest has been in strict training routines. I was involved with Rod's first serious running programme. The venue was a rather hilly metropolitan golf course in Perth and when he finally staggered in almost two holes behind the leaders, he gasped, 'These legs weren't made for runnin'.'

Marsh doesn't have a runner's build. His legs are extraordinarily short in relation to the rest of his body. Indeed, on a tour of New Zealand, with the Australian side he was the second tallest in the team if height was measured while sitting down. During that rather off-beat set-to in New Zealand, he found that he sat taller by a whisker than the big fellow, Max Walker. It turned out Max's legs were as long as Rod's were short! Despite Marsh's physical shortcomings in relation to distance running, he stuck at it admirably and reaped the rewards in the form of a fitness base that remained with him throughout a testing career.

Despite those short, stubby legs, he is remarkably fast over a short distance. This has stood him in good stead with a most important facet of wicketkeeping—getting up to the stumps for infield runout plays. Marsh prides himself on the fact that, even though he stands so far back for the likes of Lillee and Thomson, he is rarely found wanting in getting up



You could say with Marsh and Ian Chappell that it was a case of likes attracting

over the bails for the sharpest of cover fieldsmen. Once he gets there at full tilt his incredible reflexes and acrobatics are seen at their best when he works on a wild throw. You can also appreciate Marsh's speed in short bursts when you enjoy a long partnership with him and find that he makes his ground on even the most audacious stolen single. In fact, he really enjoys a romp of that nature when batting.

Marsh has always placed great emphasis in training on practising diving. It all began with those new gloves he got as a boy. He would flick the ball on to the cylindrical upright of the clothes hoist at his parents' home and dive to the left, to the right or forward to take the catch. More recently he would ask a teammate to hit balls firmly to his left and right and throw himself bodily after them, improving the one-handed take and hardening his body for the inevitable crash to earth. As a consequence to this training, Marsh has gained a great reputation for his 'width' in keeping to bowlers of all types. And he has taken many grand catches at full stretch to both the left and right sides. This ability serves the team doubly because it accommodates a wider setting of the man at first slip, which in turn gives the whole slips cordon a wider cover per man deployed.

Standing behind the stumps, Marsh is in the best possible position to tell how bowlers are going. He knows if they are hitting the gloves hard, or if they are swinging the ball or making it spin. He senses that moment when a bowler starts tiring or losing his way in a duel with a batsman. Ian Chappell absorbed and digested many a suggestion from his wicketkeeper during those 30 Tests and the Australian team did that little bit better as a result. From his vantage point Marsh can survey the intricate field placings better than any captain. Some wise leaders, Chappell included, have given him the carte blanche to make cosmetic adjustments when and where they have been needed to cover the gaps.

Rod Marsh shares with just one other player, Greg Chappell, the distinction of having played in each of Ian's 30 games at the helm. And, measured in cold, hard figures alone, he was a grand performer for his captain throughout. Behind the stumps he averaged just a tick over four dismissals in every Test played. He bagged a total of 122 victims, with the disproportionate figure of only five stumpings among them. In fact, it was not until the Fourth Test against England in 1972, Marsh's tenth appearance, that he made his first Test stumping. The bowler was Ashley Mallett, the batsman Alan Knott and the venue was the more than somewhat amenable 'nunefield' at Headingley. Because of circumstances beyond his control, Marsh's career figures are dominated by catches off fast bowlers. Has there ever been a better man in this regard? The fact



His obvious struggle behind the stumps even moved a cold-hearted Melbourne newspaper columnist to dub the new boy 'Iron Gloves', alluding to the fact that the ball bounced out of Marsh's grips as though he was wearing metal gloves

that he has made so few stumpings in Tests is not so much a reflection of shortcomings in a wicketkeeper's make up as the fact that during his time there have been so few opportunities because of the dearth of really top flight spin bowlers. During Ian Chappell's tenure as captain Marsh put in several splendid individual performances. He claimed seven wickets in a game on two occasions and seven times he finished a Test with six scalps to his name. As well, he made five dismissals in an innings no fewer than four times.

Quite obviously Marsh thrived on the presence of two great fast bowlers in Dennis Lillee and Jeff Thomson during this period. Indeed he took ten catches off Lillee in the five Tests in England in 1972 while making 23 dismissals, a record that still stands for an Australian in a series against England. However, it is interesting to note that when Lillee was sidelined with injury during the 1973-74 summer, Marsh took the incredible total of 30 dismissals in six Tests at home and away against New Zealand. So the figures show that after he had settled down in the side, all he needed was half a chance from any type of bowler to have the batsman on his way back to pavilion.

There is no denying the enormous influence that Lillee has had on Marsh's overall career figures, just as there is no denying the fact that Marsh has helped Lillee in many ways during his magnificent career. Marsh has been with Lillee throughout his long career and quite rightly boasts that he has kept wicket for him in every Test he has played as well as in a very high percentage of the first-class games in which he has bowled, by virtue of the fact that the two play for the same State of Western Australia. Great friendship and a close professional bond have developed between the two and they have been cemented by a mutual appreciation by each of the other's abilities and the other's importance in his own team and personal achievement.

Marsh would be the first to thank Lillee for all those opportunities to take catches behind the stumps and for all the times his awesome presence in a team has perhaps made the difference between winning and losing. By the same token Lillee would hasten to point out that Marsh has, in a way, been his mentor and motivator over a long period.

West Australians always hark back to the 'Miracle Match', a Gillette Cup semi-final against Queensland in which WA defended just 77 runs yet won



Patrick Eagar

Marsh doesn't have a runner's build. His legs are extraordinarily short in relation to the rest of his body. Indeed, on a tour of New Zealand with the Australian side he was the second tallest in the team if height was measured while sitting down

comfortably, for an example of the Marsh-Lillee teamwork. Greg Chappell was the key to Queensland's success and he had been in only a couple of deliveries when Rod called for a bouncer high and wide down leg side. Dennis obliged, so did Greg with a little glide that should have been on its way to the boundary for four. Trouble was, Marsh had placed himself metres wide down leg side before Lillee had even let the ball go and he was able to move high and to the left to accept the catch to send the bewildered Chappell on his way.

The fact that Marsh was prepared to move so wide was a reflection of his confidence in Lillee's ability to place the ball precisely where it was wanted. Among the many other examples of Marsh-Lillee magic were the orchestrated dismissals of Indian Sandeep Patil (caught at mid-wicket hooking) in the Third Test at Melbourne, 1980-81 and West Indian Viv Richards (caught at the wicket hooking at a high bouncer) in the Second Test at Sydney, 1981-82. There is a great deal of body language in the embrace that follows one of these 'planned breakthroughs'...two men thoroughly satisfied that two heads can be better than one occasionally. Of course, we are talking only about those dismissals that follow a signal by Marsh that is clearly seen all over the ground. There must have been many, many more that were the culmination of private talks between the two either on or off the field.

If Marsh's wicketkeeping and all its allied trappings had a marked impact on Ian Chappell's teams, and there's no way of measuring just how important it was, then so too did his batting. There was always something comforting about having Marsh waiting in the wings for the late middle order. Here was a man who had first won his way into first-class cricket as a batsman alone—and made a century in his debut game—an immensely-powerful striker of the ball and yet one possessed of a good, tight technique. All wrapped up in the one parcel was a man who could go out and slaughter an attack, when that was the call, or dig in and hold the tail together if the situation was tough. Marsh's temperament and his innate 'feel' for the game made him an ideal candidate for such a tricky job.

Ask Rod Marsh to list his great moments in sport and he's bound to include among some outstanding personal and team achievements in cricket, the times that he broke par or whipped his mate 'Bertie' on the golf course.

A glamour show

George K. George



ONCE again it was marathon time in the big city. The New York City Marathon is a class act. Even the absence of the world's top marathoners does not seem to affect its glamour and mass appeal. Even when records remain untouched, the spirit of an unknown winner or challenger makes it one of the most spectacular races of the world.

It was the largest New York Marathon ever. In all, 16,315 runners took off in the worst weather conditions in years. High temperature and humidity made a world record impossible from the outset. The first fatality in the race's 15-year-history occurred as a 48-year-old French runner died of cardiac arrest an hour after he was taken to the hospital. But even the tragedy of Jacques Bussereau could not deprive the big event of an exciting finish involving rather unknown competitors.

Olympic hero Carlos Lopez was not there Nor was Rob De Castella, the world champion. Former world record holder Alberto Salazar was missing too. Rod Dixon, the New Zealander who won last year through a memorable performance, was the only leading marathoner in the line-up. The women's list looked more respectable by the presence of five-time winner Grete Waitz of Norway.

Stars do not make races like a New York Marathon, gutsy performers do. Last year it was a dead heat between Dixon and an unknown Briton called Geoff Smith. This time, it was another Briton and an Italian.

For a while it looked as if the young Briton would beat the ailing Italian, who stopped more than six times to take deep breaths and to massage his chest and stomach. But finally Orlando Pizzolato's determination prevailed. David Murphy was a close second like his compatriot Geoff Smith. However, the margin between the top two finishers was much closer last year.

Pizzolato finished with a time of 2: 4:13. Last year he had finished the Rome Marathon at 2:4:42. At the 24 mile mark, he led by just 12 seconds, but Murphy was not able to catch up. The distance between them increased to 43 seconds by the time he crossed the finish line. It was Pizzolato's first marathon win ever. Last year he was no. 27 in this event. He is the second foreign man to win the New

The other side of the story

ALSO in the fray, this year, was 43-year-old Gobind Daryanani. An Indian by birth, he now resides in New Jersey and has acquired American citizenship. He is very devoted to his running and, even while vacationing in India recently, goes for his run

Talking about his experience in the New York Marathon, he makes it very clear that running or jogging in the United States is very different to India. There, prospective runners spend up to two hours each day training. The method of training is also very methodical. Most people run only six days a week and these six days are divided into hard days and easy days. By this method, they intersperse long runs with short runs. Marathon training also includes one day of speedwork on the track. This trackwork consists of one-mile sprints and helps you to put on that vital burst of speed near the finish line.

The average person who is preparing for a marathon does over 60 miles a week of running. Also included in the training regimen, for some, is some weight training.

Even diet has an important part in the preparation for the run. A week before the marathon, carbohydrates are taken off the diet and proteins are the main intake. After three days, the diet is reversed so that the runner is full of energy from the glycogen that is produced from the carbohydrates.

This diet is called 'carbohydrate loading' and exposes the body to extremes in glycogen content but makes the body very weak. This is the reason why most people skip the depletion and just undergo the last four days of loading.

Running the marathon is tough but getting to run in the marathon is tough too. There is a quota of 4,000 for foreign participants. About 200-500 runners are invitees. Invitees are runners who have clocked times of 2:40 for men and 3:00 for women in the last year. The balance 14,000 places are for American citizens and here too, there is a division. 7,000 are on a first-come-first-served basis and the people spend long nights outside post offices to get their applications into the first mail. The remaining 7,000 places are distributed on a lottery system to the rest of the applicants. And the number of applicants for this year's marathon? 65,000!

Daryanani stood in line outside a post office for six hours and managed to get a place on the first 7,000. After all this, he was very disappointed when he could not finish. He dropped out after 22 miles due to weakness and the heat. But he will be participating in a marathon in Florida early next year and hopes to do better.

Pradeep Paul

York Marathon.

Murphy was no newcomer to this race either. Two years ago, he was running second in the last phase of the race, but finished fifth. This time his chances looked bright as Rod Dixon dropped out at the 21st mile and Pizzolato began to experience cramps. The extra energy was just not there.

Bussereau collapsed almost 14 miles into the race. He was one of the 600 French runners who had come to New York with 200 friends and relatives. He had a heart attack four years ago, but is said to have finished a marathon in 2:04:03.

Another symbol of marathon tragedy was in New York. Gabriele Andersen-Schiess, who almost became a fatal casualty at the Los Angeles Olympics, finished 11th among the women runners. She was not very happy about her timing of 2:42:24, but was relieved about the smooth race she had completed.

The two million New Yorkers who watched the race cheered wildly for one familiar face and they were not disappointed. Grete Waitz, the Olympic silver medalist, won her sixth New York Marathon crown with a time of 2.29 30 The 31-year-old Norwegian almost dropped out of the race during the early stages due to diarrhoea She managed to stay in the race and finished 57th overall She led from the word go. Veronique Marot (29), a French native who has become a British citizen, was second and Laura Fogi of Italy was third.

For the first time in the history of the event, prize money was distributed in the open. The winners received 25,000 dollars and a Mercedes Benz. The top 25 men and top 20 women were awarded cash prizes.

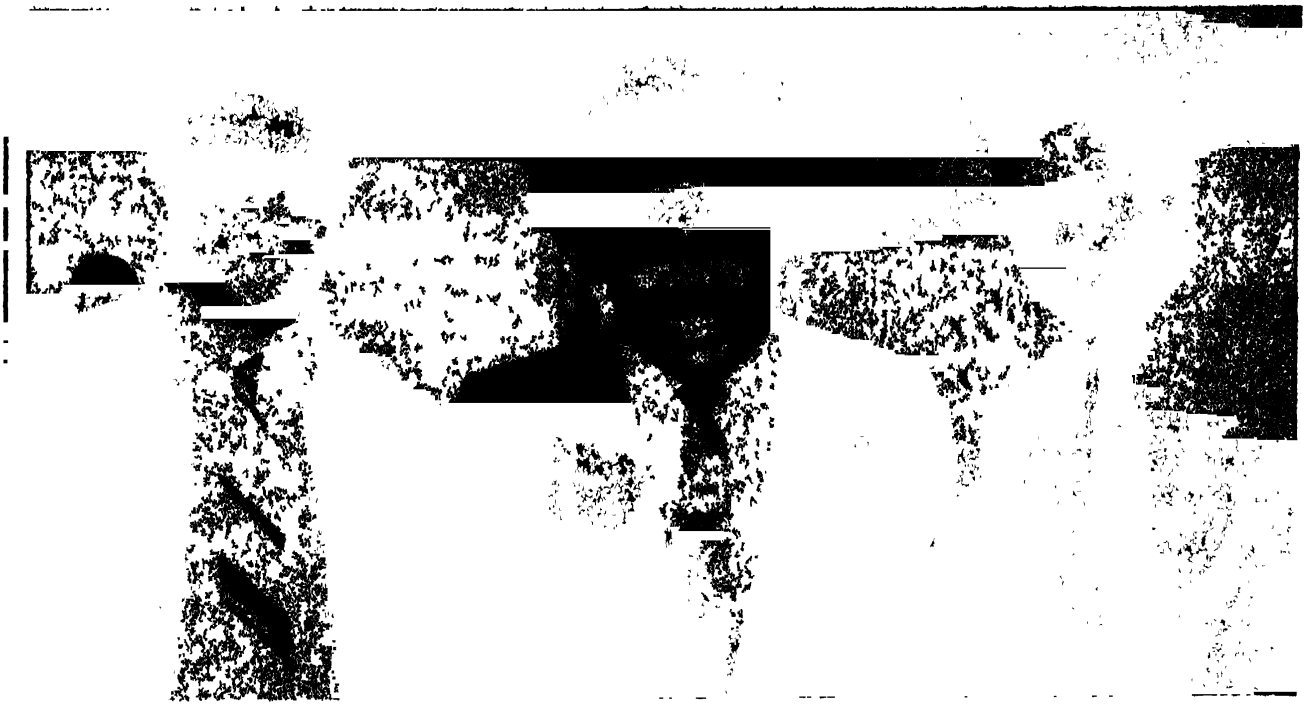
Ironically, the line-up of the New York Marathon was affected by the Chicago Marathon a week ago. It had offered better prizes and more attractive appearance money. In fact, New York organisers had offered as much as 50,000 dollars as appearance money to Olympic gold medalist Lopez of Portugal. He preferred to run in Chicago, as did Rob De Castella of Australia.

Both Lopez and De Castella were shocked by a world record performance by Great Britain's Stephen Jones in his very first marathon. The 29-year-old aircraft technician from the Royal Air Force had finished eighth in the 10,000 metres at Los Angeles.

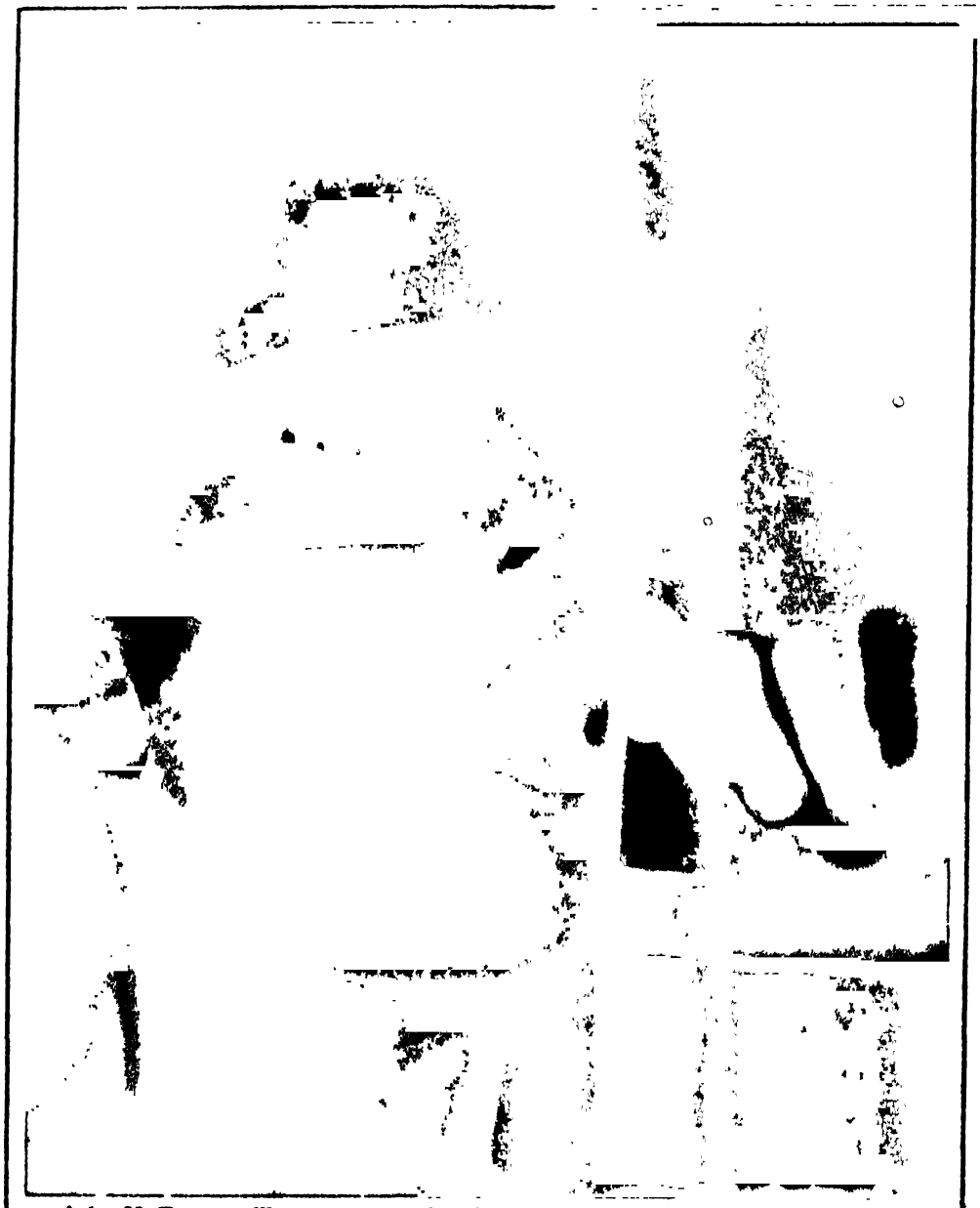
He broke away from Lopez and De Castella to set a new world record of 2:08:05. The previous record of 2:08:13 belonged to Alberto Salazar of the United States. It was set during the 1981 New York Marathon. It was ironic that the organisers of the New York Marathon had not invited him.

On the other hand, the organisers at Chicago had raised the total prize money by 115,000 dollars to attract the world's top runners from New York. They succeeded in doing it, but all those superstars were humiliated by a man who was running his second marathon ever. He had not finished the first one.

He is the first Briton to hold a marathon world record, since Basil Heatly in 1964. One of his main competitors in Chicago was Geoff Smith, the runner-up in New York last year. Other leading challengers



Boxing [illegible] Don King flanked by James 'Bonecrusher' Smith, left, and Larry Holmes before their fight at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. The unbeaten Holmes made his first appearance in the ring in more than eleven months. The 35-year-old Holmes was the favourite and said that he was 'not in this thing to take this man in 15 rounds'. His prediction was correct. The champion stopped Smith in the 12th round in his first defence of the International Boxing Federation's heavyweight title



John McEnroe will return to professional tennis this week after his 21-day suspension. The world's top ranked player was suspended shortly after winning the Stockholm Open-Scandinavian Championships. The suspension was originally for 42 days but it was relaxed provided McEnroe did not play any exhibitions for the 21 days

were three Kenyans, Joseph Nzau the defending champion, Richard Kattany and Gabriel Kamau The latter was visibly hurt in a fall following a tangle with Smith Nzau became ill and dropped out Lopez finished second and De Castella was third

The women's title went to Rosa Mota of Portugal, the bronze medallist at Los Angeles She clocked the seventh best time in women's marathon Lisa Martin of Australia and Ingrid Kristiansen of Norway took the next two places

How could a novice cut the world mark by 8 seconds? Steve Jones says he does not have the answer. So far nobody has come up with one either.

Money is the name of the game in track and field as in any other sports and games today Track and field officials formalised the arrangement for a 16-meet international Grand Prix competition which will offer more than half a million dollars in prize money from next year. The exact figure is 542,000 dollars. It is expected to supplement prizes and appearance fees at these meets. Amateur athletes are authorised to win prizes as part of their trust fund

The events will be organised by the International Amateur Athletic Federation and is financed by Mobil Corporation, the leading International Oil Company. Mobil has been sponsoring a similar indoor Grand Prix series in the United States for the past few years

The announcement was made at a luncheon in New York featuring Carl Lewis, Edwin Moses, Eamonn Coghlan, Valerie Brisco-Hooks and other leading track stars The circuit will begin with two meets in the United States next spring, the Bruce Jenner Classic in San Jose, California and the Prefontaine Classic in Eugene, Oregon, the 'mecca' of American track Then the caravan will move to 14 venues in 12 European countries including the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia and Hungary

On the agenda are nine men's events and seven women's events each year. There will be a different set of events every other year. The top eight finishers will get points and the top six will collect cash prizes ranging from 1,000 to 10,000 dollars The top four finishers among men and women will collect bonuses or awards ranging from 5,000 to 25,000 dollars.

It has been an open secret that athletes have been receiving huge sums in endorsements and appearance money Carl Lewis is reported to collect at least 500,000 dollars a year. The Grand Prix cover is not going to do away with the under-the-table payments at international meets. This year's New York and Chicago Marathons are the most obvious proof for it.

Pakistan was the stronger side

Zaheer Abbas sums up the series in a conversation with **Mudar Patherya**



"At Faisalabad on a perfect pitch India made 500. We batted second and scored more runs losing less wickets." Mudassar Nazar (left) and Qasim Umar scored 409 runs between themselves in the second Test.

SPORTSWORLD: How beneficial is this arrangement of playing a series between India and Pakistan every year?

ZAHEER ABBAS: I do not think that we shall be treating this event on an annual feature any longer. People are losing interest. I think if we play against each other once every two years it would be better.

Even the players are not being motivated adequately. Last year we went to India and played at places like Nagpur and Jalandhar. I think it would have been better if the matches had been arranged for the regular Test centres, rather than these where Tests had not been played for a very long time. The direct result was that not only did we lose interest, but so also did the spectators.

Why did the Pakistanis not object to centres like Nagpur and Jalandhar then?

Well, we were not in any position to tell the Indians which centres would be preferable to us. Moreover, I think it is the duty of the players to just play—not question the suitability of Test venues.

You mentioned Nagpur and Jalandhar. The Indians could as easily single out Faisalabad, which is quite wanting not only in accommodation but also by way of transport.

Well, when we went to India we had a lot of problems at the centres there. But we did not complain. It would have been useless to do so. We have to accept your country as it is. Similarly, we would want to be accepted just as we are. It doesn't mean that if we do not have five/four/three star hotels Test cricket should not be played there. It would be a waste of time to complain about these things.

In the series just concluded between India and Pakistan do you feel that Pakistan was the better side?

We proved it, didn't we? The only thing that was missing from either side was, of course, a matchwinning bowler and this was the only factor which did not bring about a result.

How would you say that your side was stronger?

For two reasons mainly. We got India

out for 156 at Lahore and at Faisalabad we got more runs than India. The Indians took us lightly in the first innings at Lahore. Had we bowled better second time around we might have won the match. Then at Faisalabad on a perfect pitch India made 500. We batted second and scored more runs losing less wickets.

Also, if you notice that when we went to India last year we held the upper hand in most of the Tests. Starting from Bangalore and going over to Jalandhar, we had higher totals than India. You could call it winning-draws. India, on the other hand, did not on a single occasion show that they might have won any of the Tests.

What do you think went wrong with Pakistan at Lahore after it had shot India out for 156? Pakistan had almost won the Test by the end of the fourth day.

The wicket became a bit easy, in fact too slow. The ball was coming right onto the bat. Also we did not have Azeem Hafeez at his best as he was in the first innings.

You have been criticised for throwing away a heaven-sent opportunity at Faisalabad of winning the Test. Four Indians—Gavaskar, Kapil Dev, Patil and Shastri—were on the injured list. You could have terminated the Pakistan batting 100 short and asked the Indians to bat. A couple of breakthroughs and the Indians might not have been able to bat down to the last man. In fact, I have Raj Singh Dungarpur's version. He said that India would have been very hard pressed to save the Test had you declared at that time.

The Indians can safely say that. In fact, it is the Indians one should be blaming. If they at all wanted to win the Test why did they bat over into the third day? Since the 500 mark was just 20 runs away they could have declared at the end of the second day itself. On the third day (Friday) the match was starting at 9.30 am and there was a bit of dew to take advantage of. The Indians could very well have made use of that early on. The sun was also not shining very hard on that wicket. The moisture therefore took some time to evaporate but it was hardly utilised.

Also, when Amarnath was in charge later in the game he put on the off spinner who bowled outside the off stump with six men on the off side. It didn't appear as if they wanted to get Pakistan out.

But you haven't answered the question. With four Indians unable to bat, shall we assume, and Pakistan only 100 runs behind, don't you think that there was a gamble to make the most of?

I saw Patil at the ground on that particular day. To me he didn't look ill or injured. Moreover, I would have preferred the Indians declaring at the end of the second day. The Indian bowlers also wasted quite a bit of time on the fourth and fifth days. The umpires complained on quite a few occasions but they continued just as it pleased them. At Bangalore if you can remember we had bowled 97 overs on one of the days. Here, the Indians since they had to bowl 77, questioned

I agree with Sunil Gavaskar. It would be a good thing to have neutral umpires in Indo-Pak Test matches. They have it in hockey and other disciplines so why not in cricket?

the use of bowling more than the required number. The Indians did not want us to get runs fast on that sort of a wicket. Had they bowled overs a quicker rate we might have got the runs at the right time and declared. That could not come about though.

The Indians alleged that you were guilty of negative cricket.

One should say that it was just the opposite. As I said before, what was off spinner Gaekwad doing with six men on the off side? Why were the Indians taking so much time with their overs? Why were they talking after each ball? The next time we play the Indians we should be playing around 80-90 overs a day. I think 77 a day is too little, considering that neither India nor Pakistan contains a genuine fast bowler.

But don't you feel that the Indians had a reason to waste time, if they did so at all? Had they got through their overs quickly the Pakistani batsmen, at that rate, might have made 700 in no time, you would have declared and that would have put the Indians into trouble.

That is not the way of playing cricket. We are playing to entertain the people.

Don't you feel that declaring 100 runs short would have also been an advantage?

I doubt it.

We saw that you did not bowl Qadir on the second day. Now Qadir is your main attacking bowler.

There's a reason for that. Both the batsmen, Patil and Shastri, were absolutely set and they were hitting him very well. I was waiting for either of them to get out before using Qadir against a newcomer. When Patil was out, I brought Qadir back and he picked up two wickets.

I was also planning for the third Test. I did not want to expose him to the Indians. Even then, he got four wickets on that track at Faisalabad.

One of the criticisms levelled against the Pak Board has been the Faisalabad wicket. It was dead. In fact, almost 1200 runs were scored and only 16 wickets fell. Don't you feel that such strips are much to the detriment of cricket in Pakistan?

We won on that very track against India in 1982-83.

But at that time there was Imran Khan in your side.

I tell you if we had Imran Khan this time we would have won too.

They could have prepared a pitch like at Lahore.

But that one did not help the bowlers.

But at least more wickets fell.

That was because in getting our 400 odd runs we threw away our wickets.

So you feel that the wicket in Faisalabad was not to blame.

That's right.

What do you think is the reason why Imran has not played in this series?

I don't know anything about him. My knowledge about him is just restricted to what appears in the newspapers, nothing else.

When he could play in the double-wicket tournament at Calcutta as well as the Bishan Bedi benefit in February why did he not play for Pakistan against England in March?

Imran would be the best judge

Would you have him in the side purely as a batsman?

There's a big question mark about that too

What did you think of Javed Miandad's handling of the team whenever you were not there on the field in the two Tests?

He has done very well. Just see the results: he was responsible for bowling India out for 156 at Lahore. That the bowlers bowled well is to Miandad's credit somewhat. I'd say that if some captains are unlucky it does not necessarily mean that they are not good enough. Javed is an attacking captain and this is very good for Pakistan cricket. He handled the side very well.

What did you think of the umpiring in the series? Was it satisfactory?

Yes, it was very satisfactory.

Better than other Indo-Pak series?

I wouldn't want to answer something like that.

The Indian captain was of the opinion that neutral umpiring should be introduced for Indo-Pak Tests from now on.

I agree with him. It would be a good thing to have neutral umpires in our Test matches. They have it in hockey and other disciplines, so why not in cricket? When Clive Lloyd was there in India he said he had not seen such poor umpiring ever. When Gavaskar had taken his side to Australia some years ago he walked out in the middle of a Test. When India went to England they said that they did not want a particular umpire. So why not have neutral umpires so that nobody can complain?

But even if you had a West Indian standing in Tests between India and Pakistan it wouldn't necessarily mean that there would be no errors.

That's right as umpires are after all, human beings. Yet we would be complaining less with neutral supervision. It is something Gavaskar has begun talking about now and that we have been talking about for years.

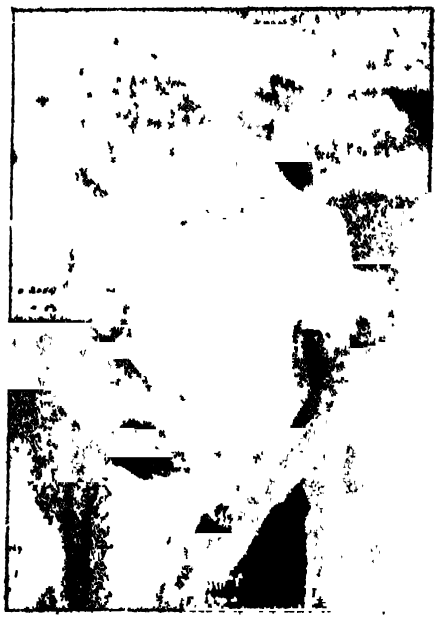
You said that you were satisfied with the umpiring this series. Does that mean that there were no bad decisions?

One or two bad decisions are there in any series anywhere in the world Some went against us this time, some against India.

Which went against Pakistan? Could you mention a couple?

I wouldn't want to mention that.

Gavaskar said that the Pakistani umpiring was 'premeditated and pre-planned.' This means that the umpires were briefed by the team/Board.



The Indians were guilty of negative cricket. Why were they taking so much time with their overs? Why were they talking after each ball?

Not by the team but by the Board. I think that is what he meant. He is such a great player but this statement was a bad one from his side. We didn't say anything about the umpiring in India when I knew that there had been some umpiring errors.

Going back a bit, you did say something about the umpiring at Bangalore when Gavaskar completed his century in the second innings.

Yes, but nothing against the umpires. In fact, I said that the umpiring was good even though I know what goes on over there. But I wouldn't have liked to say something about the Indian Board.

Gavaskar has directly accused the Pakistan Board of trying to cheat.

Yes, that is right.

Why hasn't the Board taken serious offence to that then?

I think they shall write to the Indian Board.

One of the things noticed while Gaekwad was walking back in the second innings at Lahore was that some Pakistani players used foul language.

I wasn't present there so I would not be able to say what happened. But this time I noticed that whenever the Indians were on the field they made funny noises.

By funny noises do you mean abusive words?

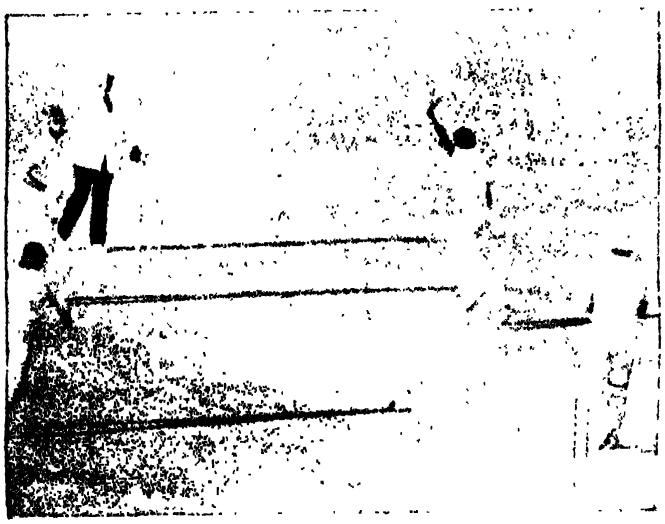
(uhmm)...Yes, maybe. They were exchanging words with my boys and I did not want my players to answer back to them.

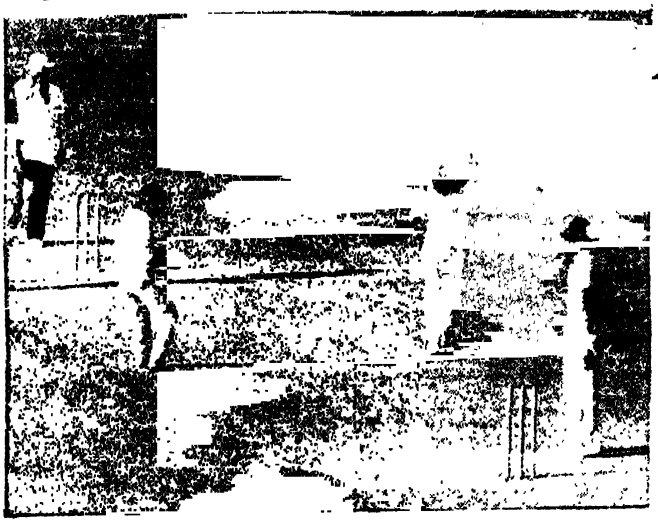
Do you think that one of the reasons for this is that Imran is no longer in the Pakistan side and no one can retaliate anymore.

Perhaps that is the reason. Earlier whenever someone used to hit him for four the next ball used to be something different. Imran would then say: 'Where is that shot gone now?' It is now the reverse.

You be the judge!

Nikhil Bhattacharya's version of the umpiring controversy in Pakistan What about yours?





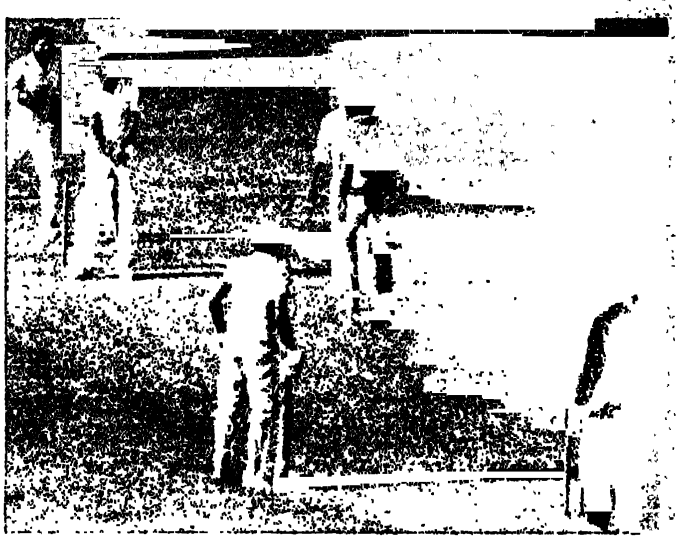
Another controversial decision: Binny lbw Mudassar at Lahore in the first innings. Note: the fielder at short leg (Rameez Raja) did not appeal. Many felt that Binny was too far down the wicket.

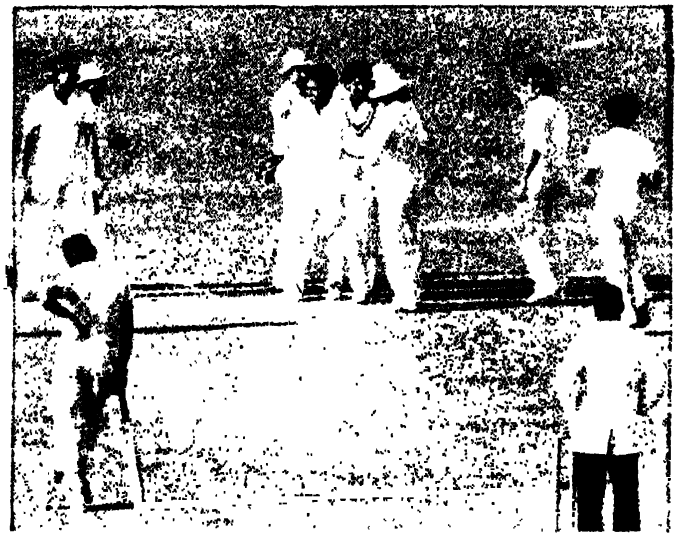




Gaekwad played forward and was given out, caught Malek b Taueeef 60. The batsman felt that the ball had gone off his pad. This was in the second innings of the first Test at Lahore.



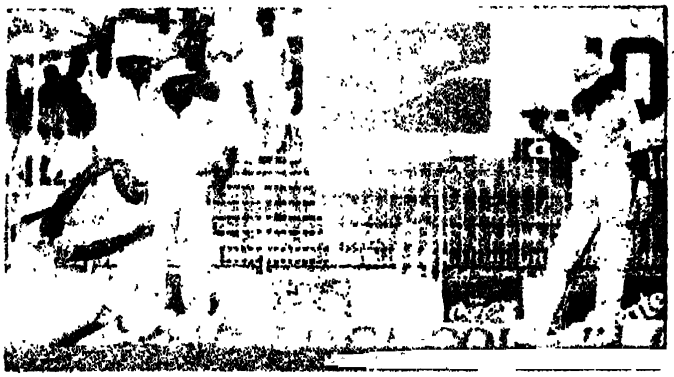






The most controversial decision of the series? Kapil Dev was struck on the pad and the umpire, Khizar Hayat, adjudged him lbw. The batsman felt that he had played the ball. The batsman's shock is pictured in the third photograph. He stayed at the wicket for quite some time. This is evident from the number of players who have gathered by the fourth frame. Finally, Kapil Dev walked off (in the last photograph). Umpire Hayat advanced a little to exchange words with the other umpire Shakoor Rana, who asked Kapil Dev to leave the ground. This was on the third day at Lahore.





Vengsarkar (left) and Kirmani appeal for a catch against Mohsin Khan at Faisalabad. The Indians waited long for the verdict. This is evident from the fact that in the second frame even Gaekwad joined in. The appeal was negatived.

There is no base for the improvement of tennis in India

Winner of junior Wimbledon and French Open titles in 1979, Ramesh Krishnan was hailed as one of the rising stars of world tennis. Five seasons later Krishnan has finally begun to live up to that early promise. While he has still not reached the heights attained by his illustrious father, he has just completed his best year on the professional circuit. He spoke to Partab Ramchand in Madras while taking a brief break from the game that is part of his family heritage

YOU seem to be doing very well on the circuit this year. How would you rate your performance?

This has undoubtedly been my best season ever since I started playing on the international circuit in 1978. I have scored a number of notable victories and on performances and results I haven't enjoyed a better year.

What would you say are the reasons for your doing so well?

Well, first and foremost, I suppose it would be greater experience. I am not feeling my way around anymore on the circuit. I have been playing for some six years now and experience is always beneficial. Secondly, I feel that the time I have been spending with Harry Hopman has done my game a world of good. I spent about eight to ten weeks in his camp at Florida and the stint there has definitely improved my game, particularly my net game. Hopman, in spite of his age, is a very sharp observer and is quick to point out defects. I guess a third reason for doing so well is that I am a fitter person now.

Looking forward to next month's Davis Cup final between the US and Sweden which way do you think it will go?

It should be an interesting match with the US having the edge. McEnroe should be difficult to beat whatever surface the Swedes choose to play. And you have got to give Connors at least one singles match. Even if Wilander touches top form there is always the formidable US doubles team of McEnroe and Fleming to clinch the issue.

Looking further ahead to next year. What do you reckon are our chances against Italy in the opening round of the 1985 Davis Cup?

'I sincerely feel we have a good chance of winning. The Italian players, Pannatta and Cancalloti, are essentially slow court players and having the match on the Calcutta South Club grass will certainly be advantageous to us. Grass is Vijay's best surface and all things considered I would say we have the edge.

If we beat Italy, our next opponents are Sweden. Now when the draw was first announced no one in his right mind seemed to give us a chance against Sweden. But since then a lot has happened. You have beaten Wilander and Vijay has got the better of Sundstrom. Doesn't that augur well for us?

I suppose it does, but frankly I have not give it any thought. Let us get over the Italian hurdle first.

Speaking of Sweden, to what do you attribute the sudden rise of so many top notch young players in that country? They have four players among the top ten ATP rankings, Wilander, Nystrom, Sundstrom and Jarryd.

Bjorn Borg, is obviously one reason. One outstanding player like him is the inspiration for a host of youngsters. Secondly, the fact that Sweden has made the Davis Cup final for the second successive year has been an encouraging factor. More important, they have an excellent junior development programme and that is paying dividends.

When you won the Junior Wimbledon in 1979, a lot was expected of you. Critics say you have not lived up to that early promise. What is your honest assessment of yourself?

Well, perhaps you have answered that question yourself—too much was expected of me! But seriously, I sincerely feel I have not done badly. I mean, people sitting in India don't know what it is like out there on the circuit. Tennis is booming and there are a lot of fine players coming up thick and fast. Still I have won some tournaments, done well in others like reaching the semi final or final. I am currently ranked 23 in the ATP rankings. All right, maybe I am not Cash or Wilander who at 19 or 20 have made a bigger impact. But then maybe I am a late developer and I seem to be getting better and better. After all, Arthur Ashe won Wimbledon when he



Krishnan—The best yet to come?

was 32, so maybe my best is yet to come

Here I would also like to say that critics—whether mine or anyone else's—are not rational. If I win a good match the praise is heady and maybe unjustified. If I lose a match I was not expected to lose then the criticism is harsh and also unjustified. Here I follow a very good saying that is heard often around the circuit. "In victory you are not as good as they say you are. in defeat you are not as bad as they say you are".

Maybe the criticism against you is because of the fact that you have not done very well in the big tournaments like Wimbledon or the US Open?

Wimbledon and the US Open are not the only big tournaments. Take the Tokyo tournament held last month. That was a big one with Wilander, Connors and Lendl taking part and the total prize money offered was among the biggest being offered nowadays. I beat Wilander and reached the semi finals. Still if you want to consider the US Open, well, I did reach the quarter finals there in 1981 before losing to McEnroe in four sets. And at Wimbledon I have made it to the third round often and then have lost to players ranked higher than me I have really suffered very few bad defeats—I mean losing to players ranked below me. And after all as I keep repeating maybe my best is yet to come. Maybe, my showing this year is a pointer

What kind of surface do you relish playing on most?

Very soon after I started playing on the international circuit, I found slow clay courts most suited to my type of game based chiefly on ground strokes from the baseline. But now I have been playing a lot on synthetic courts and I have been playing a lot of indoor tennis. Nowadays, there are various types of hard courts all over the world and so I have been neglecting clay But I feel it has made me a better all court player After all, one must learn to play well on all types of surfaces; only then can you become a complete player.

Turning to the home front, the future of Indian tennis seems to be bleak in the sense that there seem to be no good players capable of taking over from the present Davis Cup squad which is getting on in years. What can and should be done to have a smooth transition to a new set of players?

Why don't you put this question to the All India Lawn Tennis Association? It is their responsibility However, I must share the mood of gloom since there seems no base for the improvement of the game in this country While tennis has developed in other countries we seem to have stagnated Tennis is big business abroad with sponsors vying with one another to promote the game I am sure sponsors can be got here too if the AILTA makes an attempt. There is no use comforting ourselves by saying that India is ranked ninth among 118 tennis playing nations. What is our record of development? If Vijay came up it was chiefly because of his mother or if I have been able to make the grade it is because of my father

From what I gather there is no attempt to make tennis attractive here My sister Gowri who plays in the local tournaments tells me that even the National Championship has lost its importance and prestige I remember when I used to play in the nationals in the Seventies, there used to be a lot of zest and the competition was keen Now the best players all compete abroad since there is no point in playing the nationals Which means you have a situation where the best player does not win the nationals.

I must share the mood of gloom since there seems to be no base for the improvement of the game in this country. While tennis has developed in other countries, we seem to have stagnated. I am sure sponsors can be got here too if the AILTA makes an attempt

I am tempted to mark the decline of Indian tennis since the advent of the open game in 1968. The open game brought more tournaments, more money, more sponsors. And this is not a coincidence The record will bear me out. Before 1968 India had made the inter-zone final repeatedly. We even made the challenge round once What are our Davis Cup achievements since then? Look at the progress made by countries like Sweden, Czechoslovakia and France. These countries were no great names in tennis in the Sixties and lagged behind India Now where are we and where are they?

But the AILTA has now a junior development programme and P L Reddy, the new secretary, is confident of implementing it.

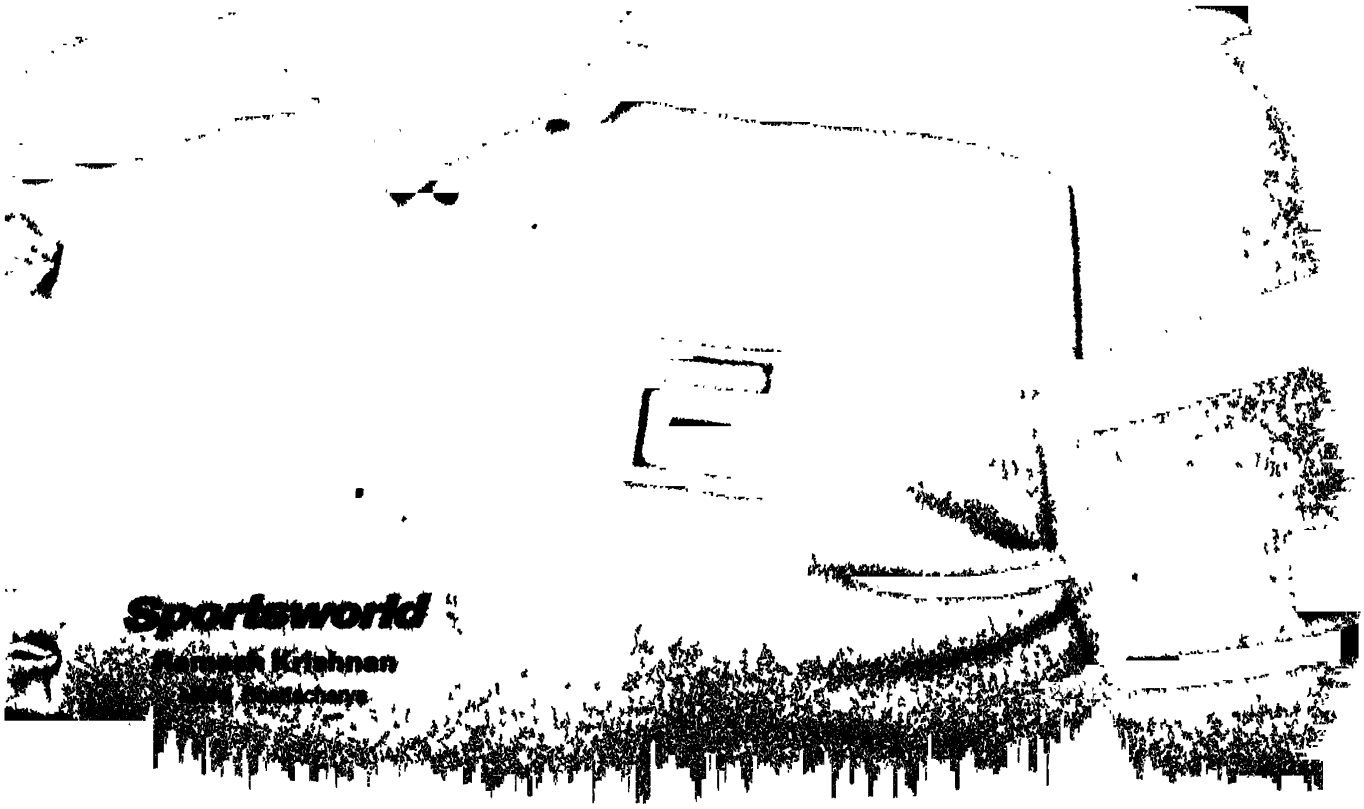
I would not want to say anything about Mr Reddy since it is only a few months since he has taken over as AILTA secretary. I also don't doubt the fact that the AILTA has ambitious programmes to develop juniors. But there just seems to be no concerted execution of such plans. There is no point in saying that 'this will be done' or 'we will soon be doing that'. I would prefer it if the AILTA does something, produces a couple of top notch youngsters and then announce proudly 'we have done this' or 'we have accomplished that'. It is always better to talk after accomplishing something rather than talk before achieving things What is needed is a sounder base, maybe a junior development programme along the lines of Sweden. If there are ten good players, out of these there are bound to emerge five good players, and out of these again there is bound to emerge one outstanding player.

What are your immediate plans?

The whole of December I will be playing tournaments in Australia before flying back to Madras for a short vacation Then I take off in January again to tackle next year's circuit.

One final question. Do you see any immediate threat to John McEnroe's supremacy?

No, not at least for another year


Sportsworld





Javed Miandad: Earned more praise as a stand-in captain than as a batsman in the last series

Nikhil Bhattacharya

[redacted]

Wait... think awhile

This the second in the series of opinion polls. Doubtless, in the last three months or more, one has argued endlessly on the state and future of Indian cricket: "That was certainly not lbw." "Oh gawd not another draw." "What! All out 156?" This feature is dedicated to the person who, in the end, matters most in Indian cricket—the spectator.

1. The implementation of neutral umpires for Test matches

- ☐ is a good idea and should be experimented with
- ☐ is against the spirit of the game and its tradition, and should not be experimented with
- ☐ is not feasible for many reasons

2. In the recent outburst against Pakistani umpires by Sunil Gavaskar

- ☐ the umpires concerned were certainly cheating
- ☐ the umpires concerned committed genuine human mistakes
- ☐ the umpires concerned did not make any mistakes at all.

3. In the umpiring controversy, Sunil Gavaskar

- ☐ was wrong in accusing the Pakistani umpires and their Board.
- ☐ was absolutely right in accusing the Pakistani umpires and their Board.
- ☐ should have settled the matter behind closed doors with their Board

4. The Man of the Match award at Lahore should have gone to

- ☐ Azeem Hafeez, as presented.
- ☐ Mohinder Amarnath, who made a match-saving century.
- ☐ Zaheer Abbas or any other cricketer.

5. Test matches between India and Pakistan should be held

- ☐ every year to better relations between the two countries.
- ☐ every two years to allow other countries to be accommodated into the programme.
- ☐ every three years or more to retain interest in such contests.

6. Sunil Gavaskar, who has played more than 100 Tests for the country.

- ☐ is the best-ever Indian batsman.
- ☐ is not the best-ever Indian batsman.
- ☐ very difficult to say anything

7. The reason why Indian players are not doing well at Test level

- ☐ is because they are not fit / professional enough.
- ☐ is because they are playing too much cricket these days
- ☐ is because they are just not good enough

8. India's winning the World Cup in 1983

- ☐ was a fluke. Hence, in a sense, a tragedy.
- ☐ was no fluke. Hence, well deserved.
- ☐ was a delicate mixture of both.

9. The Indian captain for the Pakistan tour should have been

- ☐ Kapil Dev, who won us the World Cup.
- ☐ as appointed : Sunil Gavaskar.
- ☐ neither of the two.

10. Competitive cricket in this modern age

- ☐ should be restricted solely to one-day cricket, doing away with Tests.
- ☐ should be restricted to Tests only.
- ☐ should be a judicious mixture of both.

Tick the boxes you find appropriate. Mail the page to ***Opinion Poll, Sportsworld, 6 Prafulla Sarkar Street, Calcutta 700001.*** *The results shall be published in one of our forthcoming issues.*

Zola and the media juggernaut

Lokesh Sharma explains how the two are interlinked

WILL the world media please leave Miss Budd alone?

They have not only wrecked the career of an exceptionally talented athlete but also deprived a teenager (Miss Budd is only 18) of a normal peaceful life by throwing her into a whirlpool of controversies.

The only beneficiaries of the Budd controversy have been the British tabloid *Daily Mail* and South Africa's sports officials. The *Daily Mail* got the exclusive rights—till 31 October 1984—to whatever Miss Budd said or wanted to say publicly and the South African sports officials found in her an effective newsmaker to keep reminding the world of their country s existence on the sportsmap.

Budd first hit the headlines on January 5 this year by improving the women's 5,000m world record to 15:01.83 in a South African meet. This obviously was not ratified by the International Amateur Athletic Federation as no world records registered within South Africa are recognised in view of the country's apartheid policies.

Was this performance good for her or bad? It now appears to have been the worst thing that could have happened to any budding sportsperson. It catapulted her into the international limelight and heaped her with more problems than she could cope with.

The most unfortunate offshoot of this was that it made her dream of winning an Olympic gold medal in Los Angeles. The frail (40kg; 5'1") bespectacled political science student from Bloemfontein had no option but to migrate to a country which is in the Olympic fold.

Her paternal grandfather was a Londoner and her father, Frank, held a British passport. Frank Budd set in motion the wheels of migration to Great Britain. The *Daily Mail*, one of the many British tabloids which thrive on sensationalism, was quick to realise the news potential of Miss Budd and quietly had her imported to Great Britain.

The *Daily Mail's* role in bringing the athlete to a country which is a bonafide member of the Olympic fraternity is laudable but its handling of the talent had left an unsavory taste. The paper's paranoid obsession with exclusivety prevented the athlete from feeling her way around in a new society. Budd was only supposed to speak to the *Daily Mail* and this denied her a chance to clear the controversies which were rapidly building around her.

The editor of the *Daily Mail* Sir David English had put his august office to good use and Miss Budd's immigration application was processed in a record ten days.



Zola Budd with her coach Pieter Labuschagne at a press conference in Oslo

David Waddington, Immigration Minister, explaining the unusual hurry in processing Miss Budd's application, said: "She is an exceptional girl." But not many people were impressed by this argument and Miss Budd was often heckled by anti-apartheid groups.

Denis Howell, former British Minister for Sports and the current Labour spokesman on immigration, alleged: "I think it is an outrage that in the interests of a newspaper, procedures of one of the highest departments of state can be manipulated."

Miss Budd neither had anything to do with her speedy migration nor was directly responsible for the trauma of other British 3,000m contenders for Los Angeles, like Jane Furniss who stood to lose her place in the British squad after she had given up her job to prepare for the Olympics. But the fault, if at all there was one, did not lie with Miss Budd but with the British Amateur Athletic Board, the British Olympic Association and others.

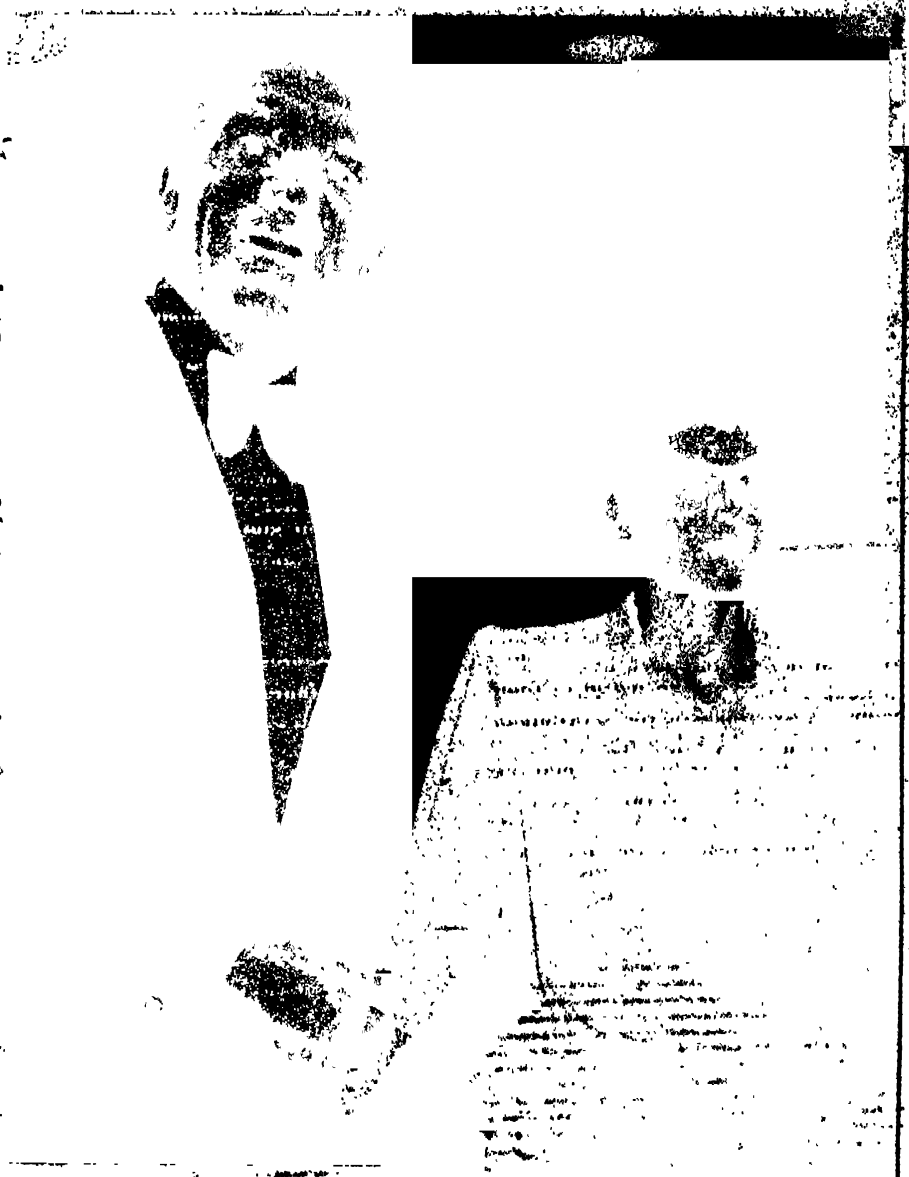
Miss Budd was one of the three South Africa-born runners, including former 1500m runner Sydney Maree, who took part in the L.A. Games. Maree could not participate due to an injury and Miss Budd's campaign ended in a mid-race collision with Mary Decker in 3000m.

The young girl who had then just started gaining the sympathy of her British colleagues became a villain in the eyes of the American press for knocking off the American darling, Mary Decker, whose outbursts did little to soothe the shattered girl.

The journey after this episode has not been any smoother for Miss Budd, who in sheer desperation returned to South Africa to get some respite.

But has she found any peace in the legacy of a troubled career? Her ailing mother, Tossie, who is suffering from a blood ailment and arthritis does not want her daughter to go back. The South African organisations want to make the most of Miss Budd. She has been front page stuff since January this year and recently the Press Club of South Africa nominated her the 'Newsmaker of the Year'. If there has ever been a ridiculous award, then this is it.

Adding to the athlete's trauma are the recent statements of Sam Ramswamy, chairman of the non-racial Olympic Committee and British Amateur Athletic Board official Nigel Cooper. Ramswamy has accused Miss Budd of being a fraud and Nigel Cooper said "You have to be at home (in Britain) to get a British international vest and be selected for British international meets."



With former British heavyweight boxer Henry Cooper

The irony of the entire episode has been that so far no comment has been forthcoming from Miss Budd. Some time ago, the vice president of the South African Athletic Union, Jannie Momberg, said: "Zola is disillusioned with people and was not happy abroad."

On other occasions, the media has quoted 'close sources' in the family that Miss Budd is denouncing her British citizenship.

At the time of going to press, the latest issue of *Time* magazine has an item saying that Miss Budd has applied for South African citizenship. Such a move will automatically render her ineligible for international participation.

So far the only answer from Miss Budd has been her refusal to compete in an international meet in South Africa on November 10. This would have disqualified her from the international arena.

Whatever step Miss Budd ultimately takes, it will be forced upon her by two different schools of thought. She has been mercilessly ground to the dust by opposing sets of forces.

To end, I quote a recent statement of Waddington: 'I am sorry for the girl. I think she had an awful lot to put up with. If any girl suffered from rascism, this girl did.'

Channon, the cannon

Lawrie McMenemy on the oldest striker in the First Division

NONE of the First Division stars I have worked with have provided a more comprehensive test of my man management ability than Mick Channon.

He is an exceptionally strong-minded, forthright man, and such characteristics led him into conflict with me on a number of occasions when we worked together at Southampton. But I didn't mind that because I appreciated that Mick's attitude stemmed from the fact that, like most top-class footballers, he set high standards and had a fierce determination to succeed.



Kevin Keegan: strong-minded

These qualities explain why Mick, the oldest central striker in the First Division (he will be 36 next month) has made such a big impact at Norwich.

Through his stature and personality, Mick seems to have had the same stimulating effect on the mood in Norwich's dressing room as has Paul Mariner on that in Arsenal's. His influence on the field was highlighted recently when he scored his 221st League goal, and made one for John Deehan in Norwich's 2-0 win over Queen's Park Rangers.

Mick has had two spells at Southampton during my 11 years at the club. At the time I became manager in 1973, he was an established England star and, to me, the most exciting forward in Britain through his ability to exploit the space between opposing defenders and their goal-line.

But, because of his talent—his tremendous athleticism and in born technical attributes—I found it difficult to get him to extend himself in training. He didn't appreciate that it was necessary for him to be totally committed in training, for the benefit of other members of the team, and that inevitably led to some friction between us.

Despite all this, though, we have always had a lot of respect for each other and, indeed, this is reflected by the fact that Mick was happy to return to Southampton after his three years (1977-1979) with Manchester City.

Feeling that he needed a bigger stage, Mick started pressing for a transfer in the 1975/76 season. I remember that, immediately before a match at Hull City, Mick turned down the chance to become team captain, explaining: "I'm so intent on leaving Southampton that my mind wouldn't be on it."

I gave the job to Peter Rodrigues and, of course, with Southampton winning the F.A. Cup that season, he had the honour of receiving the trophy.

rom the Queen. No disrespect to Peter, but I still feel a little sad when I hink of Mick—a Southampton man hrough and through—missing out on hat experience.

Mick's attitude towards football heorists and tactical plans didn't exactly help him establish a rapport with Manchester City's manager Malcolm Allison and, indeed, I think that Mick's experiences at City made him more appreciative of my methods.

I gave Mick a free transfer for the mple reason that the time was right o give youngsters such as Danny Wallace and George Lawrence an extended run in the first team, and here was no way I could have put a footballer of Mick's stature—and more specifically his earning power—n the reserves.

Knowing him as I do, I am not in the east surprised that Mick, after short spells with Newcastle and Bristol Rovers, has forced himself back into he First Division limelight.

Like a lot of outstanding footballers, Mick can be rather intolerant of the mistakes of less talented team-mates and I have known him to be quite brutal in his admonishments to inexperienced youngsters. It was the same with other strong-minded and outspoken Southampton men such as Ted MacDougall, Kevin Keegan and Alan Ball

His willingness to air his views, no matter how controversial, was illustrated by his vehement criticism of England manager Ron Greenwood on TV during the 1982 World Cup in Spain I felt Mick was out of order, if only because he had no experience of he problems that Greenwood and other managers face, and Ron had good cause to be incensed by his comments

In fact, I was on the BBC "panel of experts" at that time and, unknown to me, they sent Ron a transcript of the opinions I'd expressed to show that not everyone on TV was having a go at him!

Handling men like Channon can be like walking a tightrope as managers must strike the difficult balance between allowing them to express themselves without it detracting from the authority.

It's important to have a sense of humour. For example, during a close-season tour of the United States, the day before we were due to leave New York for another city, I reminded all the players of the club rule which



Ron Greenwood: had good cause to be incensed

states that they had to travel in a collar and tie. Channon, Keegan and Ball turned up wearing shirts with a collar and tie actually printed on them. Ok, they were taking the mucky a bit...but I just laughed it aside.

In the final reckoning, though, a manager not only has to manage, but be *seen* to be doing so. That's why, while I'd always let someone like Mick Channon have his say, I would never be reticent about firmly telling him that I didn't agree, and that we would be doing things *my* way.

All teams need a Mick Channon, but not too many of them. It was a bit overpowering when we had him, Keegan and Ball in our dressing-room....and it hardly enhanced my chances of avoiding grey hairs!

Everton returns to glory

Premen Addy

THE leadership of the English First Division has moved once more to Merseyside. No, it isn't Liverpool—at least not yet. It is their arch rivals Everton who have replaced Arsenal at the top by beating Leicester 3-0.

Everton, having last won the Football League in 1970, are likely to emulate their previous feat after a decade and more in the doldrums. Merseyside, during this period, became synonymous with the red shirts of Liverpool. Now, it seems, the blue shirts of Everton are once again on the rise.

Under the guidance of Howard Kendall, a member of the victorious Everton side of 1970, the current team have started the climb back to glory. First, they won the F A Cup and were runners-up to Liverpool in the League Cup. That was last season. They opened the new one by beating Liverpool in the Charity Shield and thereafter have looked hungry for success.

Leicester were overwhelmed with clinical precision, patience and style, three qualities which distinguish champions from the rest. It is early days yet, but soccer pundits, including Everton themselves, will be surprised if they do not win one of the game's major honours.

Arsenal with injury problems lost to Manchester United for whom Gordon Strachan performed with artistry and inspiration. United appeared to have got out of their sticky patch, when Everton drubbed them twice within a week. Psychologically, it was important that they did. In sport, too, mind often triumphs over matter.

Arsenal have struck an indifferent streak, as all clubs invariably do in a long season. It will be a test of character more than skill—which they have in abundance—to see whether they can shake off their gloom and recapture their winning ways. They are, after all, only a point behind Everton. Both have played 13 matches and have 26 and 25 points, respectively.

The gunners, however, suffered a shock defeat in the League Cup when they were beaten 2-3 by Oxford United of the Second Division. There



Liverpool's Ian Rush (left) with his Golden Shoe soccer award for the best European scorer at a ceremony at Lido night club in Paris. Marco Van Basten of Ajax of Amsterdam (centre) holds his silver shoe and Nico Claesen holds his bronze shoe.

are obviously no easy pickings in English football, which for depth must be the hardest in the world.

Manchester United, after a brief hiccup, are close to the leaders with 23 points and Tottenham are immediately behind with 22. Sheffield Wednesday, second only a week or so ago, have slipped to fifth place, thanks to a 1-2 defeat by Norwich.

Spurs lost 2-3 to West Bromwich Albion, with Roberts and Miller having a poor game and John Chiedozie, their nippy Nigerian winger only coming into his own in the final quarter of the afternoon with a thrilling goal. By then, it was all over, bar the shouting.

West Bromwich under the expert eye of Johnny Giles, once a Leeds star in the halcyon days of Don Revie, is a fine tactician, who exploits the ability and talent available to him to the full. Thus, Mackenzie in midfield, Cross and Thompson upfront and Bennett, Robertson and Statham in defence, harried and plagued their visitors and came out deserving winners.

Liverpool beat Stock by a solitary goal. Are they slowly finding their feet? Since the return of Ian Rush and their magnificent 3-0 victory over Benfica in the European Cup, their performances have carried greater conviction. Liverpool now stand 12th in a table of 22, whereas ten days ago they were third from bottom.

But they have yet to recover their full bloom. They lost to Tottenham by a single goal in the League Cup which Liverpool had made their own by winning it four times running. Nevertheless, they have discovered some rhythm and Graeme Souness who watched them play at Anfield against Benfica felt that his former side had got it right. We shall have to wait and see.

Stoke City still languish at the foot of the First Division and one can safely bet that not only are they relegation contenders, but that they will definitely be going down at the end of the season. They look doomed. They have no money and are unable to buy new players.

Watford are a place above them. They drew 3-3 with Ipswich, an exciting tie by all accounts—the sort that carries enough passion to have the crowd standing on their seats roaring and shouting their heads off. With Luther Blissett and John Barnes in their ranks, Watford must surely emerge from their dark tunnel one of these days. They have too much class to stay in their present lowly position.



Luther Blissett: one of Watford's assets

In the Second Division, the leaders are Oxford, who had that surprising win over Arsenal in the League Cup. One can see why.

Second are Portsmouth and in the third place are Birmingham City, now managed by Ron Saunders, once of Aston Villa, when they were league champions.

In Scotland, Aberdeen maintained their lead at the top of the Premier though their tie with Hibernian was postponed, because Celtic were vanquished 1-2 by Morton Celtic remain second and Rangers are third after their goalless draw with Dundee.

The Marvin Hagler of cricket

A profile of Gordon Greenidge, the most attacking batsman in the world

BOWLERS with any sense don't mess around with Gordon Greenidge

Regarded as the most effective attacking batsman in the world, Greenidge will punish minimal deviations of length and line without remorse, and with a power virtually unequalled in the modern game.

Greenidge, who has the hour-glass figure of the perfectly-proportioned middleweight boxer, conveys a sense of delight when conducting brutal demolitions of bowling attacks He seems to smile when he hits you for six.

He will certainly have good cause for elation if he produces his best form in the Australia-West Indies Test series which started on November 9 at Perth

It has been billed as "The World Championship of Test cricket" and the West Indies, having preceded their 5-0 whitewash of England this summer with a similarly clinical annihilation of Australia in the Caribbean in the spring, are expected to win it.

Tradition insists, though, that Australia will present an altogether more taxing obstacle on their own territory

The point will not be lost on Greenidge who, for all his worldwide triumphs, has been comparatively unsuccessful in Tests in Australia

Three series there have yielded just 318 runs at 24 46 His top score is 76 For a man with 11 Test centuries and an average beyond 50, the reasons for his desire to succeed in Australia are clear.

"I had a particular nightmare on my first tour to Australia in 1975-76," he recalls, referring to the fact that he failed to reach double figures in four innings "But fortunately, the West Indies selectors kept faith in me—that's where they are different from other countries. You are not automatically discarded after a failure and the following summer in England, I scored three hundreds and almost 600 runs in the series "

Greenidge, now 33, has been one of the world's great batsmen for a decade. Yet the long, hot summer of 1984 was his grand slam.

He scored 214 not out on the last day of the second Test at Lord's to lead the West Indies to an improbable victory, and registered another double century at Old Trafford

For probably the first time, he received the sort of recognition previously reserved for stars like Viv Richards and Clive Lloyd

Greenidge, though, might never have played for the West Indies He had dual qualifications—for the West Indies by birth, for England by residence

"I was born in Barbados and came to England when I was 14 I joined Hampshire in 1968, but nobody made a positive move to make sure I represented England When I returned to Barbados in 1972-73 to play in the Shell Shield, the West Indies moved in

"That suited me because, even though I spend more time in England and love the country, I've always considered the West Indies my real home "

"I was born in Barbados and came to England when I was 14. I joined Hampshire in 1968, but nobody made a positive move to make sure I represented England. When I returned to Barbados in 1972-73, the West Indies moved in. That suited me because I've always considered the West Indies my real home."

In view of Greenidge's air of regal superiority at the wicket, it is difficult to believe that he experienced a lack of self-belief at the start of his career.

"When I first played for Hampshire, I didn't think I was good enough for Test cricket. Things didn't come naturally and I've had to work for everything I've got. I was overweight and interested only in batting. I could catch, but I was a lazy fielder."

Hours spent pounding the streets were rewarded. Greenidge lost weight and now is a highly dangerous ground fielder when he moves from his customary position at slip.

At Hampshire, Greenidge opened the batting with Barry Richards, whose talent transcended mere ability Richards, the South African whom his West Indian namesake succeeded as the world's finest batsmen, was a huge influence on Greenidge.

"Barry used to improvise outrageously at times, but he was fundamentally very correct. He taught me the need for good technique when batting against the new ball If you couldn't learn from Barry, you might as well give up."

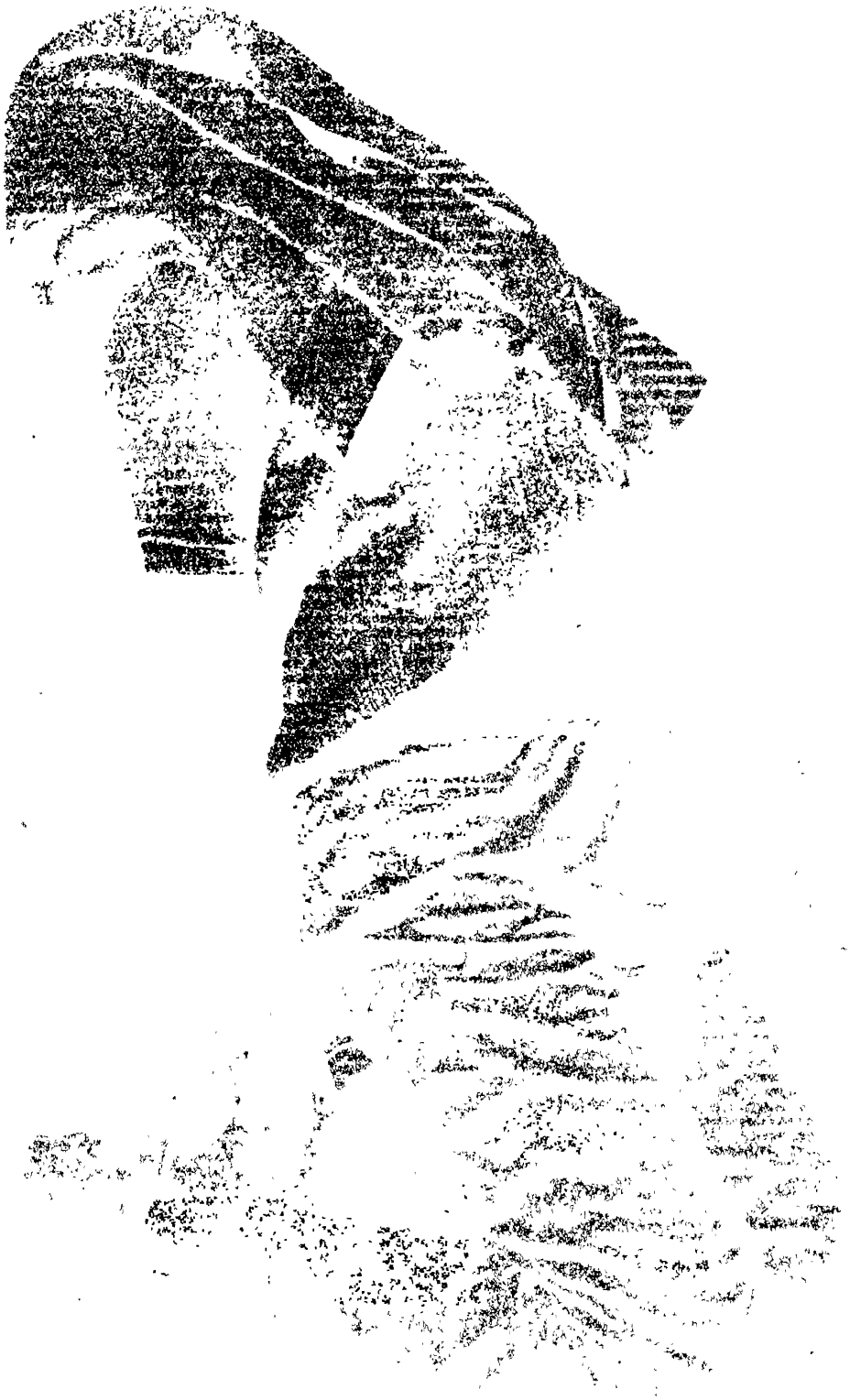
In the mid-Seventies, Hampshire won the County Championship and twice took the John Player Special League title For a time, Greenidge held the record individual score in each of the three English domestic one-day competitions

His ability to accumulate runs at great speed has made Greenidge a potent weapon His huge biceps and forearms, strong thighs and innate sense of timing ensure that the ball travels at awesome velocity from his bat.

Like many outstanding sportsmen, Greenidge's extrovert nature on the field contradicts his shy demeanour off it He is quietly-spoken and fiercely devoted to his wife Anita and two children

He is also intent on exploiting his commercial value. "A cricketer's career is limited and I've got no real idea what I'll do when I finish So it is important to give me and my family some sort of financial security I can tell you that our income from sponsorship and so on doesn't compare with that of the England players."

Compensation, though, lies in the prestige of playing for the best team in the world. A team in which Gordon Greenidge—the Marvin Hagler of cricket (he has a goatee beard, but not the shaved head)—is a vital element.



We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All [illegible] must be accompanied by their negatives. All contributions that we use shall be paid for

Swinging in the rain

Glimpses of the UEFA Cup tournament from Colorsport



Vermezovic of Partizan Belgrade locked in a duel with Simon Stainrod of Queen's Park Rangers (right)



Liverpool's Ian Rush being congratulated by team-mate Ronnie Whelan after scoring against Benfica



A combative Gary Bannister of Queen's Park Rangers facing a stiff challenge from two Partizan Belgrade players

Himalayan Rally

Jayant Shah's hat-trick

THE flag went down and Jayant Shah drove his Nissan 240 RS off the ramp. The Himalayan Rally had begun.

The scene was the National Stadium, Delhi. The Vice President R. Venkataraman stood on the ramp holding the flag as one by one the cars came slowly up to be flagged off at one minute intervals. There were 59 cars, of which 16 were foreign entries. And Jayant Shah, as the winner for the last two years, was the first one to be flagged off.

The first run in the Himalayan Rally was from Delhi to Ramnagar. This run was a highway stretch which saw good speeds. From Ramnagar, the route entered a forest section which reached Dehra Dun.

There were a lot of foreign entries and most of these cars were typically suited for rallying. Harvijay Singh Bahia was in a BMW, Ramesh Khoda was driving a Subaru, Rajiv Khanna was driving a works-prepared Opel Manta 400 and Pradeep Nair was driving for the Pipers Workshop of England as the lead driver of their Skip Brown car.

Kiran Mody was driving a Dolphin. This is the first time a Dolphin was seen in the Himalayan Rally. Another team that drew a lot of attention was an all-ladies team in a Premier Padmini. The four brave ladies were Meena Bhanusali, Nisha Sutaria, Ayesha Dhunjiboy and Rajol Tijoriwala.

Another interesting entry was the Africar. This car has an all-plywood body and was entered by Doug Stewart of Australia. Assisting him in the rally was the maker of the car, Tony Howarth. It was the object of great interest among all the rallyists and spectators alike.

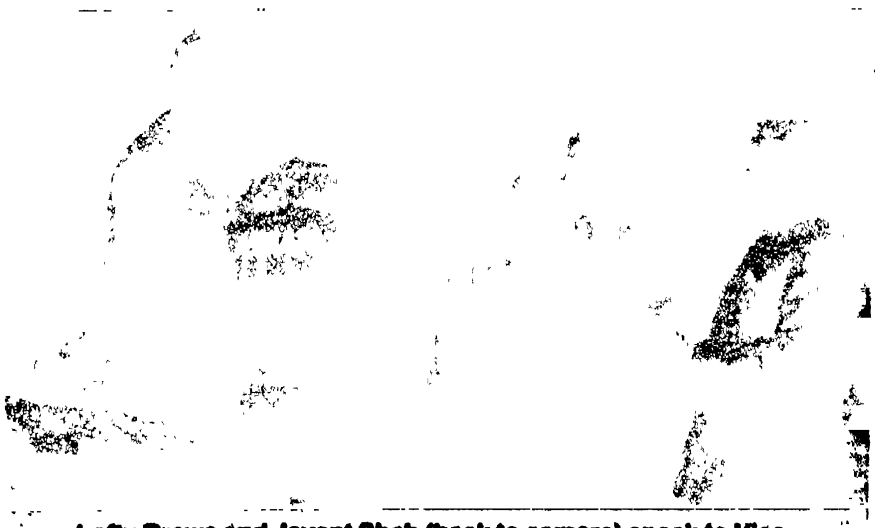
By the end of the first day, there were just 47 cars left in the fray. Seven of the competitive sections of the first leg of the rally had been completed when the cars drew in to let the rallyists take a well deserved rest. Jayant Shah and his co-driver Lofty Drews were in the lead with just 17 penalty points while Philip Young in his Skoda was a distant second with 51 penalty points. This run found four cars losing their way in the Laldang forests.

Into the next day and the rallyists moved on, refreshed. Coming onto the mid-point of the second leg of the rally, it was still Jayant Shah in the lead. Reaching Ranikhet at night, Shah had collected 48 penalty points so far. Philip Young unfortunately, had to drop out at this stage because of problems with his gear box. Rajeev Khanna lost quite a few points in the Bageshwari-Majbali section but moved into second spot with a total of 174 penalty points and Ramesh Khoda was close behind with 205.

This section of the rally saw a tragic accident in which a Mahindra and Mahindra Jeep was involved. Driven by Carl Gustaf Forsmark, a 62-year-old Swede, who was in his fourth Himalayan Rally, the jeep fell into a 80-metre deep gorge killing the driver on the spot and seriously injuring his co-driver Naresh K. Chhabra. Chhabra fractured his shoulder and ankle. From Ranikhet it was an all night run which saw the end of the second leg at Mussorie. The plywood sensation from Australia, the Africar, could not make it to Mussoorie due to reported mechanical problems. Another disappointment was Pradeep Nair in his Skip Brown car which also had mechanical problems. Shah was still maintaining his lead and first among the Indian entries was J.K. Singh in a Jonga with 311 penalty points. The all-ladies team had survived so far but with 680 penalty points were quite out of the reckoning. It was at this stage that the news was flashed to rally headquarters that the Prime Minister had been assassinated. The chairman of the Himalayan Rally Association transmitted the news to all the rallyists and the event was terminated at once. After the termination, the officials decided that it should not be continued as a mark of respect and announced that the rally was finished and the results would be based on the performance so far.

The rallyists had completed only 21 of its scheduled 37 sections and two of its scheduled four legs when this happened. The distance travelled was 1,931 kms and at the end of it all, the lead was shared by three Kenyans. Jayant Shah was the winner with 117 points, Rajeev Khanna was second with 276 and Ramesh Khoda third with 281. H.S. Bahia was fourth with 413 and in fifth place was Dalvinder Singh with 470 points.

Pradeep Paul



Micro Eye

Lofty Drews and Jayant Shah (back to camera) speak to Vice President R. Venkataraman (extreme right) at the flag off

AVON WORKING TOGETHER FOR THE FUTURE

CALCUTTA

Great heights

TREKKING and climbing have gained immense popularity among youngsters nowadays. Recently, two young men from rural Bengal, Shib Shankar Mukherjee and Gurudas Santra, ventured successfully to climb the 18,400 ft high Dhumdhar Kandi Pass from the Jhala-Harsil (8000 ft) side in the Bhagirathi Valley and descended upon the Bandarpunch-Black glaciers in the upper Tons Valley.

The Uttarpara-Chandanagore duo are proud of this unsponsored stunt since they were second only to James Bailey Frazer, who in 1815 discovered the pass, located on the watershed dividing the Bhagirathi and the Tons Valley. However, there is no record of this brave effort but the information of their successful climb is based on the witness of the villagemen at Harsil enroute to Gangotri. If it be true, then Mukherjee and Santra are the first Indians to have achieved such a feat.

Mukherjee and his friend have taken up a number of trekkings but this was their best-ever venture and the experience they've gained will stand them in good stead. On their trek they braved all types of hazards—horryfying glaciers, turbulent rivers, severe snowfalls, icy winds and poor visibility. All through the unknown stretch they were accompanied by two Garhwali porters. But their descent was quite a bad experience. They tried the return journey to the Jumna Valley but avoided the route due to snowfall and poor light. So the following day they descended to the Tons Valley and after camping on the left bank of the icy Ruisara Gad they finally reached Uttarkashi.

It was lonesome in the wilderness but the lull was broken once when they came across the members of the Indo-British Swargarohini expedition camped at Kiyarkoty (14500 ft).

Subhash Sarcar

COCHIN

Nehru Cup preparations

HOLDERS Poland, Russia, South Korea and China are among the fourteen countries that have accepted the invitation from the AIFF to participate in the fourth Jawaharlal Nehru Invitation Gold Cup Football tournament to be held at the Maharaja's College ground, Cochin from 11-27 January, next year.

The finalisation of the participating teams will be confirmed after scrutinising the list of players of the invited countries and this would be complete in a few days time.

Seven teams would be selected along with host India and they will form the final list of participants for the tournament.

A stadium would be erected at the Maharaja grounds with a seating capacity of 50,000.

Mr Kumaresan Nadan of Tamil Nadu who had erected the gallery in the 1983 Gold Cup at Cochin has been entrusted with the job in the light of the recent gallery collapse in the G.V Raja Football tournament at Trivandrum.

Strong precautions would be taken up to ensure the safety of the huge bamboo structure coming up in the Maharaja grounds. The gallery work would be supervised at various stages by experts including three retired chief engineers.

Tickets sales would be conducted at various points in the city including the Railway station, Transport bus station and not at the stadium to avoid confusion at the venue. Employees of the government and semi-government undertakings would be given instalment facility to purchase season tickets.

An organising committee with Mr Vayalar Ravi, Kerala Home minister as chairman and M.M.I. Mather as general convener was formed. Mr Ravi also announced plans for setting up a permanent football stadium in Ernakulam of an international standard like that of the Salt Lake Stadium in Calcutta. For this, a committee with Mr Vayalar Ravi as chairman, Mr Pau P. Mani, as vice-chairman and the district collector Mr M.P. Joseph as secretary has been formed for the purpose.

M P Suresh



The camp on the watershed of the Bagirati and the Tons Valley

RANCHI

Hard work pays off

INDERJEET SINGH is a record of continuous effort and dedication in powerlifting. He has been the National champion in powerlifting for the past 9 years in the middle weight group (75 kg).

He owns a small sports shop here in the city, but still makes time for a

three-hour practice, for at least 3 days in a week. He is at present 30 years old with already 16 years of hard work and dedication in the test of powerlifting behind him. From 1975 to 1984 his mantle of championship wins has not wavered except once when he was handicapped with a severe back injury.

He has already bagged 40 national records. While a student of Ranchi University he participated in the World Championship at Finland in 1978 and stood 13th. In the World Championship held at Calcutta in 1981 he improved on this and stood ninth. He still works hard to improve this, although he humbly accepts his limitations. In the Asian Championship he won a gold, a silver and a bronze.

Inderjeet confesses that the national government has given due importance to powerlifting ever since the Delhi Asiad. However, powerlifting was recognised by the Indian Council of Sports way back in 1975.

The World Championships, he says, taught him a lot. He went there with a predetermined weight in mind—230 kg. He soon found the champs in their first attempt take up their practice weight. They improved this in their 2nd and the 3rd attempt. He followed suit and ended up with 237 kg. The secret he says—"never give up!"

Inderjeet derives his inspiration and guidance from Mr S. Dutta of Jamshedpur.

Cricket and football have a large following in the country, but Inderjeet claims the powerlifting does not lag behind. Many ebullient competitors take part—the competition almost continuing into late parts of the night. Women have joined the enthusiasts. At the national level 51 women participated. At the world level, Indian women have won 2 bronzes already.

However, Inderjeet believes that the vulnerability in powerlifting is sports medicine. In India, he says, we fail to cope with this problem.

Terence O'Brien

GANGTOK

Paljor Stadium needs a facelift

SOCCER takes pride of place in Sikkim, but Gangtok does not possess a stadium worth the name. The sizable Paljor Stadium, which serves a variety of purposes, desperately needs a facelift.

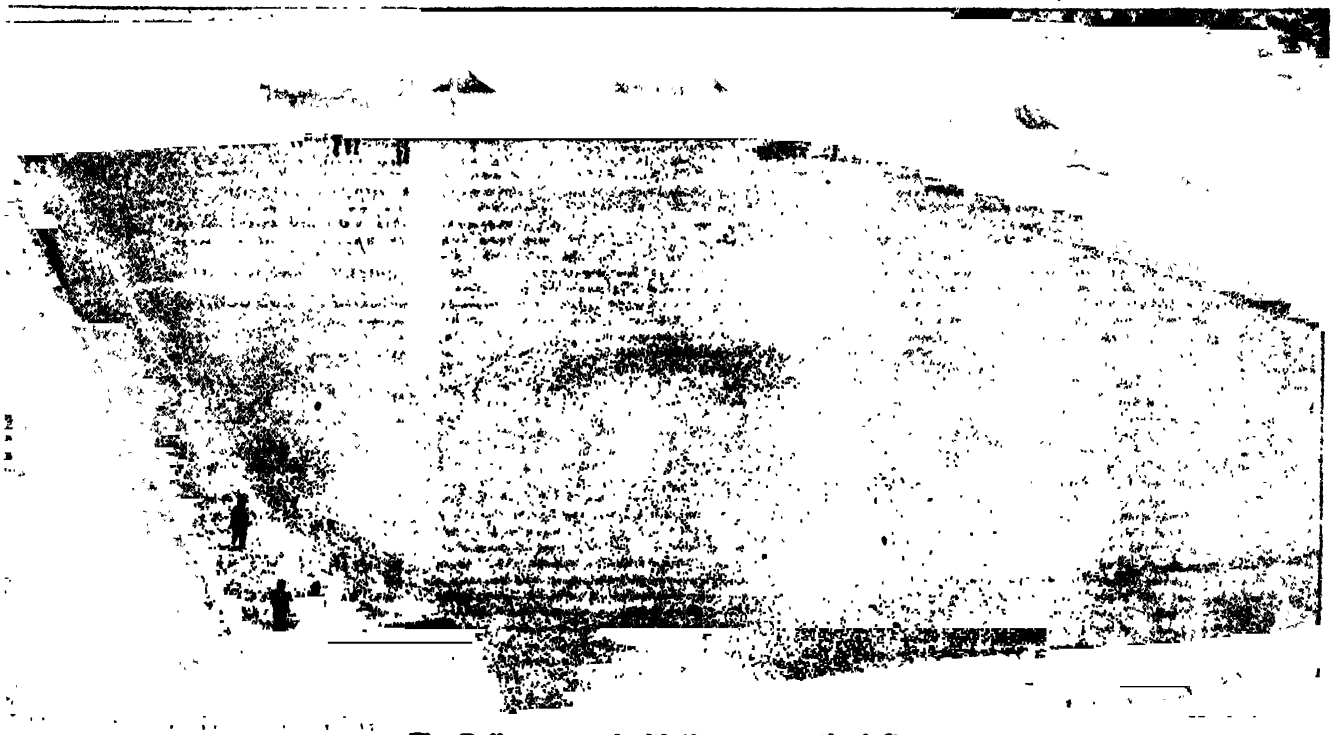
Since the introduction of the All-India Governor's Gold Cup football tournament the Sikkim Football Association has been compelled to carry out patch work repairs of the ground

A serious thought has to be given to this problem. Will the Sikkim Government come to the rescue? If it does not, the SFA is going to face a number of problems. The awareness was created three years ago, in 1981 when the then deputy commissioner of Gangtok, Mr Tashi Topden, submitted a plan for a multi-purpose development project at an estimated cost of rupees one crore to the Planning Development.

In Topden's words: "The Sikkim Government intends getting a Delhi architect to develop the infrastructure along the lines of the Asian Games projects."

Sikkim has been offered to host the junior national soccer tournament, but the SFA is not too keen at the moment. According to the SFA president, Mr P.K. Pradhan, "Unless we can give the Paljor Stadium a facelift we don't want to take on an extra burden. As it is we have enough trouble with the All-India Gold Cup tournament. However, I'm hopeful that the establishment of the Sports Authority of India will prove beneficial." It is gathered, revised estimates place the project cost at Rs. five crores and if the green signal is finally received, the construction work will be carried out in three phases after the implementation of the seventh Five Year Plan.

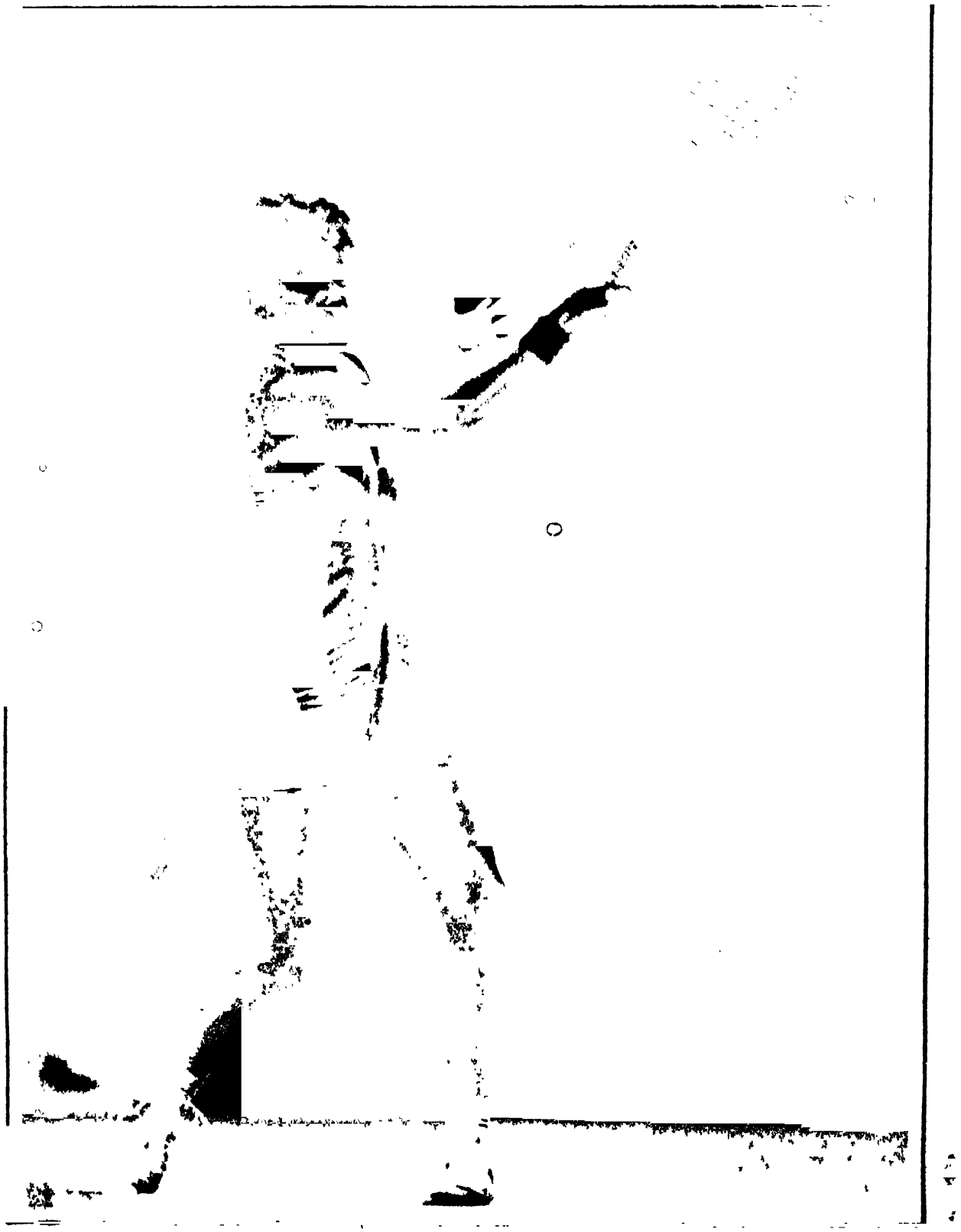
Subhash Sarcar



The Paljor ground with the gym on the left

50

Nabisco Wightman Cup tennis





Opposite page: Chris Evert-Lloyd of USA unleashes a powerful forehand drive during her match against Jo Durie of Britain. Lloyd won to give USA a winning 4-2 lead

Right: Anne Hobbs of Britain concentrates on a half-volley but could not give Britain victory. She played Lloyd in this year's Wightman Cup opening match

Below: Amanda Brown partnered the British team captain Virginia Wade (back to camera) in her first Wightman Cup match at the Royal Albert Hall. They played against the American combination of Chris Evert-Lloyd and Alycia Moulton

All photographs by Associated Press



Booking a bargain

Raju Mukherji reviews some sporting releases

THE book *Referees' Chart and Players' Guide to the Laws of Association Football* is a complete and up to date manual of the laws of the game. The handy, paperback volume of 65 pages is a most useful guide both for the participants as well as the onlookers. Authorised by the International Football Association Board, the book has been produced by The Football Association (U.K.). Of particular interest will be the footnotes following every one of the 17 laws where apart from the advice to referees, the decisions of the International Board have been very clearly mentioned in great detail.

A TYPICAL autobiography with the assistance of a sports columnist is Trevor Francis' *The World To Play For.* The chief sports correspondent of *The Times,* David Miller has combined the life story of the England striker with his impressions of almost every match of the 1982 World Cup in Spain.

Both Trevor Francis and David Miller have taken turns to highlight England's World Cup preparations, their strengths and their problems, the reasons for their elimination and finally a commentary on the strategies and policies of the other nations.

The British football system has been given a look with its transfer system, club loyalties, reliance on managers etcetera as the story of the soccer-star unfolds. The authors have thankfully deviated from the parochial feeling of British correspondents that their league is the "hardest" in the world.

VASANT NAIK's biography of Vijay Merchant is an admirable effort to recreate the genius of this extraordinary man for the benefit of the modern generation. Vijay Merchant, of course, is a name that needs no introduction to the cricket addicts.

Unfortunately the author in his effort to laud Merchant's virtues, of which there are many, has taken the most negative of paths, that is to pass inappropriate opinions on others. What has "luck" got to do with Vijay Hazare's and Ajit Wadekar's match-winning captaincy? Or for that matter the logic of criticising the senior Nawab of Pataudi's valid observation that India's crawl of 192 runs in five hours on a placid pitch was slow going by drawing references to the Foreign Office and diplomatic assignments makes hardly any sense. Without unnecessarily comparing, why cannot we accept that both Merchant and Gavaskar would have been greats in any era and in any company?

In order to justify Vijay Merchant's decisions on the field, the author is at pains to convey that the loss of a "nightwatchman's" wicket was a matter of luck whereas an irregular bowler capturing wickets was "an inspired move in captaincy." Such amateurish opinion do no justice to the varied talents of his subject.

Without unnecessarily comparing, why can't we accept that Gavaskar and Merchant would have been greats in any era?

However this is a book that all young cricket followers should go through in order to understand the man inside the cricket flannels. Through anecdotes, the author has done a wonderful job to recreate the life story of a man who by any yardstick remains an outstanding personality of our time. At Rs. 25 this paperback is a good buy but one wishes that the proof-reader and the printer had been more careful.

FOLLOWERS of cricket, especially those not very familiar with the various intricacies of the game, should be thankful for the Fontana paperback reprint of John Arlott's *How To Watch Cricket* which was first published in 1948.

This book is intended to help "the relatively inexperienced spectator—to derive more pleasure" as the author most aptly mentions in his introduction. Without doubt, the maximum enjoyment can be derived from a pursuit only when one has a thorough understanding of its finer points.

For instance, a five-day cricket match may end inconclusively but to an avid cricket watcher that does not necessarily take away the fascination of watching the duels that comprise a cricket match. On the other hand, even a decisive match may well be devoid of the art and the excitement of cricket for a variety of reasons like bad wicket, poor umpiring and wide disparity of strength of respective sides.

Hence to enjoy the game of cricket one must be familiar with the rules of the various forms of cricket, the vagaries of different wickets, the difficulties of the umpires, the strategies of captains, the laws of the first-class game among a host of other factors.

He has written with the insight and the love for the game as one would expect from him and has laid bare certain common misconceptions in his inimitable, relaxed style.

For instance, in the Glossary section the yorker has been explained thus, probably with some of our commentators in mind, that a "bowler may york' a batsman but he *cannot bowl* a yorker. The batsman creates a yorker."

Surprisingly however the author has overlooked the fact that the 1980 Code has made it mandatory that the pitch must be mowed before the start of each day's play and that a substitute fielder no longer requires the approval of the opposing captain in case of illness or injury during the match.

John Arlott has chosen some excellent photographs, but with the kind of bias that would make his idol Fred Trueman see the red rag. However, even the firey fast bowler would agree that the unusual illustration of a lean and athletic W.G. Grace is adequate compensation. Goes without saying that this book is a must for all cricket watchers. At Rs. 31.80, it is too good a bargain to miss.

1. Referees' Chart and Players' Guide to the Laws of Association Football (Pan Books) Rs. 16.30.
2. The World To Play For: Trevor Francis with David Miller (Granada Publishing Ltd) Rs. 31.80.
3. Vijay Merchant: Dr Vasant Naik (Bandodkar Publishing House) Rs. 25/.
4. How to Watch Cricket: John Arlott (Fontana) Rs. 31.80.

The books are distributed by The Marine Sports, Gokhale Road, Dadar, Bombay-28.



SUZANNE LENGLEN

BORN IN 1899 SUZANNE WAS ONE OF THE BEST TENNIS PLAYERS FROM FRANCE EVER FROM 1919 TO 23 AND 25 SHE WON A RECORD SIX WIMBLEDON LADIES SINGLES TITLES AND SIX LADIES DOUBLES TITLES PARTNERING MISS ELIZABETH RYAN TO COMPLETE THE TALLY SHE ALSO WON THE MIXED DOUBLES THRICE SUZANNE DIED AT THE EARLY AGE OF 39 OF PERNICIOUS ANAEMIA



SHE WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO WEAR DARINGLY SHORT DRESSES ON COURT THEREBY INVITING PLENTY OF CRITICISM HER GAME WAS VERY AGGRESSIVE AND INCLUDED A LOT OF ACROBATICS

CHARMINAR CHALLENGE

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

STATUTORY WARNING CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

5 November Brad Gilbert wins the $ 75,000 Taipei international tennis championship beating Wally Masur 6-3, 6-3.

Mal Anderson of Australia edges his way past fellow countryman Rod Laver 7-6, 6-4 to win the $ 25,000 Mutual Benefit Grand Masters tennis tournament at Tucson, Arizona.

6 November John McEnroe is slammed with a 42-day suspension after he beats Mats Wilander 6-2, 3-6, 6-2 to win the $ 315,000 Stockholm Open Scandinavian tennis championships. This is the third time McEnroe has been suspended.

The doubles title of the Scandinavian Open tennis is won by Tomas Smid of Czechoslovakia and Henri Leconte of France. They beat Ilie Nastase of Rumania and Vijay Amritraj of India 3-6, 7-6, 6-4.

7 November Vijay Amritraj fails to capitalise on a first set lead and loses 6-4, 4-6, 4-6 to Vitas Gerulaitis in the opening round of the $ 315,000 Benson Hedges tennis championship at Wembley.

The Sri Lanka Cricket Board President's XI are 285 for seven at the end of the first day of their three-day match against the Englishmen. Aravinda De Silva scores a superb 105.

The XXXI Golf World Cup at Rome to be held in November will see top Indian golfers in action. The Indian team will comprise Brandon D'Souza and Rohtas Singh.

8 November Wasim Akram, Pakistan's new pace bowler, tears through the New Zealand batting as the Kiwis crash to 234 all out on the first day of the three-day game against the Pakistan Board President's XI.

Second seeded Sashi Menon enters the quarter finals of the $ 20,000 Thailand Open tennis championship at Bangkok with a easy 6-1, 6-1 win over Sunthurn Klaharn of Thailand.

The second day of the three-day match between England and the Sri Lanka Board President's XI finds England score 261 for seven in reply to the Lankan's score of 298 for nine declared.

9 November The first Test between West Indies and Australia at Perth starts with West Indies scoring 211 for six. Terry Alderman is the main wicket-taker with four for 56.

Sunil Gavaskar is retained as the skipper of the Indian team for the forthcoming series at home against England. Also, India's ace all-rounder, Kapil Dev, announces that he is fully fit and ready to take on the tourists.

Yannis Kouros of Greece sets a world record as he runs 170 miles 1,231 yards in a 24-hour road race at New York. He beat the previous record, held by Bernard Gaudin of France, by almost seven miles.

10 November Larry Holmes retains his International Boxing Federation heavyweight title as he stops James 'Bonecrusher' Smith in the 12th round.

The second day of the first Test at Perth ends with West Indies scoring 416 and Australia making a disastrous start at 36 for three.

Japan win the 14th World Men's Amateur Team Golf Championship at Hong Kong with a seven-stroke lead over second placed United States.

11 November Australia crash to 76 all out and follow on disastrously to end the third day of the First Test against West Indies at 158 for five. In the first innings, Michael Holding takes six wickets for 21.

India's Sashi Menon captures a 'double' as he beats Sombat Uamongkol 4-6, 7-5, 6-3 7-5 to win the men's singles title in the $ 15,740 First Mekhong Thailand Open tennis championship. Sashi Menon also teams up with Tom Cain of USA to win the doubles title beating Uamongkol and Panomkoru Pludchuernil of Thailand.

Mukesh Parpiani



Sashi Menon—a 'double' at Thailand

Rugby's greatest player?

They called him King John

AT stake was the international Rugby Union Championship and the first Welsh 'Grand Slam' for 19 years. Yet in the boiling cauldron of the Colombes Stadium, Paris, the surging tide of French attacks threatened to swamp the Welshmen.

It was a sparkling match and Wales, after holding fast throughout the long opening siege, stole a 6-5 lead.

That advantage seemed to have gone when the giant Dauga stormed to within a yard of the Welsh line in the corner. But with a supreme last-gasp effort, Barry John heaved him into touch. Both men crashed to the ground. As John rose, face throbbing and bleeding, his nose was broken and squashed.

He staggered off, but was back in the fray only three minutes later. Then, taking a bullet pass from a scrum, he hared for the line with the French in hot pursuit.

A pass to John Dawes seemed the obvious move, and Bertranne of France made the fatal mistake of moving to counter it.

John swerved the other way and wriggled through as thousands of Welsh voices roared him on. Berot, the French fly-half, was breathing down his neck and his desperate, straining fingers actually ran down John's back as he dived over for the try.

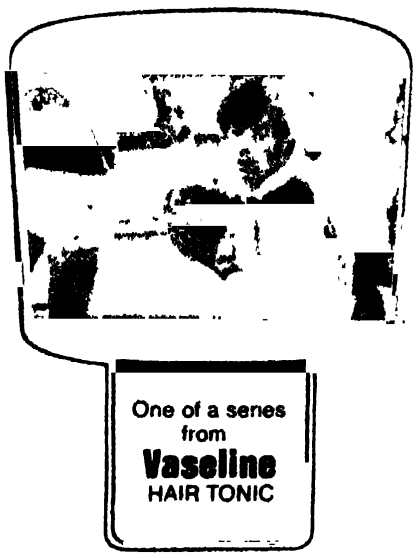
The greatest

A speedy, beautifully balanced athlete, he was able to kick with either foot and to distribute long or short balls with great accuracy; an elusive player who had no 'wrong' side and who could dummy, jink, swerve and sidestep with ease to left or right.

John was born in January 1945, in Carmarthenshire, Cefneithan, where village life revolved around the coal mines and Rugby.

As a schoolboy he was an intelligent spectator who learned his Rugby by keeping his eyes on star players for long periods of a match and subconsciously absorbing their 'reading' of the game.

BARRY JOHN



He soon graduated through the schoolboy ranks to the village team and then to Llanelli, where he spent three formulative years. He gave an inkling of things to come when, in his first game for Llanelli, he scored all his team's five points.

Representative Rugby soon came his way. On the eve of his first match for Wales, John received a fateful phone-call from the man with whom he was to form one of the most devastating, match-winning combinations in modern times—Gareth Edwards. This partnership laid the foundation stone for what was to become a new golden era for Welsh Rugby.

The honour of selection to tour South Africa with the British Lions was marred by injury which kept him out of all but a handful of early games. His morale sank even lower when he arrived home, jobless, and had to sign on for the dole.

Tempting offer

It was then that Wales almost lost him to a lucrative career in Rugby League football. St Helens, the famous Lancashire club, offered him an £8500 signing-on fee, plus £1500 a year and a teaching job. It was big money then by Rugby standards. John actually took the pen to sign, but hesitated and asked for a few more days to think it over.

In those intervening days, his love of Wales convinced him that home is where the heart is. He turned the offer down—and never looked back.

John was a member of the Red Dragons' Triple Crown side of 1969, and was a star of the great British Lions team which thrashed the All-Blacks in 1971.

It was the first time the Lions had won a series in New Zealand, and John shattered the record of 100 points by a touring player which had stood for 34 years. He went on to total an astonishing 188 points.

Having played for Wales 24 times, John decided that the next match—against France, at Cardiff, in March 1972—would be his last. He had scored 78 points for his country. Another 12 and he would eclipse the record set by Jack Bancroft nearly 60 years earlier.

In the first half, the rampaging Red Devils soon built up a sizable lead. John scored nine points from penalties and hit a post with another attempt.

With the second half 10 minutes old, John's chance of the record came. A penalty was awarded, 35 yards out.

A buzz of excitement engulfed the vast crowd. John put the ball down, reversed, ran forward two paces and...bang!

For agonising seconds the ball seemed to be swerving wide... John turned away... but then it sailed straight and true between the posts.

Steve Douglas



Deep down care. For great looking hair.

Heat and Dust

Not anybody's race

IT was the darkest day in the 15-year history of the New York Marathon. Never before has it been struck by such a tragedy. Never before has a man passed away halfway through the race.

French runner Jacques Bussereau was a teacher, about 48 years of age, and had taken to running only five years ago. He had taken part in four previous marathons.

But he was overweight by about 15 to 20 pounds and was a heavy smoker before he became a marathon enthusiast. And doctors suspect that these factors combined to cause the runner's sudden and untimely death.

The tragedy has shaken one and all. The organisers of the New York Marathon are distressed that one of the most talked about sports events in the world has been marred by such a sad incident. Disconcerted, they have vowed to take all possible steps to prevent such a tragic incident to take place ever in future.

But how? At the moment nobody has been able to provide any answer, although suggestions have been made by the medicalmen conncected with the show. It has been said that the race officials should consider making medical requirements from entrants more stringent in future.

But that is a harrowing task next to impossible. It is just not practical to have 18,000 people checked out. Even if everybody is checked, the high humidity and the unseasonable 74 degree heat can always pose problems for the participants. Scores of runners were treated for heat exhaustion during and after the race and in the opinion of many the hostile weather conditions were the main factors behind Bussereau's tragic death. And the majority of the medicalmen believe that entry into the marathon should not be as easy as it is now. It should no longer be anybody's race.

Shootout

Yorkshire in trouble

THE strife continues and Yorkshire seems headed for what might turn out to be the worst internecine shootout in its history. With the resignation of Brian Close as the chairman of the County's cricket sub-committee, following his defeat over the reappointment of David Bairstow as the Yorkshire captain, things have come to a head. Chances are that in the next few weeks, some more resignations will be handed in and the celebrated Geoffrey Boycott will find himself at the centre of a blazing controversy.

At the moment the former England opener is perhaps the most influential man in the County, thanks to the dual position he enjoys. He is a committee man and at the same time a member of the team. And this, everybody says, is the crux of Yorkshire's problems. His dual role has created unrest and unease within the team and undermined the authority of the County chairman. And hence his resignation.



Boycott: Influential

It is highly likely that Brian Close's decision to quit will be followed by the resignation of the only other two former County cricketers on the committee, Phil Sharpe and Bob Appleyard. In that case, the County is certain to experience further strife which might cause an irreparable damage to the County's cricketng interests.

The theory about Boycott's all-embracing influence, however, may not be all that true. Of late there have been Press statements from some of Boycott's closest allies that do not quite go in favour of the controversial Yorkshire batsman. A case in point is a recent statement by the County's PR chairman Sid Fieldman, long regarded as a Boycott man: "Personally, I would like to see Geoffrey playing cricket and not sitting in the committee room".

It seems the tide has begun to turn.

Ovett's Hopes

Merry Christmas

BY Christmas he hopes to be back in action. The 1500 metres world record holder Steve Ovett, who collapsed in the Los Angeles Olympic Games has a viral condition of the heart that has kept him on the sidelines since. He hopes to resume training before the end this year.

"I am going back continually for tests, but it seems to be improving. Now as long as it clears up, I am sure that I'll be all right and I will get back. There is a possibility it could return".

It was in the fitness of things that Ovett made this announcement, which came as a heartening piece of news to all those who love athletics, at a London reception on the day his autobiography was published.

At Death's Door

Her days are numbered

FAISALABAD's days seem to be numbered. One should not be surprised if this city is soon wiped out from the world map of Test cricket, leaving Pakistan poorer by one of their three major Test centres.

The culprit is the docile wicket of the Iqbal Stadium where India recently played the second Test of their incomplete series against Pakistan. It is so lifeless that cricket, especially of Test class, often degenerates into a farce causing considerable disappointment and frustration among participants as well as spectators. Only statisticians have their hands full of facts and figures.

But perhaps no longer. At least the Mayor of the town itself is not in the least optimistic about Faisalabad chances of retaining her Test status. The only hope now lies in altering the wicket and make it more competitive, which the Mayor has already asked the ground authorities to do. But chances are remote that they will meet with success. At least, the informed quarters are of the opinion that Faisalabad is in her deathbed.

He 'Fuel-ed' Them

PORTSE: The Italian team, the world power-boat champs, made their presence felt in the sleepy port of Poole. Their navigator Alberto Diridoni turned his yacht into a giant spaghetti house. And that's not all. He smuggled in supplies of Chianti in huge sealed plastic vats, neatly labelled 'Engine Fuel'. It was fuel—of sorts.

Good Go... John!

CHESHIRE: People will do anything for money, fame or for the sheer thrill of it. Thus, stunt rider John 'Golly' Goddard jumped his mobike over 118 people to set a world record. Goddard (22) made the 995 ft. leap at a gala in South London. The feat brought his personal tally of records to 5, including one of clearing 16 double-decker buses.

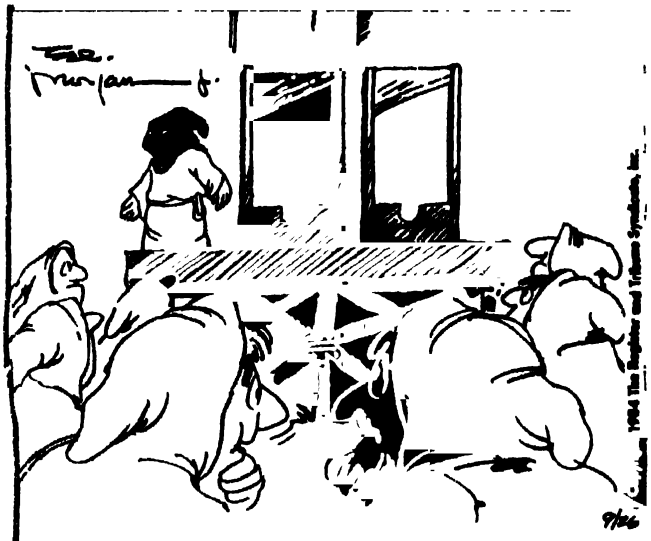
Double Game

Most players of tennis, of golf and of pool,
Have a practice so common it's almost a rule:
After muffing a shot as the best of them do,
They examine their racket, their club or their cue;
But a definite fluke they will try to disguise
As a masterful shot by concealing surprise!

She Boxed His Ears

RIO DE JANEIRO: An aspiring 17-year-old Brazilian boxer suffered a serious reverse in his career when his irate mother dragged him out of the ring during an important bout and ordered him home to finish his home-work!

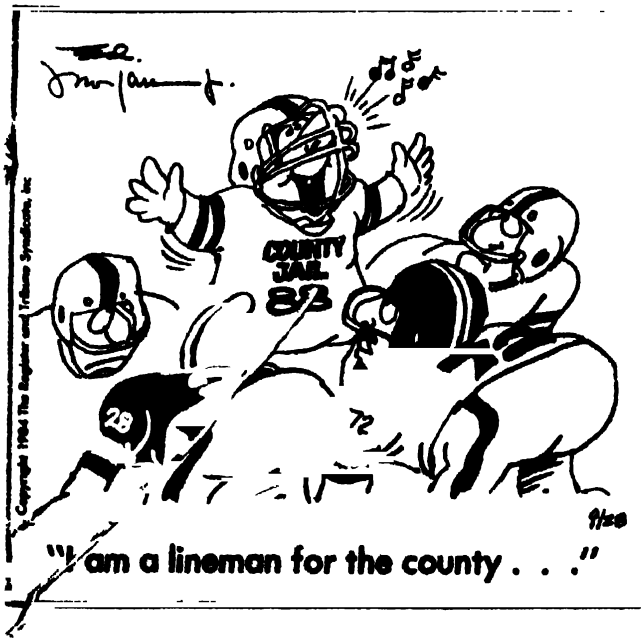
Bernie Tellis



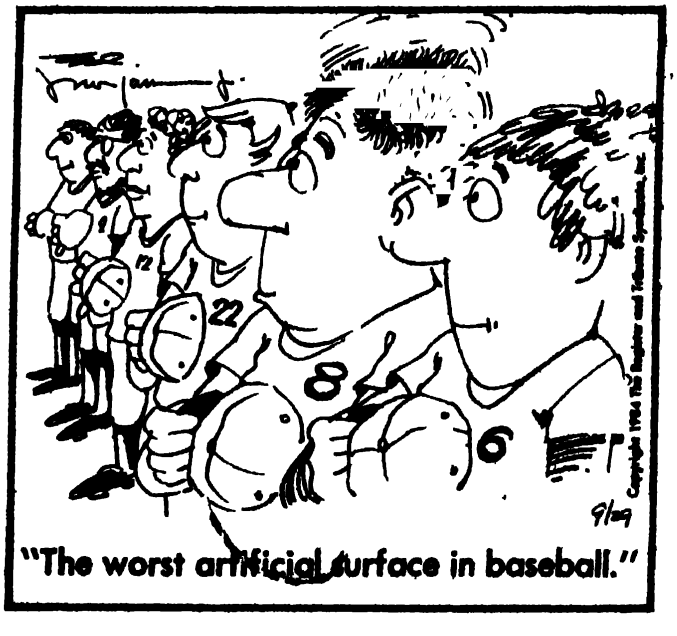
"Oh goody, a double-header today."



"I love giving out World Series tickets."



"I am a lineman for the county . . ."

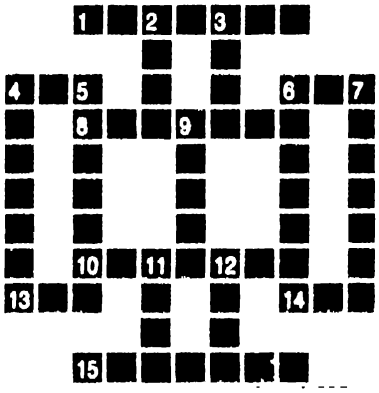


"The worst artificial surface in baseball."

CROSSWORD

Mudar

263



ACROSS

1. Wicketkeeper of the Season this English summer of '84 is, perhaps, not English (1, 6)
4 Brand of Symonds bat used by famous cricketers stutters in the end (6)
8. Editors of Wisden Cricketers Almanac, both father and son (7)
10 Footballer actor in the film *Escape to Victory*, but not Pele (7)
13. A bowler's morning hope (3)
14. Badminton champion from China comes back (3)
15 If Chappell was Chappelli, than Lawry was the Ghost who walks (7)

DOWN

2 Elder statesman of hockey and Frank too (4)
3 Every spinner's expectation from the pitch, ascends (4)
4 Where you would find McEnroe in London even if he were playing a match, say, in Tokyo begins with a trade union (7)
5 Bird that came between bowler Jehangir Khan and the batsman and died It is now a stuffed exhibit in the Lord's museum (7)
6 Former heavyweight champion and one of the few men to have defeated Ali ends in in a heavy weight (1, 6)
7 Coloured roadway for a former Australian Test opener (7)
9 Scorer of a hundred at Lord's for Sri Lanka this year ends in a term of appreciation (5)
11. Gymnast Caslavska, who ruled in the Mexico Olympics (4)
12. Six runs are awarded in cricket if the ball is? (4)

Excellent: 16-15, Good: 14, Fair: 13.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghose

QUESTIONS

Fill in the blanks with appropriate words from within the brackets

1 Payao Pooltarat was the — athlete to win an Olympic medal (Malaysian, Korean, Thai)
2 The team that represented Zimbabwe in the 1980 Olympics women's hockey was — (all black, mixed, all white)
3 In the Montreal Games, Tatyana Kazankina moved from the — place to the first in the last 50 metres of the 800 metres final (third, fourth, fifth)
4 —, a silver medallist of the 1948 Olympic weightlifting later played Oddjob in *Goldfinger*, the James Bond film (Buster Crabbe, Harold Sakata, Burt Lancaster)
5 A marathon runner can sometime lose several pounds in body weight — a race (before, during)
6 With effect from 1984, men must be at least — years old and women — in the Olympic gymnastics competition (18, 17, 16, 16, 15, 14)
7 — was the first Soviet athlete to win the Olympic 400m gold (Valery Borzov, Viktor Burakov, Viktor Markin)

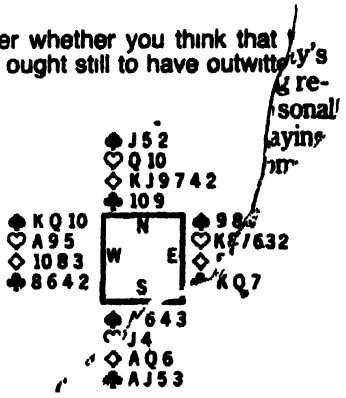
ANSWERS

1 Thai
2 all white
3 fifth
4 Harold Sakata
5 during
6 16 (men) and 15 (women)
7 Viktor Markin

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

The declarer made a clever tactical move on this deal from a pairs event I wonder whether you think that fence ought still to have outwitt[ed] y's re- sonal/ aying or-



Both sides were vulnerable and this was the bidding

South	West	North	East
1NT	pass	3D	pass
3NT	pass	pass	pass

The jump to three of minor was non-forcing and indicated a broken suit West led the king of spades, Eas perforce dropped the 7 and South quick wittedly followed with the 6 It is clear that if declarer takes the first trick anc returns a spade to establish a ninth trick, the defence will have to be very sleepy not to find the heart switch South s ruse was successful West followed keenly with the queen of spades and there were 10 tricks on top

"Sorry about that," said West "It was difficult for me to read the 7 as your lowest "

"You realise we could have taken six tricks in hearts?" his partner replied "Your might perhaps have laid down the ace of hearts at trick two You get a big peter from me and we re away "

This week's quiz: West and East hold

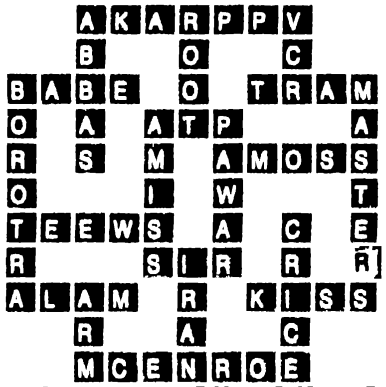
West	East
♠ A 2	♠ K 7 4
♡ K Q J 10 6 2	♡ A 9 8 7
◇ K 5 2	◇ A 9 7 4 3
♣ K J	♣ Q

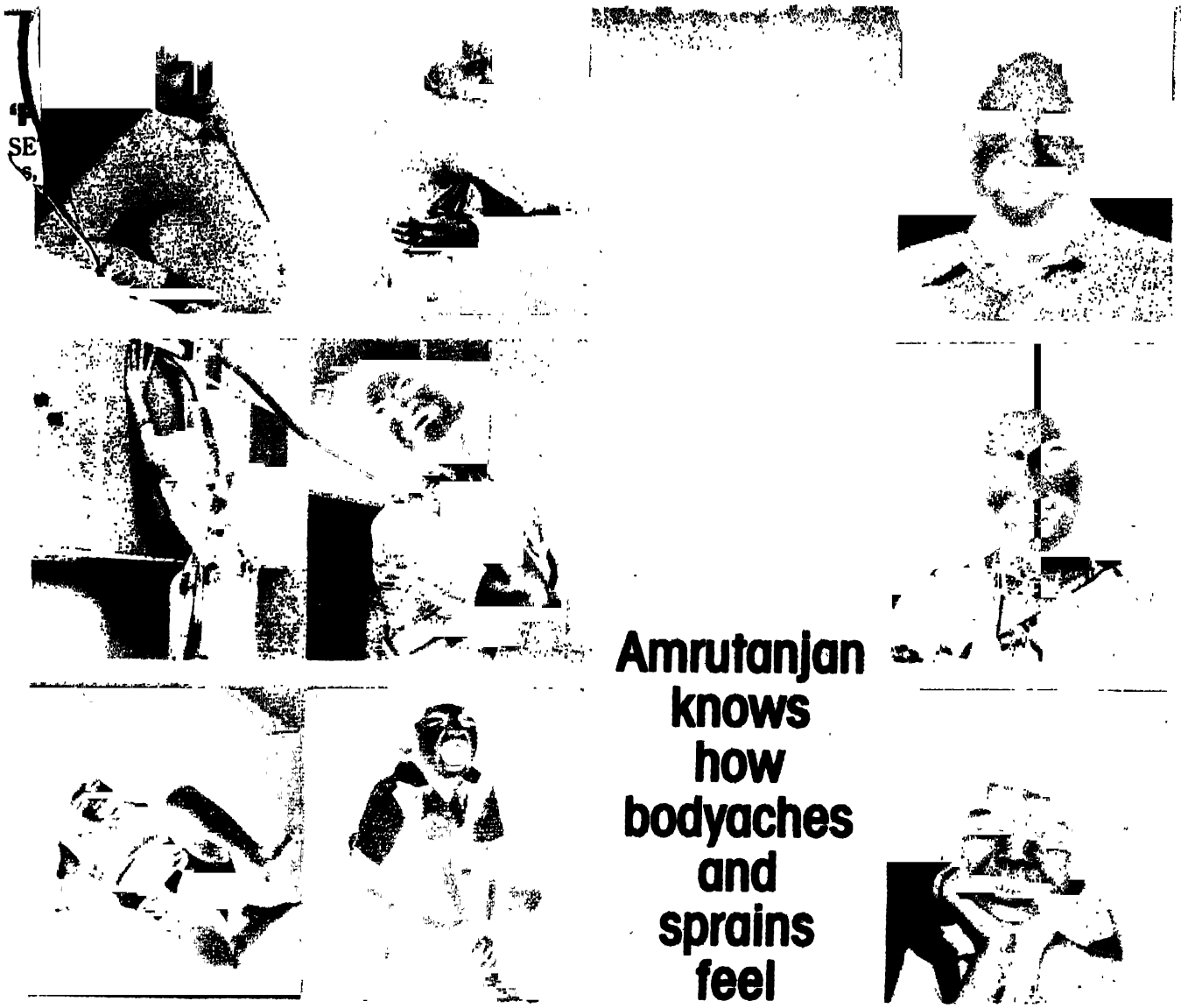
You side has climbed to six hearts and North leads the queen of spades How do you set about the play?

Answer: Well, you mustn t think too long about this The best chance is to play low from both hands with mournful look If North does not hold the ace of clubs he may lead another spade. You win, draw trumps, and discard a diamond on the king of spades Then, if the diamonds break 3-2, you will be able to discard two clubs on the long diamonds

• The preface to *The First Bridge Book* by Jeremy Flint and John Gullick (Pan £ 2 50) proclaims that the basic principles are those practised by the leading players in the land Then, on the first page, you are told that you may open with a bid of one on 13 points or more, a principle that is maintained throughout Opening leads are scarcely mentioned However, the style is amiable and much of the instruction is just right.

SOLUTION 262





Amrutanjan knows how bodyaches and sprains feel

Softer base makes it easy to apply.

New inner liner seals in strength.



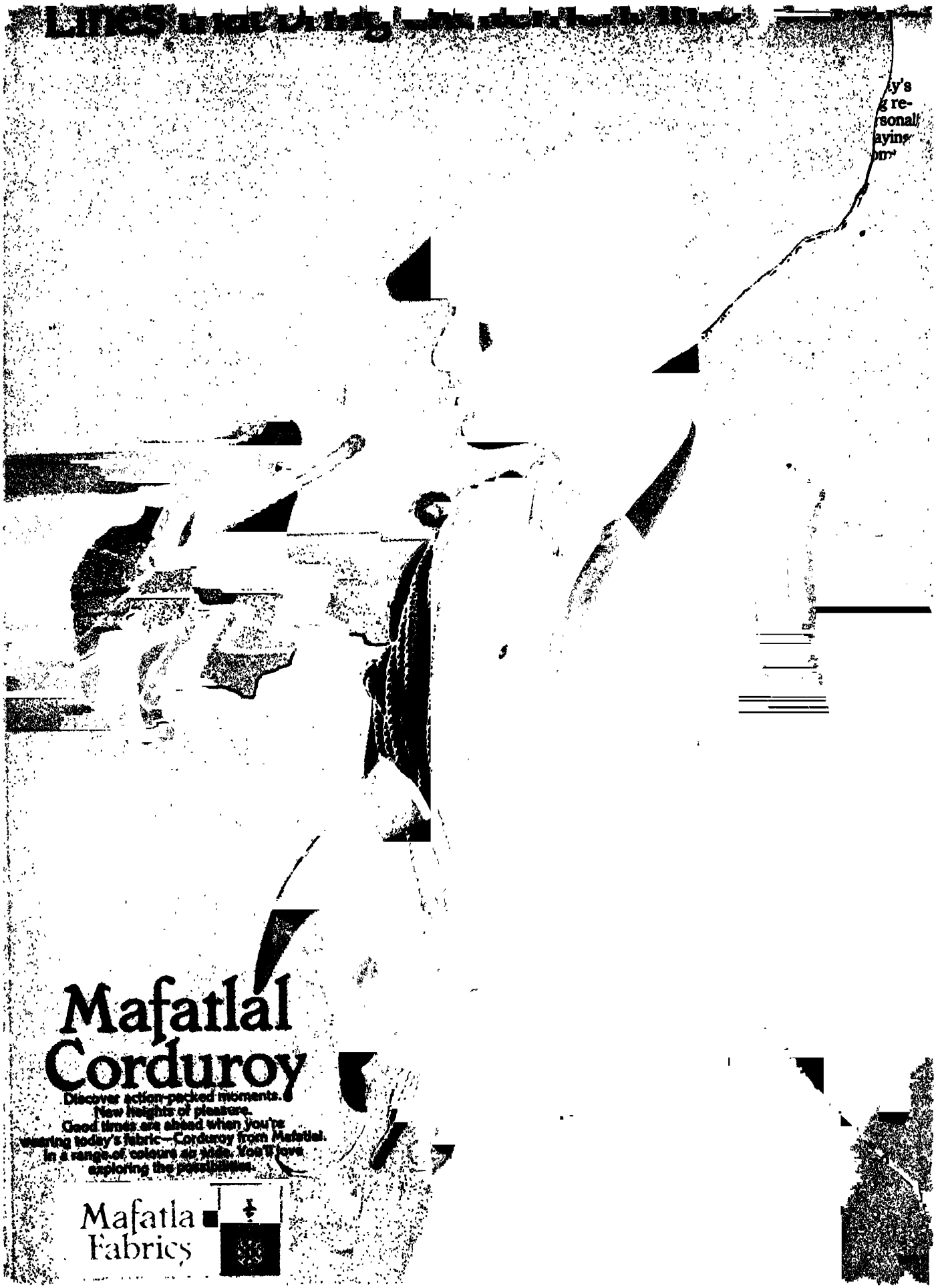


Official suppliers of pain balm to the Indian contingent for the 1984 Olympics.

AMRUTANJAN

Rely on it for fast relief
— with no side-effects.

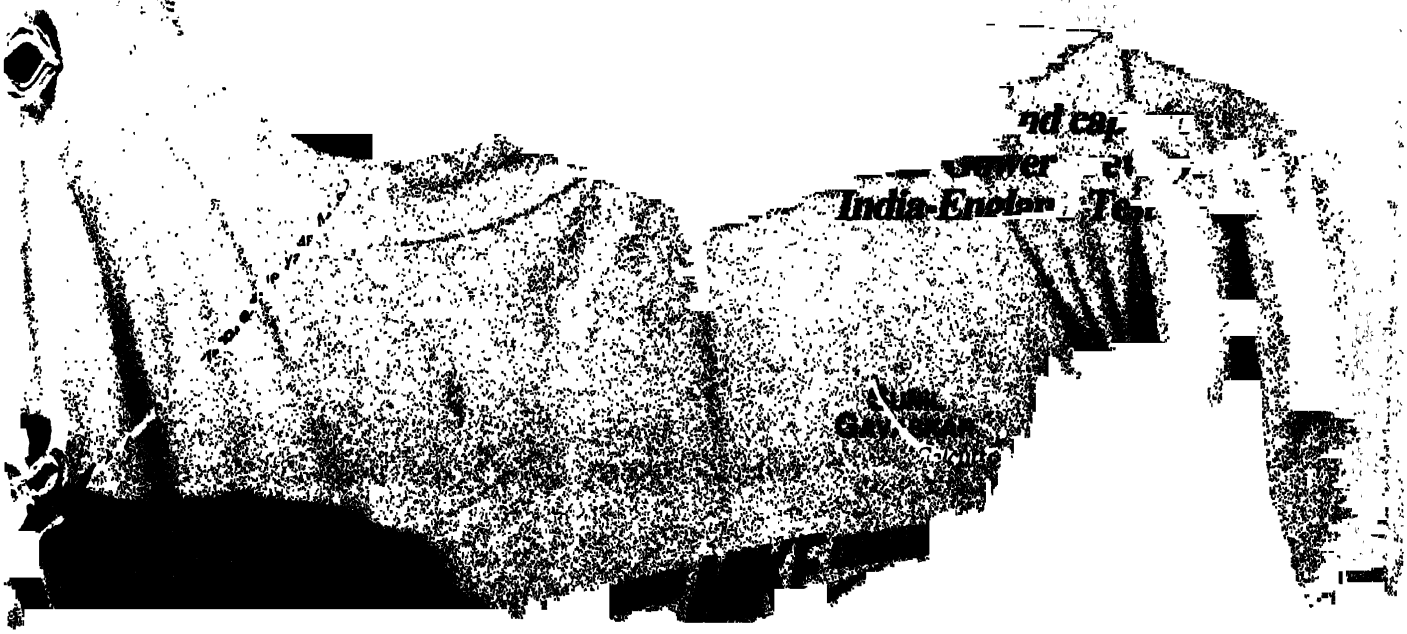
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Mafatlal
Corduroy
Discover action-packed moments.
New heights of pleasure.
Good times are ahead when you're
wearing today's fabric—Corduroy from Mafatlal.
In a range of colours as wide. You'll love
exploring the possibilities.
Mafatlal
Fabrics

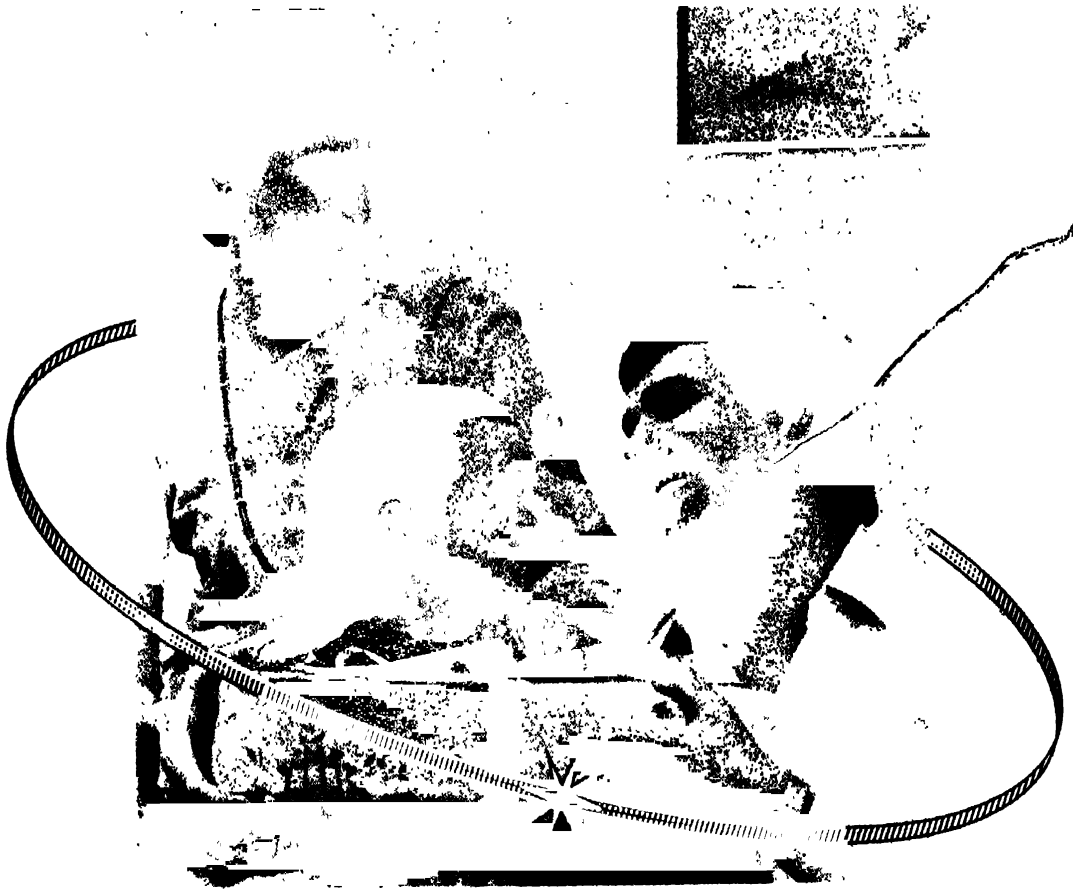
Toofsworld

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GK&E.884 55

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4
Winning first Test will be important
The team that wins at Bombay will enjoy the psychological advantage

6
India-Pakistan series every two years
Safdar Butt, Pakistan Board chief, interviewed by Mudar Patherya

Special features

8 Secret Diaries of Dennis Lillee
10 Lord's in solitude
12 Action Replay. Beginning this week; M.J. Gopalan
14 Durand Cup Football
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18 Turf View
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22 Cricket and the 'Gee Whiz' syndrome
24 Book Extract
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Change the set-up

"WHAT is wrong with our sports?" is the question that is asked after every international meet. And the answer is very simple.

Ours is a country where the officials and the politicians get more importance than the sportsmen (both men and women).

On the eve of any international sports event, we wake up suddenly and arrange a "rat race" among the officials, give the winners a prized "two week vacation" at government cost at the venue of the meet. Simultaneously, we arrange a "goat race" in the name of "selection trial" and select a handful of athletes, mostly the kith and kin of the "rat race" winners and a few lucky natural talents to represent the country.

Nine times out of ten, they turn in a humiliating performance in the international meets that they take part in.

There is nothing wrong with our sportsmen. Against all odds, we have been improving steadily but to reach a truly international standard, we have to revamp the whole sports machinery.

We desperately need private sponsors, coaching by international coaches and the setting up of players' associations. There should be maximum international exposure to our sportsmen rather than our officials which is the general trend.

Perhaps the only help that the government can render is to provide infrastructural facilities and ensure that the sportsmen have a secure financial future.

All branches of sports should be given equal importance. In our country, except for cricket, the other sports are neglected and ignored. Daley Thompson and Sebastian Coe are as popular as Ian Botham or David Gower and they are also financially well off.

We can afford to present the Gavaskars with Marutis and cash awards but the P.T. Ushas have to go back to their homes and join their clerical duties to earn their livehood!

ARJUN BANNERJEE,
Nagpur.

Ailing Ali

ONE was touched to the hilt to read about the ailing Ali. It is quite sad to know that the former world heavyweight champion is suffering from brain damage.

It does not come as a surprise considering the number of punches Ali has received at the hands of pugilists like Joe Frazier, Henry Cooper, Sonny Liston, George Foreman and lastly, Larry Holmes.

One cannot help but ask as to why a ban on this cruel and sadistic sport should not be imposed.

V. SAMPATH,
Bangalore.

Tragic

THERE are not many countries who can boast of a Prime Minister who showed great interest in all sports. So, the unfortunate death of Indira Gandhi shocked millions and millions of sports-lovers all over the country.

She successfully organised the Asian Games and encouraged international teams to play in various sports all over India.

Her interest was great and our sorrow is deep and heart-felt.

DEBASHISH MAJUMDAR,
Calcutta.

A gritty fighter

MOHINDER AMARNATH, popularly known as "Jimmy", by his teammates made a remarkable comeback in the hastily concluded tour of Pakistan. Ever since his Test debut fifteen years ago in Madras, he has been in and out of the Test cricket arena.

His 1984 series against the West Indies, inexplicably, was the worst in his career. He got a mere 12 runs in 8 innings, with the aid of five zeroes.

Eveyone in the cricket playing nations thought that his career has come to an end. A born fighter that he is, he saw to it that he would make that familiar fighting comeback. He worked hard again and made it to the tour of Pakistan last month. He literally saved India from the brink of defeat along with Shastri at Lahore and vindicated his reputation.

He is in brilliant form this season and let us hope that he gets some runs against Gower's men and serve Indian cricket for years to come.

TAMAL CHAKRABARTY,
Calcutta.

The team that strikes first shall enjoy psychological advantage

David Gower tells **Haresh Munwani**

SPORTSWORLD: The start of the tour has not been conventional, following your arrival in Delhi earlier this month. How did your raw and inexperienced side cope with the situation?

DAVID GOWER: Yes, the start was rather tragic with the death of Mrs Gandhi. My boys were affected by it. That's why we decided to get away from it and go to Sri Lanka. The Indian Board was kind enough to let us visit the Emerald Isle.

You had insisted that there should be at least three three-day practice games before the first Test. What was the thinking behind it?

We had to allow ourselves enough games to get into form. Also we have 16 players and we had to give everybody a chance to play himself into the England Test side. One must remember that we did not play for seven weeks and, as a result, were a bit rusty and stale.

How do you rate your chances?

Normally, I refrain from making predictions. All I will say is that we will give our best. The team has a good balance of youth and experience.

Considering that only four of your players have more than twenty Tests under their belt, can you substantiate your claim of having experienced cricketers? Also, you are the only one who has undergone a proper Indian tour in the past. Both Mike Gatting and Paul Allott had limited exposure on the 1981-82 tour while Pat Pocock is a bowler and enjoyed little success when he visited India a decade back.

They may lack experience but the fact remains that they have the performances to merit an English cap, besides being professional enough to raise their game when the situation demands. Allan Lamb scored three hundreds off the West Indies. The talent is all there.

Surely your bowling resources must be causing concern. None of your bowlers has captured more than 60 Test wickets and yet you are optimistic of bowling the Indians out twice in a match cheaply?

Norman Cowans is our fastest bowler while Allott is a much improved bowler since his last visit here three years ago. And if these blokes have not bagged 60 victims it is because they have not played many Tests. Even Ian Botham had to wait a while before he reached his first hundred victims.

All this talk of captaincy affecting personal performances is pure theory.

Talking of Botham, how badly are you going to miss him and Bob Willis?

I don't think Willis would have been fit enough to undertake this three-month tour. Having said that let me add that Willis has done a great job for England and the fact that he has the highest number of Test victims, next to Dennis Lillee, bears testimony to this. Botham is a great all-rounder and we all remember how he single-handedly won the Jubilee Test in Bombay a couple of years ago. Botham has decided to rest for a while and I believe it is important for him to take a short break after six years of intensive cricket so that he can get his adrenalin flowing again.

Every touring side has its fair share of problems and you are no exception. Martyn Moxon has gone home because he has lost his father. This means that you are an opener short. Further, Tim Robinson, the other opener, is uncapped as yet.

That's true but we have to make do with what we have. At Test level most players have talent and ability but what separates success from failure is the level of confidence and mental conditioning.

So essentially it is going to be a contest between youth (of the English team) and experience (of the Indian side).

That can mean problems for the Indians. The youth can go all out because they have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

By virtue of captaining England away from home and the fact that you are not playing the West Indians, does it mean that there is less pressure on you?

Undoubtedly. It's an acknowledged fact that the West Indies are by far the best, both in Test matches as well as one-day games.

From a personal viewpoint, your form against the West Indians must have been a cause for concern. After all you had only one half century in the series. Would you say it is the pressure of captaincy telling on your performances?

All this talk of captaincy affecting personal performances is pure theory. As far as cricketers are concerned we are certain the two are not linked. My low scores against the West Indians can be attributed to a bit of bad luck and a bit of lack of form.

Under your leadership England were "blackwashed" by Lloyd's men. By losing all the five Tests, England's performance was its worst in fifty years. Surely the forthcoming series against India is important for you as a captain.

England is not the only team to be beaten by the men from the Caribbean. Australia were bowled out for their lowest total in years by Holding, Marshall and Garner. In



England captain David Gower (second from right) and Paul Allott (extreme right) discussing a point with umpire Swaroop Kishan (glasses).

also lost the series last year at home. We had our teething problems just like the Indians had theirs. After all, India has not had a Test win in three years.

How would you rate the present Indian side with the one that won the World Cup?

It's no use saying they are better now or worse now. It would suffice to say that their performances following the World Cup win would not provide encouragement for its ardent followers.

Have you evaluated the opposition you are going to encounter in India?

Some of them we know. Some of them have done well against us. Of those whom we don't know hopefully in the coming weeks we will find out a bit more. India has a talented and experienced team led by a shrewd brain. Today Gavaskar is one of the most experienced players in international cricketing circles.

Before coming to India you said that a win in the first Test is very important. In case you do, what will be your strategy thereafter?

All I meant was that with both teams starting on even terms the team that strikes first shall enjoy the psychological advantage for the rest of the series.

There are three spinners in your side, so do you see the accent shifting from pace to spin in the forthcoming series?

That will largely depend on the wickets we encounter. A couple of years ago we went to Australia with three off-spinners, a move that came in for a lot of criticism. At least this time we have variety: Phil Edmonds is left-arm while Pocock and Vic Marks are off-spinners.

If you were to put your finger on that one vital factor that will decide the fate of the series, what would you say it is?

Fielding. Accepting everything that's in the air, and converting our half chances to catches. This is going to have an important bearing on the outcome. Any Test side that wants to win must ensure that a high degree of half chances are converted. Here I must add that my boys are more than decent fielders. Obviously, batting and bowling are going to be important too but I am inclined to put fielding ahead of them.

Apparently it has been decided that a minimum of 80 overs will be bowled per day in the forthcoming series. Any comment?

I think it is a good idea. If you remember the last time we were here the poor over-rates prevailing in the series were largely responsible for dull cricket. The paying public must get value for its money or soon the game will suffer.

But there are no penalties in case a side fails to bowl the stipulated overs in a day.

That's true. All the same, weather and light permitting, the day's play can be extended to accommodate the remaining overs. Here I would like to go back to the point that the pressures of captaincy are affecting my batting. You know I led England in Pakistan after Willis returned home and in both the Tests I did rather well.

India and Pakistan shall play each other every two years

Lt. Col. Safdar Butt, Pakistan Board chief, told **Mudar Patherya** in Lahore

THE annual exchange of cricket teams between India and Pakistan has led to a certain monotony. Is this going to be the last of such an arrangement, considering that the programme for the following year has not been finalised?

Previously, it had been agreed upon that there would be a Test series between India and Pakistan every year. This system worked for about two years. Over this period we have come to the conclusion that these series have been too frequent, after seeing the public interest in the Tests now is negligible. The players too are not as excited as they should be. It is now felt that instead of every year we should play once every two years. That should generate the excitement that is necessary for the promotion of the game and the improvement of the standard. It means that Pakistan shall tour India next in 1986.

Part of the reason for the Indo-Pak series degenerating to a farce must be ascribed to the fact that the last time Pakistan played India, the Tests were organised at new centres where hardly any crowds turned up. Do you agree?

I think that this is mainly up to the host country to decide where the matches ought to be played. In Pakistan, we have only three or four places where we can organise Test matches. That puts us in a position from where we cannot dictate terms to the host country. At the same time, we can always negotiate by taking into consideration the new centres and the crowd they would be able to pull.

There was talk some time back that the winners of the Patrons Trophy or the Quaid e Azam Trophy would play the Champions of the Ranji Trophy. How feasible would an exchange be at that level?

That's a very good thing that you have asked. Let me digress a little in answering it. The annual series were organised to promote cricket, but more than that, it was done with a view to improving the relations between the two countries. So, cricket is a vehicle to promote understanding. When spectators come over to Pakistan from India, it generates a lot of goodwill. Last year when the Indians came over to watch the series with flags and sat in special stands erected for them, we felt proud that we had done something.

Moreover, the people mixed and got to know each other better. I was in Delhi recently and I discussed the idea of gymkhana teams doing tours to Pakistan from there. University teams could do the same i.e., St. Stephens could come to Lahore and play the Government College and vice versa. That would lead to a greater understanding at the common-man level.

For example, just some time back my wife and I went to India. It was her first visit. It was the first time she was seeing an Indian. While we were travelling by car she remarked: "These people are exactly like us." Similarly, if we get together more often, the hostility that persists will disappear. I am sure that people in India feel the same.

You mentioned that cricket was being used as a vehicle to foster understanding. But then cricket has suffered as a result, isn't it?

I agree. But then, let us not only have exchanges at the National level but bring it down to the level of the common man. We could have University sides, Under-19 teams and Clubs playing against corresponding sides in the other country.

Coming to the 1987 World Cup, Pakistan made it understood that it would vote only for hosting it jointly. Indirectly, it meant that Pakistan would not support India's bid if she wanted to host it on its own. As a result, the joint venture was the only way India could buy Pakistan's vote.

This is the first time I am hearing of it. I took over as the President of the BCCP some six to seven months ago and one of the briefings that I got from Air Marshal Nur Khan, was that Pakistan would be fully supporting India's bid for the World Cup.



Asad Jaffery

Lt Col Safdar Butt (centre) during the interview. At right is Col Rafi Nasim, BCCP's Acting Secretary.

At a Press conference in Bangalore last year, Nur Khan had made this point clear, though indirectly. India has six regular Test centres as well as the finance necessary for hosting the competition alone. Then why should she have to organise it jointly?
I wouldn't comment on it for the simple reason that I am not aware of it.

Would you consider that this competition is worth holding with so many other economic problems at hand?
I certainly think that it should be worth holding. In the past the World Cup used to be held only in Britain. Now it is coming to this sub-continent where there are so many enthusiasts of the game.

Yes, rotation of such an event must be lauded but don't you feel that this competition could, perhaps, be held in, say, Australia to ease our economic discomfort?
Well, let us look at it this way. What shall be the total expenditure involved? Two million dollars? Now that, for the two countries, is peanuts. And look at the positive side of things. The pleasure that it shall give to the millions starved of entertainment. We do not live by bread alone.

Would you envisage any benefits then?
Certainly. It shall enhance the prestige of the sub-continent. It shall prove that we are people of competent managerial, administrative and organisational ability.

What about the financial profits from the World Cup?
There are hardly any financial benefits from this venture, let me tell you. But it is not a benefit-cost analysis that we have carried out. If after the competition we can break even it should be okay. Our population must be given something to relax with. After all, let us not come down only to Roti, Kapda and Makaan.

Perhaps, this exists on the man to man level. What about relations at the Governmental level?
What are governments made of? It is the people who are involved in the important diplomatic decisions and decide that they want to be friends. During the First Test in Lahore, I was sitting beside the President Mohd. Zia-Ul-Haq and I told him of my experiences in India. He was very pleased. When I told him about the warmth, hospitality and goodwill with which I was received in India, he said that there should be more contacts on the man-to-man level with Indians.

What if the governing cricket bodies are changed in the interim period and the plans for a World Cup are shelved?
India has a fine and sensible person in Mr Salve at the helm. I do not see that possibility but if it does come about, then it shall be very unfortunate.

Don't you feel that the immigration formalities shall be a deterrent for free movement between the two countries?
Haven't we had a great number of people going from Pakistan to India and vice versa whenever a Test is held at Lahore or Jalandhar? It is Always like a *mela* when such a thing happens. I think that both the countries have enough managerial capability to handle the regular flow of a small number of five to ten thousand people.

I was in Delhi recently and I discussed the idea of gymkhana teams doing tours of Pakistan from there. University teams could do the same. That would lead to a greater understanding at the common-man level.

May I bring to your attention that for getting to Pakistan one has to wait for almost three months to procure a visa? How can you expect free movement between the two countries?
This time when I was in Delhi, I discussed this very point with the Ambassador of Pakistan. We are trying our best to speed up the paperwork.

Taking into account the infrastructure for cricket in Pakistan, don't you find it quite lacking for hosting a World Cup?
You see, we have some traditional places like Karachi, Lahore, Faisalabad and Hyderabad where matches are played. We have now thrown a challenge to the smaller places, like Rawalpindi, Sialkot, Peshawar, Sahiwal, Quetta and Gujaranwala, saying that if they want a World Cup match to be played in their towns—there are going to be nine matches in all in Pakistan—they shall have to improve. We have promised that we shall come and inspect the arrangements for accommodation, spectators and cricket. We have around 10 to 11 grounds at hand. Let us say that five of them shall record some improvement, so judging from that point of view there is going to be a boom in Pakistan as far as stadia are concerned.

You mentioned four as being up to standard. I can, however, think of only two, Lahore and Karachi.
It has been our strategy this time to take one-day Internationals to Quetta, Peshawar and Sialkot to give these centres a feel of what it is like and what standards they are expected to come up to. We are taking the New Zealanders to Hyderabad, Bahawalpur and Multan.

Yes, but as I said, only two centres are up to Test standard. Faisalabad is chronically short of accommodation and one cannot really see a World Cup game being held there.
I have spoken to players who have gone to play and stay in Faisalabad. There are colonial, British style rest-houses which are far more lavish than the cramped-up five-star rooms that you get elsewhere. Given the choice, I would rather go and stay in an inspection bungalow of that nature than a five-star hotel. But, in Faisalabad, a hotel is already coming up. And if you look at the players from India and Pakistan, we are not used to luxuries, so it shall be quite okay with us. As far as cricketers from the other countries are concerned, we shall make sure that standards improve.

One of the most important stadia in Pakistan is in Karachi. It appears to need a lot of reconstruction.
I have got two and a half crore rupees sanctioned for this purpose. When the Indians go next time, they shall find a lot of improvements. Moreover, we are also thinking of putting a roof on top as well as having a definite seating arrangement. That shall be one of the benefits from the World Cup. There shall be an increase in the number of playing centres on this sub-continent as well as a great improvement in the ones already existing.

The 'secret' Diaries of Dennis Lillee

The deception is complete. Vic Mills reveals that he was only having some fun at our expense

THERE was nothing in the diaries that had not appeared in Taylor's tome.

All that distinguished the diaries were sloppy errors; for example, where Taylor, in the course of an analysis of great fast-bowling partnership, mentions the 1974 pairing of Lillee and Thomson, the forger, obviously an avid follower of women's cricket, mistranscribes this as a reference to the striking figure of that other great fast bowler Ms Lillian Thomson. 'Our unanimous opinion,' said the Archive president, 'is that these are the most primitive of forgeries, without imagination, false reports.'

In the light of this declaration *WCM* took two steps. First, on Saturday morning, Dr Julius Takenforgranted, forensic scientist, and author of the definitive work on Geoff Boycott hairpieces *Toupee or Not Toupee*, began immediate tests on the two volumes of diaries to determine the age, quality and brand name of the beer stains found on certain pages.

Meanwhile Norman Nostoneunturned, lecturer in Strine dialect and authority on Australian females at the University of Young and Jacksons in Melbourne, currently in the UK pursuing a rather nubile Rhodes Scholar on loan to the Highways Department of the Chingford Borough Council, began to read the fast bowler's supposed chronicles of 1974 and 1975.

The verdict of the scientist was, of course, conclusive. The beer stains were various combinations of Carlton and Victoria bitter, both brewed exclusively in Melbourne some time during the past four years. Further, the samples analysed all suggested low alcohol, (LA) beer. This, if more evidence were needed, is indisputable proof of forgery, as no fair dinkum fast bowler worth his macho image or boring mid-pitch histrionics would be seen drinking low-alcohol beer. He could, however, have bought it for his wife.

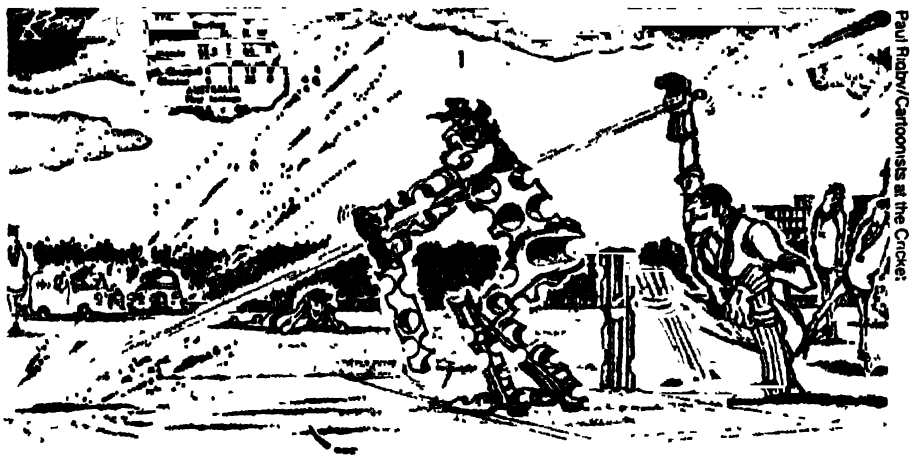
The findings of the historian were in some respects even more depressing. As Nostoneunturned ploughed through the 78 pages of scrawl that supposedly recounted the events of the cataclysmic year of 1974—which marked Lillee's return to prominence—he found it hard to contain his disbelief: nowhere was there a single original thought or observation.

Broken bones, tangles with authority, sledging, and even myopic umpires were recorded with unerring dullness– and precious little detail. For example, four consecutive entries for December 1974 read, in their entirety, as follows (NB: On December 17, Australia won the second Test in Perth by nine wickets to go two-up in the series): (December) 18th Hoovered the bedrooms, paid the gas bill, cooked dinner.
19th Painted the verandah, cut the lawn, took washing to the laundromat.
20th Wax-polished the car, ironed the washing, read a book.
21st Dusted the living-room, bought the turkey, watched TV.

None of the extracts that *Stickybeak* had previously provided to *WCM* had prepared us for such an anti-climax. As Lillee's so-called 'testament to posterity' it left a lot to be desired.

Hardly the glittering prose then that we had expected. The credibility of the documents was stretched further as the texts were found littered with mis-spellings, and repetition bordering on the absurd. On January 5, 1975, Lillee proceeded to hoover the living-room not once but eight times! There was also a textual problem as the diarist lapsed into an extremely localized form of Strine. While popular in the eastern States, this is used rarely if at all in the West. These are all, of course, quite minor points—Lillee may indeed be very house-proud, but fair go, eight times?—however, their cumulative effect is serious, especially when combined with the strangely un-Lillee style of these 'diaries'. Lillee in private—and in his early days in public—expressed himself very pithily. He was one of the extremely few Australian cricketers who could be funny and at home in slang expressions; not for him the pomposities of middle-class Melbourne. Yet these 'diaries', the extracts of Strine apart, are written in what can only be described as a 'Toorak tongue'.

The sense of shock at *Wisden Cricket Monthly* at the findings of the archivists was, however, nothing compared to that of *Stickybeak*. For the past three months their sleek modern office block in Perth, wherein is housed Australia's largest and most successful magazine publishing group, has been a bastion of confidence—



Paul Roby/Cartoonists at the Cricket

'That's Massie. Wait 'til you meet Lillee, mate!'

confidence at times verging on arrogance.

Every doubt about the authenticity of the diaries had been brushed aside, often with ill-disguised contempt When the cricket-writer Hugh Treble Rum (Lord Daiquiri), who had authenticated the documents for *WCM*, announced his defection, it caused not a tremor among *Stickybeak's* senior executives

Indeed, it positively confirmed their impression that cricket writers as a breed could not be trusted with off the-record records They would either leak what they had heard, or change their minds and write something completely different This attitude did not win *Stickybeak* many friends, but there was no doubting their profound belief that the diaries were genuine

Friday's news from the Archives to *Stickybeak's* lawyers was therefore devastating At first members of staff simply refused to believe They attempted to undermine the authority —and the independence—of the Archives, and find flaws in some of their findings But at about 4 pm on Friday, a meeting of *Stickybeak's* top executives and senior editors was called, and when it finally broke up about five hours later, there was no doubting the mood of despair

With the diaries proved beyond all reasonable doubt to be forgeries, what then is the fate of Bert Ridetheghan, the key figure in this tale of intrigue, the man who only a few weeks ago was described by *Stickybeak* as their 'ace sleuth reporter'? What, too, of the whereabouts of the $4m paid by *Stickybeak* for the diaries?

The one development over the weekend was the arrest in Melbourne, by West Australian special branch officers, of Dr Con Trick, a former Irish national currently dealing statewide in cricket memorabilia Trick, long known to cricket-writers as a dealer in forgeries and dubious documents, fled to Dubbo as soon as the forgeries were revealed, but gave himself up to police on his return to Melbourne. He denied at the time that he had anything to do with the diaries. It was confirmed yesterday, however, that he had since admitted forging all the documents himself.

Both Ridetheghan and Trick will face fraud charges in connection with selling the bogus Lillee diaries to *Stickybeak* magazine The case promises to be Australia's biggest literary fraud on record Whether or not the forgeries were a plot to re-write cricket history, they were certainly designed to defraud Ridetheghan, either as dupe or conspirator, will be held responsible, since he was the sole contact with the source of the diaries—supposedly a former Test umpire who salvaged them from the wreckage of a plane in 1983

In apportioning blame, *Stickybeak* must accept their share too The magazine's most senior executives had known about 'Lillee's Archives' for a year and had possessed at least some of the diaries for three months The tests that proved them false last week took barely three days Had these tests been carried out earlier, the hoax would have been instantly exposed

If it is possible, let us place to one side the monetary aspect of this deception and concentrate on the intentions, if indeed any existed, of Ridetheghan and Trick in producing these diaries

At the outset there appears a very clear desire to exculpate Lillee The volumes recently released show Lillee as being completely unaware of the wager on England at Leeds in 1981 The entry instead recalls a 'dead cert' running that same afternoon in a Maiden Stakes at Thirsk There are several entries expressing Lillee's disapproval of the 'underarm incident' in the final of the Benson & Hedges World Series Cup against New Zealand, and of his shame after the fracas with Miandad in Perth

Of the English, the diarist clearly felt that they were to blame for their own misfortunes The aluminium bat saga is couched in the language of the entrepreneur and viewed as nothing more than an exercise in commerce, while Lillee's remarks about breaking bones and spilling English blood is purely a desire to earn the right to resit a failed biology paper at High School

Whether the actual physical writing of the diaries is the work of Con Trick, or in part that of Ridetheghan, we shall not know for some time However, what we can glean from the style and content is a kind of hero-worship by the two men towards Lillee. Such feelings were nonetheless tempered with a degree of embarrassment over the more unsavoury aspects of his career

At this intriguing tale of fraud and deception draws to its inevitable and just conclusion, the final word from *Wisden Cricket Monthly* is that serious journalism is a high-risk enterprise We did not act irresponsibly. Our mistake was to rely on other people's evidence and to be governed by their demands for security and urgency When major but hazardous stories seem to be appearing a magazine can either dismiss them without enquiry or pursue investigations to see if they are true

Not for the first time *WCM* took a high risk by its involvement with the so-called 'Lillee Diaries' For the first time, very regrettably, the risk proved to be a mistake We owe our readers a sincere apology

Wisden Cricket Monthly
Concluded



Paul Ridley/Cartoonists at the Cricket

'Down boy! It's me, your dear old mate Maxie! The Windies are next time!'

Lord's

Binoo K. John was there

What is human life without a game of cricket? From an essay by the Third Duke of Dorset

THE ink on these lines dried nearly two centuries ago The year 1797 to be precise It could have been written yesterday With, of course a two word suffix—at Lord's The ground which is the epicentre of the game, the ground which symbolises rich traditions

A patch of land converted in 1813 14 into a cricket ground by Thomas Lord still inspires many a schoolboy cricketer as he struggles to build an innings or work up pace somewhere in a Caribbean backyard, or an Indian maidan or an idyllic English village ground No other ground has been as synonymous with a game as the one at St John's Wood, London

> A hundred times I have walked down the St John's Wood Road on a quiet morning—that s the proper way to enjoy Lord s choose a match of no importance, for preference one for which the fixture card promises a "band if possible " I have gone a hundred times into the Long Room out of the hot sun and never have I not felt that this is a good place to be in, and if the English simply had to make cricket a national institution and a passion and a pride, this was the way to do it, in a handsome hall and pavilion, a resting-place for the game s history with its constitution to be found as much in Debrett as in "Wisden
> —*Neville Cardus, (Autobiography)*

If you leave the train at the St. John's Wood underground station and your destination is Lord's you will not get lost For someone in London for the first time, that is really saying something And don't go to the flower seller who sits near the station exit and ask him for the place where England battles other countries. Just ask him for "The Ground," and the finger will point in the direction of the Grace Gates.

The half-a-century old brick walls that guard the Mecca of cricket are as imposing as that of a medieval castle As you cross the Grace Gates two ancient men look enquiringly at you. Inside the Memorial Hall is the sha-



The Valhalla of cricket—Lord's

dow of the Tavern. Time seems to stand still. Cricket memorabilia, both trivial and historical, takes you back down the time scale. Curved cricket bats, used worn cricket balls paintings and photographs beckon you. Off you go, inch by reverential inch, down nostalgia alley.

Inside the glass case on your right as you enter, is displayed how the red cherry is moulded from jute strings and leather. Further down, the bat with which Grace made his hundredth century in first-class cricket—288 for Gloucestershire against Somerset in May 1895. The cap which graced the doctor's head. On the belt given to him by J.H. Rawlings, hand embroidered in wool, is inscribed 'Cricket For Ever'.

Your eyes turn everywhere, not knowing what to focus on. On that MCC pillbox cap or that row of antique bats lined inside the glass case? Every square inch is hallowed.

Grainy old bats, linseed-oiled with which great names used to score great runs, makes you think of the one you proudly owned, cracked at the sides, blades bursting (How proudly you looked at the blade the first and only time you crossed the 25-run mark). This one right in front was signed by the Doctor himself: "I played against the Australians with this bat." And as though mocking at the technology that moulded Grace's bat stands the Gray Nicolls which Greg Chappell used in the Jubilee Test seven years ago.

The miniatures are even more endearing. The silver bat presented to H.R. Murrell, wicketkeeper for the Middlesex side which won the County championship in 1924.

On the floor above, the sun's rays stream in through the glass roof and spreads on the bust of, who else but W.G. Grace. Even if there were no rays from the sun, the bust would have emitted light. Much of the light, in early cricket history, anyway has its source in Grace.

Onto that circular patch of inspiring green. The mind and the eyes were there when Mohinder, slow but lethal, struck Holding on the pads and suddenly India were on top of the world. And on that legendary balcony when the froth from the champagne bottle in Kapil's hand spilled over like every Indian's joy... You were there many, many times before...

'Do not step on the grass', the board painted in red lettering admonishes. 'Holy ground' they should have inscribed. Grass was never so revered. Jim Fairbrother's lifeblood. But the day one stood there Fairbrother's era had already passed into history books.

Now everything is silent and empty. But the Test pitch was not. No groundsman bending over to treat the grass. None of Francis Thompson's "run-stealers flicker to and fro." But there were pigeons on the pitch pecking away. Tasty seeds or worms? Or just the arrogance of preying at Lord's?

There near the boundary, Fairbrother's successors with the mowing machine discussed how to go about the job of 'tackling' the turf. Even Jim Fairbrother never knew where the Surrey Loam soil for the pitch was brought from, as Geoffrey Moorehouse revealed in his book *Lord's*. Anecdotes abound. Moorehouse had to appear before the General Purposes Committee of the MCC before he was given the nod, rather reluctantly, to roam around the premises. Moorehouse's work is a memorable collection of trivia and anecdotes. It's all there: the number of times in a day the printing press under the scoreboard prints the score sheets, the gates through which the ragpickers enter after each day of a Test; and a public announcement: "For F.J. Titmus read Titmus F.J." "On such minutae did a whole segment of English social history depend," Moorehouse wryly remarked.

Did you know that the paper for the tickets for matches at Lord's were made by the same company that makes paper for English currency notes? The paper has shreds of plastic embedded so that rough edges stand out when torn, to outwit the forgers!

Walking to the nursery ground (turf for the real pitch was grown there before being transplanted, hence the name and from this 'the Nursery End'). Under the empty Grand Stands there is a sort of eerieness creeping into you. Did one hear voices from the past? The crisp crack as the willow makes contact with the red leather and the thundering roar curling around the stands...

At the nursery a friendly match was on like a Victorian painting of early cricket came alive. White flannels, red tiled buildings on the border, maple trees shading the boundary, old gentlemen with long sideburns whose idea of a good winter morn was seeing any cricket match, preferably in or near Lord's, mugging beer and muttering: "That fella there ain't have the pace of Lindwall..."

A few souvenirs from the Lord's shop and one was out in the cold London streets again. Overlooking the ground a few feet away from the Grace Gates is an apartment owned by Lata Mangeshkar.

Further up is Abbey Road which inspired that quartet from Liverpool. Let it be.

"WHY are we going to Lord's?' I asked.

'There's no match on.'

'We're going to Lord's because there's no match on,' he replied.

'Since cricket became brighter, a man of taste can only go to an empty ground, and regret the past. Or else watch a second-class county match, and regret the future.'

'You mean to say that you're taking me to a deserted cricket ground?' I said incredulously.

'I mean just that,' he answered.

We sat at Lord's, at the corner of the ground between the tavern and the pavilion. The wind blew over the grass; the sunshine was pale and melancholy. Opposite, the big scoreboard was blank and hopeless, as though cricket had come to an end with the score at no runs for no wickets.

'I once saw Woolley make eighty-seven on this ground,' said Finbow. 'After that, any innings which could ever be played is an anti-climax. There is no point in trying to repeat perfection. Cricket, having been created and evolved, has achieved its purpose, produced one lovely thing, and ought to die. So, particularly now that buffoons turn it into an inferior substitute for musical comedy, I prefer to sit on empty grounds—or to watch Bucks play Beds.'

'I hope you're happy,' I said bitterly, 'making me sit here like a fool.'

'I'm perfectly happy,' he replied. 'Or at least I should be if I had some hot water to make tea.'

Drinking the best tea in the world on an empty cricket ground—that, I think, is the final pleasure left to man.'

C P Snow from *Death Under Sail*, 1932

Makings of a double international

M.J. Gopalan, in a serial beginning this week, looks back on a career for India as a cricketer and hockey player

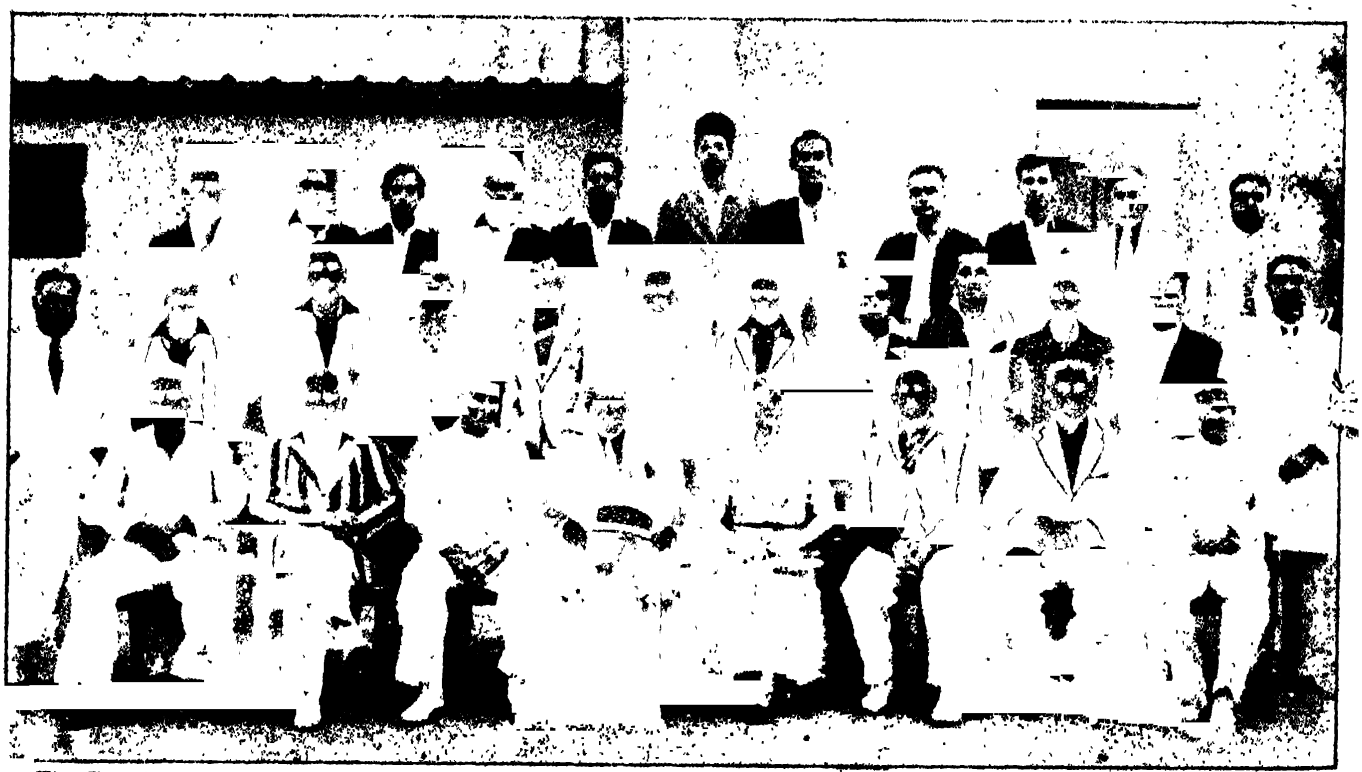


HAVING completed 75 years on 6 June this year, I feel that this may just be the appropriate time to place on record my memories of the last half a century and more. What memories have they been!

My earliest recollection of my association with the two games, cricket and hockey, which were to bring me international recognition, goes back to 1925-26. A little before that I had come to Madras from my village Morrapakam in Chingelput district, (which incidentally is the 'M' in my name, the 'J' standing for Josiam) to study. I had actually taken to both games simultaneously in the village itself. As boys I recall that we had started playing cricket by using light sticks as stumps and a heavier one as a bat. Any object with a hint of circularity was treated as a ball. Casuarina sticks were handy hockey implements.

I studied first at the Kellet High School in the city and used to play both games with improvised equipment. I moved to Presidency College in 1926 and that proved to be the first turning point in my career. For under the guidance of B.V. Ramanujam and S.R. Kalyanaraman, both senior students in the college, my interest, and my ability, in both games took giant strides. B. Subramaniam, the leading cricketer of Madras in the Twenties, was impressed by my aptitude and invited me to play for the Madras United Club.

Soon afterwards, Subramaniam took the MUC team on a tour of Bombay which was even then the stronghold of Indian cricket. We played against many powerful sides and I remember bowling to players of the calibre of Navle, L.P. Jai, S.M. Colah, L. Ramji (brother of Amar Singh), Wazir Ali and Nazir Ali. When we went to Pune, I bowled to the then genial giant of Indian cricket, Prof. D.B. Deodhar. I recall taking a good number of wickets on the tour, getting over the disconcerting experience of going to the net on matting wickets and playing the matches on turf.



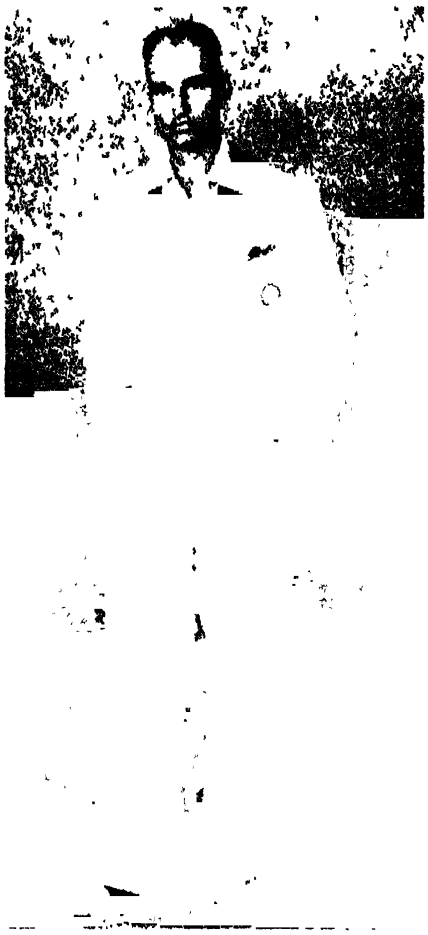
The Bombay and Madras teams before the 1935-36 Ranji finals. The author is at extreme left. Others include Vijay Merchant (extreme right), C. Ramaswami (next to Merchant), A.G. Ram Singh (fourth from left, last row) and Hindlekar (last row, third from right)

The trip made it clear to me that I had some ability and with hard work, perseverence and constant practice, I could reach higher levels. When I look back on those early struggles today, I do feel a sense of pride and fulfilment; I was largely a self-made cricketer. I had no formal coaching whatsoever. I imbibed by watching better cricketers play; I do feel one can learn a lot even by just watching, but doing so closely and attentively. There were hardly any practice facilities in those days—negligible compared to what today's players enjoy. One really had to have a deep abiding love for the game to progress. I remember bowling at one stump at the MUC grounds, one of the few places then a player could have a "net". I used to do this for hours.

No one really labours too hard and gets nothing in return. I could already feel some improvement in my game. In 1926-27 the MUC team went on a tour of Calcutta and Rangoon and again I did pretty well. On my return I played for the all-Madras side against Gilligan's English team and then followed another big break when I was picked to represent the Indians against the Europeans in the Madras Presidency match of 1927-28. The Presidency match was *the* important match of the entire season. It was a prestigious three-day match which used to be watched by crowds between 12,000 to 15,000 and used to be played over the traditional Pongal (harvest) holiday in January. This time I took a couple of wickets in each innings to make a decent showing in my first real big test.

These consistent performances over the last couple of years brought me encouragement in another form—employment. C.P. Johnstone, already a big name in Madras cricket and a manager in Burmah Shell, offered me a job in his reputed organisation. I agreed, aware that I could further my prospects in the game. Burmah Shell were known to have a keen interest in cricket. I joined them in 1929 and stayed with them till my retirement in 1964. I must say that my employees Burmah Shell gave me much encouragement to pursue my sporting abilities by always being ready to give me sufficient leave for national or international meets.

Here, I feel I must digress a bit towards hockey. I have often been asked as to which game I was more partial. I can honestly reply that I found that I loved both equally. My interest in hockey as I said started in my village itself and it grew when I moved to the city. I used to play the game at Kellet High School and improved while practising on the Marina Ground. I was selected to play for the Young Men's Indian Association, then one of the top teams in the city and participated in the MCC tournament at Chepauk and the MUC tournament



M.J. Gopalan, the cricketer

at the SIAA grounds.

An interesting incident at about this time comes to my mind. In 1928, Murugesa Mudaliar, the sports editor of *The Hindu* used to go around the various grounds to spot talent. He used to sit in an inconspicuous corner of the ground and make a mental note of players who caught his eye. It so happened that I attracted his attention.

One day I was taking part in a cricket match at the Wesley High School grounds and got a hundred, this being in the morning session. In the evening YMIA had a match against a certain Universal Club. My hockey abilities at the time were unknown to anyone in the YMIA. But Murugesa Mudaliar told the YMIA captain, while they were finalising their eleven, to include me in the team. He told him that I was a speedy and resourceful player. I was fielding when I got the message that I was to report immediately for the evening's hockey game.

I quickly changed from whites to shorts and pedalled as fast as I could to the MUC ground, where the match was scheduled. In those days I used to play at outside right and speed, any winger's strong point, was my forte too. Late in the game I was able to send across a good centre from which our striker scored—the only goal of the match and made from my pass!

After that I was a regular member of the YMIA team and took part in many tournaments. Speed and stamina were my strong points and in 1930 I advanced to the centre-half position.

In 1932 the Indian team for the Los Angeles Olympics played a game in Madras against an all Madras XI. I played right half and was given the job of trying to check Roop Singh. It did seem a formidable task for he was regarded then as next only to Dhyan Chand among the Indian forwards. I thought I did reasonably well in thwarting some of his goalgetting attempts. I had a good match and both Dhyan Chand and Pankaj Gupta, the manager were impressed. Both came up to me and said that I had it in me to represent India if I continued to work hard. Music to my ears!

On their return after retaining the gold medal at the Olympics, the team again played a match at Madras and indeed made a marvellous recovery. I remember that with about five minutes left, all Madras were leading by three goals. But in the remaining time Dhyan Chand and company swung into action; they not only equalised but went ahead with a last minute goal!

At this stage I must pay tribute to the two people who did the most to foster my interest in hockey. One was Summer Hayes, an Englishman who played for Madras Cricket Club. He was an Oxford Blue and a left half par excellence. His moves, stickwork and speed left a lasting impression in my mind. I never tired of watching him in action.

Continued next week

The warmth was missing



The jubilant Mohun Bagan players with the trophy after the final

ONE has always associated the Durand Cup with the height of the winter in Delhi, at least over the last eight years or so, leaving the DCM tournament to herald the season. But this time the chill was missing from the breeze and warmth from football. But it was pleasant enough at least towards the last stages. For the faithfuls it is enough if the major clubs from Calcutta and Punjab join the fray. They were there but not in full strength. Their stars were away at the Salt Lake Stadium, at Calcutta preparing for the Asian Cup finals at Singapore.

Yet, there were enough big guns to boom. To meet the firepower of the Calcutta and Punjab clubs, there were teams from the Services and other para-military forces. But in the end the trophy went to Calcutta.

The final was yet another prestige battle between the two Calcutta clubs. At the end of it all, the two—Mohun Bagan and East Bengal— were on level terms for the year. Mohun Bagan, while winning the trophy, made it two-all. East Bengal had beaten them in the Federation Cup and the I.F.A. Shield, while Mohun Bagan's only success before this was in the Calcutta League.

However, both the Calcutta clubs had gone through agonizing moments before entering the final. Both seemed in danger of being knocked out before the semi-finals. One wonders whether the two giants had ever had to struggle merely to stay in a tournament. Mohun Bagan were rescued by a last-minute Fareed goal which gave them a 4-0 win against Air Force after I.T.I. had beaten the airmen 4-1. This fourth goal saw them through on superior goal difference after their 1-1 draw with the Bangalore Telephone. Then, their semi-final win against Punjab Police was equally unimpressive. They scored an early goal and defended it stubbornly.

East Bengal's case was different. They went through their league phase without a win. They drew with Central Reserve Police Force and Border Security Force and they were through only after a withdrawal by Delhi Police. In fact, they were just six minutes from booking their berth back home when they got the equaliser.

Again they were on their way out when B.S.F. led two-one with hardly a few seconds to go and once again they came up with a goal. Reprieved twice, they made it to the semi-finals thanks to Delhi Police whose withdrawal gave them not only two points but also two goals as per FIFA rules for walkovers. The goals helped them in a three-way tie as both B.S.F. and C.R.P.F. had beaten the Delhi policemen by an one-nil margin.

B.S.F., more out of frustration than any hope, tried to prolong the issue to the committee room by lodging a protest against the manner in which East Bengal were declared winners despite not winning a game. The

tournament committee rejected it merely quoting the relevant FIFA rule Sailen Manna, the chief man in the Mohun Bagan camp summed it up well: "God saved East Bengal, not once but twice. What a providential escape"

Luck escorted them into the final also After a goalless game they were revived in the sudden death to win six-five against J.C.T. Mills. Both the Phagwara millmen and Punjab Police had a smooth passage to the semi-finals, the policemen after playing only one match They won their opening match against National Engineering Industries from Jaipur and the second time, Bihar Road Transport Corporation XI They went back when the tournament was suspended after the assassination of Mrs Indira Gandhi. The fourth team in the group, Mahindras, did not turn up at all J.C.T. Mills won all their three games in the group, the only group to have all the four teams intact, including a grudge match against Tata's who had beaten them in the Federation cup at Tiruchirapalli

After overcoming all these troubles, East Bengal were expected to win the final, purely going by their track record and also the strength of their line-up. They had even flown a sulking Monoranjan Bhattacharjee from Calcutta for their game against B S F It was he who helped them enter the final. In a last gasp move, when they were trailing 1-2, he moved into the forward line and nodded home the equaliser.

Ironically, it was he who was also responsible for East Bengal conceding the only goal of the final to Mohun Bagan when he allowed Bidesh Bose to snatch the ball away from him and beat Bhaskar Ganguly in goal with a superb 25-yard shot. Record books will only show this sixth-minute goal, but people who watched the game will remember the way East Bengal dominated the game and yet failed to score.

However, full marks for Mohun Bagan for the way they fought their way to win the Cup. They were without six of their stars, who were in the Indian camp, and also Compton Dutta. And for the last two games they lost the services of Victor Amalraj with a hamstring injury To keep that one goal they really had to work hard as East Bengal surged forward in waves. Samar Bhattacharjee and Satyajit Ghosh held on admirably with Swapan Saha Roy and Mohammed Fareed lending them a big hand Backing them all was Pratap Ghosh At least twice he showed his presence of mind and quick reflexes He charged out once to prevent a cross from Gurung going to Kartick Sett and then two minutes from the end he kept away a stinging Kartick shot from close.

East Bengal, for all their build-up, lacked ideas inside the area and they seem to ignore the only ball player they have in Gurung It was this former B.S.F schemer and striker who got that goal which rescued them against C.R.P.F. It was a brilliant effort as he chested the ball down to swing a left-footer through a stunned defence inside the area It was more or less like the goal Fareed got against Air Force Gurung is a sort of player who can come trumps any moment and by underutilising him East Bengal harmed their interests

Kartick Sett will not have happy memories of Delhi Every time he played here he left a trail of bunglings which cost his side the matches It was Debasis Roy who gave a good account of himself He improved both his game and behaviour.

A Correspondent



JCT's Satish Kumar overcomes an Aloke Saha tackle during his side's semi-final encounter with East Bengal



Jagdish Yadav



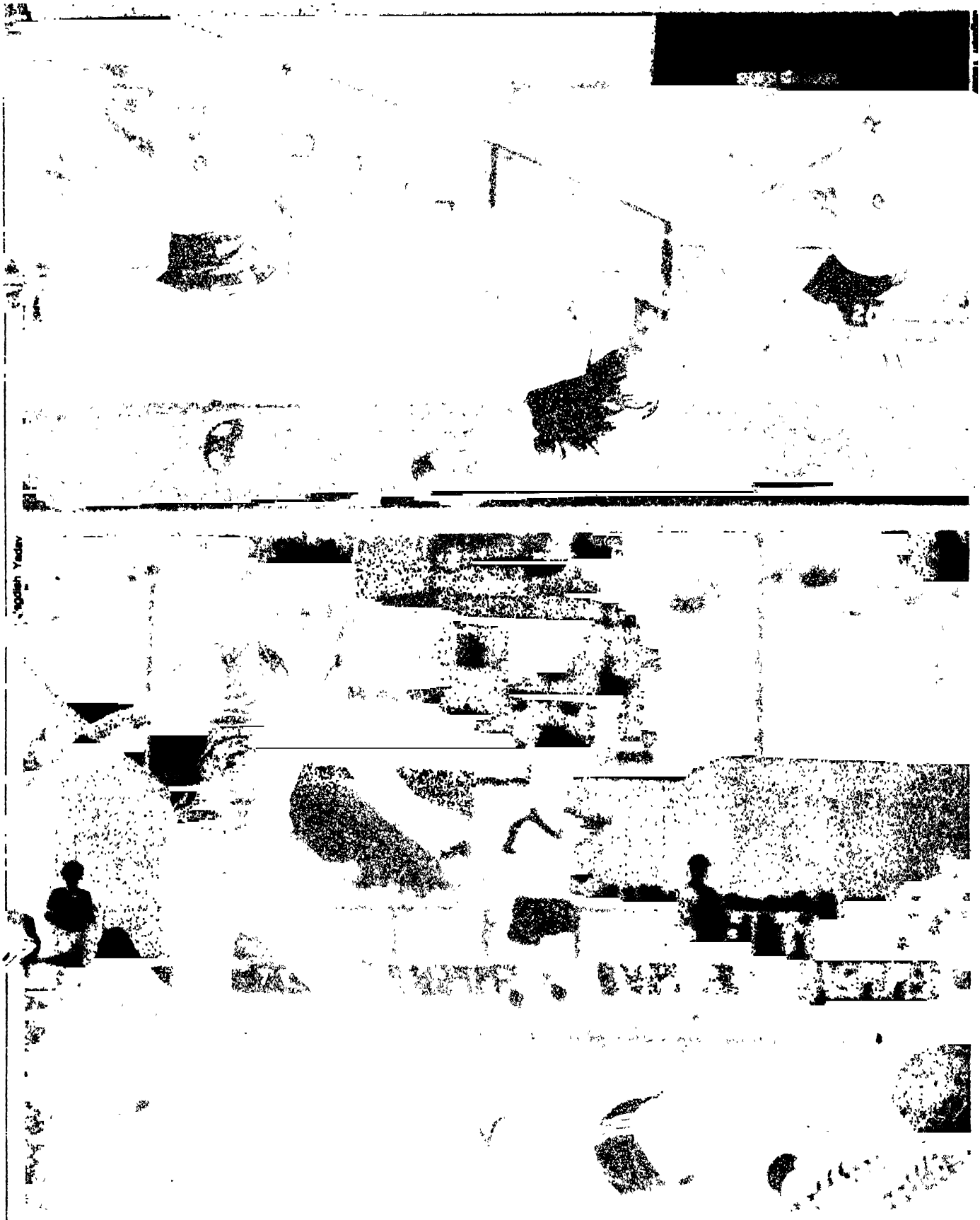
(Clockwise from top left)

This year the Durand Cup was held in a riot-torn Delhi. Although life returned to normal before long, tension prevailed in some areas of the capital. The photograph shows a group of Gorkha troops inside the Ambedkar Stadium during the final

An exciting moment from the Mohun Bagan-Punjab Police semi-final encounter

East Bengal's Kartick Sett rushes towards the JCT goal as a rival defender loses possession of the ball

The Mohun Bagan defender Samar Bhattacharya clears the ball from Punjab Police's Balwinder Singh during the semi-final



The future of the tote in India

Adi Davar

MUCH has been talked of a tote monopoly and what it would do for racing in this country. And many of those concerned with Indian racing look longingly at those countries that have a tote monopoly where the racing authorities are free from the financial problems that beset Indian racing.

Much of the success of a tote monopoly depends on the attitudes of the Government be it Central or State, particularly in the circumstances like those prevailing in this country, the creation of a so-called tote monopoly will be tantamount to suicide for the sport.

With taxation structures the way they are, enforcing a tote monopoly would be virtually impossible. Many years ago when the tax and racecourse deduction from the tote pool was lower and the amounts bet through the tote were considerably higher, most illegal bookmakers were happy to give a 15% discount on the amount backed at tote odds. With the present level of deductions from the pool, the discounts allowed would be considerably higher.

In fact, ever since the winnings from the races have been brought within the purview of income tax, the takings in pools like the jackpot, quartet and trebles have shown considerable decline; and these are forms of betting that are best suited to a pool system.

In England, where the controversy between the continuation of the bookie system and the introduction of a tote monopoly has been raging for several decades, there are strong feelings for each system but the majority tend to favour the continuance of both as the general feeling appears to be that the bookie system is superior to the tote for a straight forward win and place bet while the tote has a distinct advantage for accumulator type betting such as the doubles, trebles and jackpots as well as the normal and triple forecasts.

In fact, there is a large section of people who feel that each system should concentrate on its inherent strengths and thereby give the punter the best value for his money. To quote Phil Bull of the Jockey Club of England, "To find a real pool betting role for itself, the tote has to look to those areas in which it has an advantage over bookmakers."

All those involved in racing in this country should in fact get together and try and convince the State and Central governments that racing is basically a sport which has the added advantage of a rigidly controlled betting system which looks after the interests of the betting public.

Until the government relaxes its attitude and its levels of taxation, it may be better for the racing authorities to concentrate on those forms of betting where the pool system is better suited and to reduce the unit of betting to a level where dividends are unlikely to come to the rates where the income tax deductions would apply.

A detailed study of the income versus expenditure in the various types of tote betting would clearly indicate what forms should be persevered with and what should be dropped to maximise the earnings of the clubs. Wherever uneconomical tote betting is transferred to bookmakers, it ensures a regular income to the clubs by way of standing fees however meagre they may be.

The original thought behind the introduction of tote or pool betting was to ensure that a large part of the profits that could accrue from such a system could then be injected back into improving the general health of the sport and all those connected with it.

As long as the deductions made in the pool are utilised for this purpose and kept to reasonable levels, this type of betting has a great chance to survive, but when the deductions go out of proportion and the resultant dividends from the tote reach ridiculously low levels, as they have done in India, tote for straight win and place betting will gradually die out.

With taxation structures the way they are, enforcing a tote monopoly would be virtually impossible

Most of the racing authorities have seen diminishing pools on the tote which is now only used by the small and casual backers and a very large part of the betting turnover has been forced into illegal channels.

As things stand today, it is most unlikely that there will be any improvement in the takings through the tote, and with escalating costs, this type of betting will prove to be uneconomical to operate and will die a natural death.

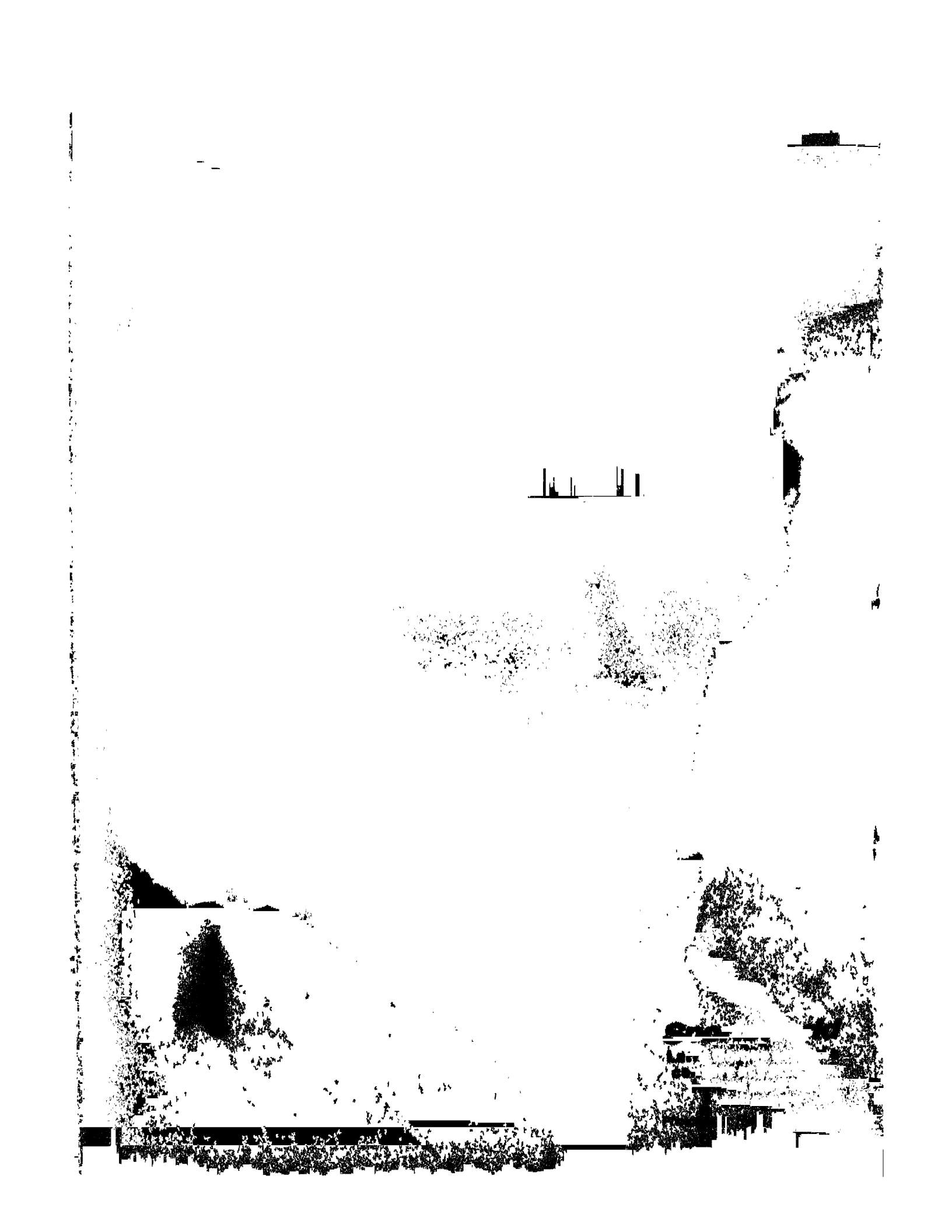
The only remedy is a reduction in the quantum of deductions and to a large extent this will depend on whether the State governments will listen to reason, and agree to reduce their tax percentages. This may not actually mean a reduction in the amount collected in the long run, as with better dividends more money will be put out through the tote.

But then this is not an argument that applies only to racing but to the government finance and taxation policies as a whole and although economists have been preaching this to the government for many years now, little or no action has so far been taken.

There is, therefore, little hope for the survival of tote betting in India, particularly as far as win and place betting goes, but it still has a place in racing for the type of betting it is most suited to such as the jackpot, treble and other such pools.

But even in these types of accumulator pools the law of diminishing returns can be expected to be applied, as the number of illegal bookies willing to accept such bets is increasing.

Years ago, they had limited the amount that they would pay on a winning bet, recently these limits have been raised to levels where the punter finds them more economical than tote and where a large dividend also comes under the punitive rates of the Central government's income tax structure.



CALENDAR Review RADIO TV VIDEO BOOKS

CALENDAR

National events

Volleyball: The National Volleyball Championship at Kanpur from 16 to 23 December

Football: The Rovers Cup, ending on 5 December

Cricket: England versus East Zone at Gauhati from 19 to 22 December

England versus North and Central Zones at Pune/ Bombay from 7 to 9 December

Inter zonal women's cricket at Pimpri from 7 to 11 December

International events

Hockey: The Champions Cup at Karachi from 7 to 14 December

Cricket: Test match between India and England at Delhi from 12 to 17 December between Australia and West Indies from 7 to 11 December at Adelaide (Third Test) 22 to 27 (ex 25th) December at Melbourne (Fourth Test), and 30 December to 3 January at Sydney (Fifth Test) Test match between Pakistan and New Zealand from 11 to 16 December at Karachi (Third and final Test)

One-day international between India and England at Pune on 5 December

Tennis: The Australian Open in Melbourne till 9 December Davis Cup final between Sweden and USA from 28 to 30 December in Sweden

Football: Asian Cup Soccer Tournament from 1 to 16 December in Singapore

RADIO

National

Running commentary of Test matches (see dates in column under international events) from 9.55 am to 12.05 pm, 12.35 pm to 2.45 pm and 2.55 pm to the close of play On the last day of the Test the relay shall begin half an hour early

International:

BBC Sports Round-up thrice daily from Mondays to Saturdays at 6 15 pm, 11 15 pm and 4 15 am (IST) Sunday's sports programme World Sports Review at 8 00 am, 2 45 pm, 11 15 pm and Saturday specials are at 8 pm 8 45 pm and 9 45 pm (IST) 1 15 am (IST)

In addition to the above there is a review of International sport at 2 am every Monday (IST), 8 am and 5 pm every Tuesday (IST)

Special programmes for December on BBC

Sporting Highlights of 1984 on 29 and 31 December at 2 am This programme shall recall some of the outstanding moments of the Olympic Games—including the gold medal of Carl Lewis, Sebastian Coe, Valerie Brisco-Hookes, Daley Thompson and many others in Los Angeles

Sports Special on 26 December at 9 45 pm (IST) This programme, because of the re-arrangement of editions of Sports Round Up during the Christmas period shall feature Association Football commentary, Test cricket from Australia and India, and a race, The King George VI Steeplechase at Kempton Park

Reports of the Test matches in Australia and India, as well as the Australian Open Tennis Championship shall be relayed in their regular sports programmes

BOOKS

Dave Moorcroft, Running Commentary. An Autobiography.

In an area of athletics where Britain traditionally excels, Dave Moorcroft has become one of the greatest middle-distance runners of recent times Running in the shadow of Coe and Ovett, he finally came into his own to break the 5000m world record in 1982

In this book, he describes his career, from the ambitions achievements and frustrations of the early days through to his international appearances representing Britain at two Olympic Games and at European and Commonwealth level In his book, Moorcroft deals with commercialism and athletics, whether the Olympics should go Open and the pressures and pitfalls of top athletics meetings

208 pages, £7 95

Fifty years in cricket by Len Hutton.

Sir Leonard Hutton was the first professional captain of England and after a highly successful career as batsman for England, he was selector and a much respected commentator on the game for the *Observer*

Looking back on a remarkable half century in the game, and seasoning his story with anecdotes and personal reminiscences, Sir Leonard gives his own thoughts on the great controversies of his times and such issues as captaincy and selection, one-day cricket, sponsorship and politics in sport His analyses of great players such as Bradman, Gavaskar, Lindwall, Miller, Compton, May and Graveney make compelling reading

240 pages, £ 8 95

Zola, my story

The astonishing story of 17-year-old Zola Budd, the fastest 5000m runner in the world At 5ft 2 ins and weighing only 6st 2lbs, this graceful athletics prodigy describes her early life and the discipline of her training,

96 pages, $ 4 95

Runs 'n Ruins by Sunil Gavaskar.

Sunil Gavaskar discusses India's fortunes from after the World Cup to the Asia Cup He deals with each Test match played last season in reasonable detail, dwells on the controversies, among which is the refusal by some of the Indian players to share the prize money, Zaheer's walk off at Bangalore, the poor crowd behaviour at Calcutta and his candid comments on the umpiring

164 pages, Rs 20 (Published by Rupa and Co, this book is available from their offices at Delhi and Calcutta or Marine Sports, Bombay)

VIDEO

Bodyline Featuring Gary Sweet as Bradman, Hugo Weaving as Douglas Jardine and Jim Holt as Harold Larwood

The story deals with the controversial 'Bodyline' series between England and Australia in 1932-33 The film traces the early lives of Jardine and Bradman, their ascendance and their Test careers till the 'Bodyline' series

The dialogues are well-written and the presence of side artistes like Percy Fender, Jardine's fiancee and Lord Harris provide a good blend to the framework of the plot Spread over three cassettes, comprising in all nine hours of viewing, the film is a must for every cricket lover.

Cricket and the "Gee Whiz" syndrome

David McMahon explains how the two are equated

ALMOST everything about cricket is gee whiz.

Like Don Bradman's final Test dismissal at The Oval. Eric Hollies bowled him second ball with a googly and the Don left the way he had come. Left to a standing ovation, cheered every step of the way by the English crowd.

Hollies, nonplussed, took a teammate aside and muttered, "That's the best ball I've bowled all season...and they're cheering *him.*"

See what I mean about the gee whiz?

Then there was the time England were playing a Test against New Zealand in 1982. A section of the crowd was barracking Ian Botham and Eddie Hemmings. It was all good-natured banter, nothing obnoxious or obscene, so the two cricketers took it in equally good spirit.

It all started when someone in the crowd decided that both Hemmings and Botham needed to lose a little weight and there was much laughter in the stands as the two Englishmen took more than their fair share of ribbing.

The next day, lo and behold, a fat, contented pig made its appearance on the turf, with "Eddie" painted on one side and "Botham" on the other. Once again, there was plenty of hilarity all around and a delightfully comic diversion as the pig was rounded up and then extradited.

What everyone wanted to know was how the pig had got into the ground in the first place. No one was telling. Then, quite by chance, England captain Bob Willis came across two medical students at a party. Claiming responsibility, they narrated a fascinating tale.

They had first procured the pig—making sure that it was suitably bloated around the middle—and then painted the two names, one on either side. The next problem was how to get the pig through the turnstiles.

When they were on the verge of



"That's the best ball I've bowled all season...and they're cheering *him.*" Bradman bowled for zero.

giving up their scheme, they realised that it could be done after all. An anaesthetic (they were medical students, remember) was administered to the animal and it was stuffed into a gigantic picnic basket. To complete the deception, the mandatory apple was placed between the pig's jaws.

As the two pranksters walked through the turnstiles, they were asked what they had in the basket.

"Oh, that's our lunch," said one of them, trying to sound normal.

"Let's have a look" said the gateman, being friendly rather than stern.

To which the students brazenly lifted back the cover, praying that nothing untoward would happen. The gateman peered closely at the comatose—but live—pig, prodded it experimentally and pronounced, "Hmmm. Bit undercooked, don't you think?"

When Richie Benaud led an Australian team to India in 1959-60, the tourists were invited to a special reception midway through the tour, when none of them were really interested in socialising. However, the Maharajkumar of Vizianagram intervened, took Benaud aside and explained conspiratorially that it was an official function organised by the Indian Board.

Benaud cross-checked with the manager, Sam Loxton, who said that there was no such function on the entertainment agenda. It was ultimately decided by Benaud that the Aussies would put in an appearance so as not to be rude to Vizzy, but the captain's decision was not a popular one.

The Australians showed up on schedule, mumbling darkly all the way about being coerced into doing things against their will. On arrival, they were cordially welcomed to the function, which—much to Benaud's embarrassment—turned out to be an unofficial ceremony honouring none other than Vizzy himself.

While the fuming Australians sat through four and a half hours of speeches, their captain squirmed awkwardly, protesting his innocence in an undertone. But nothing he said convinced his team-mates.

Imagine his predicament when Vizzy stood up and, beaming broadly, announced that Benaud was to be presented with a splendid tiger skin for having brought "his boys" with him that evening. The Aussies by now were unwavering in their joint conviction that their skipper, greedy for a prized tiger skin, had conned them every inch of the way.

It took all Benaud's efforts to prevent the skin from being divided into seventeen equal parts.

Three years later, Benaud was reporting the MCC tour of Australia for the *Sydney Sun*, along with Sam Grey who was writing for the *Sydney Daily Mirror*. One night the two went out together on an energetic pub crawl and by the time they got back to their hotel, many drinks later, they were in no fit state to file their reports.

Grey passed out on his bed while



The short legs of 'Eddie' and the long arm of the law

Benaud phoned the *Sun* and ad-libbed his copy over the phone. After he had finished, he dialled the number of the *Daily Mirror*, gave Sam Grey's name and magnanimously dictated a hasty report for his inebriated friend.

That done, Benaud fell into the slumber of the sozzled, only to be awakened hours later by his sports editor who said that Benaud's copy hadn't been too bad, but that he had been scooped by Sam Grey in the same day's *Daily Mirror*.

There was another Aussie, the legendary Cec Pepper, who honed his skills in the Lancashire League in the Fifties. Pepper bowled—by all accounts—a lethal flipper that was feared by batsmen at all levels, but one day he was just not having any luck.

He repeatedly hit the opposing opening batsman on the pad, plumb in front of middle stump, but the little English umpire was unimpressed by Pepper's increasingly vociferous appeals.

Incensed by the umpire's stony silence, Pepper began going through his fruity vocabulary, explaining as he went along—lest the umpire take action against him—that when an Australian used foul language, it was only meant in jest.

The umpire's parentage was questioned, quietly at first, until Pepper's protestations were loud enough to echo round the ground. Eventually, when Pepper had run out of insults, he rapped the batsman on the pad yet again.

"Howzat?" he yelled at the top of his voice, fully expecting to be greeted by the usual silent shake of the head.

But the umpire had had enough. "Not out, you bloody Australian bastard," he screamed back.

What about the Melbourne Test of 1982-83, when England fought back to win a cliff-hanger by just three runs. Set to score 292 in the fourth innings, the Aussies were slaughtered by Norman Cowans and slid to 218 for nine. Jeff Thomson joined Allan Border at the crease and put together a heroic act that almost succeeded in pulling off the impossible. When it was all over, Rod Marsh asked Thomson why he had not followed—as ordered—a policy of defence.

"Defence?" asked Thommo the outdoor man, a wry smile on his face. "That's what dey put around de paddock to keep de sheep and de cows inside."

Going back a bit in time, there was a hilarious incident during the 1948-49 England tour of South Africa. The tourists were checking into their hotel in Durban, identifying themselves at the reception desk and collecting the keys to their allotted rooms.

Came the turn of Jack Crapp.

"Bed, sir?" asked the receptionist.

"No, Crapp" said the cricketer, who thought he was being confused with Alec Bedser.

To which the receptionist answered matter-of-factly "Second door down the corridor, sir".

Cast in the genius mould

Although Greg Chappell was labelled 'Ian Chappell's younger brother' it did not take him long to create an identity of his own. A majestic trailblazer, he bowed out of Test cricket in early 1984, leaving behind him the sort of career graph that most cricketers only dream of. Ian Brayshaw looks back on the career of one of Australia's most illustrious sons. These edited extracts are from "Warriors in Baggy Green Caps", published by Lansdowne Rigby International and priced at £8.95

IF there was ever a player who had to carry a heavy load on his shoulders in the early stages of his first-class and Test cricket careers, it was Gregory Stephen Chappell. To begin with, he and his two brothers, Ian and Trevor, all came into cricket first and foremost as the grandsons of the former Australian captain and famous radio broadcaster Victor Richardson. Then, by the time Greg was ready to make his debut for South Australia, he had a second problem to contend with. His older brother Ian had, by dint of his own performances, rid himself of the grandparental shackles and become a successful player and a promising identity in his own right. So Greg was also 'brother of Ian' when he took his first steps out in a career which would in the passage of time see him ascend to greater heights than either his illustrious brother or his late grandfather.

Greg was well aware of these problems right from the start and, of course, of their implications as far as his younger brother Trevor was concerned. He sought to break the ties that bound him when he and his wife moved to Brisbane, where Greg took up a post as cricketing supreme for the languishing State of Queensland and began a more serious business career. That was in 1973 and at the end of his first season away from home he spared a thought for Trevor. 'I've always been grandson of Vic, brother of Ian,' he said, 'but Trevor, of course, has a more difficult lot because he is grandson of Vic and brother of both Ian and me.' Small wonder that Trevor, whose career for South Australia faltered after a bright start, chose to move from under the umbrella to Western Australia and later New South Wales. From there he made his way into the Australian team.

Few would argue that some of the Victor Richardson genes must have descended through the line to influence the sporting careers of the Chappell brothers. However, Greg says that he did not really know his grandfather very well. 'It was only in the last four of five years of his life that I was old enough to have any great contact with him,' he says. Also the old fellow played little part physically in the grooming of the young Greg Chappell. His influence was more of an inspirational nature. His achievements gave Greg something to shoot for and as the young fellow strode confidently along the path he was always aware that his grandfather was there watching and approving. In fact, the practical side of Greg's development as a youngster came from three different sources: his father Martin; a family friend Lynn Fuller; and Chester Bennett, his school coach at Prince Alfred College in Adelaide.

Blessed with considerable natural skills and fortified by a solid preparation, Greg set off on a course aimed squarely at the top of the tree. He rarely faltered. He soon showed the cricketing world that he wasn't the type to rest on laurels won for him by his grandfather and his brother. Instead, he set about proving he could carve out his own niche in the history of game. 'I'm not another Ian Chappell,' he once said, 'Ian is shorter and stouter than me...I'm taller and thinner and I've got more reach. Our range of strokes is completely different.' And of their attitudes, 'Ian and I are both aggressive and we both like to win, but through his greater experience in top level cricket Ian is able to accept things more readily. And the fact that he played in a period when Australian cricket was down means he has learnt to lose.'

Perhaps it was fortuitous for the 18-year-old stripling that his brother Ian was away on an Australian tour of South Africa when he made his first appearance for South Australia against Victoria in the 1966-67 season. He immediately stamped himself as a champion of the future with innings of 53 and 62 not out and by the time his brother had returned, he was well and truly an established player with his first century for the State on the board. Greg was always going to be a star. The only question was would he become a superstar? The first time I saw him, at the Adelaide Oval that season, I was struck by the poise and ease of his batting and by his confident and assured approach, hallmarks of Greg Chappell's play down the years.

It came as a bolt out of the blue when he accepted a contract to spend the 1968 and 1969 off-seasons playing the gruelling English County cricket circuit for Somerset. Greg's move

came in a day when it was not uncommon for Australian players to have a 'romp' in the Lancashire League (in fact, his brother Ian had played a season in the League), but quite a rarity for one to sign on for the seven days-a week grind of County cricket However, many good judges confirmed Greg Chappell's own opinion that the experience did the world of good to his game, particularly in terms of tightening up his technique and developing his off-side play During the first of those two UK seasons he made a fine half century against the touring Australians a performance that served notice to those in the Australian side and to the touring Press entourage that here was a player just waiting for the opportunity

He plays the full range of the off sides drives and cuts magnificently but I think it is fair to say that for absolute elegance and electrifying appeal you can't go past his straight strokes on the onside Two of the hardest strokes in the book are the straight on drives from the front and back foot When hitting down the line on the front foot it s so difficult to get the body around far enough and yet still come down with a straight bat It is doubly difficult to thump the ball down the ground off the back foot It is a stroke achieved through perfect timing and last moment wrist work strength and power not really factors Greg Chappell plays these two strokes with consummate ease, as he does a thump through leg when pace bowlers drop short on his left hip Here his mastery of placement is so important But then, he always seems to have the time to plant his strokes just where he wants them to penetrate the field

All these attributes served Chappell well as his career blossomed His score during the days of his brother's captaincy are dotted with centuries Back in Australia for the short series against Pakistan, he picked up a 'ton' in the Second Test at Melbourne and in the Third at Sydney it was his medium-paced bowling, rather than his batting, which made him the toast of the Australian team. While others struggled for penetration in the first innings, Chappell trundled down 18 overs and six balls for his career-best figures of five for 61. When he entered the first-class cricket scene the young Chappell was a more than-useful leg-spinner. He stuck at this pursuit, more or less as a change bowler for South Australia, until his sojourn in County cricket He soon found there was no place for a wrist spinner in that competition and to Somerset s delight, successfully changed to bowling at medium-pace

On top of that there has always been a sort of single mindedness about Greg Chappell s batting Little if anything can ever put him off in his approach to run making He seems to have the ability to close his mind to other matters and devote it entirely to the job at hand It is all to do with his build up to an innings and then his self discipline during that innings Before he goes out to bat Chappell likes to think about what lies ahead and prepare himself mentally by a positive approach He hits the nail on the head when he says The first twenty or thirty runs are always the hardest if I get out after making a start I feel really disappointed far more than if I get out early on Such is the dedication and such are the skills, that once Greg Chappell gets a start there is something of in an of inevitability about a big score

At times he becomes almost mechanical about the process of churning out runs though thankfully he never quite sinks to the blind and characterless level of the machine I well recall the task that West Australian teams faced in trying to dismiss, or even contain, Greg when he played for South Australia and later Queensland. He was so strong on the on-side that we adhered rigidly to plans never to bowl to the leg side of off stump Instead we tried to get him to 'come to us' outside the off in the hope that we'd pick him up with a catch behind the wicket On one occasion we plugged away at him for ages in Brisbane, finding to our chagrin that he just wasn t interested in anything more than a couple of inches outside the off stump Finally one of our bowlers strayed in to off stump and Greg pounced to whack the ball back just to the on side of the stumps and through to long on As he placed his bat at the end of his first run, Chappell whispered in the frustrated bowler's ear, 'Why don t you put a few more there?'



Patrick Eagar

"There is a great beauty about the Greg Chappell cover drive..."

When Greg is in form and in the mood on a good wicket there just doesn t seem to be a line or length to contain him There are just too many strokes in the repertoire some, like his audacious backhanded sweep, not necessarily from the copybook He has the ability to make the good length ball an eminently hittable item In the line up of the most memorable strokes I ve ever seen was one four through covers he plundered off Dennis Lillee in Brisbane It was played from a position three paces down the track to the speedster I've never seen a ball hit so hard It went only a foot or so wide past Western Australia's very sharp cover fieldsman Ric Charlesworth and into the fence before the fieldsman could blink There is great beauty about the Greg Chappell cover drive a high and early backlift, his toe pointed in the direction of the stroke, a full open face of the blade and such perfect timing that the follow-through seems almost an unnecessary excrescence. It is absolutely inspiring for those who strive for perfection

I have always thought Greg was a better bowler than he gave himself credit for being, or even wished to be. Indeed, I once asked him why he didn't give himself more work with the ball 'Oh,' came the rather off-handed reply, 'other guys are picked to do that job, so I let them ' There is a school of thought that subscribes to the belief that he has been reluctant to push himself with long bowling stints because his health has not always been the best More s the pity, be-

cause he can be a very dangerous customer in conditions that suit He bowls with a very relaxed approach comes through with such a high delivery arm that he tends to get a bit more bounce and pace than the batsman expects He also has the ability to move the ball about through the air and off the wicket He is an aggressive bowler, always trying something and always likely to break through with one unplayable ball

Immediately after the Pakistan visit to Australia Chappell left for the West Indies and further triumphs He had centuries in the Second and Fourth Tests, a half century in the Third and scores in the forties in the First and Fifth In the five Tests he made 400 runs at 57 14 and for the whole tour his aggregate was 1110 first class runs at 69 37 including four centuries He had become the first Australian to score more than 1000 runs on a Caribbean tour Chappell was proving himself a great player wherever he went and no matter what the conditions or the standard of the opposition Back in Australia he made the dramatic move of leaving South Australia to set up in Queensland

As it turned out life was not all wine and roses for Greg and Judy Chappell that summer yet the runs kept coming at a record breaking pace The season was punctuated by personal and family problems The move to the humid climes of Queensland was not suiting Greg's health and at a time when doctors were advocating 'rest', he felt compelled to go on and on for the sake of Queensland for the sake of Australia Greg was away from Brisbane playing cricket when horrendous floodwaters swamped his new home and caused considerable damage Further into the season he suffered another major setback when during a game in Sydney, he learnt that Judy had had a miscarriage in a nearby hospital It's a tribute to the calibre of the man and the quality of his batsmanship that through all of this he enjoyed incredible form with the bat in the domestic competition and in six Tests at home and away against New Zealand

In that extended summer he compiled the massive total of 1880 runs (a record for an Australian in an Australasian season) Of those runs 559 were made in Tests (average 69 87) However, it was not until the first Test of the New Zealand tour that Chappell really hit his straps at this



Patrick Eagar

"As he placed his bat at the end of his first run Chappell whispered in the frustrated bowler's ear, 'Why don't you put a few more there?'

level He did so in the most remarkable fashion He scored 247 not out in the first innings and 133 in the second becoming only the fouth batsman in Test cricket history to score a century and a double century in the same game The others to achieve this rare double were Doug Walters the Indian Sunil Gavaskar and the West Indian Lawrence Rowe That game at Wellington truly was an all Chappell affair because Ian made centuries in each innings to complete a most unique performance by two brothers something achieved only once in first class cricket and never in Tests The Worcestershire players R E and W L Foster in 1899 were the only other brothers to have made centuries each in both innings of a first class game Still the records rolled in for Greg in that magical summer His partnership of 264 with Ian for the third wicket in the first innings of that game was the highest for any wicket in either country in Tests between Australia and New Zealand And Greg's aggregate of 380 runs for the Test was a world record for any player in one Test At home his inspirational leadership and his brilliant batting lifted Queensland to their best position (second) in the Sheffield Shield since 1961-62 Greg had scored 1013 runs in Shield games to become the first Queensland representative to top the 1000 mark for a season Along the way he scored centuries in each innings of a game (against Victoria) to become the third player to perform such a feat for Queensland and the third Australian to have achieved such a double more than twice

Greg Chappell's great value to his brothers team was again evident for all to see the following Australian season when Mike Denness's England team were on tour In the six Tests he was head and shoulders above the rest with 608 runs including two centuries at the average of 55 27 He enjoyed a high point in the Fourth Test at Sydney (where Australia clinched the Ashes) with scores of 84 in the first innings and 144 in the second His other century of the series came in the second innings of the final Test at Melbourne During the Second Test Greg broke a Test record with a difference he also took three catches in the first innings and four in the second to establish a new mark for non wicketkeepers in all Tests He also joined Sam Loxton and Neil Harvey as Australians who had taken four catches in an innings in Tests against England

His splendid catching in that game was only tangible evidence of what had been known ever since Greg Chappell had stepped on the senior cricket arena—that he was a very very good fieldsman It was a combination of his innate ball skills the practising and coaching he got with his father as a lad and the experience he had playing baseball in the off season In his early days he was renowned as an outfielder and a superb short leg exponent Later it was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul when he was brought into the slips cordon Part of the the secret of his grand performance in the field is attitude. "I love fielding," he once said 'It's a challenge, it's you against the batsman You must be involved in fielding all the time to like it and be good at it'

He also offered some sound philosophy on out-fielding 'You try to penetrate the field when you're batting- you place the ball, you have a picture of the field in your mind and your aim is to elude. With fielding you take the opposite view. You're on the other side of the fence. If the batsman can beat you by placement, you've failed You must read into him, know how he plays and what he is thinking.

And if you can deceive him like a spinner tries to deceive him, then that's great. If you can get him to hit it where you want him to, you have succeeded.' It is interesting to reflect upon the thoughts of Rod Marsh, who has seen an awful lot of good outfielders in his years in first-class cricket. Marsh ranks Greg Chappell as the best of them all. But standing two around from Marsh at second slip in 1974-75 he took no fewer than 14 catches in the six Tests. Indeed he took at least one catch in 26 of the 30 Tests he played under his brother for a grand total of 52.

Nobody is superhuman. The Greg Chappell run feast had to come to an end some time. On the 1975 tour of England he performed poorly by any man's standard, with just 106 runs in seven Test innings (average 21.12). There were two 'ducks' and just the one score over the half-century. Still there were nine catches in the four Tests, and that would suggest things were not completely awry. It was the first time Chappell had failed with the bat in an important Test series. He batted with all his usual aplomb in the four games outside the Tests, but somehow he just couldn't get into stride in any Test innings. Chappell's self-analysis after the series was by no means an excuse for failure, but perhaps it touched on the reason without actually getting to the source.

Chappell himself later wrote: 'Basically the fault was mental. A number of factors combined to make the problem a large one, rather than a small one. The fact was that I was unable to get my normal mental preparation working before the Test matches. I was painfully aware that I was mentally unfit, but the more I tried to force it the harder things got. There were a couple of times in the series when I was walking in to bat in an important Test innings knowing my outlook was all wrong. It was as if I felt I was going to fail. Instead of thinking about the right things, which are part of my approach to an innings, I was thinking about the weather or other things.' Chappell could see what was wrong, but at the time could do nothing about it. Still, he claims, he never got so despondent that he thought he might have lost the ability to score runs in Test cricket. Though he was not to know it at the time, that brief period of absolute mediocrity would not be the only horror stretch in his career.



Patrick Eagar

"I'm not another Ian Chappell. I'm taller and thinner and I've got more reach. Our range of strokes is completely different."

Chappell returned from that tour determind to answer the critics who had begun chipping away at him, in the knowledge that it was highly likely he would be called upon to succeed his brother as captain of Australia in the forthcoming series against the West Indies. The race for the job had just two contestants. On the one hand Ian Redpath, older and perhaps more experienced as a player, but not as a captain; and on the other Chappell, who was no certainty. There were those in the hierarchy who'd had a stomach full of the Chappell brand of leadership. Also, Greg Chappell was a different type of person from his gregarious and debonair older brother. Greg was far more serious and far less one of the boys. Where Ian found it easy to get players in behind him, Greg would find it a completely different matter.

Greg duly got the nod ahead of Redpath and immediately enjoyed a highly-successful series against the West Indies. Yet one had the feeling that it was more the quality of the players around him than Greg's leadership—that team would have won without a captain! Indeed, there were those who thought that Greg's captaincy lacked a little of the flair and feeling of his brother, that he didn't always have the love of his men, even though he undoubtedly had their respect as a great player. Still, it takes all types to make a world and may be there'll never be another Ian Chappell type leading Australia in Test cricket. And perhaps the comparison is unfair, just as it might seem trite to make comparisons between the two Chappells as batsmen. Some would put them into the same compartment under the heading of 'Great Batsmen' and leave it at that.

Others would want to take it further. It might surprise that some excellent judges who have seen both in many Test match situations would rank Ian above the more prolific Greg. They say Ian was more a man for all seasons...equally capable of coping with a scoreboard showing Australia one for none as he was when he went in after a big opening stand; equally at home against good bowling as he was against an ordinary attack; equally able to handle pace bowling as he was swing, seam or spin. They say Ian proved himself to be a greater fighter, a better performer when Australia had their backs to the wall. From what I've seen of him, I'd have to agree that Ian had all those qualities, but what about the artistry and beauty of Greg's strokeplay? Ian played few truly memorable strokes, whereas Greg's innings were always a tapestry of delightfully-executed shots. I would also argue that Greg has proven himself more capable of making big scores, as his string of four Test double-centuries would indicate.

Knowing Ian, I doubt he would give a hoot for what people thought. What mattered most to him as captain of Australia from 1971 to 1975 was performance on the board—and he got that time and time again from his younger brother. In his 30 Tests Ian had fifty-four innings (one more than Greg) and scored 103 more runs than Greg's 2447; he averaged slightly less than Greg's 53.19; and he scored seven centuries while Greg made eight and one double-century. If there was a difference between the two, it was only a tick. Greg took 52 catches, Ian took 46...Greg took nineteen wickets, Ian took six...Ian was captain with all the inherent pressures, Greg was being groomed for the job. Looked at from any angle, there was no denying both men made grand contributions to the performances of the Australian team over a memorable course of thirty Tests.

"Look here, I am going to sleep. Nobody should disturb me. Even if the captain of the Indian team wants to see me, tell him I'm sleeping"
The star Indian all rounder Kapil Dev reportedly told some of his team mates during India's recent tour of Pakistan

"Stop this frustrating pushing the ball backwards and forwards by fat-cat professionals—men with £107,000 contracts, Cartier gold chains around their necks, sun glasses in their tailored silk shirt pockets and Porsches in the stadium car parks"
Franz Beckenbauer commenting on the reasons for the recent decline in the standards of West German football

"These lies are groundless but how can you deal with such madmen who want to spread them"
Enzo Bearzot when summoned to appear before a Rome magistrate investigating bribery claims involving the Italians 1 1 draw in the 82 World Cup finals against Cameroon

"If a player does not get goals, he is not a good striker or 'front' player...If such players are not forthcoming, then inevitably the game will die as a spectator sport, and regretfully I have to say that at most clubs and in most countries, the game is already dying"
Eric Batty commenting on the present state of world football

"I would like to say that I feel just as strongly about the standard of Indian umpires. Our umpires are equally bad. The only basic difference may be that the Pakistani umpires give bad dicisions deliberately, while ours do it out of sheer ignorance, which is just as inexcusable"
Raj Singh Dungarpur the manager of the Indian team to Pakistan commenting on the recent umpiring controversy

"There is something permanently unappealing about Lendl. Partly this is because of his incredible face. If you call a Press conference, his face is splendid, compelling, extra ordinary. On court, however, Lendl somehow looks like a gangling loony, the kind, you dread, will sit next to you on the tube. He does not have the Connors talent for crowd pleasing"
Simon Barnes in *The Times*

"Boycott has been topical for many years and seems likely to go on being topical for many more. At present he is too topical for some Yorkshiremen"
Gordon Allan in a tongue in-cheek article in *The Times* on the internecine feud in the Yorkshire County


Kapil Dev


Franz Beckenbauer


Jimmy Connors


Ivan Lendl


Geoff Boycott

"Nobody would wish this tour to be marked by a furore about the throwing, but the topic might arise again. Chetan Sharma, India's new fast bowler has come under suspicion when bowling bouncers"
Richard Streeton in *The Times*

"In their absence (Robson and Wilkins) England would be without their velvet glove and iron fist, their cloak and their dagger"
Stuart Jones (*The Times*) commenting on England's remarkable 8 0 victory over Turkey in the World Cup qualifying round

"It is an English pitch, English weather, English conditions and I hope we can give an English performance"
Bobby Robson the manager of the England soccer team moments before the start of their match against Turkey

"The Australian performance was abysmal, worthy of every word in the language that can describe imperfection and/or inability to cope with a stress situation"
The leading Australian daily *Age* lashed out against the country's cricketers who suffered tremendous humiliation at the hands of the Caribbeans

"Don't give me the brave man stuff, buddy boy"
Connors to Lendl during a Benson & Hedges championships match at Wembley

"It is a game, but it can be more than a game. It is what we choose to make it"
Ron Greenwood the former chief of the England national soccer squad in his just published book Yours sincerely'

"It's not a test, it's an unmitigated disaster"
The Australian said in a front page headline after Australia's disastrous rout at the hands of the West Indies

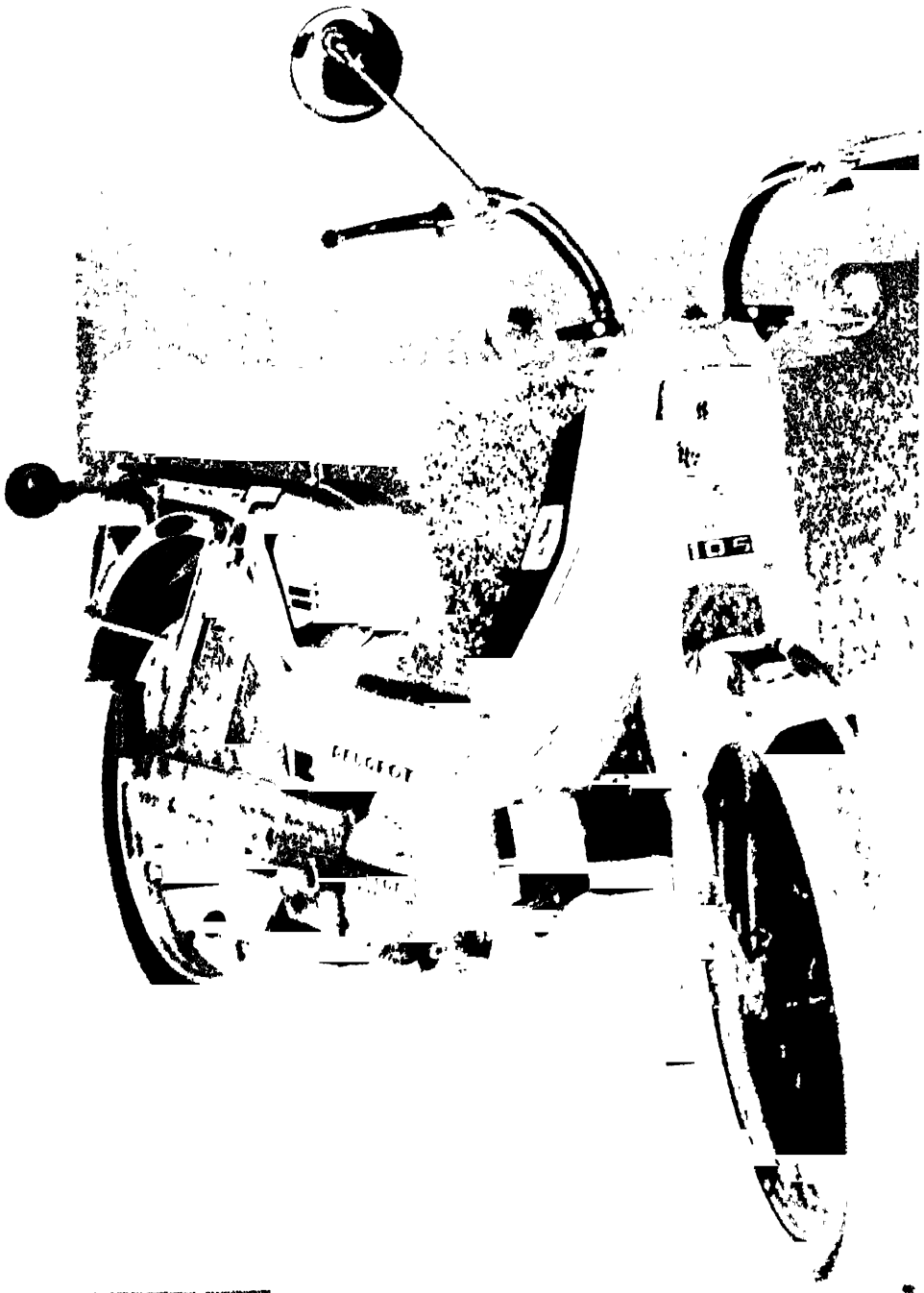
"We had the worst of the wicket and came up trumps"
A supremely relaxed and confident Clive Lloyd, the captain of the West Indies team, said after their historic win over the Australians

"Mohinder was reluctant to share his prize money. He offered the excuse that since the award was announced in India, he did not think he should share the money for his performance in Pakistan and the West Indies. It was the strangest excuse I have ever heard..."
Sunil Gavaskar in his just-published book, 'Runs 'n Ruins'



Sportsworld
An artist's Maradona outside Napoli Stadium, Italy
Photograph, Colorsport

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Sportif is one of the most popular bikes on European roads today. A look at some of its very exclusive features will show you why.

2. A special automatic gear system with an infinite range of speed ratios gives you more power while consuming less fuel.



Sportif's gear system is specially designed to give you optimum power at any speed. This unique system comprises two variators — one for speed and the other for torque. Together they deliver the most effective speed-torque ratio required at any given time. You get quicker pick-ups. And you can effortlessly climb up steep slopes even when carrying two. What's more, at the same time, you're consuming less fuel.

3. A Peugeot-designed flap-valve engine gives you 33% fuel economy and a top speed of 60 kmph.

Sportif's powerful single cylinder, two-stroke flap-valve engine can carry two people up a gradient as steep as 16%. The superbike's double variator system and flap-valve engine, with its imported carburettor, combine to give you over 80 km for every litre of petrol under standard running conditions. And an effortless top speed of 60 kmph.

4. A unique self-starting option lets you start up at the touch of a button.



Sportif's special self-starting mechanism is powered by a DC motor with a 12 volt magneto-charged battery. Just press a button and the engine comes alive.

If you'd rather pedal start, that's another option. However, Sportif's standard fixture will be a kick starter. So, all in all, you get a never-before choice of one, two or three starting options.

5. Tough, good looking mag wheels give a smoother ride while keeping your maintenance costs low.



Sportif is fitted with stylish mag wheels made from cold-rolled steel sheets. Extremely tough, easy and economical to maintain, these specially designed wheels are made up in sections. So, if you damage your wheel rim in an accident, you don't have to replace the whole wheel. However, if you prefer to have standard spoke wheels, the superbike can be fitted with them.

6. A polypropylene anti-pilferage petrol tank that's completely corrosion and rust proof shows the fuel level at a glance.

Built with a cover made of tough ABS, Sportif's petrol tank has a special tamper-proof locking system. When you unlock the cover, an indicating tube shows you the fuel level at a glance. And being made of polypropylene, the tank is completely rust and corrosion proof.

7. The latest in exterior graphics combines stylish French looks with comfort and toughness.

The superbike's body styling is of the very latest French design. Its body sides are mounted on a sturdy centre frame, while the mouldings and pressed components are fabricated for extra toughness. Heavy duty shock absorbers take the roughest bumps with ease.

8. Specially designed, high power lighting gives you better visibility on dark roads.

Sportif's square-shaped 16 watt twin filament headlight, with a dip-dim attachment, disperses light better than other bikes. It also has indicator lights, and 6 volt, rear and brake lights. These lights are powered by a star connected magneto with a built-in transformer to take voltage surges.

9. Contour seating arrangement to give both you and your pillion maximum comfort.

The superbike's contour seating, with high quality foam, gives just the right cushioning support for two. What's more, its silencer has an extra cover that protects your pillion's feet from touching the hot muffler.

Moreover, all the major parts and components of Sportif are made by Peugeot in France.

So, that's Sportif. The stylish French superbike that gives you all the fuel economy you want. And more... All the power you want. And more... All the riding comfort you want. And more...

Now, don't you think Sportif really is the superbike you've been waiting to own?

Production commences December '84.

The Sportif logo is subject to Government approval

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England will make it

Lawrie McMenemy is optimistic that Bobby Robson's boys will win a berth in the 1986 World Cup finals

I AM confident that the England team who recently beat Finland 5-0 are good enough to reach the 1986 World Cup finals.

Even after taking the standard of the opposition into account, I derived a lot of encouragement from England's win over the Finns. It's not easy to register that sort of scoreline against any national team.

I was particularly impressed by England's positive attitude—the manner in which they went for Finland's throats and never let them off the hook.

When looking at the team with which England have started the season, the stars who I feel deserve special mention are Ipswich centre half Terry Butcher and A.C. Milan's midfielder Ray Wilkins.

Butcher has attracted a lot of criticism because he is an out-and-out ball-winner who seems to lack the technical finesse that one associates with international-class footballers.

If I were in Bobby Robson's shoes, though, I think I'd have Butcher in the England team, too.

It's essential for teams to have a good blend, and in this respect, Butcher—through his ability in the air, physical strength and aggression—provides the ideal complement to the more talented members of the England XI.



Ray Wilkins: A revelation

Those who knock Butcher should talk to his England centreback partner Mark Wright, of Southampton. Mark considers that Butcher's solid defensive qualities, and his willingness to organise the men around him, have proved invaluable in helping him fit into the England set-up so smoothly.

It's true that Butcher isn't particularly mobile—that's inevitable considering that he stands 6ft. 4ins. and weighs 14st. 5lbs!—but the more England matches he has, the more he will learn to overcome this problem through his positioning.

Bobby Moore, for example, wasn't the quickest of footballers when he was captain of West Ham and England—....but I am hard-pressed to recall many occasions that opponents were able to capitalise on this.

It's all very well for critics to claim that Butcher shouldn't be in the England team, but the question I would ask them is: Who would you put in his place?

There is little to choose between Butcher and Alvin Martin (West Ham), Graham Roberts (Tottenham), Terry Fenwick (QPR) and Dave Watson (Norwich), but to me, Butcher deserves to get the vote because of his greater international experience.

Watson and Fenwick did well on England's South American tour during the summer, but friendly matches against Brazil, Uruguay and Chile can't be compared with World Cup or European Championship ties.

What I find particularly exciting about the present England team is the midfield combination of Bryan Robson (Manchester United), Steve Williams

(Southampton) and Ray Wilkins.

Initially, I had my doubts that it would work because there seemed a danger of Williams and Wilkins—both right-sided players—taking up each other's space. Williams prefers to operate in the central midfield area, whereas for England, he has been on the extreme right.

Still, he and Wilkins have shown tremendous flexibility in England's last two matches and the best compliment I can pay them is that Robson, who previously stood out like a sore thumb through his massive influence on the side, has faded into the background a bit more.

Wilkins has been a revelation. For some time, Wilkins was criticised by English League pros for being too negative in his distribution of the ball, for placing too much emphasis on ensuring that his team retained possession, but against East Germany and Finland, it was interesting to see the number of "killer" forward balls he hit.

The greater urgency in his play was also highlighted by his physical sharpness. He was totally different to the rather languid, casual Wilkins we have seen in the past.

The reason? I'm sure it stems from Wilkins's experiences in Italy, where the training is harder (he recently stated that he had lost half a stone in weight since joining AC Milan from Manchester United) and there aren't as many competitive matches as in England.

I get the impression that, because Wilkins has been involved in far fewer "high-pressure" matches in Italy, his appetite for the game has been heightened, and he has become fresher.

I was recently discussing this point with Scotland's manager Jock Stein, and he told me that he felt the same has been true of Graeme Souness, since Souness's move from Liverpool to Sampdoria.

Wilkins and Butcher are now established in the England team, whereas Wright, Williams and Mark Hateley (AC Milan) can only be said to have got their feet in the door. I make the point because, if these players are to progress, it is essential that they take nothing for granted.

Prior to each of their last two England matches, I told Williams and Wright: "Treat this match as if it were your first." I can promise Bobby Robson that I will repeat this message to them before every England match.



Mark Hateley (right) battles it out with Collovatti of Inter Milan

Freedom of expression is a dirty word

England continued their World Cup campaign in an optimistic mood following their emphatic victories over Finland and Turkey. Yet, Stoke City's **Alan Hudson,** a man Pele once described as the best player in English soccer, though he won only two caps, is less enthusiastic as he assesses the potential of Bobby Robson's team



Colorsport

"I wonder if they (former England managers) would have treated Platini, Zico, Falcao, Maradona and Co. the same way. From my experience, the answer is probably 'yes' "

I AM backing England to go all the way to Mexico, but I can't see them ever winning the World Cup until they learn to play the continental way.

With respect to most of the teams in Group Three, Rumania, Northern Ireland, Finland and Turkey, none represented top quality international opposition. Only when England face teams such as the West Germans, the French and the South Americans will they find out how good they are—and I don't think they will be nearly good enough.

I am not condemning our players—it is the system which is wrong and the root cause for the decline in our standing as an international force.

Ever since England's World Cup triumph in 1966, our game, both at the national and club level, has gradually been paralysed by an overdose of the work ethic. Our genuine playmakers have been forced to take a back seat, smothered by regimented and inflexible systems.

England's current 'playmaker' Ray Wilkins who was influential in the win over the Finns, has had to compromise his natural style in order to maintain his place, both for England and when he was at Manchester United.

Ray, like myself, has always preferred to play it short, using the long ball only when it will be incisive. Over the years he has received a lot of criticism for this approach.

I admire Ray for overcoming his critics but, in doing so, he now plays too many long balls—even when they aren't on. It is a plague which was slowly destroying our game long before Watford and Sheffield Wednesday came on the scene. 'Hit the big fella up front,' is the phrase.

It might be effective against inferior opposition, but top quality international defenders will gobble up such passes.

That's why I'd prefer to see Tottenham's Mick Hazard or Queen's Park Rangers midfielder Mike Fillery in the England team than Ray. They are players of exceptional talent and play for the few teams in the Football League who attempt controlled, continental-style football. Either player would be more effective for England, not just for his vision but because each is prepared to take on opponents.

I'd also like to see Shaun Elliott of Sunderland come into the back four. He has the potential to become another Bobby Moore. Unlike most of



our central defenders he wants to play football from the back

Steve Williams of Southampton is another player I admire, but Bobby Robson is not using his talents to the full He should be given more licence to display his gifts

- Unfortunately freedom of expression is a dirty word amongst most of our managers and coaches

The trouble is that contrary to the attitude of great managers of the past such as Bill Nicholson, too many of today's bosses are young men who act like film stars They make themselves and their ideas more important than the players

I shall not forget the day when I was playing for Arsenal in a league match at Highbury I had been assigned to play on the right side of the midfield, but drifted over to the left to collect the ball As I did, there was an almighty shout from the then manager Terry Neill to get back to my side of the midfield 'Keeping your shape,' that's what the theorists call it I won't repeat my instant reply, but it certainly didn't help my career at Arsenal!

It is these ridiculous coaching phrases which have destroyed many of our great players over the last decade, and has left me disillusioned with our approach to the game

Take Frank Worthington (8 caps), Tony Currie (17), Rodney Marsh (9) and Stan Bowles (5) players of the highest calibre, yet they were never able to command regular places for England because they wouldn't—or couldn't—conform to the rigid systems that first Alf Ramsey, then Don Revie, instilled into the England team I wonder if they would have treated Platini, Zico, Falcao, Maradona and company the same way From my experience the answer is probably 'yes'

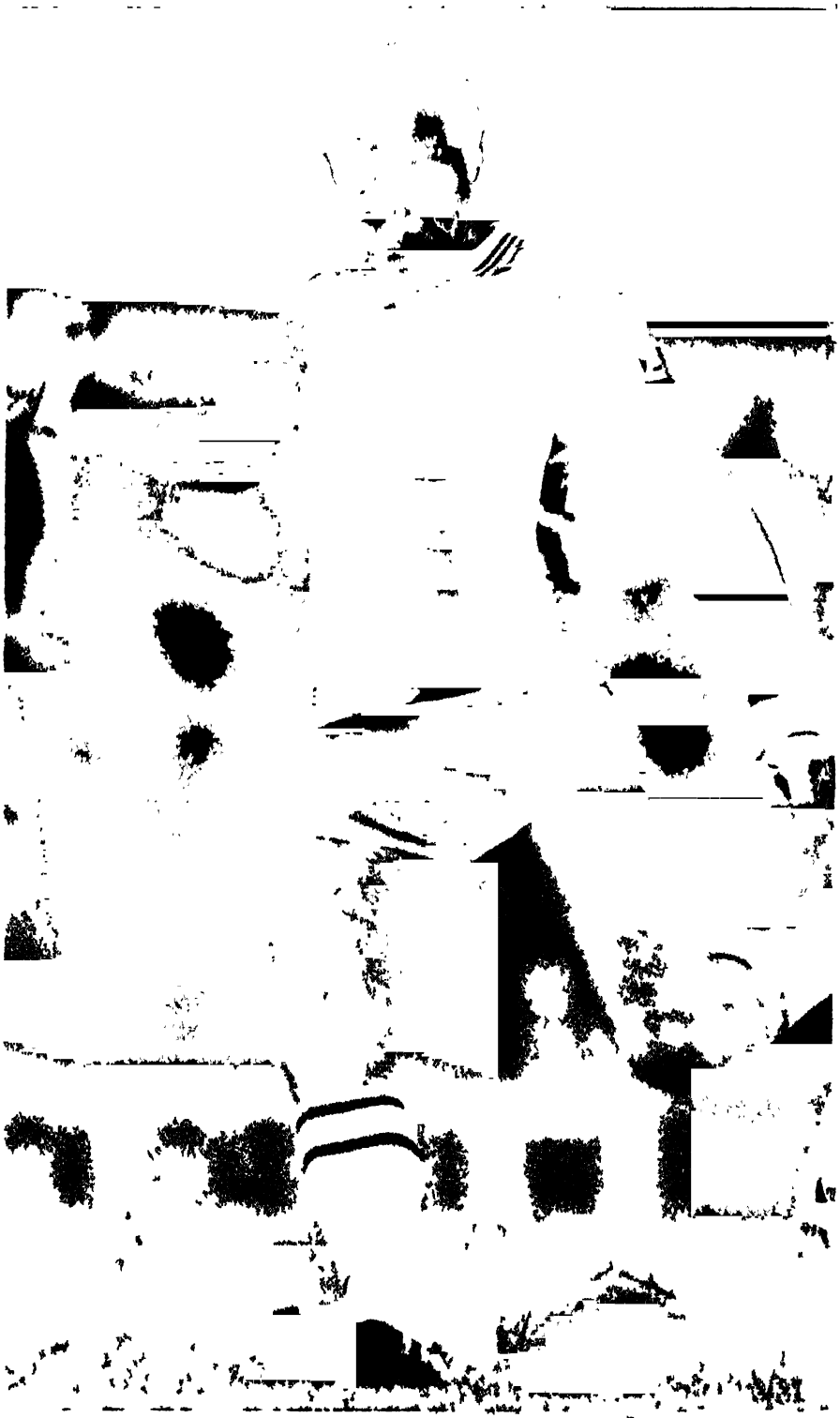
Bobby Robson is continuing in the same dubious tradition Even Ron Greenwood, a champion of creative football, failed to stick completely to his beliefs once he became England boss.

The continentals, on the other hand, are so flexible All their players can interchange Even their defenders are given the freedom to move forward and they have the technique to exploit situations because, from an early age, they are encouraged to do so... .there is no such thing as 'no go areas' for them.

The only English club side who have consistently played this way over the years are Liverpool and their record at home and abroad speaks for itself

It is never too late to learn, but I was sad to see that Brian Clough, the one man who has the brains and conviction to play the right way, has declared his intention not to accept the national manager's job, even if it was offered to him

As I say, we squander so much talent by adhering to out-worn theories.. .....



Frank Worthington: player of highest calibre

Batsmen's matches

Bhartendu researches

ABDUL Qadir found himself in the distinguished company of right arm leg spinners, apart from becoming the sixth bowler from Pakistan to take 100 or more wickets in Test matches. Among the other great leg spinners, Sonny Ramadhin of West Indies deserves a special mention as he was a right arm leg break as well as an off break bowler of impeccable length and line. He could disguise them so well that wicketkeepers could rarely tell which way it would turn!

Batsmen's matches

THE lifeless track at Iqbal Stadium Faisalabad prompted some followers of the game to suggest the formation of a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Bowlers. Though seemingly laughable the fact remains that out of the eight Tests played there the average runs scored per wicket in two matches (including the last one) figures in the all time list of Batsmen's matches. In four matches the average crosses the 55% mark.

The best of all rounders

IN THE middle of September an international all rounders' competition was held at Taunton. The event was won by Clive Rice. Given in this column is the statistical derivation of the top all rounder in the world today among Botham, Kapil Dev, Imran Khan and Richard Hadlee.

Points are allotted for batting, bowling and fielding and the following scales are used: one point for less than 2,000 Test runs, two points for between 2000-2500 runs, three points for 2500-3500 runs, four points for 3500-4500 runs and eight points for more than 4500 runs.

For bowling, one point for less than 150 wickets, two points for 150-175 wickets, four points for 225-250 wickets and eight points for 300 or more wickets.

For fielding one point for less than 30 catches, two points for 30-40 catches, three points for 40-50 catches, four points for 55 to 80 catches, and six points for 80 to 100 catches.

LEG SPINNERS WITH MORE THAN 100 WICKETS

	TESTS	WKTS	AVGE	WKTS PER TEST	100th WKT IN TEST	BALLS PER WKt
C V Grimmett (Aus)	37	216	24 21	5 83	17	67 18
W J O Reilly (Aus)	27	144	22 59	5 33	20	69 61
Chandrasekhar (Ind)	58	242	29 74	4 17	22	65 96
S P Gupte (Ind)	36	149	29 54	4 13	22	75 73
R Benaud	63	248	27 03	3 93	32	77 04
S Ramadhin (WI)	43	158	28 96	3 67	25	88 22
Abdul Qadir (Pak)	28	100	34 86	3 57	28	76 53
D V P Wright (Eng)	34	108	39 11	3 17	32	75 32
Intikhab Alam (Pak)	47	125	35 95	2 65	41	83 80

BATSMEN'S MATCHES (over 65 runs per wicket)

RUNS/WKT	RUNS-WKTS	BETWEEN	VENUE	SEASON
109 30	1093-10	Ind-NZ	Delhi	1955-56
99 40	994 10	WI-NZ	Georgetown	1971-72
83 25	999 12	Pak Aus	Faisalabad	1979-80
73 37	1174-16	Pak-Ind	Faisalabad	1984-85
73 06	1096-15	Ind-WI	Kanpur	1978-79
70 61	1271-18	Eng Aus	Manchester	1964
68 33	1640 24	WI Aus	Bridgetown	1964-65
66 95	1406 21	WI-Pak	Kingston	1957-58
65 35	1307 20	Eng-Aus	Manchester	1934
65 00	1235 19	Ind-WI	Bombay	1948-49

THE TOP ALL ROUNDERS

	RUNS	WKTS	CT	TESTS	POINTS
Ian Botham	4159	312	84	73	18
Kapil Dev	2535	248	24	64	8
Imran Khan	2023	232	16	51	7
Richard Hadlee	1820	235	28	50	6

THE TOP ALL ROUNDERS

	TESTS	RUNS	AVGE	100's
Botham	73	4159	36 48	13
Kapil	64	2535	29 47	3
Imran	51	2023	31 12	2
Hadlee	50	1820	24 59	1

	WKTS	AVGE	WKTS PER TEST	BALLS PER WKT
Botham	312	26 25	4 27	54 10
Kapil	248	28 10	3 87	54 64
Imran	232	22 91	4 54	54 09
Hadlee	235	23 94	4 70	54 13

The body fails, the spirit never

Or is that merely a fallacy?
Shevlin Sebastian debates the point

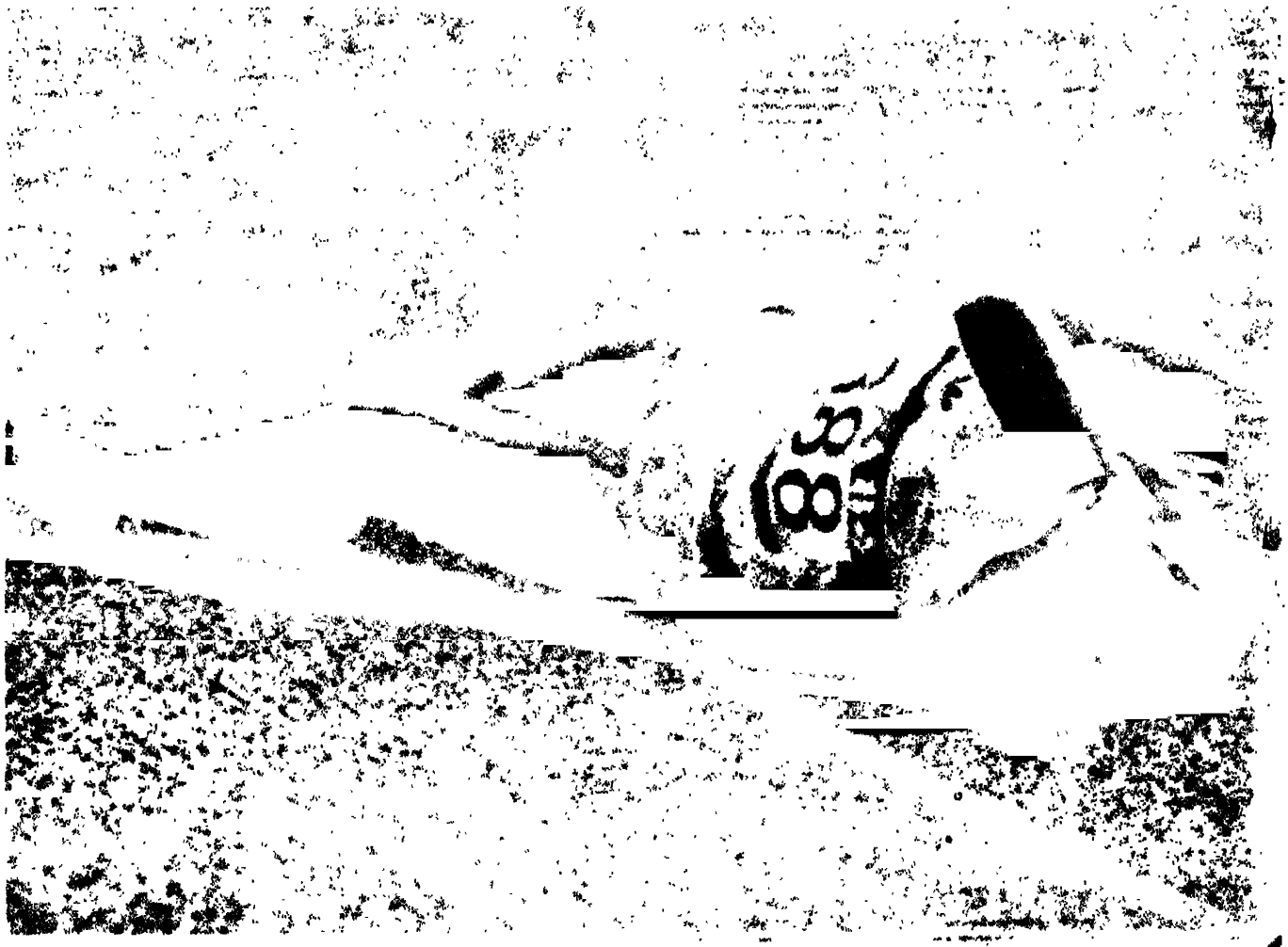
WHEN the applause dies down and the spectators go home, there is always a group of people who are on the verge of tears. They are the losers: men who came close to winning, but, by a few inches or fractions of a second, lost out to the eventual winners. Years of dedicated, systematic training have ended in naught. Now they are faced with the thought that all the energy, spent in order to win the greatest prize of them all has been wasted. That prize has been won by somebody who is stronger, more powerful and more wilful.

These few months after the Olympic Games have been a time of trial for the losers. Definitely, it has been an agonising experience for the famous loser Mary Decker. For more than a decade, Mary's ambition was to win an Olympic gold medal. Through injuries and defeats, personal sufferings and deprivations, she carried on running, dauntless and unwavering. And, as everybody knows, Mary's dreams of winning the Olympic gold were shattered when she tripped and fell on the Coliseum track just as she was all set to carve out a fine victory.

Will she be able to rise again from this crushing setback and make a fresh attempt to scale the heights again? Will she be able to suppress the urge to throw it all away and retire from sport?

The battle will be fought in her mind. She will recollect the mistakes she has made and the chances lost. Like her, the other losers will realise that under intense self-inflicted pressure, their minds caved in and consequently, their bodies failed to produce a superlative performance.

Most of them will experience a sense of devastation. Some will go for long walks, away from the crowds, listening to themselves. Some will go into the woods, while some will sit by the edge of a lake, fishing rods in their



An exhausted Steve Ovett lies on the track, after the 800m semi-final, at the L.A. Games

hands, and they will ponder over the future.

True champions never die, they say. But sometimes even star athletes cannot overcome the despair of defeat.

Take the case of David Bedford, Britain's supremely talented long distance runner of the early Seventies. He set a world record in the 10,000 metres, but he was beaten soundly by the Finn, Lasse Viren, in the 10,000 metre final at Munich. Bedford never really recovered after this thrashing as he was not mentally strong enough to make a comeback.

In that same race in which Bedford came fifth, Yifter won the bronze medal. Miruts Yifter, the Ethiopian, was keen to win an Olympic gold medal. Despite a disappointing performance in the Munich Games, he trained hard during the intervening years, and at the time of the Montreal Games, he had become a real threat to Lasse Viren. But Ethiopia boycotted the Games and it left the African bitter and dejected.

Undeterred, he resumed training, although he was already in his mid-thirties, and by 1980, had become invincible and romped home the winner in the 5000 and the 10000 metres at the Moscow Games.

No athlete can touch greatness unless he experiences failure. All the famous athletes of the past, especially those who have dominated and outmanoeuvred their chief opponents, have experienced failure on a number of occassions.

Perhaps the greatest example of an athlete turning a humiliating defeat into a glorious victory was the case of Mark Spitz. In 1968, Mark Spitz was a brash, arrogant 18 year old who predicted loudly at a press conference before the Mexico Games that he would sweep the individual swimming events.

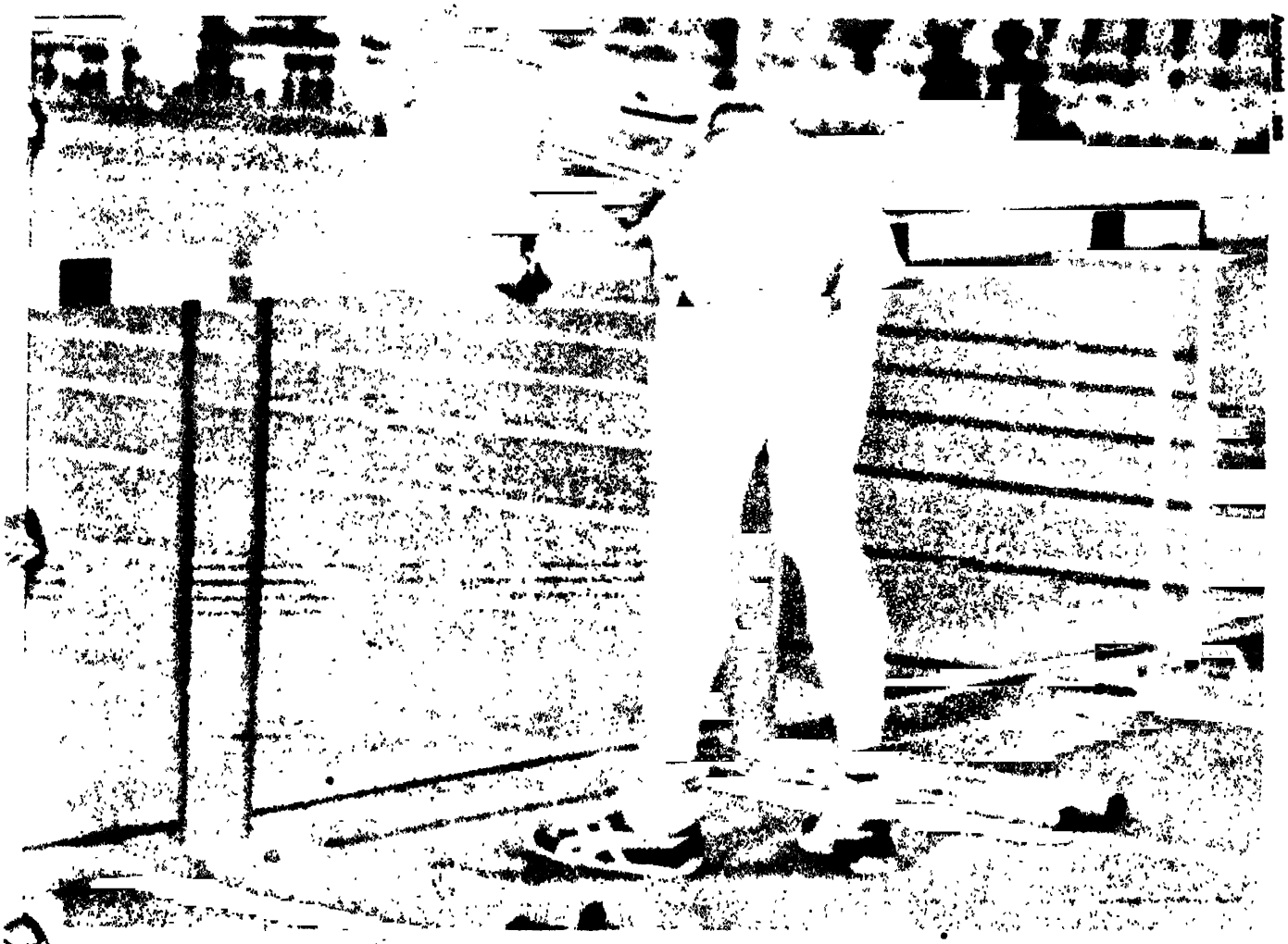
But, his performance did not live up to his prediction. Except in the relay events he failed to win an individual gold medal.

Spitz sank into depression. The sight of a swimming pool nauseated him and he was convinced that he could never be a champion. And yet, blessed with that Jewish doggedness of spirit, he overcame his despair and began training with renewed vigour.

Within four years, he reached an entirely different level of performance. And at Munich, a brilliant and reserved Spitz blitzed the opposition to win an unprecedented seven gold medals.

Today, a battle is being fought in the minds of those young Olympians whose ambitions have remained unfulfilled.

We shall know how many of them were able to overcome their frustration when we read the winner's list of the '88 Seoul Olympics. And, if they succeed, it will be a glorious reaffirmation of the concept of the indestructibility of Man.



'There is no loneliness greater than the loneliness of a failure' —Eric Hoffer

Is Patel a 'chucker'?

Prakash Bhandari reports from Jaipur

IN the first fixture of their rescheduled tour of India, David Gower's men showed their depth in batting. Their limitation in attack was also exposed. The match at the 32,000 capacity Sawai Man Singh Stadium against a team of Test hopefuls playing as the Board President's side met the fate which a three-day game normally meets—a draw.

The whole series may see half empty stands as the English team, with just one or two big names in their squad, commands no spectator appeal.

Rajasthan Cricket Association, the hosts, may in future opt for only one-day internationals as they learnt a lesson from this game. Barely 5,000 people assembled on the first day to see the tourists bat. The crowd reduced to barely 2,000 on the last day.

Cricket lovers appear to be fed up of watching three-day matches which are not result-oriented and are preparatory in nature before the Tests commence.

The secretary of the Rajasthan Cricket Association, Mr Kishore Rungta said that his association incurred a loss of Rs. 50,000 because of the change in the scheduled following the cancellation of the match by the Cricket Board due to national mourning. The Board, after cancelling the Jaipur fixture, suddenly asked the association to stage the match. The RCA had to make arrangements in a short time.

But the Board as a concession accepted to allot the match to Jaipur at a guarantee money which was far less than what other associations paid. While the associations paid Rs 1.25 lakhs as guarantee money for a three day match, the Rajasthan Cricket Association had to pay Rs 25,000 only.

The four selectors minus the chairman of the selection committee, Chandu Borde, seemed to be happy with India's batting strength, while they looked around only for penetrative bowlers. They left Jaipur disappointed as none among the spinners, Ashok Patel and Raghuram Bhat, or the medium pacers, Randhir Singh and Raju Kulkarni could impress.

Off spinner Ashok Patel, who had the best opportunity to prove himself better than Yadav, was a total flop. He was severely punished by Robinson, Gower, Ellison and Marks.

The talking point of the Jaipur match was Patel's bowling action. Two dailies of Jaipur supposedly 'scooped' a story which discussed the so-called "protest" by England's manager Tony Brown over Patel's bowling action. Brown, who toured India under Ted Dexter in 1962, is believed to have told selector Bishan Singh Bedi that Patel was a chucker and his deceptive action was being overlooked by the two umpires Swaroop Kishan and P.D. Reporter. Brown wanted to make an official protest against Patel and he is believed to have approached the Rajasthan Cricket Association Secretary to forward the letter. He was told that only the Board was competent to accept a protest of such nature.

These matters were discussed in strict confidence. The two dailies, however, without quoting anybody in particular, narrated the entire story.

Next morning the touring English journalists approached Brown to check the facts. Surprisingly, Brown pleaded total ignorance. He denied having questioned Ashok Patel's action. Brown was allegedly hiding the facts. It was a serious charge and Brown failed to comprehend the repercussions. The Australians, against whom Patel had played in September, had seen nothing wrong with his action in the one-day series.

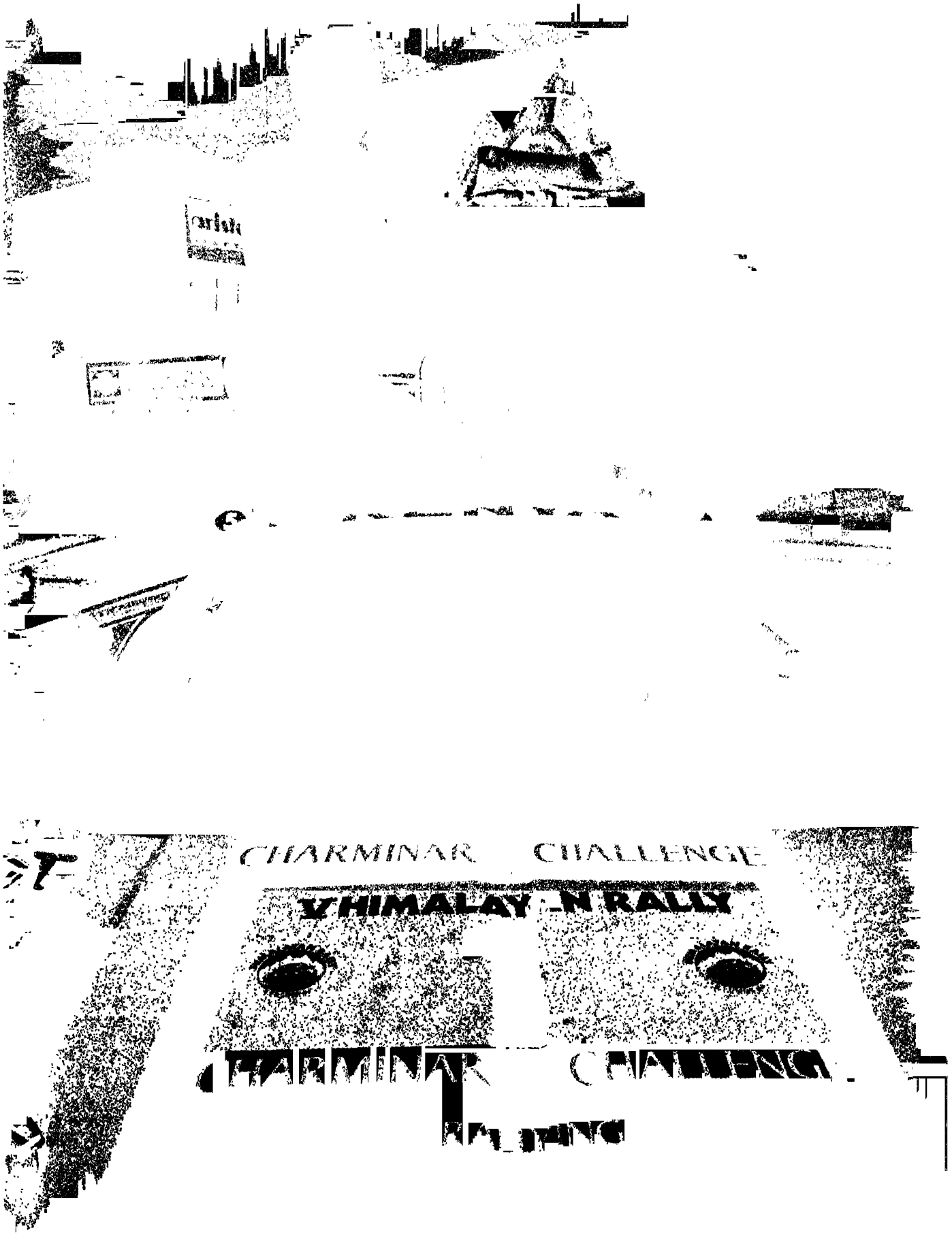
Scores: Board President's XI: 198 for 5 declared (Ashok Malhotra 102 not out) and 117 for 3 (Azharuddin 52 not out).

England: 444 for 8 declared (Tim Robinson 81, David Gower 82, Ellison 83 not out, Mudkavi 3 for 65).



Jagdish Yadav

Phil Edmonds: three wickets at Jaipur


CHARMINAR CHALLENGE
HIMALAYAN RALLY

The peak of achievement

Pradeep Paul profiles the winners of the 1984 Himalayan Rally

JAYANT SHAH's win in the Himalayan Rally this year has given him the unique distinction of a hat trick in this particular event. This consistent performance would give people the impression that he is a full time rallyist spending all his time competing or tinkering with his car.

But, contrary to all expectations Shah is an industrialist at heart. He does his business in Kenya and Tanzania and takes time off to do rallies occassionally. Born in Mombasa Kenya he has been living there all his life. He is married and has three children.

The 44 year old Shah made his debut in motor sport way back in 1966 while he was in Tanzania. The event was a minor one and he was just the co-driver but by 1973 he was in his first international rally the East African Safari Rally. By 1976 he had taken over as the main driver and in fact, it was around this time that he began his long and fruitful association with Nissan. Since then he has always driven Datsun Nissan cars and has done plenty to enhance their credibility along with his.

He has held the Kenyan Rally Driving Championship since 1981 and has fared well in this year's Acropolis Rally too. But all his performances have been partly due to the partners that he has had.

Shah was partnered by Najeeb Esa until 1981 when he chose Rishad Rahim to do duty for him. He again switched partners and chose Aslam Khan who was his partner for quite some time. This year, however, he was partnered by Lofty Drews.

Harold Willy 'Lofty' Drews is another veteran when it comes to rallying. Born in Tanga, Tanzania, the 46 year old Drews parents orignally came from West Germany. He undergo his basic education in Tanzania and Kenya and then joined the Railway Training School in Nairobi as an engineering apprentice. He then did a course in business management and is currently working for Mercedes as a branch manager. He is also, the Nissan dealer in Nakuru.

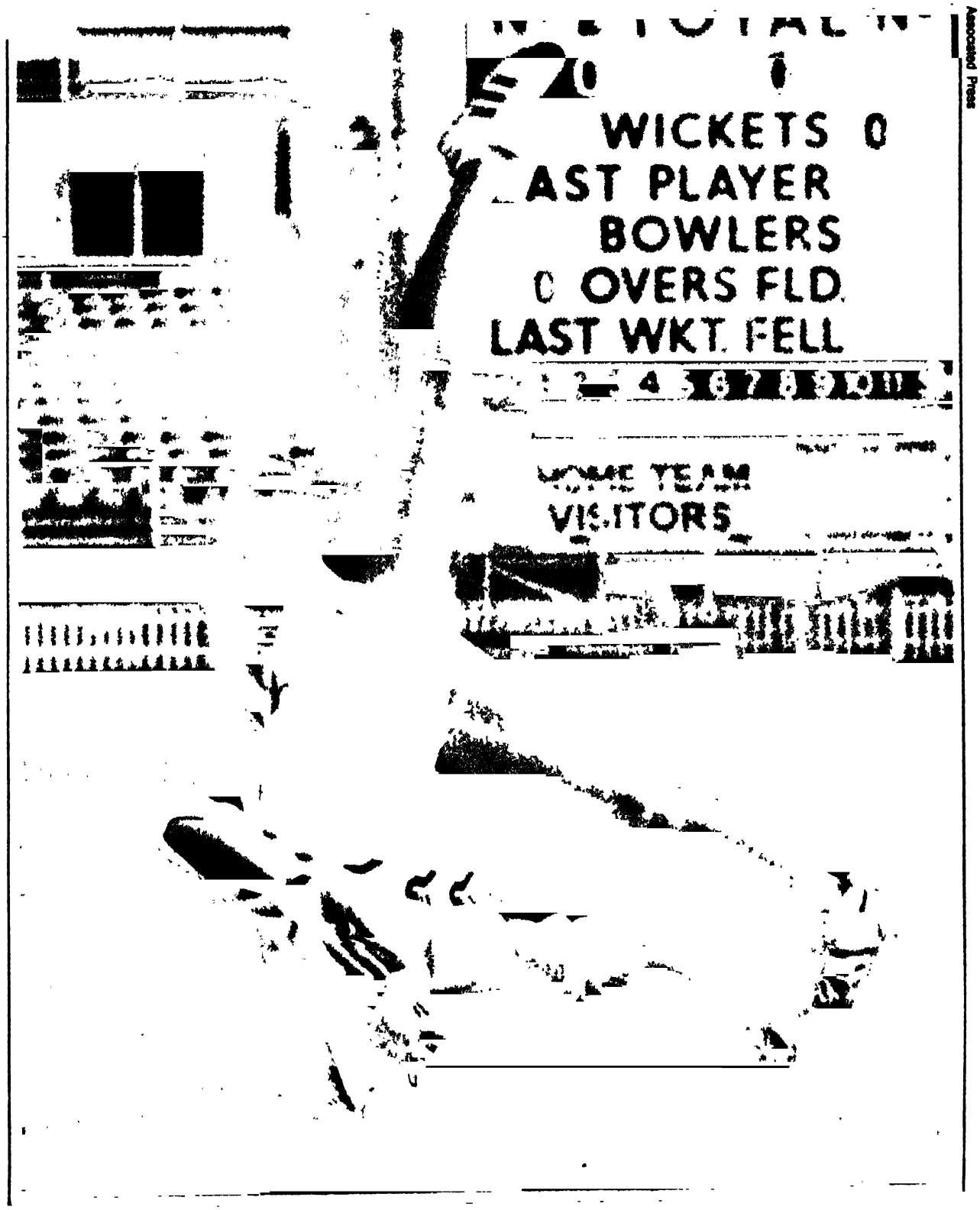
Ever since he was in his teens, Drews has had a fascination for motor sport. His first experience was on a two wheeler when he tried his hand at trails riding. Soon he was making a name for himself as he won the East African Autocross Championship with wins in the East African Hillclimb in 1972 and 1973.

The first time Drews tried his hand at car rallying was in 1968 and by 1973 he had won his first rally competing as Shekhar Mehta's co-driver. They were in a Datsun 240Z. Of late, he has been partnering the famous rally driver from Finland Rauno Aaltonen.

Jayant Shah with three Himalayan Rally titles under his belt and Lofty Drews, with two to his credit, will be coming back next year to try and keep their title. Whether together or separately we'll just have to wait and see.



Shah's Nissan 240 RS negotiates a bend near Ranikhet



The maiden is bowled over. This was a spontaneous reaction by Caroline Smith, a 20-year-old English girl, to the news that she had been selected as one of England's fast bowlers of the future

We take this opportunity to invite readers to contribute unusual photographs for this page. All photographs must be accompanied by their negatives.

The corporate sector will be asked to help

IOA chief V.C. Shukla explains

In your first public pronouncement after your election as president of the Indian Olympic Association you made an appeal for spreading the Olympic Movement. How?

By activising the State Olympic Associations, sports federations and other sports bodies. They will have to be provided funds so that dependence on government aid is minimised. There are certain games which do not generate income at the gates. These disciplines will receive particular attention.

Where do your financial resources come from?

I have drawn up plans for raising funds. The corporate sector, both public and private, will be called upon to help. I have already approached some people and the response has been positive. I will ask big firms to take up one or two disciplines each.

By becoming the IOA chief you have inherited some difficult problems. Like rifts in sports federations leading to litigation, the wrestling federation, for example. How do you propose to tackle the situation?

The IOA constitution prohibits affiliated bodies from going to court. Arbitration has been prescribed. But this procedure has not been followed vigorously. I will see that it is done.

What about the government guidelines?

There has been rethinking on the guidelines. They may have to be amended if India has to have a better say in international sports circles. By the time an office bearer acquires some seniority his two terms are over and a new man comes in.

The guidelines are in the way of Air Vice Marshal C.L. Mehta serving a third term as IOA secretary-general?

The guidelines are sought to be waived in his case in deference to the wishes of the house.

As you know, there was a lot of criticism about the way in which the contingent to the Los Angeles Olympic Games was selected and announced by the IOA, the selection of the chef-de-mission in particular. What will you do to prevent a repetition?

By minimising the role of the government. If the sports federations work efficiently the dependence will be reduced.

About government interference. You should be in a position to say a lot in view of your experience as president of the All-India Sports Council.

That's what I am saying. From my experience as a former president of the AICS I can say that the role of government can be minimised if sports bodies work efficiently.

Again, the question of IOA building up its own finances.

A lot of people are forthcoming. They are willing to help. Only they want to be assured that the money will be properly utilised for sport.

The National Games. They have not been regularly held by the IOA.

The IOA will now hold the National Games regularly and properly. I will see to that.

What have you to say to politicians and bureaucrats taking to sports administration in increasing numbers?

We don't come in as politicians or bureaucrats or businessmen. We come in first of all as sports lovers. Every honorary sports official has to have something else to do in life, some other profession.

There is much talk of multiplicity of authority with the coming into being of the Sports Authority of India (SAI).

There is some overlapping. Efforts are on to sort out matters.

You plan to activise the State Olympic Associations. They don't have the infrastructure.

Every State has some infrastructure. But most of it is not of international standard. We have the moral authority to persuade the States to build proper facilities.

Don't you agree that if the State Governments are serious they can build them, acquire synthetic tracks and hockey pitches etc?

Of course, they can. It is a matter of priorities. Bhopal will be having an astro-turf hockey pitch and also Uttar Pradesh.

As AICS president you had once said that it would not recognise or aid any sports event not held according to proper international norms.

Yes. The IOA would also not recognise national events not held according to international norms or rules. There should not only be proper pitches, tracks, courts or swimming pools but also qualified officials. This may be harsh on some States. But they should build the facilities. A start has to be made. The IOA will hold its own National Games on international norms.

While making your efforts to activise or streamline the work of sports bodies, will you ensure that they at least hold their elections on time?

Yes. I will see to it that they all hold their elections on time.

India held the last Asian Games. But still it does not have much of a voice in international circles because it does not play an important enough organisational role. Very few international events are organised by India.

Yes. That is why I have proposed an international hockey tournament for the Dhyan Chand Gold Cup on the lines of the Champions Trophy.

One last question. Politics has no place in sport. It is hoped you will accommodate people of all shades of political opinion and all walks of life in the IOA.

Yes. I will do that. Politics will not stand in the way.

IOA's new outlook of hope

AN era was drawing to a close—the era of the house of Patiala. The new head of the Indian Olympic Association had to be a man of stature. In Vidya Charan Shukla they have found such a man. Those who wanted him at the helm were looking for a man who could keep the apex body of Indian sport free from governmental interference—as free as possible.

Mr Shukla is a man of stature no doubt, but it remains to be seen how independent of state influence he will be able to keep the affairs of IOA. The Olympic charter enjoins on everyone in the Olympic Movement to resist government interference.

Even Mr Shukla's opponents will not deny that he is a go-getter, a doer. When India decided to go ahead with staging the 1982 Asian Games it was he who was first put in charge. He cannot be denied his legitimate share of credit for the success of the Games. The plans, even the logo itself, were made when he was at the helm. Even at the cost of annoying some Cabinet colleagues, including the then Prime Minister herself, Mr Shukla saw to it that the idea of splitting the Games between Delhi and Rai in Haryana was scrapped.

If Mr Shukla's start as IOA president is any indication, he may make a success of the job. In his team of office-bearers he has been sporting enough to include even those who were known to oppose him. Not only that. One of the vice-presidents, Mr Vijay Kumar Malhotra, is a prominent Bharatiya Janata Party leader. Mr Shukla himself is a Congressman who has been an M.P. and minister for many years.

India's commitment to hold the Asian Games had been forgotten during the emergency years, and it was Mr Malhotra who revived the idea during the Janata regime. In fact, he was the president of the Asian Games Organising Committee when there was another change of government which saw a new Special Organising Committee come into being. Even in the thick of controversy Mr Shukla was generous enough to seek Mr Malhotra's co-operations.

Mr Shukla is committed not to allow politics or regionalism to interfere with the work of the IOA and also to see that dependence on the government is reduced to the minimum. But that is possible only if the IOA has its own adequate financial resources and all federations affiliated to it run their affairs in a trouble-free manner. To ensure that the IOA does not have to run to the government with a begging bowl in hand every now and then. Mr Shukla has ambitious plans to develop financial resources.

The example of the Cricket Control Board is there to follow. But Indian cricket had a Chidambaram to build its finances. In Raj Chopra, a leading builder of the capital and president of the Delhi Volleyball Association, Mr Shukla may have found just the man for the job of treasurer. The target they have in mind is in terms of crores. Raffles, donations and sponsorships. The plans are ambitious and there is a new outlook of hope.



IOA chief V.C. Shukla

Mr Shukla has struck an independent posture by demanding a second look at the government guidelines which prevent sports officials from staying at their posts for more than two terms. This will not make him very popular with the Sports Ministry. But Mr Shukla is not a spineless person and can put his point across without actually causing a confrontation. The guidelines are sought to be altered to enable Air Vice-Marshal (retired) C.L. Mehta to continue as IOA secretary-general for a third term. The IOA constitution will also have to be amended. By efficient work Mr Mehta has created a niche for himself in the Olympic Movement and is at present honorary director-general of the Olympic Council of Asia. He continues as interim secretary-general of the IOA till the guidelines are suitably altered. But there is also the likelihood that the Sports Ministry may not yield. In that case Mr Ashwini Kumar may be Mr Shukla's choice for the job.

Mr. K.P. Singh Deo, Minister of State for Defence, and Mr. K.S. Bains, a civil servant, were the other main contenders for the posts of president and secretary but both withdrew sensing there was not sufficient support for them.

Given a free hand to choose his "cabinet" Mr Shukla called together all important officials for an exchange of views. This went down well with everybody.

Mr Shukla, who has been accorded Cabinet rank, works out of his No 1 Willngdon Crescent residence, opposite the Talkatora pool, venue of the Asian Games swimming competition. That he has the clout cannot be denied. He is also chairman of SNIPES (Seciety for the National Institutes of Physical Education and Sports) which enables him to have a direct hand in the preparation of teams for international meets.

But it is too early to say. Election to Parliament will be held soon and nothing can be predicted. Mr. Shukla himself will be busy in his constituency of Raipur. Disputes in federations, which have brought sports like wrestling to a sorry standstill, and the question of "overlapping" of roles are other problems he will have to sort out. It is a job for a tall man, which Mr. Shukla is. It remains to be seen how he measures up to the tasks of India's number one sports leader. That is, what the job is. And, as everyone knows, not an easy one. Here's wishing him luck!

A Special Correspondent

Wills Masters Golf

Resurrection of Hyder Khan

Subhash Sarcar reports

HYDER KHAN's Wills Masters Golf triumph was sweeter than honey. For him, it was a glorious comeback after he was no more than just a prominent loser for nearly a decade. Pre-tournament speculation did not favour Hyder despite his experience of playing conditions on the Old Course of the Royal Calcutta Golf Club. Instead top billing was given to Phil Pilling, the Bombay-based golfer who currently leads the Indian circuit. Also favoured for the top stake of Rs 8,330 were Jamshed, Noni, Asghar Ali, Basad Ali, Ram Dayal and Lakshman Singh.

But Hyder, who probably knows the fairways and the greens of the Old Course like the palm of his hanc performed consistently to beat th entire field with a 72-hole cumulativ score of 298 and a five stroke lea over Pilling. Long will he cherish th memory of the eighteenth day c November, when he received th richest purse of his career.

That very day, at Rome' Olgiata Golf Course, the Indian duo c Rohtas Singh and Brandon De Souz finished 24th in the World Cup Gc tournament with a cumulative score c 298, but Hyder was not to know tha the Indian professionals had recorde an identical total. It was also pre sumed that had these two not bee away Hyder's chances for the Mas ters' title were limited. Anyway, a speculation came to an end when o the final day he won in a blaze of glor with a twelve foot putt on the 18th, hi initial putting lapses notwithstanding

That Hyder is still capable of in credible golf was evident when h turned in an amazing performance o the 18th hole in the third round. He used a Sandwich for his third shot— which was 75 yards away from the pin—and the ball landed on the greer to roll into the hole. His second card o 75 after playing at par on the previous day saw him in good shape for the fina onslaught since his three-round score of 223 was three strokes better thar either Jamshed and Pilling.

Besides the Rs 50,000 purse ITC offered a cash prize for the best card each day, which naturally ensured th proceedings were lively throughout Royal's Jamshed won it on the opening day after bringing in a 73 along with amateur Ranjit Nanda. This should have inspired Jamshed to a better performance in the ensuing round but his luck was out. Hyder Khan o RCGC was gearing himself for a special effort and turned in a card of 72 on the second day, only to share the spoils with juniors Akbarali and Mohammed Islam since they matched his effort. After returning a par score Hyder was murmuring to himself: *"Mere kismet me nahi tha"* (I had nc luck). He was two-under on the 18



A worried Hyder Khan after dropping two shots in the second round

but awful putts on each of the last two holes meant that he would not be the sole winner.

However, there was no stopping him for the rest of the campaign and he made good use of a one stroke lead over Pilling and Nanda and two ahead of Jamshed, Noni and Sheik Paltu. The cut was applied, after which Hyder shared the lead with Delhi-based amateur Karan Atwal whose only sub-par card (70) of the tournament indicated that the battle would end in a close affair.

More amateurs from Delhi would have participated but failed to make it due to unavoidable circumstances. Nowadays, there is not much difference between amateurs and professionals in Indian golf. Both played well, but it was apparent that the caddies despite their obvious talent, are not getting as much practice as they need. However, it must be mentioned that RCGC does extend a helping hand to a few talented caddies, by sending them to outstation golf meets or paying the entry fees of those who cannot make both ends meet. This sort of encouragement is already bearing fruit. RCGC caddy Chini was sent to the DCM Golf tournament which he won at first attempt. This year during the Wills Masters, a number of young caddies made an appearance. Among them Taklu and Sk. Paltu performed consistently but fell behind only due to inexperience. This was also the case with Patna caddy Md. Islam who, after a disastrous 84, played good golf for a level card on the second day.



Royal's Chini weathering the 16th bunker in the third round

Chini had two bad rounds, yet survived the cut and crawled back into the race with the only par score on the third day. He was one-under on the 14th but dropped a shot on the subsequent hole, before brilliantly weathering a bunker on the 16th and playing to the course. Hyder Khan, battling to remain on top, carded a 75 after a few patchy incidents while Karan Atwal's sensational 70 was marred by inaccurate tee shots and bad putting as the greens were quite slippery and hence untrue. Atwal fell behind when he scored an 81 and 80 on the last day.

Came the final round Tension was running high. Lakshman Singh, who hasn't been showing any signs of improvement since he turned pro, seemed to have lost his Asiad touch. Going into the final encounter, Hyder, Pilling, Chini, Jamshed and Basad Ali began uneasily, while Rajeev Mohta came back to surpass the efforts of Nanda, Atwal and veteran Ashok Malik. As usual the fight for the amateur title centred around these four, but Mohta returned the best round on the day with a 74 to total 304, followed by Nanda (308) and Atwal (309).

Hyder Khan began badly by dropping a shot each on the second, third and ninth but recovered with birdies on the fifth and seventh. Coming in, Hyder scored a birdie on the 11th but conceded shots on the 14th and 17th for a 75. Pilling started off confidently but lost control to go out at 39. His last nine saw him in fine fettle but he could do nothing to prevent defeat. Chini, keeping calm, did a fine job with a 74 which helped him take third spot from Jamshed and Basad Ali.



Amateur Ranjit Nanda in trouble

Champion Hyder Khan, fittingly resurrected, wasted no time after accepting his prize money as he boarded a Indore-bound train to take part in the Central India tournament.

Thus ended the ninth Wills Masters. This tournament has been rotating between Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi and the sponsors have decided to hold it in the south in future. This, then, was another milestone for ITC in the realm of sports promotion.

A not so optimistic view of the Ranji Trophy

Raju Mukherji outlines some of the anomalies of India's premier cricket tournament

THE quest for the coveted Ranji Trophy has completed fifty years. Trials and tribulations, notwithstanding, the championship still continues its wayward, inconsistent course. It claims to be the national championship of India but surprisingly has no distinct and definite policy of representation. In the pre-Partition days, the princely States like Holkar and Nawanagar competed with centrally-administered States like Bengal and Madras as well as with combinations like Central Provinces and Berar.

Then along with Independence as the princely States were gradually obliterated and States with distinct features like geographical location, legislatures and capitals began to take shape, the former princely States gave way to teams like Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan, etc. But with the passage of time, teams like Railways and the Services were included in the championship. What the justifications were, for the inclusion of these two teams are difficult to visualize, but whatever they were, they have totally failed to provide the tournament with any worthwhile contribution and have only helped to give the format of the system a grossly unfair and inconsistent shape. If the original intention was to have an inter-State championship, as is evident from the general nature of representation, then the induction of the Railways and the Services showed a very narrow vision.

Even apart from these two teams, the Ranji Trophy championship is full of inaccuracies and inconsistencies. Without any respect for political entities, teams have been invited to take part in this national championship. Bombay, just a city in Maharashtra, is allowed to field a separate team of its own as distinct from the Maharashtra side. And then as if this is not queer enough there appears a relic of history in the name of Vidarbha with Nagpur as its base! Thus, instead of one, there are three teams from the State of Maharashtra, two playing in the West Zone league and one in the Central!

One can see some daggers drawn already. Sure they have every right to point out that the city of Bombay has earned its eminence through its all-conquering record. Certainly there is no denying the fact. But then if that be the logic then what right has weak Hyderabad got to force a still weaker Andhra Pradesh to have its own team? The illogicality becomes still more apparent when it is seen that the majority of the Andhra Pradesh Ranji Trophy players reside and work in Hyderabad. Similar is the case of most of the Rajasthan cricketers, who stay and play club cricket far away in Bombay.

Another peculiar case is that of Gujarat which along with its city of Baroda have separate teams for Ranji Trophy. As if this is not enough, the erstwhile princely State of Saurashtra (now part of Gujarat) too enjoys representation in the national championship.

Fifty years is a long time in the life of an association. And it is indeed surprising that such obvious anomalies have been left undisturbed for so long. It is high time that a distinct, consistent shape is given to the format as things are in Australia, West Indies and England.

Bombay, just a city in Maharashtra, is allowed to field a separate team of its own. There also appears a relic of history in the name of Vidarbha with Nagpur as its base! Thus, there are three teams from one state, two falling under West Zone and one under Central!

Unfortunately the Ranji Trophy championship runs parallel to the Quaid-E-Azam Trophy of Pakistan where, too, there is a remarkable lack of consistency with teams like Karachi-A, Karachi-B, and P.I.A. taking part in the championship. Because of such lop-sided development in these two countries, the teams in the domestic tournaments are never really fully representative of the entities they represent. The standard of the domestic competitions in Pakistan and India are grossly unequal and consequently lacking in the kind of competition that the domestic tournaments of Australia, West Indies and England have.

Coming back to the Indian context, another very surprising and illogical issue is the case of inter-State transfer system. Little or no heed is paid to the provision of the Board that covers the inter-State transfers. Personal requests, back-dated applications and withdrawals, loss of documentary evidence and the anomaly regarding the issue of no-objection certificates have played havoc with the BCCI regulations. Most State associations do not have any worthwhile regulations regarding the criteria of players' eligibilities. Even if they have, they are hardly consistent with the BCCI rules. This is the principal reason as to why what could be basically a straightforward dealing becomes shrouded in controversy and conflict.

Today, the administrators of Indian cricket should pay undivided attention to clean the Augean Stables and put its own house in order. Only then can we expect to earn the respect of not only our own constituents and but those of other countries as well. The sooner we realise that a consistent, logical system has no substitute, the better it will be for the promotion of the domestic championships.

We have to meet the demands of modern badminton

Satpal Rawat, who coaches Deepti Thanekar, the seventeen-year-old girl poised to become the top women's player in the country, spoke to **Rahul Chandawarkar**

WHAT in your opinion are the essential qualities of a good coach?

A successful coach need not be an international player But he should have a wide knowledge of every aspect of the game, its laws and principles of learning and teaching He should enjoy experimenting with new coaching techniques to suit his players

What were the various views of international coaches at the 1983 World Coaches Conference at Copenhagen, Denmark?

Some interesting points were made by top coaches at the conference. Han Nakken of the Dutch Badminton Association felt that to train muscles other than necessary for the game of badminton was bad and harmful Nakken as a result of his varied research into the game felt that power training without actually knowing what is happening at the muscle level was very dangerous, harmful and a big mistake Today the accent was on training functions and not factors According to him, training of aerobic power was not necessary but playing fast on the court was essential because such situations arose very often

Yong Ren Sui, the famous Chinese coach opined that the Chinese in particular and Asians in general were short statured—therefore, according to him, they in China were more flexible to change and were adopting new techniques according to world trends.

What are the drawbacks of Indian badminton players?

Indian sportsmen are not professional sportsmen but on the other hand are educated career minded sportsmen. Besides playing sports they have to have their basic education because the social set up in India is such that for a good livelihood, one must possess good qualifications. In my opinion, small children have too much pressure of studies at school, and long school hours. I feel that at the national level they should try to make school timings from 7.30 am to 12 30 pm, so that every child gets the opportunity to play some sports from, say, 3 pm to 5 pm. This way, they can allot time towards studies also. Some sport's subjects should be included at the high school stage. Talented youngsters should be put under sponsored coaching schemes under the patronage of big business houses in different cities in the country At the same time if the economic future of these youngsters are made secure by the big companies by offering employment, the youngster can wholeheartedly pursue sports. With sponsored coaching, the badminton associations need not depend solely on the Government to provide funds for an expensive game such as badminton.



Anand Prabhune

Rawat with Thanekar(second from left)

What is your opinion on National Camps for players?

Our national camps are being held frequently and at various cities—youngsters in schools and colleges find it difficult to attend. Instead, intensive training at their home centres and a 15-day camp just prior to the tournament would be a better proposition.

We should adopt the Chinese method of team selection, where a set of players (15-20 in number) are selected for different tournaments all over the world. According to the importance of the tournament or the matches, the players are distributed. Likewise, we too should form teams of junior and senior players and send them abroad to play lesser important tournaments on the world circuit so that they can gain as much international exposure as possible. I feel this way, future world class players could be groomed. Moreover, this will eliminate all ill feelings and tensions between the players as every one will be getting a chance. But most important we have to meet the demands of modern badminton.

What role does psychology, yoga and other such things play in the grooming of a champion?

The long hours of work, the concentration required, the emotional intensity needed etc—all these leave their mark upon the sportsmen. Coaches must pay careful attention to the pre and post competition psychological conditions of a player, bearing in mind that along with physical trauma, the psychological or mental injury especially after failure need the most careful scrutiny and handling. Yoga is also equally important. All sports demand vigorous physical discipline to develop speed, strength, endurance, precision and agility.

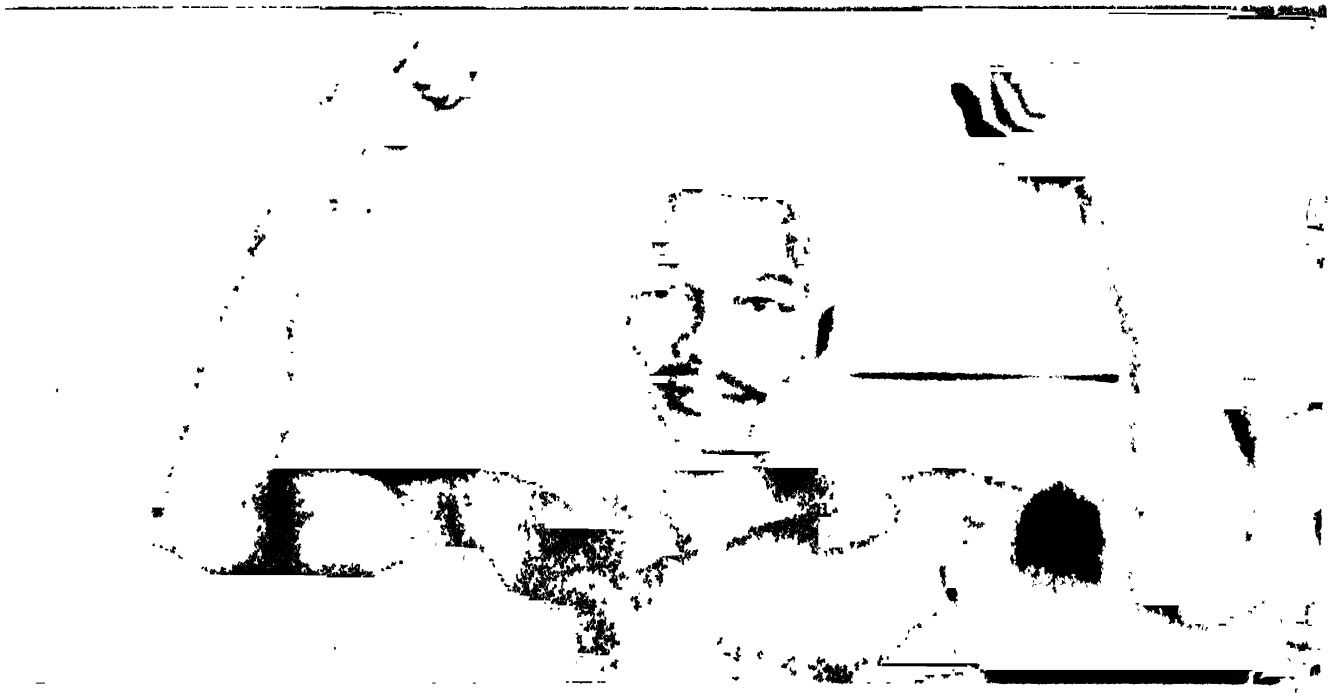
Gambling on a title

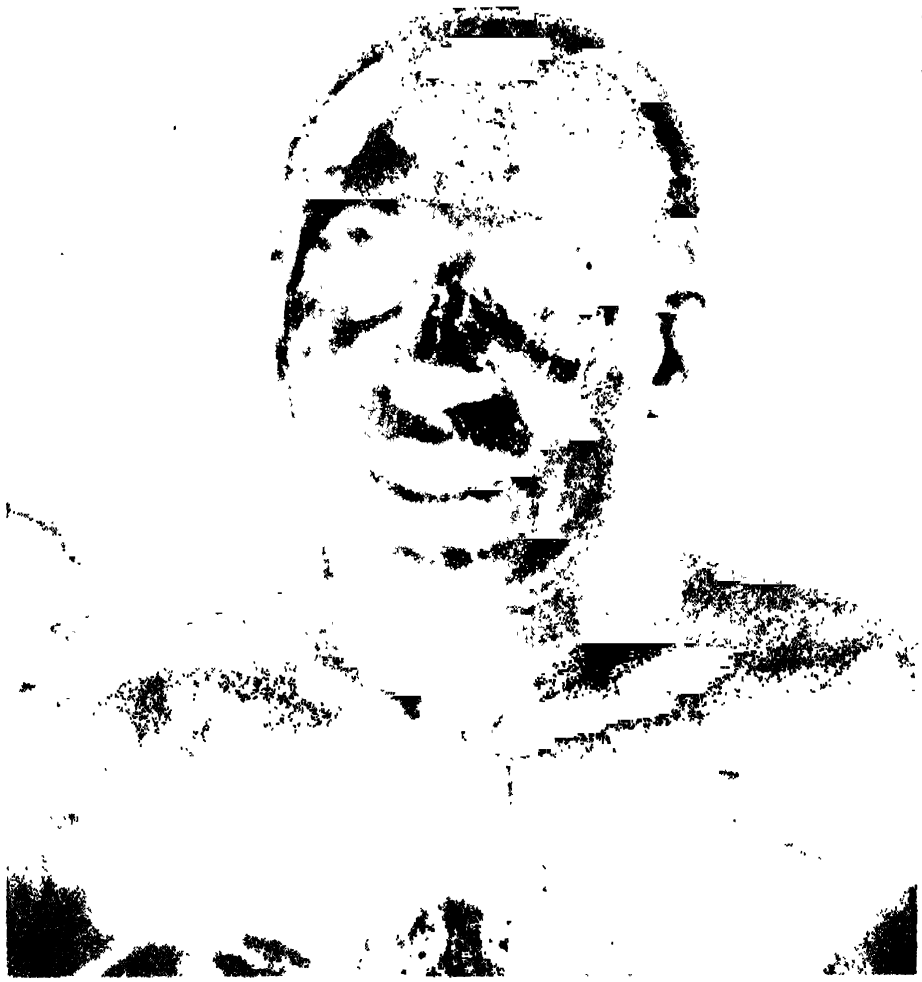
International Boxing Federation champion Larry Holmes took just over twelve rounds to dispose of challenger James 'Bonecrusher' Smith in a title bout at Las Vegas



The challenger, James 'Bonecrusher' Smith, tips the scales at 227 pounds at the pre-fight weigh-ins

Larry Holmes is 5.5 pounds lighter at 221.5 pounds as he acknowledges his fans at the weigh-ins

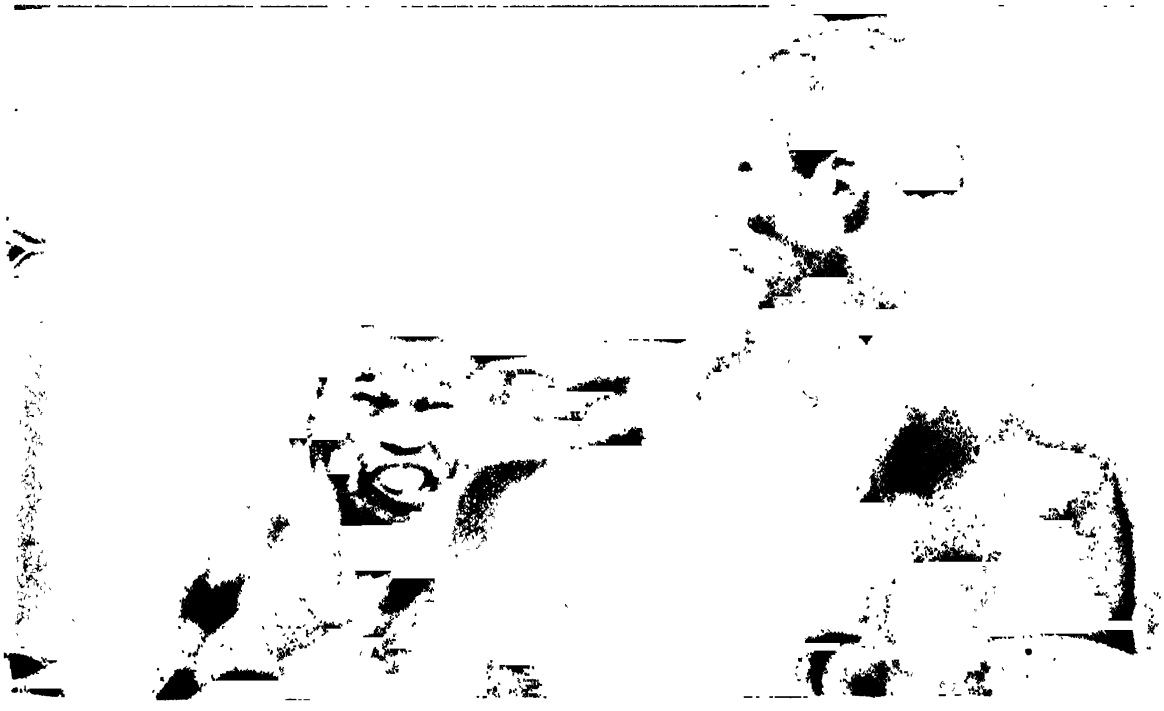




Blood pours from Smith's left eye as he walks to his corner after the fight was stopped by the referee in the 12th round

Holmes connects with a left jab in the early stages of the fight. This set the trend for the rest of the bout

All photographs by Associated Press



CALCUTTA

Gently Down The Stream

IT was a pleasantly warm Saturday afternoon at the Lakes. Crows cawed, sparrows chirped in the trees and joggers ran along the tarred paths. In this tranquil setting, the 1984 Head of the Lakes Regatta got underway at the Calcutta Rowing Club.

The first race, the junior sculls, saw the Calcutta Rowing Club pitted against the Calcutta Univeristy Rowing Club. Pradip Mitra of the University with smooth, rhythmical strokes was an easy winner by a margin of three lengths.

The next race was the much-awaited Ladies Pairs race between the Bengal Rowing Club and Lake Club which saw the latter represented by Sriparna Banerjee and Sudeshna Mitra win easily. Hindal Ghosh of CRC, with a powerful rhythmical strokes had an easy victory in the senior sculls.

The novice fours was a closely fought race between CRC and Lake Club. While young members shouted encouragements from the banks, it was touch and go before CRC led by cox Abhijit Bannerjee crossed the finishing line three-fourths of a length ahead. Then came the senior pairs and the experienced pair of Ranjan Bannerjee and S.K. Kalidas easily defeated the Lake Club team of Joydeep Duttagupta and Projit Chakrabarty.

Women's rowing has been a pretty recent phenomenon and in the ladies sculls, Madhumita Duttachowdhury won the race by three lengths and in the junior fours, Lake Club emerged the winners. The sun had begun to set and there was a slight nip in the air when the last race, the senior fours, began between CRC and BRC. CRC won the race, much to the joy of the home crowd.

At the end of a pleasant afternoon, the silence punctuated regularly by the shrieks, shouts and cheers of the partisan crowd, Calcutta Rowing Club emerged as the overall men's champion while Lake Club won the *Sportsworld Trophy* for the overall women's championship.

Shevlin Sebastian

PATNA

Five In A Row

THE East Zone Inter-University Men's Volleyball Championship, ended in a blaze of glory for Ranchi who won the title for the fifth successive year.

Seeded directly into the round of the last eight along with last year's runner, L.N. Mithila University from Darbhanga, Bihar (Muzaffarpur) and Kashi Vidyapeeth (Banaras), Ranchi entered the semi-final round-robin beating a tough Ravi Shankar in four games. Of the three other seeds, Bihar and L.N. Mithila were beaten by Banaras Hindu University and Burdwan.

By emerging as winners against Bihar under difficult circumstances, Burdwan were fancied to beat Ranchi and take the zonal title. They had struck a good combination and it was known that Ranchi were not at their best. Four players from their last year's team have taken up employment in Bokaro Steel. Ranchi were further depleted by the absence, due to illness, of their star player and captain, Shankar Pandey.

Explaining Ranchi's initial struggles, coach Shekhar Bose said that it was due to last-minute change in strategy of switching over to a 5-1 combination instead of the usual 6-0, that is, all six smashers and lifters.

Once they got used to the new combination, the Ranchi players got into top gear, beating Bhagalpur and Burdwan. Bhagalpur, incidentally, reached the round-robin stage after beating Patna only, as their next two opponents were either absent or not allowed to play on account of non-payment of affiliation fees as in the case of seeded Kadhi Vidyapeeth University.

Burdwan finished second with four points. BHU ended third with a solitary win over Bhagalpur while the latter were at the bottom in the points table after the league.

The players who caught the eye and who might find a place in the Zonal team are Shekhar Bose, Achal Tirkey, Parminder Singh, Dilip Singh Chaudhary (Ranchi), Jayant Debnath and Shushanto Acharya (Burdwan), Vijay Shankar Rai and Ravi Nath Upadhyay (BHU) and Pankaj (Bhagalpur).

There was a tie for the best player of the tournament award between Jayant Debnath, Achal Tirkey and Parminder Singh. Of them, Debnath must have been slightly ahead, for his smashes showed that he combined power with thinking.

Prem Kumar



Sriparna Banerjee and Sudeshna Mitra with The Sportsworld Challenge Trophy

JIM LAKER

HE TOOK 193 TEST WICKETS AT AN AVERAGE OF 21.24. HE WILL FOREVER BE REMEMBERED FOR HIS AMAZING ANALYSES OF 19 FOR 90 AGAINST AUSTRALIA AT OLD TRAFFORD IN 1956 THIS RECORD IS UNLIKELY TO BE BROKEN FOR SOME TIME





HEIGHT, STRENGTH, BIG HANDS AND A HIGH ACTION COMBINED TO MAKE HIM ONE OF THE BEST OFF SPIN BOWLERS THE GAME HAS EVER SEEN CAPABLE OF LONG ACCURATE SPELLS ON GOOD WICKETS HE COULD FLIGHT THE BALL DECEPTIVELY, YET IF HE GOT ANY ASSISTANCE FROM THE WICKET HE HAD THE EXTRA PACE AND SPIN TO BE ALMOST UNPLAYABLE

Illustrations Subrata Gangopadhyay

CHARMINAR CHALLENGE

Sponsored by The Vazir Sultan Tobacco Co Ltd to honour SPORT and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

STATUTORY WARNING CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

12 November The West Indian pacers share the honours as they rattle out Australia for just 228 in their second innings to win the first Test at Perth by a innings and 112 runs. Michael Holding is named the man of the match.

Imran Khan, the Pakistani all rounder, is selected to play for New South Wales in the cricket match against the West Indies at Sydney.

Pakistan beat New Zealand by 16 runs in the first one day international at Peshawar. Javed Miandad top scores with an unbeaten 80 to lead his team to victory.

13 November The first round of the $ 800,000 European Champions championship finds Ramesh Krishnan getting past Heinz Gunthardt of Switzerland 7-6, 6-1 while the other Indian hope, Vijay Amritraj, loses 6-2, 3-6, 0-6 to Wojtek Fibak.

The first day of the cricket match between England and the Board President's XI at Jaipur ends with the President's men doing well at the crease. Ashok Malhotra scores 94 n.o. to lead the total to 189 for five.

14 November David Gower strikes form and scores a fluent 78 n.o. to help England to 275 for four in reply to the Board President's XI's score of 198 for five declared.

Controversy arises at Jaipur when the manager of the touring English cricket team, Tony Brown, and the skipper, David Gower, lodge a protest against spinner Ashok Patel for 'chucking' the ball.

Alvin Kallicharan, the former West Indies Test captain, signs a contract to play and coach cricket in South Africa. He will be playing for the Rovers Cricket Club in Welkom in the Orange Free province and coach them too.

15 November The three day match between England and the Board President's XI at Jaipur ends with both teams sharing the honours. The final scores are: Board President's XI—198 for five declared and 117 for three and England—444 for eight declared.

Sarfraz Nawaz announces his decision to retire from Test cricket and will now divert his attention to politics. However, he will continue to play first-class cricket.

India's Ramesh Krishnan pulls off an upset 7-6, 6-1 win over France's Yannick Noah and advances into the quarter finals of the $ 800,000 European Champions' championship at Antwerp, Belgium. Also making the quarter finals is Joakim Nystrom who sails past Jose Higueras 6-1, 6-2.

Tony Brown, the manager of the England cricket team, denies having lodged a protest about Ashok Patel's bowling action. He said that the Englishman were just unhappy about his action but no protest had been made.



Ravi Kumar

Sunil Gavaskar autographs a copy of his recently released book, *Runs 'n Ruins*, while Sandeep Patil sits back to admire his literary achievement, *Sandy Storm*

16 November The first day of the first Test between Pakistan and New Zealand finds the Kiwis shot out for just 157 in their first innings and Pakistan with 26 for no loss at draw of stumps. Mudassar Nazar takes three wickets and Iqbal Qasim takes four.

Mark Breland, the Olympic welterweight champion, makes his debut into the world of professional boxing with an unanimous win over Dwight Williams in a six-round fight at New York.

Gene Mayer enters the quarter-finals of the European Champions' championship with an 6-4, 6-2 upset win over Mats Wilander of Sweden.

17 November Pakistan take the lead in the first Test against New Zealand as they bat all through the second day and total 189 for seven.

The first day of the three-day match between England and the Indian Under-25s finds Rajinder Ghai strike form with four for 42 to scuttle the Englishmen out for 216. In their turn at bat, the youngsters score 55 for no loss.

Ramesh Krishnan makes short work of Gene Mayer 6-1, 6-2 in the quarter final of the European Champions' championship to qualify to meet Anders Jarryd in the semis. In the other semis, Ivan Lendl will meet Joakim Nystrom.

18 November Ramesh Krishnan loses a marathon match 0-6, 7-6, 7-9 to Anders Jarryd in the semi finals of the European Champions' championship. Ivan Lendl will meet Jarryl in the final as he gets past Nystrom 6-3, 6-4.

You have to be ruthless

Philosophy of a world champion

REG HARRIS, the former world champion cyclist was in the news when he came out of retirement in 1971 at the age of 51 to win a major competition.

His achievement gave heart to every man of over 40 who thinks he's past his best.

Amid a welter of publicity, Harris said he was going to challenge for the world professional sprint title, which he held in the early 1950s.

His times were good enough for him to qualify, but sensibly he decided not to take part in the finals at Varese in Italy.

Cycling champions do come back... but not at the age of 51. Harris, of course, had no need to prove anything. His reputation as Britain's greatest cyclist remains intact.

He was chosen the 'Sportsman of the Year' in Britain, but he never had the acclaim in his own country that he received outside it.

His philosophy was simple: 'You have to be ruthless, not only with your opponents but yourself. When you're exhausted, that is the time to push yourself harder.'

Harris, an engaging character, made an estimated £100,000 out of cycling, invested the money soundly, and lived life to the full. He married three times.

He began life in humble surroundings—born at Bury, in Lancashire, on March 1, 1920. His father died when Reg was only seven, and the boy was brought up by his step-father, a boxer.

Most boys then had bicycles if their fathers could afford them. But young Harris had to wait until he was 13 before his first bike came along. He used to ride it two miles a day to school.

He liked cycling, and joined the local branch of the Cyclists' Touring Club. At weekends he would join them on long hauls round the country.

Once, at the age of 15, he staggered the other members by claiming that he had ridden 173 miles in a day!

REG HARRIS



Seven-day week

He worked a seven-day week in a local paper mill to earn enough money to buy a racing bike. Even in those days, a properly-equipped machine cost as much as £25.

He began winning races, and in 1939 he was selected for the British team in the 1939 world championships in Milan.

He was not happy about his selection. At 19 he had a fierce pride, but he knew his limitations. 'I would have been slaughtered,' he said.

But the championships were cancelled because World War Two was looming. When the war began Harris joined the army, and served as a tankman in the North African campaign.

At the end of his third year as a Desert Rat he was badly burned when his tank was hit. He was later invalided out of the army.

Cycling aided his recovery, and within a few months he won his first English championship. In 1947 he beat the world's best amateur riders to become Britain's first amateur spring champion since 1922.

Then came a car crash. His chances of representing England in the 1948 Olympics seemed to be at an end. But he ignored the advice of doctors and returned to the track, despite not being fully recovered from a splintered vertebra.

A month later he fell on the track and broke a wrist. Still he insisted on carrying on.

Reinstated

Harris joined the English team at Herne Hill, but a storm broke out when he returned home to Manchester. The story got out that he had defied orders from the National Cycling Union.

His name was removed from the entry list—only to be reinstated.

Harris was entered for three events--too many—and was booed when he failed to win.

Fed up with the way the amateur sport was run in Britain, he turned professional. The pro sport was a much tougher arena. Three months went by before he won a race.

He trained hard so that he was in peak condition for the world championships in Copenhagen in 1949. The defending champion was the Dutchman, Airie Van Vliet.

The two men met in the semi-final. Harris won the first race, and was behind three times in the second before flashing past Van Vliet to win.

Harris beat another Dutchman, Jan Derksen, to win the final. He won the title again in 1950, 1951, and 1954.

Altogether, Harris raced in 4000 races in his eight years as a professional, winning a good proportion of them.

He retired in 1957, two weeks after becoming the first man to break 11 seconds for the 200 metres, cycling's equivalent to the four-minute mile.

It made him the fastest sprinter in the world. As good a time as any to get out, he reasoned.

Steve Douglas



Brylcreem a little for great looking hair.

Thigh Of Relief

The leg theory

OFFICIALS with the British women's handball team were surprised at the interest generated in Jordan by their recent tour. Earlier a British men's team had undertaken a tour and it revealed no lurking Jordanian passion for the game.

When the girls played an international match they not only attracted a capacity crowd, but riot police were also needed to hold back the crowds when the girls took off their tracksuit bottoms to play in their usual short shorts. The Jordanian team play with their tracksuit bottoms firmly in place.

After the match the British team had to be locked up in the changing room until the crowd had dispersed, and required a twenty-four hour police guard throughout the tour.

Lost For Words

Turning the tables

LIVERPOOL's football manager Joe Fagan played his cards very well the other day. His press conference, after Tottennam had knocked his side out of the Milk Cup, left the assembled reporters speechless.

Fagan said he'd only come to talk to the press because they had criticised him for not meeting them after his team's previous game. "But sometimes lads," he said "there's nothing to say after a match. What can I say about tonight? We were beaten."

Then Fagan played his trump card. "Sometimes I would like to hear what your views are Let's turn this around: what do you think of our performance?"

Embarrassed silence prevailed as Britain's top soccer writers shuffled their feet and looked at their note pads. "See!" said Fagan with a wicked smile," none of you has said a word; so what do you expect me to say?" Well played Fagan.

Budding Romance

Heart vs head

HAS Zola Budd let her heart rule her head? It now transpires that all the time she was in Britain she had a secret love back home in Bloemfontein. He's Stephanus de Witt, known as Fanie and is Zola's first boy friend.

The romance blossomed when they were classmates at high school last year, and sat for their matriculation together.

Fanie, a useful 1500 metres runner and a rugby player, is now working for a firm of auditors. He was present to greet her on her return from London in August and they're been going out together ever since.

Her parents, on the other hand, have fallen out and Zola hasn't spoken to her father since July. Zola's sister, Estelle, believes that Zola is heading for a nervous breakdown.



Budd: the heart wins

Tendon Trap

That's the spirit

GAMES involving the Brazilian soccer side National have been so plagued by fake injuries that the referee had to intervene and order players to keep on their feet.

What is the reason for this sudden inclination to injury? No the strickers were not playing to the gallery but the club's newly appointed masseur, a comely nineteen-year-old named Angela who is ever ready to sprint onto the field for a bit of brisk muscle kneading.

Instead of getting rid of her the club has decided to play up to the player. Not only are they keeping Angela on they are also giving her an assistant also young and more important, female. Officials say it will help them attract players, despite the low pay.

Call of Duty

No easy lot

ONE of the teams that participated in this year's FA Cup was run on a strictly amateur basis. The team is the Metropolitan Police side.

Every player of the team is a serving policeman and the current side includes constables, sergeants and CID men. The police have already played in five rounds of the Cup and have beaten three clubs of higher status.

But then problems are also present. In fact, no other manager can ever have quite the problems manager Vic Rouse frequently has to overcome. "Sometimes one or more players just fail to turn up," he said. "More and more time is being asked of policemen these days whether it's for the miners' strike or security duties somewhere else. We can never be sure that players will be available, even in the normal course of their work. If there's a robbery while you're on night shift and you arrest someone for it, your might have to stay all day to appear in court."

Rouse sees football as a rare chance for his team to improve the police's public image. "The police generally have been under pressure recently and we had some bad publicity," he said. "No we can show there is another side to policemen and that, like everyone else we can enjoy sport."

Horse Laugh

PARIS: The winner of the Cognac Horse Race was not the horse named 'Milk' or the one named 'Whisky' but strangely enough, the race horse named Teetotaller!

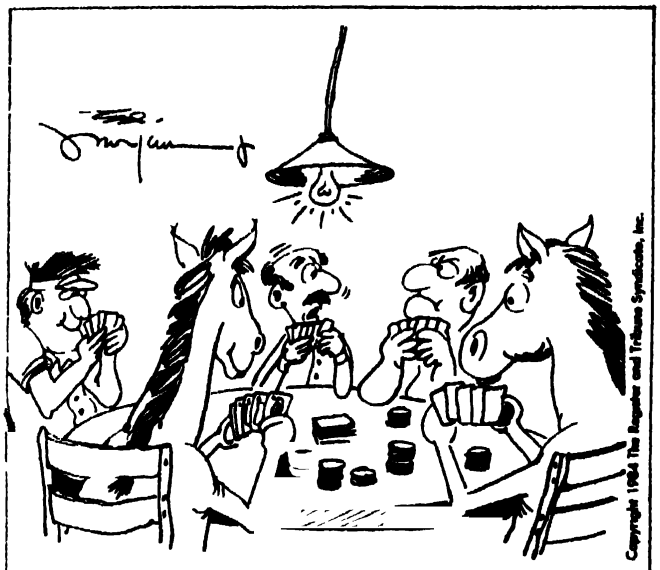
Marathon Man

CALIFORNIA: John Kelley, the renowned long distance runner who recently celebrated his 75th birthday, has run 110 marathons and has completed the Boston marathon 51 times, winning it twice. He still races and participated in the 13-mile Cleveland Ohio road race. No wonder his home phone number is listed in the directory as Kelley John A Marathon.

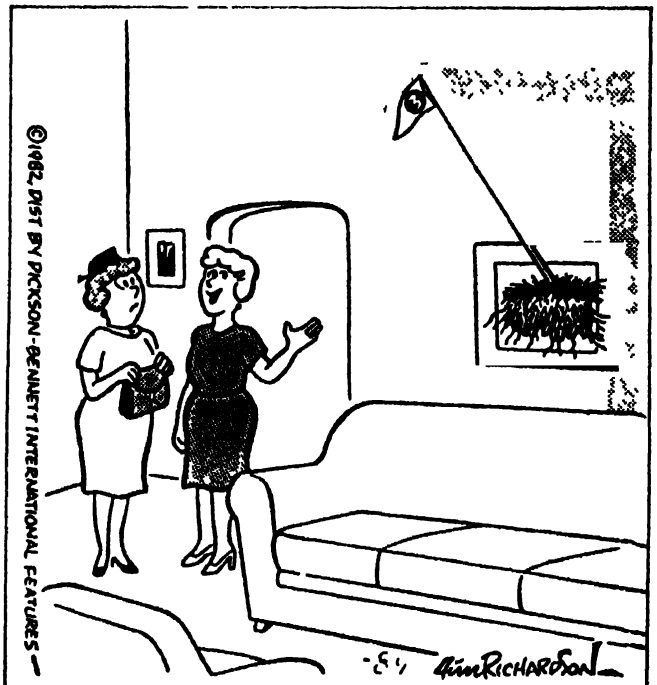
She Called His B(l)uff

GILFADA: Demetrios Kinski, a resident of this sea-side Greek suburb, was arrested as he ran nude into a crowded square after his team's victory in a local soccer tournament. He was "drunk with joy" he claimed and was not aware of his state of undress. The lady judge before whom he was arraigned, however, was no admirer of Archimedes and no sympathiser of irresponsible action under "the influence of joy". She gave him a dressing down and sentenced him to jail to "cool down"

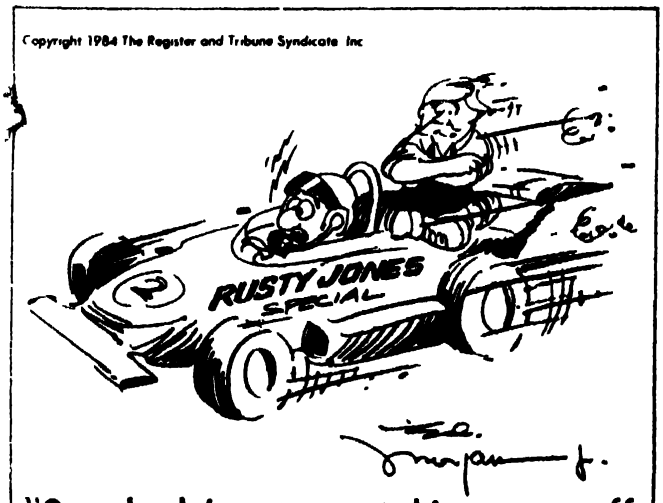
Bernie Tellis



"My wife doesn't mind if I play a little poker with the guys, but if she ever found out I played the horses . . ."



"MY HUSBAND HAD HIS FIRST HOLE IN ONE FRAMED!"



"Somebody's got to get this sponsor off my back."

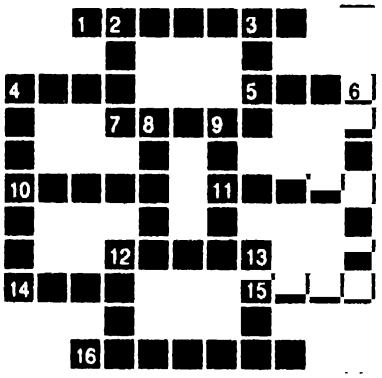


"We have touchdown, but Aldren spiked us."

CROSSWORD

Murtar

264



ACROSS

1. Badminton legend ends in the negative (7)
4. Barefoot athletic wonder (4)
5. What precedes every cricket match (4)
7. British badminton player 'devoured' in the middle (5)
10. Medical attendant for a West Indian cricketer of the Sixties (5)
11. Left arm bowler's weapon stutters in the end (5)
12. An English batsman is not 'Open' (5)
14. Olympic venue (4)
15. Manager of one of the MCC sides to India can be mistaken for a 'vehicle' (4)
16. Not an inappropriate name for someone who scaled Mt. Everest (7)

DOWN

2. Cricketer Lloyd, but not Clive (4)
3. Where you may find cricketers the day before a Test (4)
4. Some bowlers use this ball so needlessly that the logic often goes over people's heads (7)
6. A boxer's partner (7)
8. Wicket-keeper-batsman of repute for England between the Wars (4,1)
9. Wicket-keeper for Kent and England. No other clue is necessary (5)
12. The other captain in a side, jumbled up (4)
13 The Tour de France is this, coming up (4)

Excellent: 18-16, Good: 15, Fair: 14.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghosh

QUESTIONS

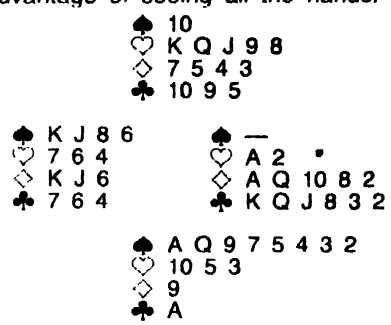
1. Who received the first ball in Test cricket ?
2. Who was the first batsman to score 50 or more runs in each innings of a Test match ?
3. Who performed the first Test hat-trick ?
4. Who was the first batsman to carry his bat through in Test cricket ?
5 Which was the first occasion on which three brothers appeared in the same Test eleven ?
6 Who was the first batsman to make a hundred and a fifty in the same Test ?
7. Which was the first cricket Test to be won with an innings to spare ?

ANSWERS

1 C. Bannerman of Australia against England, obviously in the first-ever Test played in Australia (1876-77).
2. G. Ulyett of England who scored 52 and 63 against Australia in the second Test (1876-77)
3. F R Spofforth of Australia who dismissed V R. Royle, F. A Mackinnon and T. Emmett with consecutive balls in the first Test against England. (Melbourne 1878-79)
4 W. L. Murdoch of Australia performed the feat in the second innings in the first Test against England, in the first Test against Australia at the Oval, 1880
5 E. M. Grace, W G Grace and G F. Grace of England, in the first Test against Australia at the Oval, 1880
6. G. Ulyett of England who scored 149 and 64 against Australia in the fourth Test at Melbourne, 1881-82.
7. The second Test between England and Australia at Melbourne, 1882-83 which the former won by an

BRIDGE

Here is a chance to see whether you can both bid and play slightly above the contestants in a world championship final a few years ago. You have the advantage of seeing all the hands.



West was the dealer at game all This was the bidding when Italy was North South against the US

South	West	North	East
Bianchi	Hamman	Forquet	Wolff
	pass	pass	1C
3S	dble	pass	4D
4S	dble	pass	pass
pass			

East-West were playing a one-club system, so the opening one-club was conventional and West's first double was "negative"

West led K. East overtook the jack with the queen on the next round and South ruffed A low spade went to the jack and West, having noted his partner's play of the queen rather than the ace of diamonds, switched to a club South was only one down, it was noted that if West had played a third diamond when in with ♠ J he could have put partner in later with ♡ A and obtained a trump promotion

Who made a slight mistake? East, think, because on the first round of trumps he had a chance to discard ♣ K indicating that he did not hold the ace of clubs

What about the bidding? Well, at the other table, Belladonna, though also playing a strong one-club system opened with a natural two-clubs. When South bid four-spades and was doubled, he took out into 4NT, indicating 5-6 in the minors. Garozzo then bid five-clubs which was easily made. With a hand such as East's a conventional opening tends to lose time.

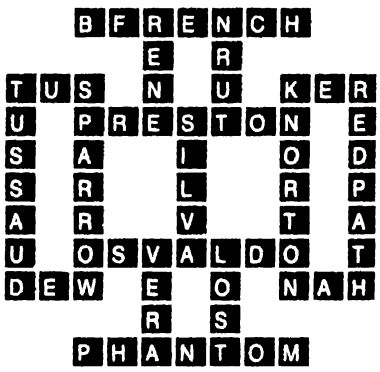
This week's quiz: at love all you open one-diamond on ♠ 7.2 ♡ A10 QJ 972 ♣ 974. The bidding goes:

South	North
1D	1S
2D	3C
?	

What do you bid now?

Answer: It is a forcing situation, and since you have already shown limited values and have a fair guard in hearts you should not be nervous of bidding 3NT. The 10 of hearts will be an important card especially if partner holds J X X.

SOLUTION 263



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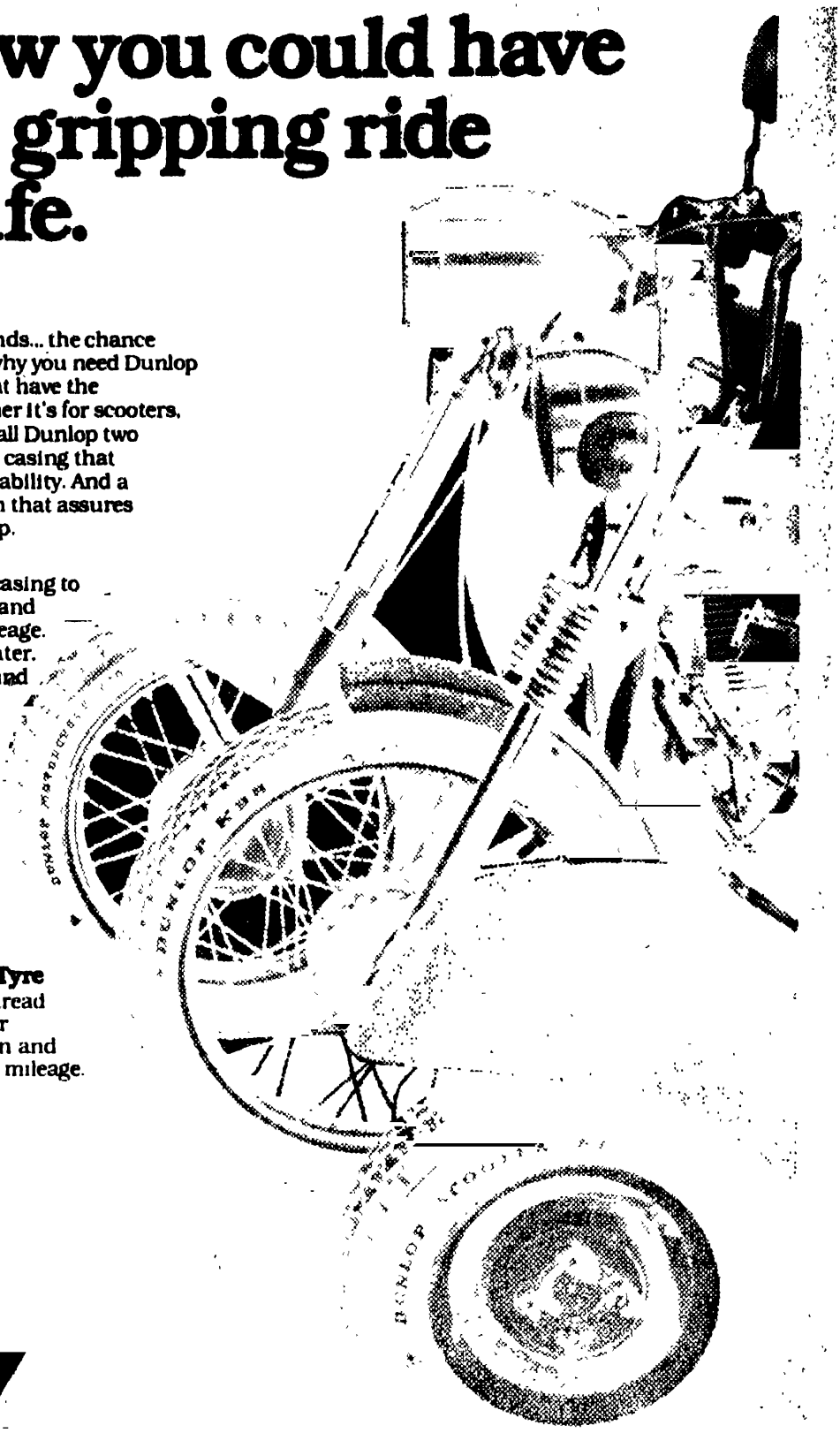
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K-70 Nylon Motorcycle Tyre

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K-98 Nylon Light Motorcycle Tyre

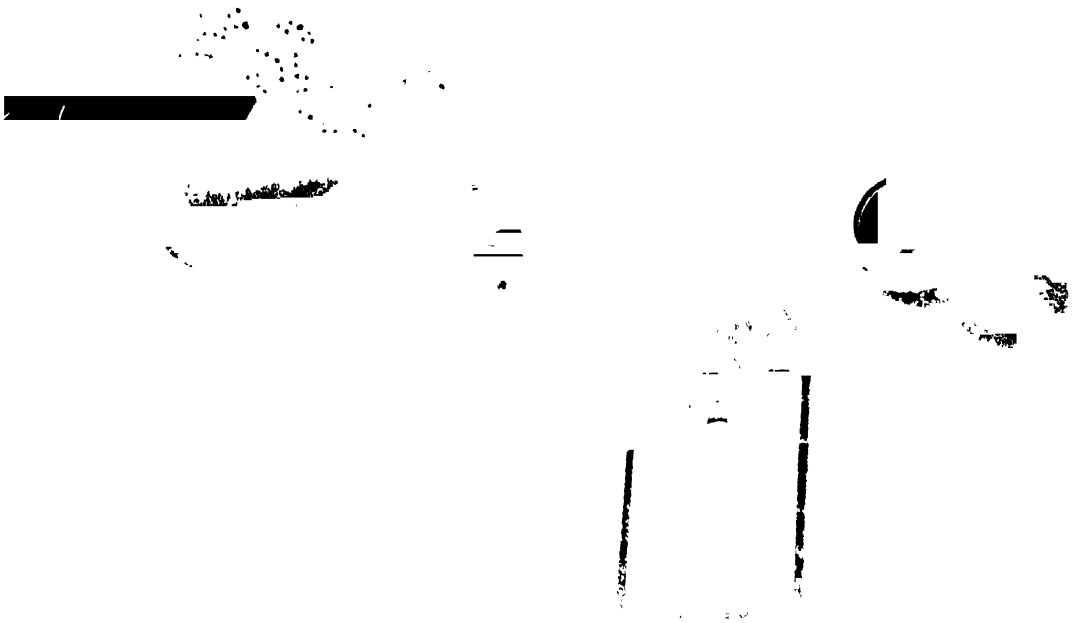
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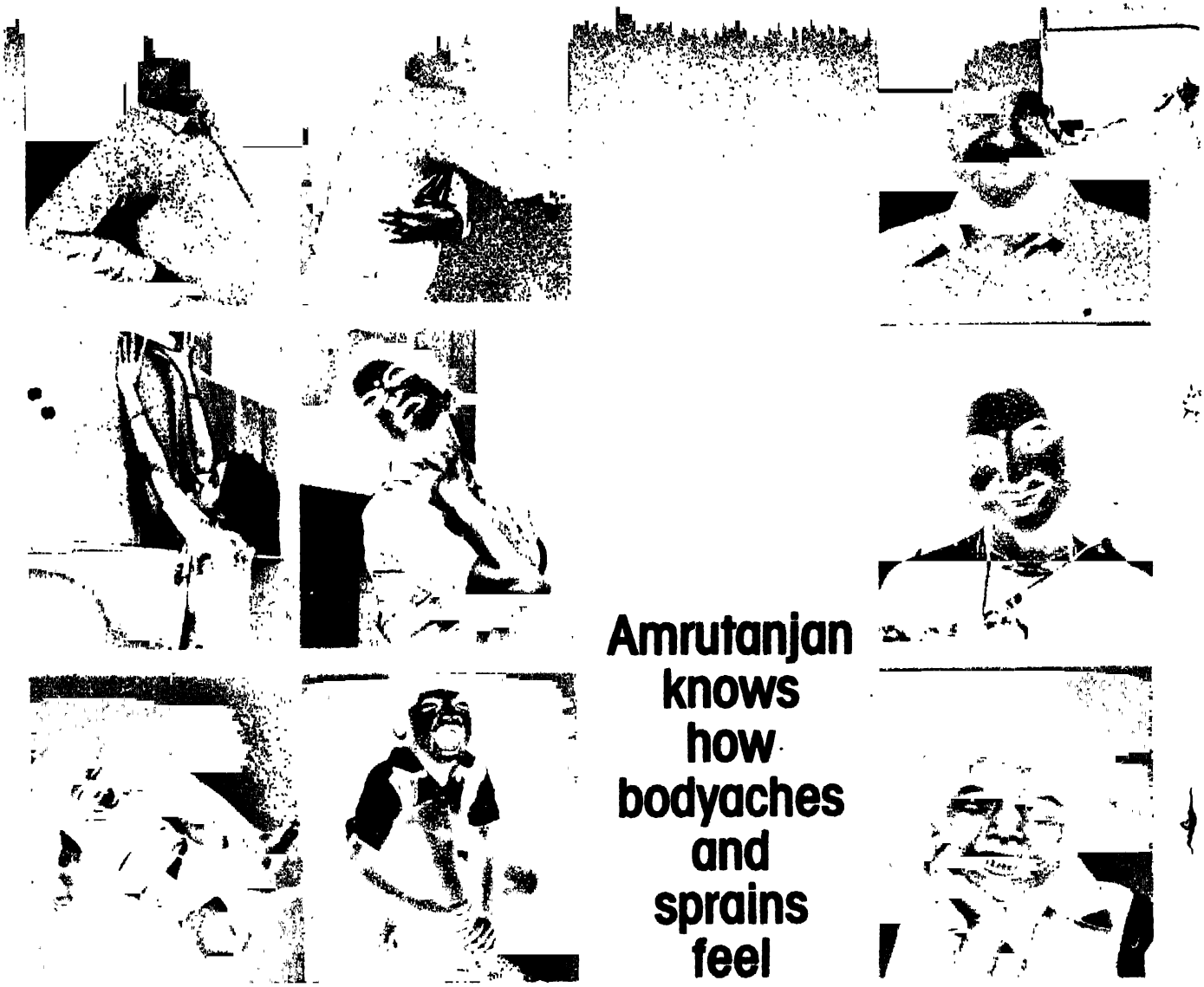
Sport-World

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Is it still associated with Test cricket?

Or are one-day internationals beginning to take over billing?





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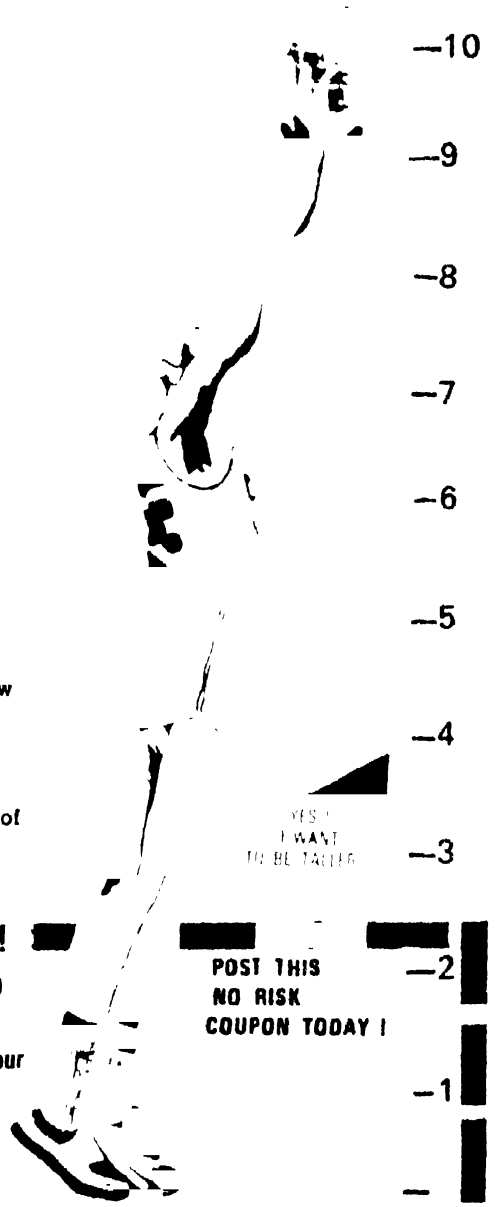
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6
Diminishing interest in Test cricket
Mudar Patherya outlines the reasons

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Inside Fortress Lauda
Carole Beckley was given the rare privilege of visiting the home of the Formula One Champion racing driver

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Cricket's Goliath

THE first Test between Australia and the West Indies at Perth has proved two things.

1) The complete dominance and total supremacy of Lloyd's team over all the present Test-playing countries.

ii) Bob Willis was wrong in saying that 'the Windies are certainly not invincible' *Sportsworld*, (31 Oct-6 Nov).

According to Bob Willis, Australia needed a fourth strike bowler to thrash the West Indians and clinch the series.

They have found that extra bowler in Terry Alderman who took six wickets but what difference did it make? Was he able to save his team from the thrashing and the humiliation that they received from Lloyd and Co.

What happened to Rackemann, Lawson and Hogg on whom Willis had so much of confidence?

I don't know what is in store for the Aussies in the remaining Tests but I hope that they will present a better brand of cricket and I pray to God, they don't (after this series, of course) give up playing cricket.

SUPRIYO CHOUDHURY,
Silchar.

Winning Spree

Clive Lloyd and his demolition squad have added yet another feather to their cap by winning their ninth successive Test, thus surpassing the record that the Aussies set in 1920-21 by winning eight consecutive Tests against the Englishmen.

The Aussies had simply no answer to the blistering Windies pace attack.

There is indeed a contrast going on in this game of cricket. We Indians haven't tasted victory in the last thirty-one Tests whereas, the West Indians have already won nine Tests in a row.

ARVIND KUMAR,
Patna.

Lively pitches needed

Today, cricket in India, is no longer guaranteed a packed stadia in India especially for Test matches.

Six years ago, even a second rate West Indies team drew capacity crowds. But this is no longer true, of course, because of live T.V. coverage, and dead pitches.

Crowds will definitely come along if the pitches are fast and consequently, the cricket is exciting.

With good pitches, the chances of our country producing world class fast bowlers will be much brighter.

SANAT RAO,
Bangalore.

A Prodigy

TENNIS star John McEnroe has been in the limelight ever since he made his debut as a novice in the arena of international tennis, in the year 1977.

After his superb triumph over Bjorn Borg, at Wimbledon in 1981, John has been blazing the success path like a comet.

Today, McEnroe has become too formidable a player to overcome. He is yet to come across a rival of the calibre of Bjorn Borg.

Truly, McEnroe epitomises all the virutes of a tennis prodigy. He has a style that is quite characteristic of an ingenious tennis player.

V. SAMPATH,
Bangalore.

A Phoenix

DURING the Pakistan and Windies series last year, one critic advised Mohinder Amarnath to open a farm because he was having a lot of ducks.

But, Amarnath, Like a phoenix, has risen and dazzled the cricketing world once again.

His recent performances have become a feather in his cap.

ALOK KUMAR,
Ranchi.

Super sequence

ANOTHER world record is set up by the West Indies under supercat Clive Hubert Lloyd.

The winning sequence of nine at a stretch has not been achieved by any other country in the history of test cricket.

It is crystal clear that Hughes wanted to pay the West Indies back with the same coin as he had four fast bowlers at his disposal. But it happened exactly as it so often happens when a light-weight boxer meets a heavy-weight boxer.

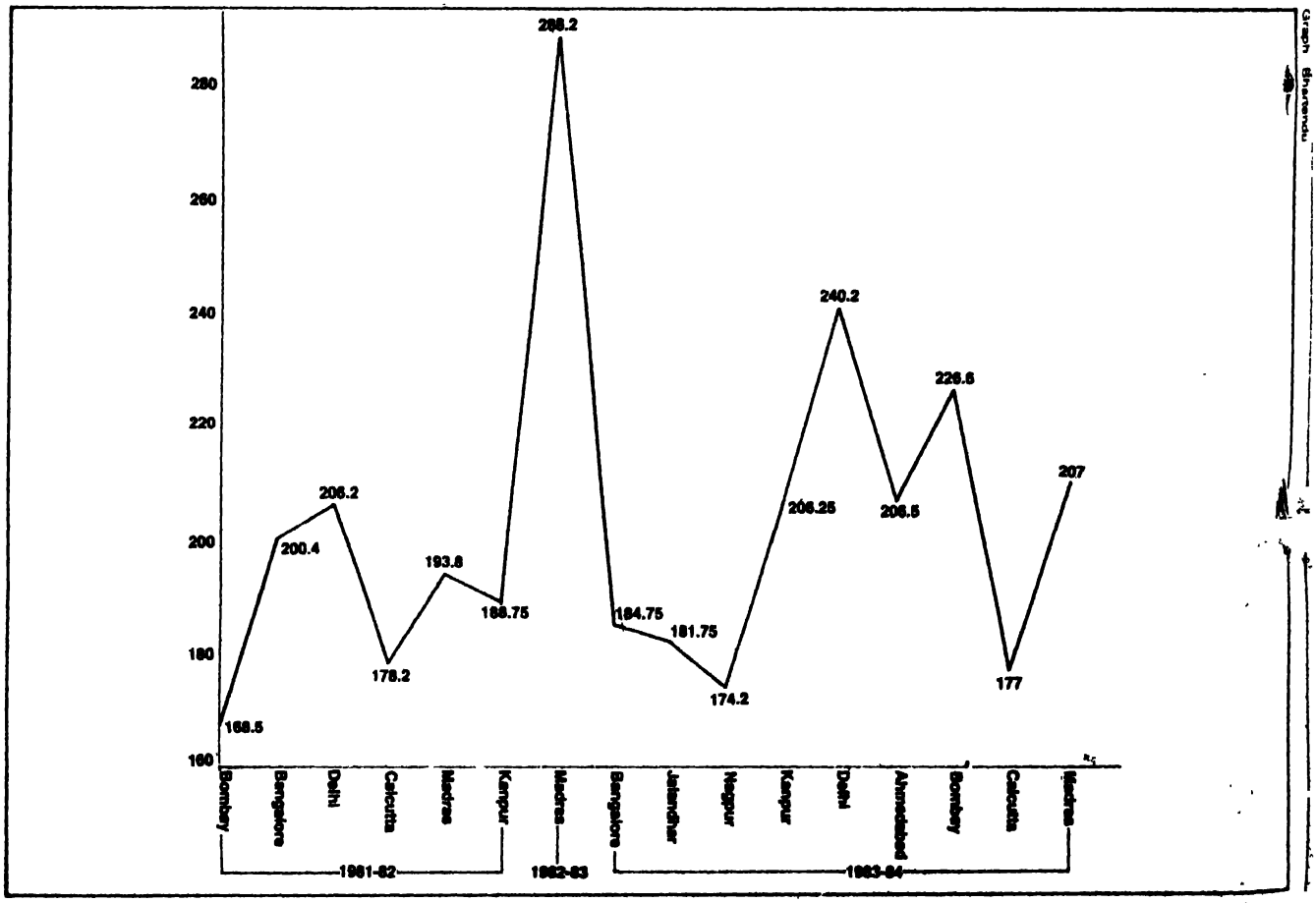
What is in store for them in the remaining tests is a matter of conjecture.

ANJAN LAHIRI,
Fulia.

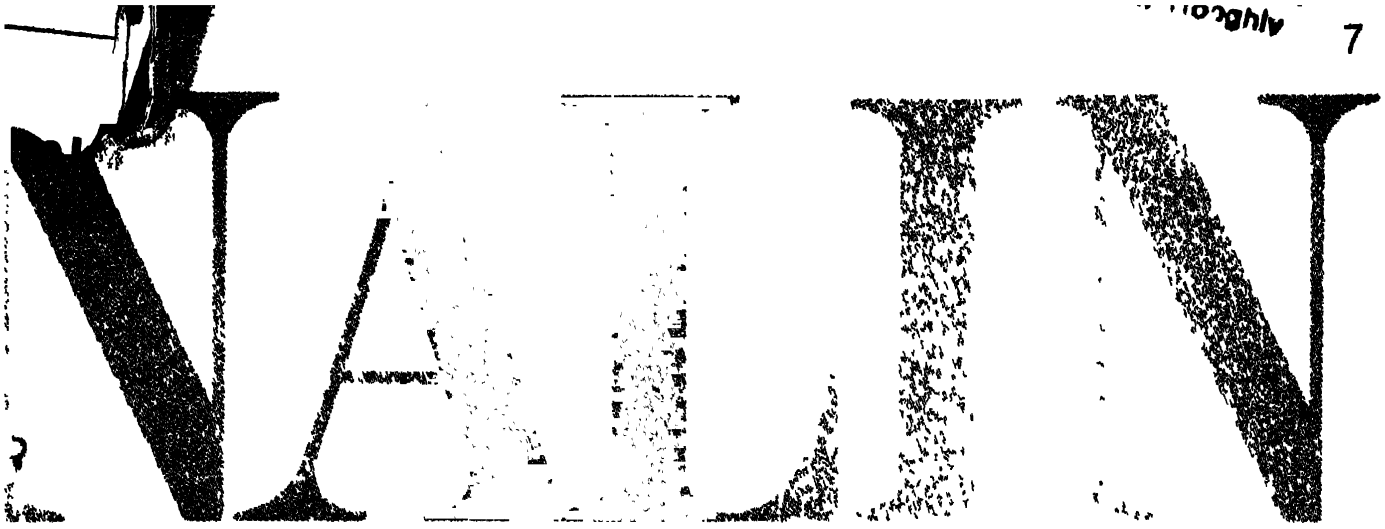
ADRE

Is it still associated with Test cricket? Or, are one-day internationals beginning to take top billing ?

Mudar Patherya takes stock of the situation



Average runs per day per Test in India



IT happened while having dinner one evening at Lahore, this October.

An Egyptian family had seen some cricket on the TV. They couldn't figure out a thing. Their Pakistani host next table was explaining the whole procedure to them. "You see, one team, that is eleven players, bats first. After they are all out, I mean dismissed, the other team goes in. When this other side is also out," pointed out the host, "the team that had gone in at the beginning, goes in again. Now, when this side is also bowled out, the second team goes in for their second chance and makes an attempt to make more runs than their rivals."

The guests gulped it down. "How many hours does all this last?" I heard a voice.

"Well, er, five days," said the Pakistani.

"And, say, what if the last side has not made more runs by the end of the match and is also not out at the same time?"

"No side wins. The match is drawn."

The Egyptians should have waited to see the Faisalabad Test

On return from Pakistan the satta bookie brought to my attention that he was finally offering 55 p for a draw, Rs 1 25 for an Indian win and Rs 12 for an upset by this weak English side. It was not amusing. Under normal circumstances, against this very English side it would have been even money on a draw, Rs 2 for an Indian win and Rs 8 for the result going the other way. A Gavaskar century, which normally would have fetched Rs 5, was now being quoted at Rs 2.

One set out to find whether the above incidents were in any way related.

An analysis before arriving at any conclusion would be imperative. If diminishing interest in cricket is of primary concern, then quite a few factors can be detailed at random.

The nature of playing surfaces must surely be the first. Test matches in the sub continent, one has noticed, are consistently inconclusive. The most recent example of a Test 'killed' by the pitch was at Faisalabad. From the first ball to the last the match was doomed. Few other Tests could have been as meaningless. And we sat there like goons right through the Test, nodding to periodic minutiae:

There appears a definite reason for dead wickets to be prepared in Pakistan. Against India this season, when the contest could have gone either way, the men in charge took care to play it safe. For this they prepared tracks on which, at least, they would not lose. Should India have won, they feared, their heads would have rolled. Moreover, the captain would have been replaced. So, unresponsive wickets were prepared as an insurance against defeat. As a second measure, the side was stacked with batsmen.

The over-rate has also been a major contributor to the ebb in adrenalin. Quite a few captains, when they find the trend of play going against them, ask their bowlers to walk back slowly to their marks, themselves become fussy with thir field placings and use every little opportunity to pad time. By doing so, the batsmen get fewer deliveries to hit. The scoring rate is inevitably tethered.

To prove this point, a random choice from the last India-England series at home was made. The first three days of the Madras Test were high scoring ones; Vishwanath made 222 and Yashpal Sharma hit 140. The over rate of the three successive days went as follows:-

First day: 12, 12, 12, 12, 11, 7 (last half-hour).

Second day: 14, 12, 13, 12, 12, 3 (last half hour).

Third day: 9 and 10.1 overs (till lunch) Sixty six overs a day for an average! Lucky no one died of ennui.

In some cases, it was solely the overcautious batting to blame. On the third day at Calcutta, for example, the day's batting rate read like this:

First hour: 15 overs, 19 runs.

Second hour: 15 overs, 57 runs,

Third hour: 16 overs, 20 run,

Fourth hour: 12.2 overs, 16 runs. A total of 112 runs in four hours of play. And 75,000 stayed to watch.

A negative outlook by some captains has not helped either. At Faisalabad for example, Zaheer Abbas had a good chance of putting some interest into the Test. Perhaps, even of winning it. Four Indians were on the causalty list and at one stage the manager was togged out himself, ready to field in case of an emergency. Zaheer could have declared just then, some 100 runs behind. India, with Gavaskar, Patil, Kapil and Shastri far from fit, would have been awkwardly placed to even start their second innings. Instead, Zaheer carried on as if blissfully unaware and batted right till the end of the match.

Or can the decline in interest be ascribed to the falling standards of the game? A lop-sided balance in favour of the West Indians in international cricket? The mediocre standard of the other Test sides? Too many Tests? Or India's poor showing?

The bookie's pruned odds however prompt an important query concerning the interest in Test cricket. Is this the beginning of the downtrend?

Five days of cricket and still no result!

The diminishing interest before the first Test against England at Bombay prompted us to conduct a snap poll in the four metropolitan cities of India—Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras. The debate: are Test matches losing their impact and are one-day internationals gaining more importance? The survey of a cross-section of people is published below

Q 1. If you were given a ticket for a Test match and a one-day international, which would you prefer?

Q 2. Why?

Q 3. Would you take time off from your daily routine to keep track of the game on TV or radio?

Q 4. Do you feel that the decline in interest of late has been due to too many Tests being played or a fall in standard?

Miss Amardeep Randhawa, lecturer in English and an avid cricket fan, New Delhi.

1. I would always choose a five-day Test match.
2. The players appear more graceful in a five-day game. Also, genuine batting and bowling skills are on display then. In one-day cricket it is just hit-and-run excitement. Girls prefer five-day Test matches as they are more relaxing.
3. Yes, I would keep in touch over the radio, as it easily accessible.
4. There is far too much cricket and sporting ethics have declined. So the game is not as gentlemanly as of yore. It is war now between the sides with so much money involved. It is just not cricket.

Lt. Gen. Adi Sethna (Retd.), now IDC executive.

1. I never had time for a five-day Test match, so naturally, I would choose the ticket for a one-day game.
2. One-day cricket is more entertaining and less time-consuming.
3. Yes, I would keep time from my daily routine to keep track of the game, but only occasionally, and only on radio.
4. The decline in interest is because there is far too much cricket these days.

Surajit Sen, Director of Sports, Doordarshan.

1. I would choose a free ticket for a one-day game
2. I prefer one-day cricket because it is result-oriented and teams are forced to go for a win. There cannot be a draw. I do not care much for five-day Test matches as they are too long. Also, in five-day Tests most of the spectators do not care for cricket as much but attend due to an emotional upsurge as India is playing a foreign team. A one-day game restricts this emotional upsurge and less time is wasted.
3. I only keep track of a one-day match and very rarely of a Test match, unless I am on duty.
4. There is a decline in interest because there is too much cricket these days.

M.J. Akbar, Editor, *The Telegraph* and *Sunday*.

1. I would take the ticket for the one-day international.
2. Simply because I do not have the time to watch a five-day Test. Assuming that I had plenty of time on my hands, I would

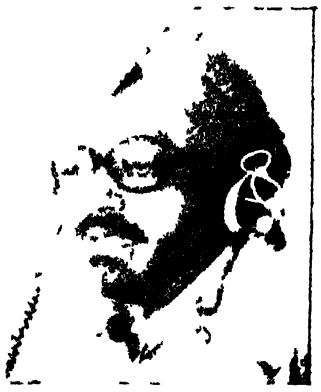
prefer to watch a Test match
2 Yes, I would keep time from my daily routine to keep track of the game on radio or TV
4 I do not feel that there has been a decline in interest at all It's not that cricket fans now have the choice between watching the game on the television (in the comfort of their own homes) and sitting in the stands for seven hours at the ground I expect [illegible] to watch the game on television for most of the time
Also the interest would have been greater had some of the performances produced by the West Indies been performed

Rita Bhimani, PRO, Indian Aluminium



1 A one day international ticket
2 Tests have become so inconclusive One is not enthusiastic about them any longer Moreover, we are all running out of patience Therefore, one finds it more rewarding to attend a one day international as that is capsuled excitement
3 There was a time when one would keep regular track of the game on radio at the office Not any longer
4 The decline in interest is due to both, a fall in standards as well as too much cricket How many, for that matter, shall be able to name all the 17 members of this England side?

Jasdev Singh, Director of Sports, All India Radio.



1 I would choose a free ticket for a five-day Test
2 I prefer to see a five day Test as you get to see cricket in its truest form One day cricket is just entertainment and nothing more
3 I follow cricket on radio only as it is easy to get one in an office Even on holidays I tune in to the radio only as I am interested only in occasionally finding out the score
4 The decline in interest is because of both, too much cricket as well as a consequent fall in quality Too much cricket has made the players stale and they are not improving, so there is also a lack in quality.

Manuel D'Gama, confectioner, Calcutta

1 I would go to the Test match
2 Because Test matches are *the* thing.
3 Certainly, I would keep track of the game on radio or television.
4. The decline in interest has been due to too much cricket. Winning the World Cup was also a tragedy. The result is that no one now wants to see Tests, only one-day games.

Mr. Arup Bose, businessman, Calcutta.



1 Surely a one-day international ticket.
2 I can't afford to spend five days watching a Test match
3 Yes, I guess I would keep track of the game on TV or radio at intervals.
4 The decline in interest has been mainly because of too much cricket.

Madhur Shorey, Accounts supervisor, Lintas India Ltd, Bombay.

1 There are no two ways about One-day games would easily be my first choice.
2. One-day games are better from a spectator's point of view and result-oriented, unlike a Test match, which over five days can be a big bore.
3. I do make a point to keep track of the score on radio or TV.
4. Interest in cricket has gone down because the attitude of the players has become very defensive. If you don't play entertaining cricket the crowds are going to be reluctant to come to the grounds. These days pitches are made to suit the home team and little thought is spared for the paying spectator who wants his money's worth and not necessarily see records set.

Mrinal Sen, Manager, Qantas Airways, Bombay.

1. Anyday I would prefer a one-day game.
2. The reason is that it is difficult for me to spare five days for a Test match.
3. Yes, I would spare time now-and-then to check up the scores.
4. I think the interest in cricket has increased on the contrary. One-day cricket, with all its thrills, is responsible.

Paresh Bakhda, commission agent, Calcutta.



1. A Test match ticket.
2. Because a Test match gives me more opportunities to gamble. Five days of cricket, with all the ups and downs, enable me to earn much more money than I would be able to make during a one-day international through speculation.
3. I would have to take time off my daily routine to keep track of the game on radio or TV. It's very necessary for me to speculate.

4 The decline in interest is because of the increase in the number of Tests. There is also another reason: a lot of our Test cricketers themselves bet heavily these days on their performances. This explains why our standard is falling.

Jagmohan Dalmia, Treasurer of the Board of Control for Cricket in India.



1. The Test match ticket.
2. I feel that one-day internationals are a poor substitute for Test cricket. It may be compared to music in which *khayal* and *thumri* (classical) are the main attractions whereas *adhunik sangeet* (modern) is merely an adaptation.
3. I do keep track of the game on TV or radio when I anticipate that something interesting may happen.
4. I do not think that interest in cricket has declined at all. The crowds may have stopped going to the ground but that is because of the rise in the price of tickets, increased television coverage and the frequency of Tests—not a decline of interest.

Prakash Vaswani, businessman, Madras.

1. I would go to the one-day game.
2. More excitement and thrills and, most importantly, there is always a result.
3. I follow the match on TV or radio, whichever is at hand.
4. Neither. I feel the decline in interest has been because of increased television coverage.

Rohit Malkani, student, 14 years, Calcutta

1. A one-day international ticket.
2. The excitement is much more in a one-day game and the quality of cricket is also better.
3. Most definitely, I would follow the game on radio or television.
4. There has been a fall in quality.

Ashoke Ghosh, Secretary of the AIFF.



1. I would go to the one-day international.
2. Because I lack the time and the patience for a five-day match. The number of drawn Tests has also been a deterrent In one-day internationals, on the other hand, there is always the certainty of a result.
3. I can't think of keeping track of a Test on the TV or the radio. At times I might tune in when a one-day international is being played.
4. The main reason for the decline in interest has been the defensive attitude of the cricketers. How can you afford to sit through five days, when it is evident that both captains are intent on drawing the match?

V.S. Ramnath, telex operator, Bombay.

1 I would go to a one-day match.
2. It is much more interesting to watch a one-day game. Compared to a Test match, a one-day game produces a definite result. Besides, instant cricket is more thrilling.
3. Yes, I do keep myself informed of the scores.
4 The interest has declined in cricket because of a surfeit of Tests as well as a fall in quality. The Indo-Pak series is a reason.

Sabeeha Saleque, student, 22 years, Calcutta



1. A one-day international ticket.
2. Because I would be able to watch the entire game in just one day. The same thing would not be possible during a Test.
3. It would not always be possible for me to keep track of the game on radio or TV.
4. The decline in interest is due to both, too much cricket as well as a fall in quality.

Lala Amarnath, former Test player and critic.

1. I would give preference to the five-day Test match.
2. I prefer to watch a five-day Test because real cricket is played in it. In one-day cricket it is just excitement and improvisation. To appreciate genuine batting and bowling skills you have to watch a five-day Test.
3. I do not watch cricket on TV or radio. I prefer to go the ground and watch a match. However, I do listen to the radio occasionally to find out the score if I am not able to



attend.
4. If there is a decline in interest in cricket it is because of the fall in quality of Test cricketers.

Akhtar Ali, India's Davis Cup coach.

1. I would go to the one-day international.
2. I can't spare the time for a Test match, at least not for five days. The entertainment on the other hand, is more in a one-day match. Also, the result is guaranteed.
3. I would follow the game occasionally on television. Otherwise, only through newspapers.
4. The standard has certainly not dropped. Too many Test matches have reduced the interest.

Interviews by Novy Kapadia, Partab Ramchand, Haresh Munwani, Pradeep Paul, Shevlin Sebastian, Mudar Patherya, David McMahon and Suprakash Ghoshal.

My Test debut

M.J. Gopalan in the second edition of his reminiscences



AS IN cricket, I was in hockey too, a self-made man. One assimilated a lot by watching the incomparable Dhyan Chand. I have often been asked whether he was as good as later reports tended to put it The truth is that he was all that—and more. Reports about his play were not at all exaggerated. His passes were electrifying and invariably found the man. His positional play was exemplary and he was always on hand to receive a pass given to him As for his stickwork and shooting ability—well, the cliche goes that he moved with the ball as if it was glued to his stick.

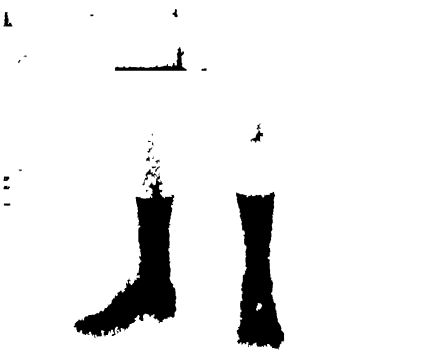
Dhyan was a man of disciplined habits, a quiet, modest gentleman in spite of his great accomplishments, the perfect model for the younger generation.

His brother Roop Singh was also a great player but he tended to hang onto the ball for more time than necessary. His incessant dribbling used to exasperate even his teammates and I recall Dhyan Chand on a couple of occasions shouting at him to let go of the ball. In those days the accent was always on attack There used to be ten defenders at times virtually shutting out the goalpost. Still goals used to be scored and in this Roop Singh was a specialist.

Back to cricket. In 1930, a Ceylon team came to India and played several matches. They had won or drawn all their matches before coming to Madras for their final game, against an all Madras XI. The team was a fairly strong one and included greats like Kelart and Gunasekhara. The match has gone down in the chronicles of Madras cricket, let me say with all modesty,as'Gopalan's Match'. I took six wickets in the first innings and seven in the second. My second innings bag included a hat-trick; I had clean bowled all the three victims. We inflicted the first defeat on the visitors, and that too by an innings. This was the game which was kept in mind when it was decided to institute the Gopalan Trophy for the annual encounter between Madras and Ceylon. The trophy was instituted in 1952 as a commemoration of my 25 years of playing cricket and hockey In fact, at that time there were a number of felicitations. Even a souvenir was brought out to mark the occasion. That really embarrassed me

The next year, the Maharajkumar of Vizianagram, one of the early patrons of the game in the country, brought a team to Madras Named the "Vizzy XI", the team included Hobbs and Sutcliffe We, in India, had heard much about the great pair and eagerly looked forward to playing against them and continuing our learning process. I learnt a lot from them, particularly one aspect which I had ignored for long—running between wickets. There seemed to be some telepathic understanding between them; there was no calling, no gesturing. One would tap the ball and before the fielders knew it, the run would be completed, silently and without any fuss As for their batting, even though both were well past their best—in fact Hobbs had already retired from Test cricket and Sutcliffe was on the verge of following him—there was no denying their class





The author as a hockey player

Early in 1932, I was called for the selection trials at Patiala to help pick the Indian team for the tour of England I knew I faced a tough task For one thing, I was one of 35 or 40 players called up.

Secondly, the competition was pretty tough, for the Bombay Quadrangulars (later the Pentangular) had brought to the fore many talented young cricketers. I thought I had done well at the trials but did not expect to be selected. I was not unhappy or surprised when I was finally overlooked

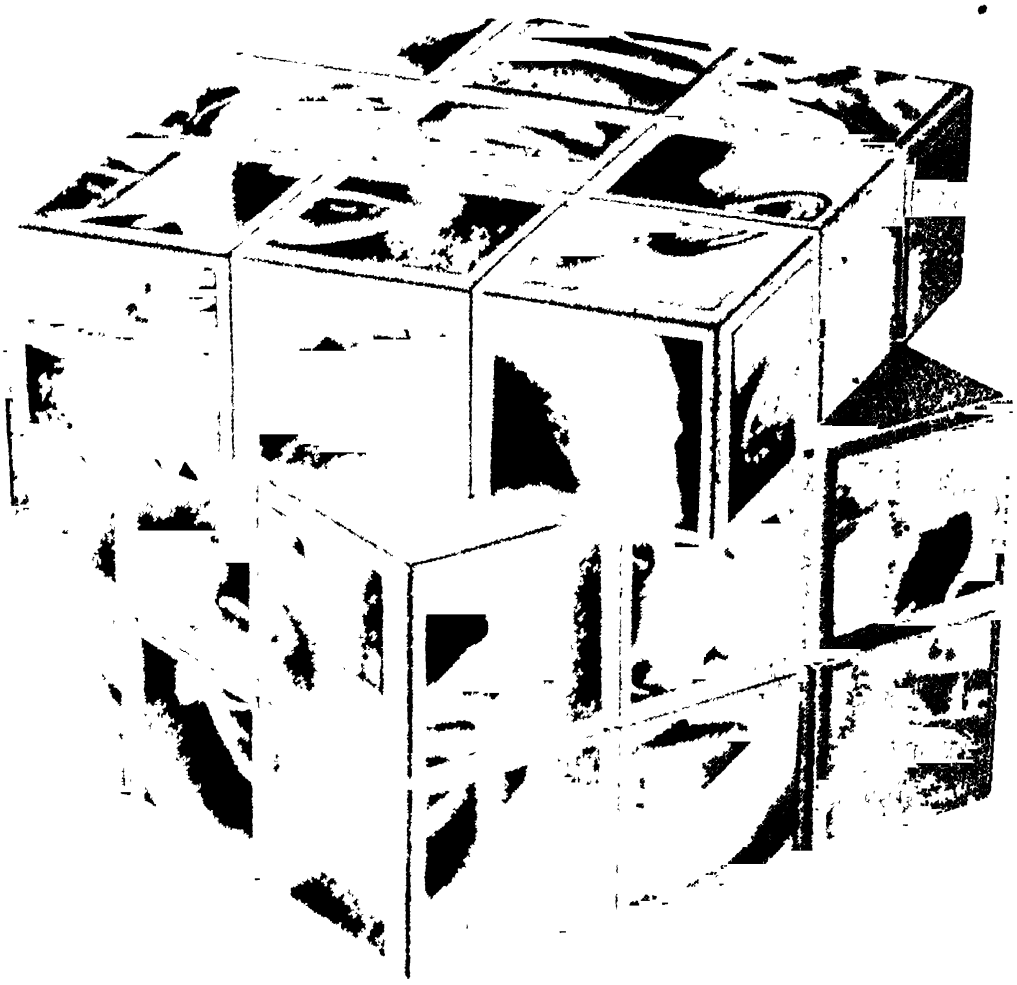
The one memory I still retain of that trip was the unbearable cold at nights. We used to sleep in tents with only bonfires to keep us warm.

The tuft on my head in those days was almost as well known as my cricketing feats Being brought up in an orthodox family, like all youths, I too had a tuft, considered a must for people of our community. I remember that when I first started playing big cricket and wore a cap, I used to tuck my tuft into the cap. It was quite a nuisance as quite often it would fall out The situation was worse when it came to hockey There was no question of a cap and sometimes during a critical moment when receiving a pass—the tuft would come down and obscure my view. I still remember how during play, I used to put my hockey stick between my legs and tie my tuft all over again, and then resume playing.

Finally, I decided that something had to be done. In 1932, on the way to Patiala for the camp, we halted at Delhi and there I cut it off I knew my parents would be shocked and they were. But as my friends advised me, I was ready with a foolproof alibi. I told them that while I was sleeping, some friends of mine had chopped it off.

Continued next week

India v/s England 1984-85



Who will be the Thums Up Man of the Series?

Thums up will award Rs.30,000 [illegible] to the 'Man of the Series'...

And Rs.10,000 to the winner of the 'Man of the Series' Nomination Contest!

Nominate the 5 players who you feel will top the point-count at the end of the series. You win if your nomination matches the final results.

The last date for entries is after the end of the second test — so that you have time to assess the players' form. But if you wish, you can send in your entry right away.

Fill in this form or write it out in the same format on a separate paper.

ENTRY FORM

Name_____

Address_____

_____

For the Thums Up 'Man of the Series' Contest, I nominate the following top five players:

1st_____

2nd_____

3rd_____

4th_____

5th_____

Read these rules carefully·

1. All entries must reach this address by 24th December 1984, 'Thums Up' P.O. Box 10093, Bombay-400 001.
2. There is no entry fee. You do not have to enclose anything.
3. Each person may send only one entry.
4. Only entries received by us will be considered. Declared results will be final and no further correspondence will be entertained.
5. Employees (or their relatives) of Parle (Exports) Pvt. Ltd. and Trikaya Advertising Pvt Ltd. will not be eligible to enter.
6. In case of two or more winners, the prize money will be equally divided

I have read the rules and agree to abide by them.

Signature

No selectors, no judges. You keep the score!

Here's the point count system, to refresh your memory. Keep adding the points, test after test. Remember, it's the grand total for the series that counts.

How to give points

For runs

24: 0 • 25-49: 1 • 50-74: 3 • 75-99: 5 • 100-124: 7, etc.

Every times a batsman scores 25 runs, give him one point. When his score reaches 50, give him two more points. Then keep giving him two points for every 25 runs added. Start afresh at the beginning of each inning.

For wickets

1:1 • 2;2 • 3:4 • 4:6 • 5.8 etc.

Give one point each for the first two wickets taken. After two wickets, start giving two points for every additional wicket. Start afresh with each inning.

For catches

1:1 • 2:2 • 3:4 • 4·6 • etc.

For stumpings

1:2 • 2:4 • 3:6 etc In every innings, allot 2 points for every stumping, and one point for every catch. After two catches, allot two points for every additional catch.

Bonus Points

Give 10 bonus points to any batsmen scoring 450 runs or more in the series and any bowler taking 22 wickets.

* Payment of cash prize to non- Indian winner subject to R.B I. approval. However, the trophy can be won by a player of either team.

Thums Up

The refreshing Cola

Happy days are here again...



Artificially flavoured
Contains no fruit juice or fruit pulp.

Trikaya.PE 12 84

IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix

Top talent is the name of the game

THE International Amateur Athletic Federation (IAAF) in conjunction with Mobil Corporation will initiate, in 1985, the IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix--an international series of meetings of the world's top athletes.

The IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix was developed by the IAAF and is based on an American programme sponsored by Mobil and organised by The Athletics Congress (the U.S. governing body for athletics). Mobil's sponsorship in the United States of the Indoor and Outdoor Grand Prix and Indoor and Outdoor National Championships has given great impetus to America's athletics programme.

The world body, the organisation which will conduct and supervise this new competition, believes that the IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix will beneficially affect the development of the participating athletes and increase worldwide popularity of the sport. The programme will be a significant force in strengthening international athletics competition by bringing together the world's major international invitation meetings.

"The IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix will bring together the greatest athletes from nations all over the world," said Herbert Schmertz, Mobil's Vice-President of Public Affairs. "The calibre of competition will reach a level of excellence that, because of the 1980 and 1984 Olympic boycotts, has not been seen in almost a decade."

This new competition will pit the world's outstanding athletes against each other, in a series of meetings in 13 countries, including three Eastern European nations. The first two meetings of the IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix series will be held in the United States. The other meetings will be staged in the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Finland, France, England, Norway, Hungary, Switzerland, the Federal Republic of Germany, Belgium, and the final in Italy.

The IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix will carry $542,000 in awards, and each year will consist of qualified scoring events contested at meetings which have been designated as Grand Prix Meetings. This designation shall be confirmed by the IAAF Council at its first meeting following the European Calendar Congress each year.

In each year there will be an Individual Event Grand Prix for sixteen athletics disciplines—nine for men and seven for women—and in addition there will be an Overall Grand Prix for men and one for women. Grand Prix awards will be made to the IAAF member federation of the winning athletes. The awards will be distributed in accordance with the IAAF rules.

First place awards in both the men's and women's overall Grand Prix will be $25,000, with $15,000 awarded for second place, $10,000 for third and $5,000 for fourth. Awards in individual events of the Grand Prix will be $10,000 for first place, $7,000 for second place, $4,000 for third, $3,000 for fourth, $2,000 for fifth, and $1,000 for sixth.

In odd-numbered years, such as 1985, the Grand Prix will consist of the following events: **Men** —200 metres, 400 metres, 1500 metres, 5,000 metres, 110m hurdles, pole vault, discus, javelin and long jump. **Women** —100 metres, 800 metres, 3000 metres, 400m hurdles, high jump, shot put and long jump.

In even-numbered years, the Grand Prix will consist of the following events: **Men** —100 metres, 800 metres, 10,000 metres, 3,000m steeplechase, 400m hurdles, high jump, shot put, hammer and triple jump. **Women** —200 metres, 400 metres, 1500 metres, 5,000 metres, 100m hurdles, discus and javelin.

Events at designated Grand Prix

Mobilising Resources

The IAAF/Mobil Grand Prix will comprise 15 Grand Prix meetings stages from May to September throughout the 1985 season, culminating in a Grand Prix final which will be held in Rome on September 7. The schedule of meetings for the 1985 IAAF/Mobil Grand Prix contains the most prestigious International Invitation meetings of the world. These meetings have already attracted worldwide public attention

May 25	Bruce Jenner Classic	(San Jose, CA)	USA
June 1	Prefontaine Classic	(Eugene, OR)	USA
June 8	Zhamensky Memorial	(Moscow)	URS
June 22	Rosicky Memorial	(Prague)	TCH
July 2	DN-Galan	(Stockholm)	SWE
July 4	World Games	(Helsinki)	FIN
July 16	Nikaia	(Nice)	FRA
July 19	Peugeot-Talbot Games	(London)	GBR
July 27	Bislett Games	(Oslo)	NOR
August 2	IAC/Coca-Cola	(London)	GBR
August 4	Grand Prix	(Budapest)	HUN
August 21	Weltklasse	(Zurich)	SUI
August 23	ISTAF	(Berlin)	FRG
August 25	Weltklasse	(Cologne)	FRG
August 30	Ivo Van Damme Memorial	(Brussels)	BEL
September 7	Grand Prix final	Rome	ITA



Stephanie Hightower (right) clears the last hurdle in the USA/Mobil Championships

meetings shall qualify as Grand Prix scoring events if five or more of the bona fide competitors in the event have, in the current or preceding year, equalled or bettered the performance of the 50th best in the world during the year preceding the Grand Prix, as recognised by the Association of Athletics Statisticians. For the purpose, performances in the 100 and 200 metres, the 100 and 110m hurdles, and the horizontal jumps shall not be credited if aided by excessive wind.

For all Grand Prix scoring events prior to the Grand Prix final scoring will be on the following basis: nine points for first place, seven for second place, six for third, five for fourth, four for fifth, three for sixth, two for seventh and one for eighth. An additional six points will be awarded for a world record, and an extra three points for equalling a world record. At the Grand Prix final, all points will be doubled, including those for equalling or breaking a world record. Record points will be credited only if all conditions for world record ratification appear to have been met.

For purposes of the Overall Grand Prix, points earned in different Grand Prix events may be accumulated. However, an athlete can be credited with points from only one event per Grand Prix meeting.

An athlete may, therefore, compete in more than one Grand Prix discipline, but at the end of the series only his/her highest scoring discipline will be considered for the Overall Grand Prix.

Mobil and The Athletics Congress initiated the Outdoor Grand Prix in 1981 and the Indoor Grand Prix in 1982. The USA Grand Prix, which culminates with the Indoor and Outdoor National Championships, helped develop individual performances and created more public awareness of the sport's leading competitors.

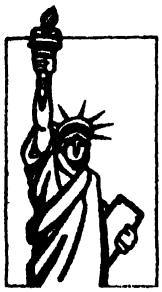
"The USA Mobil Grand Prix has been a tremendous success in America and was a big factor in America's performance in the Olympics," said Allan Cassell, the Executive Director of The Athletics Congress. "The IAAF-Mobil Grand Prix will strengthen the athletics programme of all the participating countries. Our American athletes have expressed great interest in participating in this programme."

The USA Mobil Grand Prix has been especially effective in developing relatively unknown athletes and turning them into contenders for Olympic medals, such as Valerie Brisco-Hooks, for example. Before 1984 Brisco-Hooks, a 24-year-old competitor for the World Class AC, had ranked in the top ten among American women only once in the 400 metres (eighth in 1979) and only twice in the 200 metres (second in 1979, ninth in 1981).

This year, she was a regular competitor in both the Indoor and Outdoor Grand Prix, and won the Indoor Grand Prix title in the 220 yards and the Outdoor National Championship in the 400 metres. She carried her record ever further at the Olympics, stunning the sports world by capturing three gold medals.

The Olympic spirit lives on

George K. George



THE Olympics have come and gone, but the spirit of the Olympics is lingering on in the United States. After the break they deserved, the athletes are back in action. Some are busy with their professional debut, others are participating in exhibitions to help their national sports organisations. Some are basking in the glory of instant stardom. A lucky few are amassing millions.

The Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee is still engaged in a contest. This time, it is on behalf of some of the third world nations which participated in the Games. The committee has recommended that an unexpected surplus of the profits of the games should be distributed to 60 small nations in the form of a "friendship fund."

According to early estimates, the Games had produced a profit of 150 million dollars and it was to be distributed between the US Olympic Committee, youth groups of Los Angeles and various national sports federations in the US.

A further four or five million dollars materialised as surplus to the projected 150 million. The organising committee wants to give it away to the poor nations which contributed to the success of the games by their presence, defying the Soviet boycott.

The US Olympic Committee members have opposed the proposal. However, they have appointed a committee to look into the matter and a decision is expected by the end of December.

In the meantime, six Olympic boxing medal winners made their professional debut in New York. Another six members of the team are preparing for their own entry to the professional arena.

The American gymnasts, who stole the hearts of America, are on another mission. Before some of them turn pro, most members came together for what is known to be the 1984 Tour of America's Gymnastics Champions. It began in the New York area and ended in Los Angeles on 4 November.

The show was a mixture of gymnastic routines, laughter and music. The members of the men's team and two members of the women's team, Julianne McNamara and Tracey Tolevera constituted the team. Mary Lou Retton and the other young women were unable to join



Muhammad Ali: thriving on media attention despite his illness

the team due to other commitments. The purpose of the tour was to raise funds for the National Association.

At each exhibition, at least 10,000 fans, mostly teenagers, showed up to cheer the performers. Meanwhile, Greg Louganis, the double diving medallist, is on another mission: promoting the great American smokeout. It is a day chosen by the American Heart Association to campaign against smoking. On that day the smokers are asked to give up smoking. Louganis, who used to smoke for 15 years, gave it up last year. He kicked off a 27-hour dance marathon at the University of Maryland for the benefit of the American Cancer Society.

The champ won't quit

MUHAMMAD ALI was back in town to receive the Rocky Marciano award, an honour conferred by a local sports organisation. He was in New York two months ago, for three days, to undergo treatment and tests for the symptom of Parkinson's Syndrome.

He claims that he is cured, but the slurred speech and unsteady steps indicate his real condition. Yet, he posed for pictures and sparred with the members of the Air Force Academy boxing team.

Ali is supposed to continue his medication. But according to his companions, he does not do so regularly. He continues to travel. His next destination is Saudi Arabia. After that, it will be Peking and Singapore. Nothing, not even a deadly disease can stop him or shut him up. "I shall return" he says each time as he takes leave. And so far, he has been keeping that promise.

It is exactly 10 years since Zaire and he has come a long way. Ken Norton, the man who gave him the fight of his life there, is long gone from the media limelight. Ali just cannot do it. The media seems to be the one thing that keeps him going.



Chris Evert-Lloyd led the US team to its 46th successive Wightman Cup victory

Not so easy

IT was not exactly a close call. But it was not a walkover either for Chris Evert-Lloyd and her companions who went to play team tennis in London, the permanent venue of the Wightman Cup. The Americans, without Martina Navratilova, were the favourites even before they deplaned. However, the talented British gave a spirited display on their own soil. The 5-2 result in favour of the Americans came after a few tough moments.

In the absence of Kathy Jordan, who withdrew because of illness, Alycia Moulton, 21 in the world rankings, joined the American squad. Barbara Potter, Sharon Walsh and collegian Gretchen Rush were already in the team. Chris began the campaign with an easy win over Anne Hobbs. Annabel Croft, the 18-year-old challenger scored an impressive win over Moulton. The three-setter was the most thrilling match of the tie and Croft, "the youngest member of the British team was tough and consistent.

Jo Durie prevailed over Potter, but Chris wrested the initiative for her team by teaming up with Moulton to win the doubles against veteran Virginia Wade and Amanda Brown, who is 20 years younger than Wade.

Potter won the decisive match against Hobbs and Chris put the Americans in a more respectable position by beating Durie.

Potter and Walsh teamed up, to beat Durie and Hobbs in a tough match to give the US its 46th Wightman in its 56-year-history.

The crisis of Steve Ovett

Lokesh Sharma explains why the Briton has never really been considered a hero

STEVE OVETT's track exploits have been widely appreciated ever since he splashed his athletic talents in the international arena around the late Seventies. One need not be a track nut to know that the world 1,500m record holder, former mile record holder and the Moscow Olympics 800m champion is one of the greatest ever middle distance runners.

But little is known about Ovett the man who lives behind a facade of arrogant aloofness. It is really unfortunate that his frequent outbursts have allowed his critics to label him as selfish and unpatriotic, to colour his character with a villainous hue. The media has always talked about his arrogant victory gestures while setting world records or his refusal to turn out for Britain on certain occasions. But they always seem to ignore his sympathetic attention to young autograph hunters and the time he spends with disabled children.

This opinion has gripped the commoners so much that whenever the public is picking its heroes, Ovett's name appears at the tag end of the list. A couple of weeks ago on a flight to New Delhi I met an Englishwoman with an appetite for athletics. The conversation meandered to track personalities. She said Coe was a gentleman, Daley Thompson so exuberant and loving. But she had only one word for Ovett — selfish.

Ovett himself has done nothing to demolish the opinions. In fact he has rarely spoken to the Press for the last seven or eight years. He had walked out of the Press cubicle in London's Crystal Palace curtly saying that the reporters could put their questions to the empty chair and coin the replies themselves — something which they do perfectly.

Ovett and the press developed such scorn for each other that neither had anything good to say to the other. In 1982 Ovett said: "I knew I was going to be successful and for quite a long time and I had seen what had happened to George Best (footballer) and Dave Bedford (distance runner). They were taken up by the media, made into stars and then after a while the Press got bored with them and started being destructive.

"I was determined that wasn't going to happen to me, so I tried not to get involved at all, they wrote destructive things, anyway. It's got to a stage were I'm beginning to come out like a cross between Attila the Hun and Genghis Khan and I wouldn't like kids coming into the sport to think that you have to be mean to get on. I want them to see I'm not as evil as I'm made out to be."

The problem is that Ovett enjoys his running. Everything, including winning, is secondary to him. In 1979, he preferred to run a 1,500m race in Nijmegen (Holland) in favour of turning out for Britain in the European Cup semi finals at Malmo, Sweden. Reacting to the mounting opposition Ovett told *Athletics Weekly*: "I run to please myself. I am not here to serve other people. I will do my bargaining and bartering with the Board, but they have got to appreciate that I'm an amateur and I run as I please mainly so I'll select my races and run the ones I feel are best for me, and if that causes an uproar, then I'm sorry. But I'll still do it."



A lot of people may find Ovett's withdrawal unethical, but no one can deny that an athlete deserves the freedom to prepare for the Olympic Games as he wishes. And Ovett just happened to think that the Dutch competition was more important for his Moscow preparation.

Ovett has dealt with most of these issues at length in his just-released autobiography with John Rodda of *The Guardian*. Ovett had at one time said that he never wanted a book about himself. In fact, he refused to help Simon Turnbull when he wrote his biography. Perhaps Rodda's genuine interest in athletics and his purposeful writing won him Ovett's confidence. I remember top American miler Craig Masbach telling me last year that Rodda was the only athletics writer who understood the athletes.

In the book Ovett reveals that Harry Wilson has not been his coach for something which has been believed for many years and endorsed by Wilson himself. He says that most of his training schedules are worked out in consultation with his training partner Matt Patterson. "While Harry still had a valuable role to play, more and more Matt became the person with a finger on my athletic pulse—he knows me as far as the business of running is concerned better than anyone else."

Going with his complex nature there are some contradictions in the book. For instance, talking of his much-awaited mile race with Coe he writes: "The fact that Seb and I did not meet, I believe, did no harm to anyone; rather the reverse. The fascination, the question mark over who would win, meant that the focus worldwide on British athletics was maintained. Had we raced several times after Moscow, that interest might well have faded."

Later in the book he talks of his run with teammate Steve Cram in the Coke Mile, 1983: "If we can produce a few more races like that mile the follower of the sport will be happy—it is the sort of competition on which our sport flourishes."



Dynamite Dennis, the action man

Dennis Lillee was, perhaps, one of the greatest fast bowlers of all time. In addition, he was a fierce competitor, a hard grafter and a great team man. **Ian Brayshaw** outlines his career in the concluding extract from his book "Warriors in Baggy Green Caps," published by Lansdowne Rigby International and priced at £8.95

There was no reason at all to stand on the rooftops and crow about Dennis Keith Lillee's first spell with the ball in Test cricket. Those who saw him would say that the young tearaway struggled a little, pushing up into the wind at the Adelaide Oval at the start of the Sixth Test against England in January 1971. But, by the end of that innings, when Lillee had shown his wares with the wind at his shoulder, even those not given to the use of superlatives were at least walking about with a smile on their faces. For Lillee had landed in the big pool of Test cricket with a resounding splash which was to send out waves all over the world for many years to come. His return of five wickets for 84 runs from 28 overs and three balls included John Edrich and the 'handy' scalps of Alan Knott and Ray Illingworth.

Standing at first slip and watching it all unfold, this birth of a battering ram, was Ian Chappell, who must at that stage have been aware that he would soon be the Australian captain. How Chappell must have thrilled at the sight of Lillee, an awesome spectacle with his long mane of dark hair and shirt unbuttoned to display a mat of hair on a broad, if not yet deep, chest. For he knew only too well the inestimable value of having a top fast bowler at the head of your attack. After all, he'd been hunted and haunted by Peter Pollock and Mike Procter...and hadn't the masterly John Snow, aided by Peter Lever and Bob Willis, been the difference between the two sides in this present 1970-71 Ashes series?

So Lillee had arrived, just in time as it turned out, for Ian Chappell to set sail with him as the spearhead. And Lillee was to serve his new leader, as he would have served any leader (such is the make-up of the man), remarkably well and with unswerving loyalty. He never failed to answer the question or heed the call of captain and country and in a rather ironical way this dogged devotion was counter-productive. Lillee simply bowled himself into the ground in 1973 and brought about a heartbreaking back injury which could easily have meant the end of a promising career. As it was, it cost Lillee a total of ten Test matches from 1973 to 1974, a third of the games he might have played under Chappell.

However, the 20 Chappell Tests in which he did play produced the outstanding return of 92 wickets at the cost of 2161 runs, at the excellent average of 23.50. They included one ten-wicket match and a total of four Test match innings of five or more wickets. His first full series for Chappell, the 1972 tour of England, gave Lillee a haul of 31 wickets from five Tests and the record for an Australian bowler in England. Twice in that series he claimed three wickets in four balls (with the hapless Ray Illingworth and John Snow a common factor). He also took a total of ten wickets for 181 in the Fifth Test at the Oval, which Lillee still rates as his finest perfomance with the ball.



"Many a batsman found he lost the struggle to stop his knees knocking that little bit when Lillee followed through..."

So, despite an injury that could have meant the end for a less resolute individual, but which, in fact, became one of the most stirring comebacks in the annals of sport, Lillee the lionheart was a key cog in Chappell's teams. Lillee's bowling and his approach to Test cricket embodied most of the qualities Ian Chappell tried to inject into an Australian side that had been flagging for some years. The new skipper wanted bite and fight, a controlled aggression, a simmering anger about the shakiness of the immediate past, an attitude that there was something to be put right, and soon!

Above all, it is safe to suppose, he wanted winners. Lillee could easily have bobbed up during the tenure of some other fortunate Australian leader, but as coincidence would have it he was handed on a silver platter to Chappell. Here was a winner, a fierce competitor, a hard grafter and, perhaps of equal importance, a team man. A fellow who, when his brain and soul weren't totally consumed or numbed by the personal sacrifice of

fast bowling, could feel for his teammates and give to them and take from them. Yul Brynner, when picking his 'team' in the film 'The Magnificent Seven,' went about it with meticulous care, knowing that at some stage his life could be in their hands. Had Ian Chappell been given the same rights with his team, he could not have made a better choice than Lillee. Chappell's reputation, rather than his life, would be in the hands of those around him.

Those who have ever faced a fast bowler who operates off an extremely long approach will know that such a run-up sometimes has a mesmeric effect. There's just too much time to consider what is about to happen and, granted concentration is the keynote to a successful negotiation of the delivery, it provides an awfully long time to be concentrating. Some players overcome this problem by not looking up at the bowler until he is halfway down his track, then gearing up all the mechanisms to handle that split second of firepower. Whatever the technique adopted, there are few who ever really master a great fast bowler and even fewer who ever feel comfortable when the ball takes something less than half a second to travel from bowler's hand to batsman.

The stakes are high enough these days, when those who accept the duty of facing the fastest of the bowlers at their freshest and with the brand new cherry do so in the knowledge that they will at least be protected to some degree from the potentially lethal blow to the head. But travel back in time to the early 1970s when Dennis Lillee went to work at the vanguard of Ian Chappell's attack and contemplate the threat he must have posed, though it's true that in the days before helmets were worn, cricketers were not so aware of the personal perils involved in facing a quickie. The result, of course, was that Lillee provided Chappell's teams with a great psychological advantage. Nobody really looked forward to meeting Lillee. Most could think of a few hundred places they'd rather be.

And, before Chappell's marvellous reign came to an end, the problems were multiplied by the arrival of a twin of terror in Jeff Thomson. The slingshot deliveries of Thomson were marginally faster than those of Lillee and their combined effect was devastating in most of the ten Tests they played in tandem under Chappell. Lillee had a more diverse armoury than Thomson with which to harry the batsman. By the time they had joined forces in earnest for the 1974-75 Ashes series in Australia, Lillee had gone a long way to mastering control of line and length. Batsmen were given little respite when they stood at the other end from the Demon. There were precious few balls they could let fly harmlessly by. On the other hand, Thomson, perhaps because of the style of his delivery, tended to spray the ball.

Lillee also posed a greater threat mentally. Both he and Thomson admitted they 'hated' the man at the other end of the wicket, but Lillee simply showed it more effectively. While Thommo growled and grumbled more at himself than anybody else,

"Lillee asked Ian Chappell if he could have a rest. Sensing the dynamite in the wicket, Chappell talked him into one more over. It was the signal for an avalanche. Before the session of play was over, the World side had been dismissed for 59. Lillee had figures of 8 for 29..."

Lillee invariably made the batsman his target and worked hard to put himself way out in front in this psychological battle. Many a batsman found he lost the struggle to stop his knees knocking that little bit when Lillee followed through to within a couple of metres and let fly with a mouthful or simply laid on the famous Lillee 'glare'. This outward aggression fitted snugly into Ian Chappell's approach to the game and if Lillee ever needed support in the war of nerves it was usually forthcoming from his skipper.

It is the subject of debate among the aficionados as to whether the Dennis Lillee of 1971, with his long, awkward, angled approach and all the trappings of the angry young man, posed a greater threat to the fibre of batsmen than did the more refined and less hostile product of more than a decade later. Certainly dramatic changes have been made along the way and others have been wrought by the hands of Time. When he first burst on to Test cricket scene at the age of 21 Lillee was very much raw material. By his own admission he had one thought and only in those days: 'To thump the ball down as fast as possible.' The ability to do that for long periods, based on wonderful reserves of stamina gained through rigorous training routines, would take Lillee a good way towards the top of the tree. In plain truth, he possessed a rare commodity called 'blistering speed'.

In the meantime, though, he had placed himself in the limelight with one of the great pieces of fast bowling. Lined up against the Rest of the World side at his home ground in Perth, Lillee lapped up a lightning fast and bouncy strip to humble a line-up of some of the world's best bats of the day. He recalls arriving at the ground 'as crook as a dog with some virus that was going around Perth at the time' and not all that interested in the game at hand. He had picked up a couple of wickets when he asked Ian Chappell if he could have a rest. Sensing the dynamite in the wicket, Chappell talked him into one more over. It was the signal for an avalanche of wickets to fall to Lillee. Before the session of play was over, the World side had been dismissed for 59. Lillee had figures of eight for 29 and he marks the game as his most memorable. He stops short of claiming the bowling performance to be his best, 'because the conditions were so favourable for me'.

It was later in that summer, during the closing stages of the fourth international against the World side, that Lillee suffered his first back troubles. It was near the end of what had been a long and hard season for him and he was simply going through the motions when, next thing he knew, there was his captain standing before him. 'Listen pal,' said Chappell, 'if I want somebody to bowl leg-spinners I'll bring on "T.J." (Terry Jenner) or "Skull" (Kerry O'Keeffe)...' This pricked Lillee and he stormed back to his mark and went steaming in to prove to his skipper that he could make one fly. The ball did fly at the batsman, Indian Sunil Gavaskar, but at the other end of the wicket the bowler collapsed in pain, clasping his lower back area.

Lillee was told he had muscle problems in his back and only a few weeks



Patrick Eagar

"How Chappell must have thrilled at the sight of Lillee, an awesome spectacle with his long mane of dark hair and shirt unbuttoned to display a mat of hair on a broad, if not yet deep, chest."

later he passed a flimsy medical examination and was off on the tour of England. But things were not good for him in the chill of the early English summer. Wracked with pain every time he put any beef into his work and sinking to the depths of despair, Lillee moped around the first few weeks of that tour. Gloom settled a little on the Australian camp, too, when the drastic action of manipulation under general anaesthetic by a Harley Street specialist appeared to have failed. But with a spirit of determination that was later to become the byword, Lillee never quite gave up hope that things would come right. He brushed the tears away after yet another abortive attempt, then, almost at the eve of the First Test, he found it.

He sprang into the First Test at Manchester with two wickets in the first innings and then figures of six wickets for 66 in the second. Admittedly the wicket at Manchester had a distinct green tinge to it throughout the game, but still it was a most satisfying return and stood as his career-best in Tests until the Melbourne Centenary Test when he took six for 26. His best return to date is seven for 83 in the First Test against the West Indies in 1981-82. The Second Test at Lord's will always be known as 'Massie's Match' because Lillee's West Australian teammate Bob Massie captured eight wickets in each innings in his debut match. Lillee recalls with unabashed awe the manner in which Massie weaved his web around the England batsmen with his prodigious swing. He also recalls with some pride that he took the remaining four wickets in the game for a clean sweep to his home State.

However, for sheer personal and team satisfaction, the Fifth Test at The Oval will take some stacking. The Australians went into that game still smarting from their loss in somewhat unsavoury circumstances on a turning wicket at Leeds. Lillee couldn't help feeling that something more than Fate had robbed them at Leeds and he lifted himself magnificently in the final Test, as if to make a point. He gave body and soul on a featherbed track to pick up five wickets in each innings and lay the foundation for a most memorable Australian victory. There was considerable tension as his teammates set sail after the victory target, but finally the game was won and the celebrations lasted well into the night.

Lillee had breezed through the series without further back pains, but his troubles in England had been a harbinger. Worse was to come. Back in Australia for the summer of 1972-73, he threw himself into his work for Western Australia and Australia with little thought given to his experiences in the previous 12 months. Finally, his back gave way again in protest. It happened during the Third Test against Pakistan, again in Sydney, and here is where perhaps Lillee's devotion to the cause cost him dearly. Thanks to a magnificent ninth-wicket partnership of 83 between Bob Massie and John Watkins, Australia were able to set Pakistan a target of 159 runs to win the match. Against all advice and commonsense, Lillee went out and opened the attack and, bowling within himself in a containing role, sent down 23 overs unchanged while Max Walker took six for 15 to guide the team to a remarkable victory.

It was a most courageous performance without which Australia almost certainly would have lost the game, but Lillee paid the price. Again he was told his back troubles were merely muscular and again he took off on a tour (this time to the West Indies) not at all convinced that he was fully fit for the task. All went well until the First

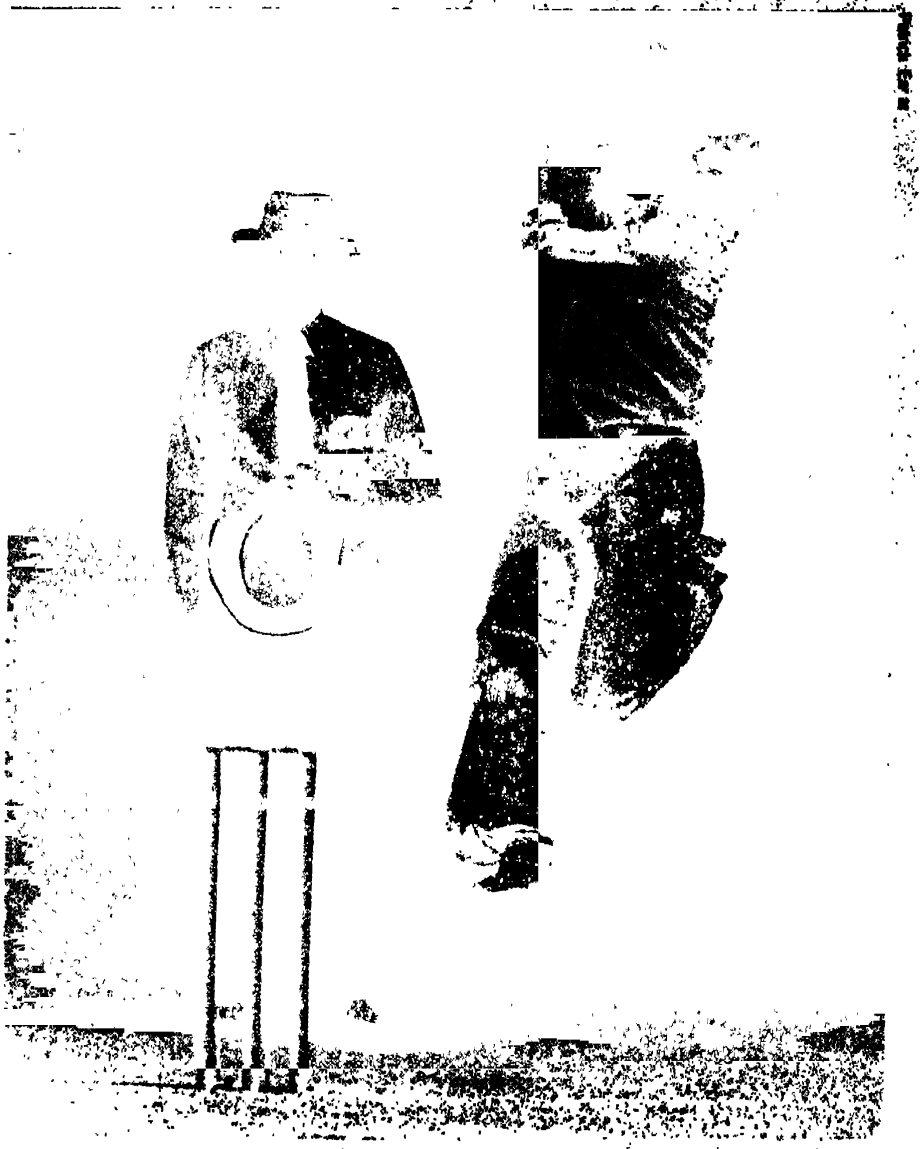
Test at Kingston, Jamaica. Lillee's back was not up to the full stretch of a Test match commitment and he struggled through the game, failing to take a wicket in either innings for the first time. In fact only six times has the master fast bowler suffered the indignity of a wicketless game. The fifth of those occasions can barely be counted as it happened in the Third Test against the West Indies in 1981-82 when Lillee broke down early in the game. Also in the sixth of them he bowled just 15 overs in a rain-hit First Test against New Zealand in 1982.

And so began the most difficult and trying period of his sporting career. Lillee went from one doctor to another throughout the West Indies in search of a solution to his back problems. Opinions conflicted, treatments varied and still there was no improvement. Dejected, but never defeated, he maintained a running programme 'just in case the back came good in time for one or two Tests at the end of the tour'. Just as serious talk began about sending him back to Australia, Lillee stumbled on the solution. He ran into Rudi Webster, a West Indian with a lot of cricket experience who had spent some time in Western Australia working as a radiologist. Webster took numerous X-rays of the stricken bowler's back and finally uncovered three miniscule stress fractures of the lower lumbar vertebrae.

Having safely negotiated the summer, Lillee looked eagerly, if not a little anxiously, to the following season when he would try a comeback to first-class cricket. He enlisted the aid of friends at the University of WA's physical education department and they drew up a programme of exercises aimed at strengthening the back and stomach areas, to guard against repeats of the injury. They also put their 'patient' through a most searching running programme to ensure his fitness and his capability to handle a full Test and domestic schedule.

The task ahead was an Ashes series with six Tests and as the day drew nearer Lillee's anxiety rose. The big question on everybody's lips was: Would his back stand up to the pressures of bowling flat out in a Test match? Bowling mainly within himself in the opening Sheffield Shield games for Western Australia, Lillee did well enough to be chosen for the First Test in Brisbane. On the eve of the game he decided he owed it to his country to give it all he had and bowl flat out. This he did and, bowling in tandem with Jeff Thomson for the first time on an extended basis, he went from strength to strength as the series progressed. The pair wreaked havoc among the England batsmen and, mainly due to their influence, the Ashes were regained with victory in the Fourth Test at Sydney.

That was a great moment for Lillee, as it was for all his teammates. But there was a little extra personal satisfaction for the speedster who had made it back with a vengeance. It is worth noting that the diagnosis by Dr Webster of those stress fractures broke new ground in world-wide medicine, answering a lot of hitherto unanswered questions about mystery back ailments of baseball pitchers, javelin throwers and big-serving tennis players. All put stress on their backs in a similar way to that of the fast bowler. The success of Lillee's application to a scientific training programme in those months before the comeback also set the standard for new training methods for cricketers, in particular those who really bend their backs as fast bowlers. So it could be said that much good came from Dennis Lillee's personal misfortune.



"Dejected, but never defeated, Lillee maintained a running programme just in case the back came good in time for one or two Tests at the end of the tour."

Madison Square Garden Exhibition Boxing

Glitter on a night of gold

George K. George reports from New York on how five US Olympic boxers made their debut in professional boxing

A BREATH of fresh air in the polluted world of boxing at last. A few sparks from the Olympic flame of Los Angeles have brightened up the dark alleys of professional boxing. The professional debut of five Olympic boxing medal winners at New York's Madison Square Garden ended exactly as planned by the promoters. Altogether 22,000 non-paying guests attending the unusual event had the first and probably the last freebie at the Garden.

It was Mark Breland's idea. The most talked-about boxer from New York had requested the promoter to provide free tickets to the boxing fans of the Big Apple. His Olympic teammates agreed. American Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) which had telecast the 1984 Olympics, sponsored the event.

It could very well be the beginning of a new era in boxing. Five Olympians, Breland, Pernell Whitaker, Evander Holyfield, Tyrell Biggs and Meldrick Taylor had teamed up under the patronage of Dan Duva, the third most famous promoter in the United States. Right now, only Bob Arum and Don King seem to be ahead of him in the game of promotion.

Duva signed a multi-year, multi million dollar contract for these Olympians. He indicates that ABC Television will be paying ten million dollars over a period of twelve months, for four more bouts from each of these fighters. Breland's idea of free admission for the public was perceived as a brilliant promotional gimmick by the ABC programming executives.

Olympic gold has been turned into gold mines by many American boxers in the past. Floyd Patterson (1952), Muhammad Ali (1960), Joe Frazier (1964), Joe Foreman (1968) and Leon Spinks (1976) were heavyweights who cashed on their gold.

John Tate, the 1976 silver medallist did extremely well too. The '76 lightweight gold medallist Michael Spinks and the 1976 welterweight golden boy Sugar Ray Leonard reached the peak of their respective divisions.

Since the emergence of Sugar Ray as the heir of Muhammad Ali, no boxer from the Olympic ranks has risen to the world boxing horizon due to the US boycott of the Moscow Olympics in 1980. Sugar Ray's premature retirement left the royal throne empty as Larry Holmes was too awkward to cut a glamorous media image. Gerry Cooney was too inexperienced, Boom Boom Mancini was burnt out and Marvin Hagler and Michael Spinks have been unable to punch with their tongues.

The dirty politics of the boxing establishment added to the confusion. As if the feud between the World Boxing Council and World Boxing Association were not enough, another governing body, the International Boxing Federation suddenly appeared. The number of weight classes multiplied like mushrooms. Most categories have three world champions each.

Television sponsorship generated mega bucks and that, in turn, increased the number of boxers, champions, promoters and trainers. Defeated champions kept coming back from retirement for heavy paychecks.

Even the great Muhammad Ali fell victim to the greed of his advisers and ultimately retired in pathetic circumstances. Sugar Ray attempted an unrealistic comeback and came very close to the stage Ali had reached. He was lucky to save his face in the bout and was smart enough to quit immediately.

WBC and WBA kept the champions in opposite camps, seldom giving them a chance to test their strength. Promoters protected their fighters from strong challengers. Many skeletons of the past were resurrected to face emerging champions.

Millions of dollars offered by national television networks were not enough for the likes of Don King. Hence the closed circuit televising of fights become the order of the day. People paid up to sixty dollars to watch a fight at one of the television outlets. The new trick paid off in the early 1980s. It looked as if the promoters could fool the boxing-crazy public with mismatches involving big names.

Suddenly, the public interest in the boxing business took a dive in 1982. Major television networks had ceased telecasting major bouts. Cable television networks took over as closed circuit television outlets were not generating much business. In fact, the last two major closed circuit bouts ended in substantial financial losses. Promoters of the bout that forced Roberto Duran to his second retirement at the hands of Thomas Hearns suffered a loss of one and a half million dollars. That was the end of the closed-circuit showbiz.

Cable Television Networks kept paying enormous amounts to boxers such as Marvin Hagler and Larry Holmes for taking on weak opponents and journeymen. Some of the major networks repeated the show a week or two later for the general public. The money keeps coming and the

The dirty politics of the boxing establishment added to the confusion. As if the feud between the World Boxing Council and World Boxing Association were not enough, another governing body, the International Boxing Federation suddenly appeared. The number of weight classes multiplied like mushrooms. Most categories have three world champions each.

champions keep fighting for the money.

Hardly a month before the night of gold at the Garden, Marvellous Marvin Hagler made his debut there in a fight against a man he had demolished in 1981. Mustafa Hamsho, a former Syrian citizen, had emerged as the top contender in the middleweight category and it was mandatory for Hagler to fight him.

WBC rules limited the fights to twelve rounds. New York state athletics rules require fifteen rounds. Hagler destroyed Hamsha in the third round itself, but a few hours later, WBC took away his crown. But as usual the IBF was willing to put its stamp on his title.

A week later, Larry Holmes pitted his skills against a fighter called James 'Bonecrusher' Smith. It was another mismatch involving the 35-year-old Holmes against a 31-year-old inexperienced fighter. What mattered to Holmes was the one million dollars he could make. He needs four more wins to beat Rocky Marciano's unblemished record. With a perfect 46-0 record, he could retire, but he wants more money and will take on any boxer.

There are only two big fights in the offing. The bout between Holmes and Gerrie Coetzee of South Africa may never take place. Marvin Hagler's long awaited fight against Thomas Hearns seems possible right now. With Gerry Cooney and Boom Boom Mancini quite far away from a major bout card, nothing exciting could be anticipated for a while.

The debut of the Olympians brought a sigh of relief to the millions who love boxing. It brought in a few fresh faces. The transfusion of new blood has been long overdue and the absence of America's Olympic participation in 1980 delayed it by four years. Finally, a new crop has arrived in American and world boxing.

The most talked about star among the gang of five is Mark Breland. He is supposed to occupy the throne vacated by Sugar Ray. He attracted substantial media attention even before the Olympics through an impressive 110-1 amateur career.

There were flaws in his technique, but the talent was so great that he kept winning. Breland created a sensation by revolting against the US coach Pat Nappi, but both subsequently patched up the differences in time to avoid the wrath of the media. He maintained the glamour and appeal which could bring him millions of dollars in years to come.



Mark Breland (right) receiving punishment from Dwight Williams before ultimately triumphing, in his professional fighting debut in the welterweight division

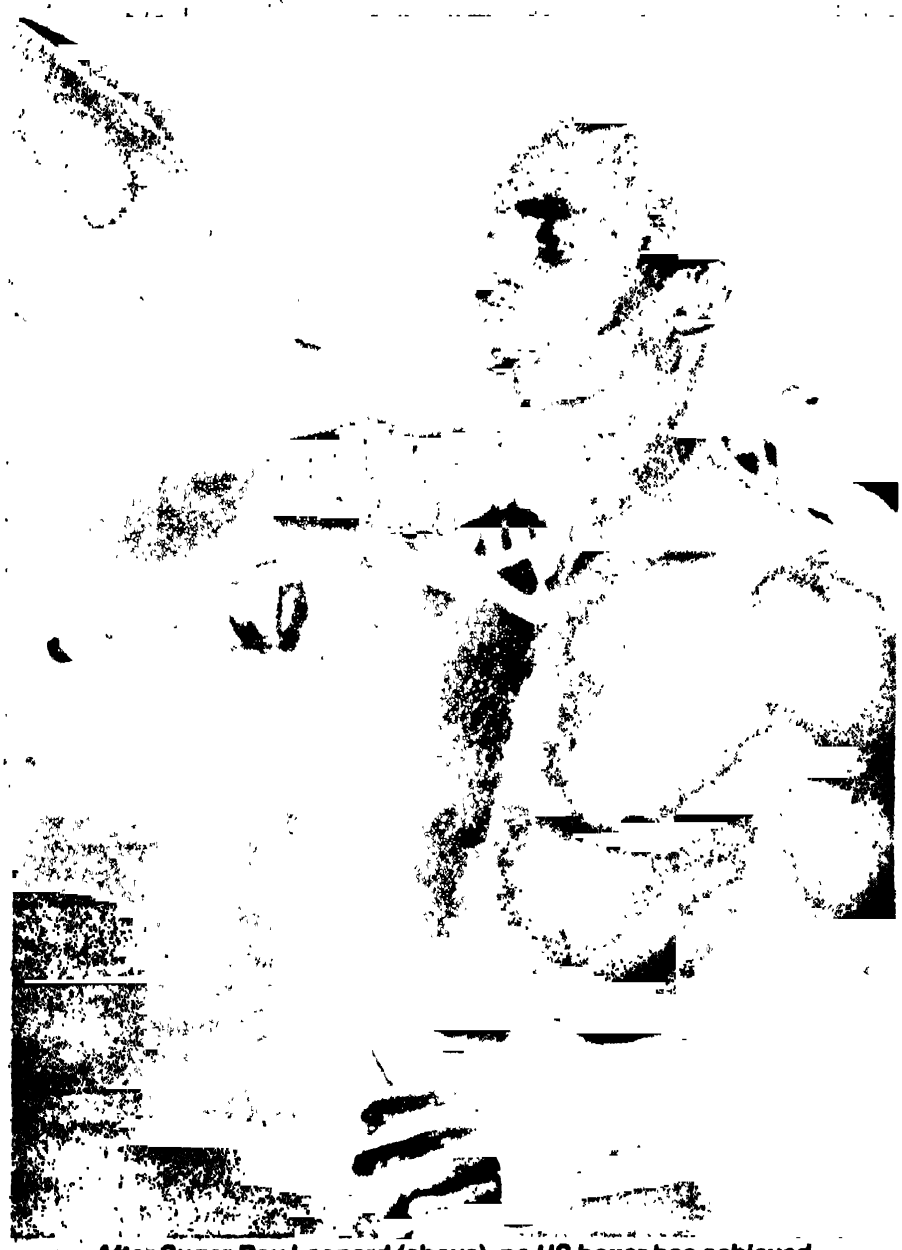
Breland was drawn against a rather weak opponent, Dwight Williams. Still, the fight went the full six rounds As at the Olympics, Breland was erratic in the beginning. Only in the fourth round could he put together some combinations. Some day, Mark Breland will be the welterweight champion of the world. His friends from New York will be there to cheer as they did during this night.

But this certainly was not his night. He won the decision unanimously. He did not knock out or stop his opponent, nor did he give a brilliant display of his talent. His goal seemed to be warding off the pressure of his first professional fight. It was the biggest moment of transition in his life.

The night of gold belonged to a less fancied young man called Pernell Whitaker. The 21-year-old lightweight scored a technical knockout at 2:50 of the second round against Farrain Comeaux. Right jabs and quick movements were Pernell's main weapons. According to a computer count, he threw 124 punches and landed 94 of them. His poor opponent threw 81, but landed just 10. It was a spectacular performance.

By the time the last bout of the night featuring superstar Breland was over, everyone seemed to agree that Whitaker was the most promising and most accomplished fighter of the whole bunch.

Another superb performance came



After Sugar Ray Leonard (above), no US boxer has achieved world status

from another tiny member of the team. Meldrick Taylor, another lightweight from Philadelphia, stopped Luke Lucbe in 2 minutes and 31 seconds. Being the baby of team at 18, Taylor was scheduled for a four-round fight. He did not need even one round. He was not too modest, although, about his success. "You are looking at another Sugar Ray Leonard," he declared after the bout. He may not be another Leonard, but he sure is set to go places.

Evander Holyfield, who won more media attention than the gold medallists through a bronze at the Olympics fought the most balanced fight of the evening. He faced the strongest opponents who gave him tough competition to the end of the sixth round.

The light heavyweight was disqualified at the Olympic semi-final after knocking out his opponent from New Zealand. He was punished for hitting his opponent after the referee had ordered him to stop. Ironically, Holyfield did the same against Lionel Byram at the end of the second and fifth rounds and earned boos from the crowd.

According to Duva, this 21-year-old will be the first to win a boxing title. The lightweight field is rather thin, once current champion Michael Spinks moves out of it. Holyfield is dedicated and purposeful. He is an all-round fighter with a lot of guts and plenty of stamina.

Heavyweight Tyrell Biggs won another unanimous decision from the officials and almost non-stop boos from the crowd for his sluggish performance. He blamed it on his weak opponent Mike Evans of Los Angeles.

Then there was the unsung hero of the night, Virgil Hill, who had a one-fight deal with promoter Duva. He shared so little of the pre-fight publicity. He was the first one to enter the ring. People were still coming in and many members of the media had not yet arrived. Television cameras had not started rolling yet as he entered the ring to take on Arthur Wright, a local fighter.

His fight was over before the telecast started. It ended with an impressive second-round technical knockout. Like Taylor, he was also scheduled for a four-rounder and he was paid less than the other fighters. The amount was something between 5,000 to 10,000 dollars and compare it with the 100,000 for Breland and 75,000 for the other four. An Olympic gold instead of the silver he won, could have earned him a permanent place in Duva's team. The difference in the colour of the medal could cost him a few millions in dollars and good promotion.

It was a wonderful debut for these young men who will dominate the sport for years to come. It was auspicious to see boxing on prime time national television. ABC had not televised a bout in prime time since the Larry Holmes-Marvis Frazier match up in November 1983. The only one before was the Holmes-Tex Cobb mismatch in 1982. These dates give an indication of the alienation of the sport of boxing from the public who have no access to cable television.

The night of gold proved that the damage done to the sport since Ali's mercenary show against Antonio Inoki in 1976. Even though the tickets were free, hundreds of seats were empty. Nor did the television viewers of the New York area and the rest of the country tune in that night in very high numbers. Two other programmes by rival networks had larger audiences.

Yet, it was a marvellous beginning, the dawn of a new era in a sport, ruined by corruption and dirty politics. There may not be another Ali or Leonard in this bunch, but they sure are replacements for an aging Holmes and Hagler.

Cauthen the kid

Adi Davar

STEVE CAUTHEN, once the most celebrated American rider since Paul Revere, became the first American since the first World War to carry away the coveted British jockey's title for the most wins during the recently-concluded 1984 Flat Racing Season.

'The Kid,' as he was nicknamed after that sensational fairy-tale beginning, where he swept everything before him, only came to England in 1979. Living up to his advanced billing was far from easy and it took Cauthen quite some time to find his feet or rather his "seat". "In America" as he said in an interview with *Time* "all those race courses are flat, left handed, about a mile around and usually dirt. In England they are just where they laid them 200 years ago. If there was a hump or bump there, it just went with it." In fact, during his first year, he trudged around close to every track, memorising each idiosyncracy, getting to understand how some courses called for greater pre-race planning than others and knowing when to make that all important final bid.

This year, racing scribe and commentator Brough Scott paid Cauthen the ultimate compliment after he scored a breathtaking victory in the New Market Champion Stakes. Weaving his way (from close to last) through a tightly packed field of eighteen, it was only his brilliance in the last furlong that turned certain defeat into glorious victory. Says Scott, "This was as near to being a masterpiece as is possible in race riding."

Next year, Cauthen will be retained as first rider to Henry Cecil, a man who needs no introduction to racing, and has won the champion trainer championship (flat racing) in England for the fifth time this year. This in effect means that Cauthen will be riding for one of the most powerful stables in the land, and the Cecil-Cauthen combination looks the one to follow next summer.

Victory: sweet and artistic

YEAR after year, the British write and talk of the Arc de Triomphe as though it was just another big all aged middle distance race—a sort of French King George VI, in which the best they have try to win the hardest race in the entire European Racing Calendar—a race for which French trainers plan and work throughout the year, one in which victory is as easy for a foreign horse to come by as an Indian winning an Olympic gold.

This year, as the fifteen-time French champion jockey Yves Saint Martin rode Sagace to a superbly artistic victory, the closest the seven horse Anglo-Irish task force could get was eighth place over 20 lengths behind the winner. It was Martin's fourth triumph in the Trusthouse Forte Prin de l'Arc de Triomphe and for a proud owner Daniel Wildenstein it was his second successive victory after All Along had won the race last year.

Beating Northern Trick by a little under two lengths, Sagace became the first colt in six years to break the stranglehold that the Parisian fillies had on the Arc. In fact the last colt to win this race, was Alleged in 1978. Since then it has turned out to be a ladies affair with fillies like Awasif and All Along being the more recent winners.



Steve Cauthen: masterful riding

Apart from the horsey angle and Yves Saint Martin, this year's Arc was above all a triumph for Patrick Louis Biancome, who trains both Sagace and All Along. Last year they were 11th and 1st respectively and this year it was the other way around. He had begun the season on an enterprising note by winning the Prix du Conseil de Paris, but then he had a set back as he broke a small bone in his near fore hoof while running the Prix Ganay where he finished second. The long layoff proved to be a blessing in disguise for Sagace for he came to Longchamp the freshest horse in the field and Saint Martin did the rest.

Heavy overnight rain forced the authorities to open up the whole course at Longchamp for racing instead of keeping the usual fresh strip along the rails sacrosanct for the Arc. In one sense this move made the race a much fairer test with less advantage attached to the draw. The winner Sagace, and the runner up Northern Trick were both drawn on the outside, '17' and '20' to be precise, dispelling the so called theory that the high draw is fatal in the Arc.

Saint Martin on Sagace was never too far away from the helm of affairs and never appeared to be in any trouble. He always seemed to have so much room to manoeuver which is the hallmark of a great rider. Wet or dry, he knows every clump of grass at Longchamp and he looked supremely confident.

I hope I am gradually proving myself

Rahul Chandawarkar met Ayesha Captain, India's first woman jockey

WHEN the Royal Western India Turf Club (RWITC), the official racing body of Western India, granted the 21-year-old Pune girl Ayesha Captain, a professional jockey licence in September this year, it made her the first pro-woman jockey in India At first glance, the small and beautiful Parsi girl hardly looks like a jockey but more like any other pretty college-going girl

Ayesha or 'Aishu', as she is known at home, gave three to four years of sweat and toil to reach where she is today

It all began after she passed out of St. Mary's School, Pune, with distinction in her tenth standard and went on a month's working holiday to the Lumbini Stud Farm at Bangalore It was here that her riding instincts were awakened and M.R Reddy, the owner of the farm, taught her the basics, on his former champion horse Nelson. Back in Pune, she got further encouragement from her father Soli and mother Leila, themselves good amateur riders

For Ayesha, serious riding began in Pune under the watchful eye of the 76-year-old veteran trainer and former ace jockey Aziz Mahmood She later underwent a tough ten-month course at Bangalore under the expert supervision of the famous trainer Rashid Biramji

Presently, when not in jockey attire, she teaches English, first-aid, diet and nutrition to young jockey apprentice boys at the Jockey School, Pune Before she became a pro, Ayesha had won three good Gymkhana races at Pune In 1981, she won the Amateur Riders Club Cup In 1982, she won the Sub Area Commanders Cup and in the following year the prestigious National Defence Academy Challenge Cup As a professional she has raced 25 times and won on two occasions, got the second, third and fourth positions on about four occasions each

Following are the excerpts from the interview

What opposition did you encounter while entering the tough world of a professional jockey?

Though my parents encouraged me as an amateur, initially they opposed the idea of me becoming a professional All the usual things were said, 'why do you want to enter a man's world?' and 'it's a tough life' My close friends, too, tried to dissuade me, but surprisingly the jockey boys whom I was riding with, never discouraged me

Many people admitted that I rode well, but there were many who doubted my ability in hardcore racing. Many small trainers might have liked to make me ride their horses but were not sure whether their owners would like them to be ridden by a girl. In fact, I face this problem even today But I hope I am gradually proving myself

How do you maintain your weight?

Well, you could say I am on the plumper side If I eat normally my weight is 48 kilos but as I have to be 44 and a half I am on a strict boiled food diet and do a lot of running whenever the need arises I run about four rounds of the race course or sometimes a few kilometres around my house

Many people admitted that I rode well, but there were others who doubted my ability in hardcore racing.....it's a very tough life. Probably, girls might come from abroad to participate here in India

Your most memorable moment so far?

Well, actually there have been three things. The first time was when I went on a gallop. The second time was when I graduated to bigger and better horses and thirdly when I scored my first win as an amateur.

From which person do you draw maximum advice, encouragement and confidence?

From my good friend Vinayak Gaikwad.

What do you think of women taking to riding?

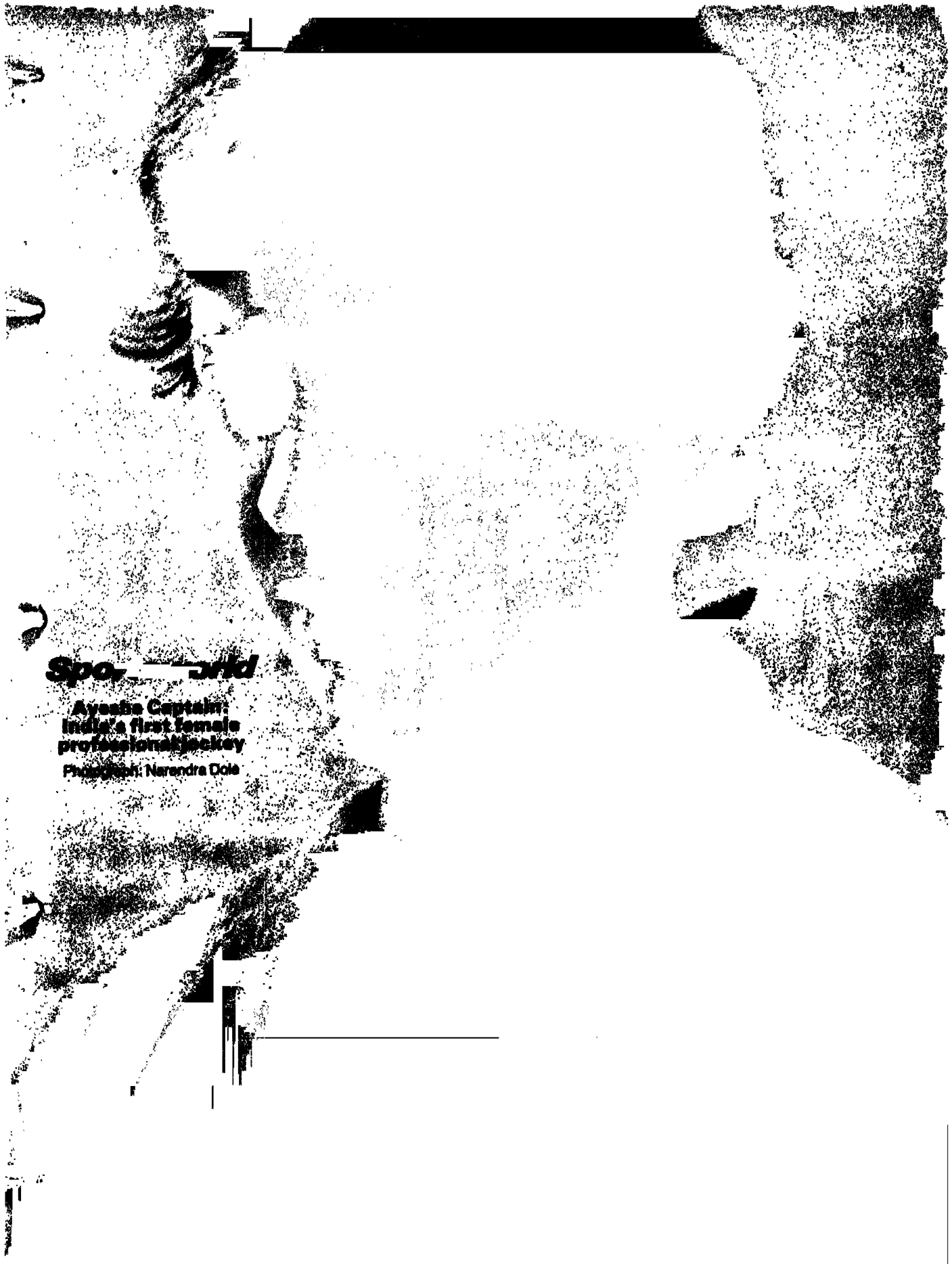
Well, it took me three years to get my licence and I haven't seen any girl starting with that aim as yet. Girls can do it if they want to, but it isn't so easy and glamorous as it seems. It's a very tough life. Probably, girls might come from abroad to participate here in India.

What are your hobbies and pastimes?

I like to go on picnics and cross country treks. I am also interested in art and crafts. But since I took to horses the other activities have come to a standstill.

What are your future plans and what sort of a husband would you prefer?

I ride for the glory and love of it. Therefore, I want to be an honest rider and do as well as possible in the next say five years before I get married and settle down. For a husband I would like an honest, kind and dependable man who is gentle and responsible and he does not necessarily have to be highly educated.



Spo— —rld

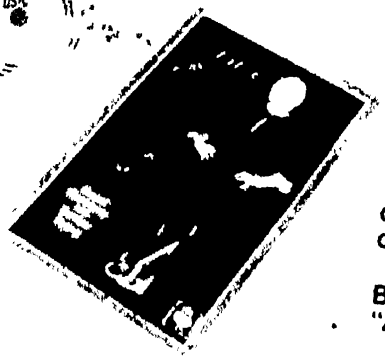
Ayesha Captain: India's first female professional jockey

Photograph: Narendra Dole

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BOARD DYEIN

Souness=Success

A profile of the star Scotland skipper, who, according to many, was the best player in Britain in the last two seasons

AFTER a decade and a half in football, a cabinet full of trophies and 40 appearances for his country, Scotland skipper Graeme Souness is at last beginning to make some friends

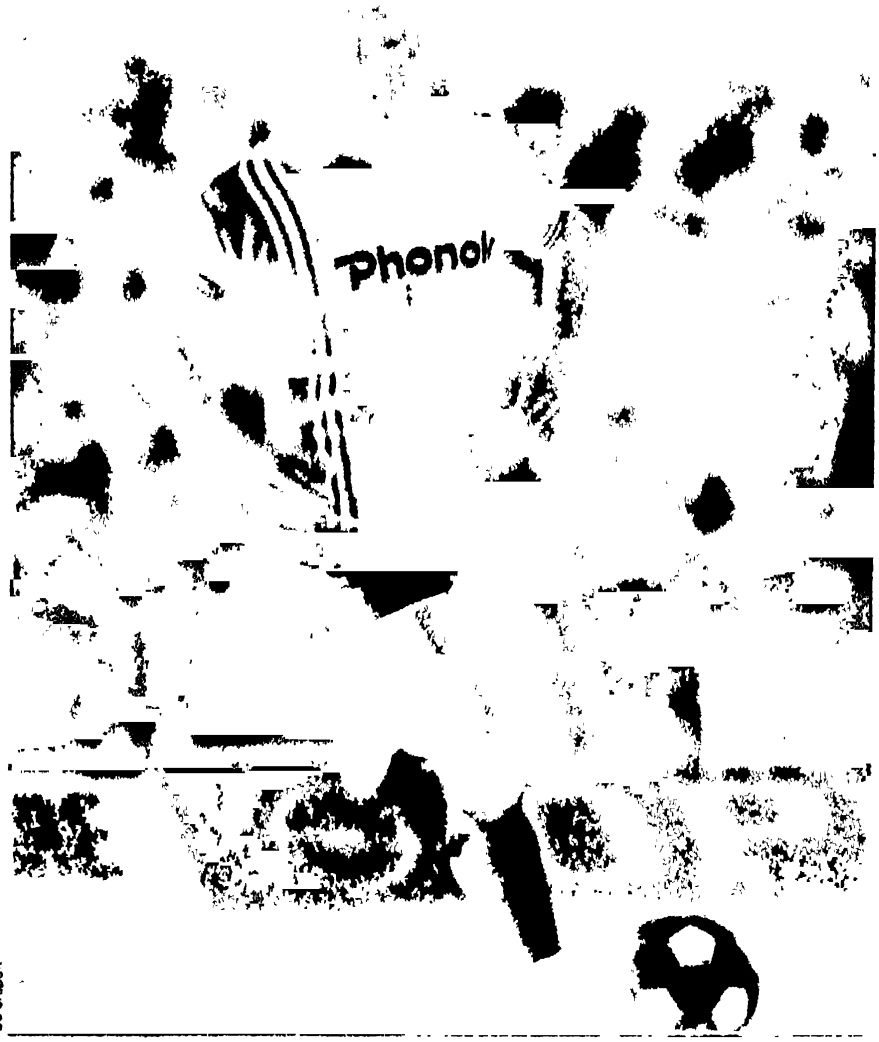
But it has taken a move to Italy to do it. In Genoa, the hometown of his new club Sampdoria, he is a hero Yet in Britain grudging respect is mixed with lofty disdain for one so committed

People have short memories They forget that, above all, Souness is a magnificent passer and midfield schemer At no time have his gifts been more apparent than in Scotland's first two internationals of the season They hammered Yugoslavia 6-1 in a friendly match and began their World Cup campaign with a 3-0 win over Iceland.

Souness accepts with an air of resignation that, despite his achievements at club and international level, he is unlikely to top many popularity polls

"I've been criticised by a lot of people, not the least by some of my old team-mates at Liverpool," he says.

"I'm not a villain, and I get tired of such suggestions. I've never kicked anyone with malicious intent. I go in hard—but fair"



'I go in hard—but fair'

Terry Yorath, the former Leeds and Wales International—now manager of Third Division Bradford City—bares a large scar on a leg to show the 'hardness' of a Souness tackle.

"Graeme and I used to have running battles on the field,' he recalls, "And I remember an instance when playing for Coventry against him."

"The tackles had been forthright, to say the least, when suddenly I received a tremendous boot from behind which opened up a large gash."

"Who the bloody hell was that' I shouted"

"The answer came in a Scottish brogue 'It was me—Graeme"

But Yorath is quick to acknowledge Souness's more skilful side

"I feel he was the best player in Britain in each of the last two seasons," he says. "He was the best tackler and the best passer Unless he wanted to try his hand at goalkeeping, you can't get much better than that.

"He was taken for granted by everyone except the Liverpool fans—only they knew what a great player he really was."

Souness now lives in the lap of luxury A paid-for flat in the heart of town, with beautiful blonde wife Danielle—the daughter of a Merseyside chain-store owner who sold his business for £22 million in 1980—and reputed wages of £150,000 a year.

It is a far cry from his early days when as a home-sick teenager he could not settle at Tottenham.

Only a life-saving £30,000 offer from Middlesbrough in January 1973 prevented a return to Scotland but it was there that he came under the influence of Jack Charlton.

"He thought he knew it all," Charlton recalls. "I soon sorted that out.

"He thought he knew it all," Charlton recalls "I soon sorted that out. I told him he was overweight and unfit and made it clear that there was only one way to play at Ayresome Park—my way! If he didn't like it he could pack his bags"

Souness decided against such drastic action. He knuckled down, made the first team, and five years and three Scotland caps later was on his way to Liverpool for £352,000

Worldwide recognition followed at Anfield where he helped the "Reds" to five League Championships, three European Cups and four Milk Cups and won the captain's role in 1982

On June 12 this year, he left Merseyside for the Italian League, a direct result of another good review from a professional admirer

Sampdoria colleague Trevor Francis takes up the story "In an interview with the Italian Press in the middle of last season, I put Graeme alongside other great British midfielders such as Bryan Robson, Gordon Strachan and Glen Hoddle, and added that he, particularly, would suit the Italian style

"Immediately, the management pulled me aside and asked me to give them chapter and verse on the man Suitably impressed, they were on his trial"

It cost £700,000 to prise Souness from the clutches of Liverpool but, having seen Genoa, Souness made up his mind in just 2½ minutes

"Once I saw the crowd's reception at the airport and the club offices, I knew what I had to do," he says

"We were followed everywhere by a motorcade of cheering fans Trevor said that once I'd felt the atmosphere I wouldn't be able to leave—and he was right.

"But my main motive was financial. The offer was just too tempting and, with the £750,000 trust fund left to Danielle by her father, it would get us out of the taxman's net"

Souness's success was instantaneous. Despite missing two penalties, he is playing as well as ever, and has aided Sampdoria to second place in the League.

His departure from Anfield has had an adverse effect. Far from staking a claim for their fourth successive championship triumph, they have slumped to the lower regions of the table Striker Ian Rush admits he is "sorely missed."

"His experience and leadership qualities make him stand out above the rest," he adds "When things were going wrong, there was no better person to pick you up than Graeme. You don't find replacements for a man like that overnight."

Middlesbrough, too, suffered a similar comedown. Promoted in 1974, they were never the same force after 1976 and in 1982 were relegated.

It amounts to a simple equation Souness=success. "As he grows older he resembles my old Leeds colleague Johnny Giles more and more," Yorath comments "Like Giles he is impossible to close down Because of that, many try to compete with him physically—and they always come off second."



Glen Hoddle

In the pink of health

If goals are the lifeblood of football, no one who watches the English game can accuse it of being anaemic, says **Lawrie McMenemy**



Peter Shilton: one-against-one situation

THE impression that First Division matches this season have generally produced an exceptionally high number of goals was confirmed to me when someone drew my attention to an article in *The Times*

It stated that there had been an average of 3 13 goals for each First Division match, the highest for a number of years, and bettered only by the West German "Bundesliga" (4 04 goals per match)

Of the other top European football countries, the French First Division had produced an average of 2 73, the Spanish 2 00 and the Italian 1 93.

I feel that there are a number of reasons why the English First Division has stood out in this department

There is no doubt that the change in the English League points system—the award of three points for a win, instead of two—has been a major factor in encouraging teams to adopt a more positive attitude

To me, other reasons stem from the inexperience of a lot of First Division defenders these days.. and the decline of Liverpool

The fact that most First Division clubs have been forced to reduce their playing staffs because of the economic crisis has meant footballers being pushed into the first-team earlier than they might have been, say, 10 years ago.

Generally, they don't have the same scope to serve an apprenticeship—and learn from their mistakes—in the reserves

This was certainly true of Southampton defenders Mark Wright and Reuben Agboola when they were brought into our first team, and it was reflected by the high number of goals we conceded at that time!

This season, the point has been best illustrated by Watford who, till the time of going to press had conceded no less than 33 goals in 13 matches, the worst goals-against record in the First Division. It came as no surprise that Watford last week bought the experienced Northern Ire-

land International centre half John McClelland, from Glasgow Rangers, for £225,000.

In Liverpool's case, their indifferent start to the season has made the present Championship race the most open that I can recall, and I sense that the situation has had a stimulating effect on other teams.

Teams, who at one time, would have been delighted just to finish in the top six in the First Division, now genuinely believe that they can take the title. Everton are the fifth team to have led the Championship race this season—the others are Newcastle, Nottingham Forest, Arsenal and Tottenham—and I can visualise the list becoming even longer.

Ironically, in terms of the greater interest this has generated among First Division fans, Liverpool have benefited as much as anyone.

Southampton's 1-1 draw at Liverpool attracted a crowd of 36,000 and their secretary and managing director Peter Robinson told me that, despite the team's low League position, and defeat in the Milk Cup, their average attendance was around 4,000 up on last season!

I must say that, on the evidence of their match against Southampton, Liverpool looked the same to me as in previous seasons, especially after Ian Rush put them ahead just after half-time.

We were a little fortunate to get a point, although I don't know of any team who have managed to avoid defeat at Anfield without experiencing some good luck.

I have seen some tremendous individual skill this season, but none of it has excited me quite as much as the flashes of brilliance from Kenny Dalglish and Ian Rush, when the two played Southampton. I particularly recall a delightful Dalglish through ball which put Rush in a one-against-one situation with Southampton goalkeeper Peter Shilton. Peter did well to force Rush wide, but the Welsh international still managed to get in a cross, the ball running across the goal-line and going out of play at the other side.

With Rush having missed much of the season so far through injury, the leading First Division scorer has been Chelsea's Kerry Dixon. With his blond hair and powerful physique, he reminds me of the boys' comic hero Roy of the Rovers. Come to think of it, so has the success he has achieved.

Dixon has done better than anyone can have expected, considering that this is his first season in Division One.

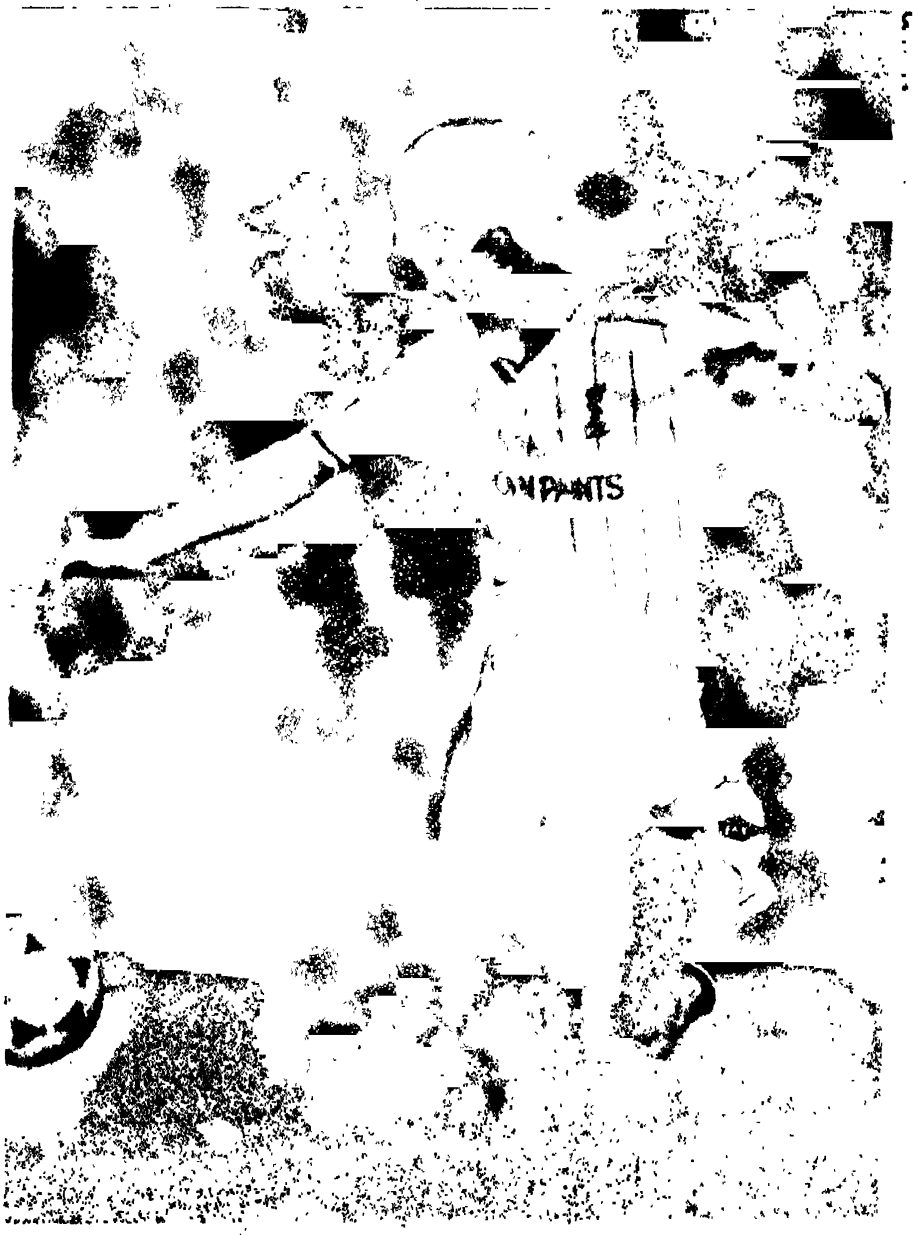
He tends to be underrated because he seems to miss many more chances than he converts. It's the same with a lot of strikers.

One of the great things about these men is that they are never put off by their misses. Indeed, they derive a certain amount of confidence from them, on the grounds that at least they are getting into scoring positions.

They work on percentages. As the former Newcastle, Arsenal and England centre forward Malcolm Macdonald often says: "You've got to be prepared to miss maybe five chances to convert one."

There was some surprise that Dixon was not among the 57 players chosen for the various England squads for this week's representative matches, but the fact is that it's only in recent weeks that he has started scoring consistently. He is going to find it increasingly difficult to maintain his record, and I would prefer to wait until the end of this season—or indeed next season—before making any assessments of his ability.

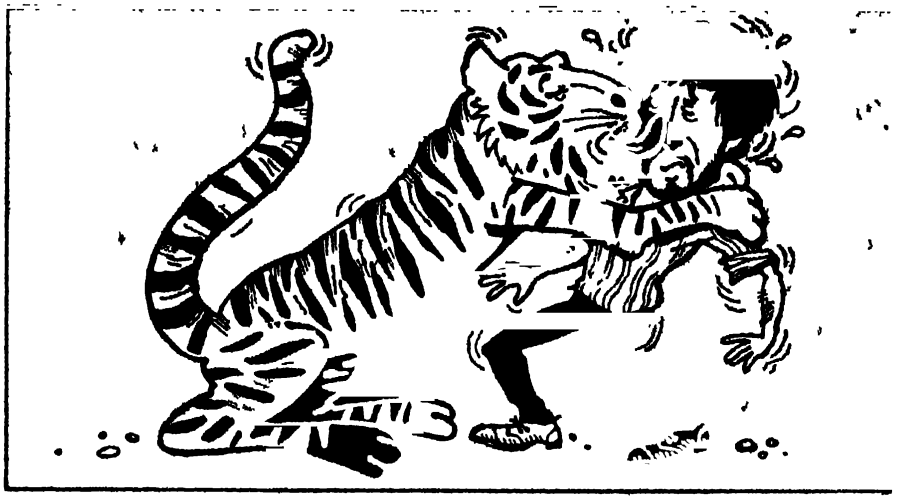
There can be no doubts about the ability of Ian Rush. There's no way I would dismiss his chances of making up enough ground to finish the First Division's top scorer again this season.



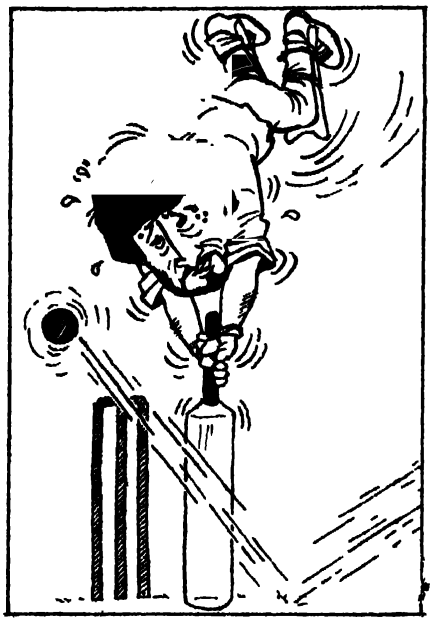
Ian Rush: no doubts about his ability

Sans a storm

Cartoonist **Debashis Deb** sees tremendous potential in Sandeep Patil's book "Sandy Storm"



"I have made a request to them to take me on the preservation of wild life committee. I will only be too obliged and happy if they consider my request and appoint me to look after tigers."



"I immediately recovered and decided not to lift my bat."



"Vishwanath was asked to dress as a fisherman. He came in a typical fisherman's lungi, handkerchief on head, and fishing rod. Yashpal was to be a Tarzan. He was the funniest of them; he came with only leaves around his waist, a string tied on his head and a knife in his hand. Roger Binny had to wear a bikini; the poor man must have really felt awkward.



"With Kapil at the other end, I had decided to slow down but after his departure *opened up* and when I connected a few, got over confident."



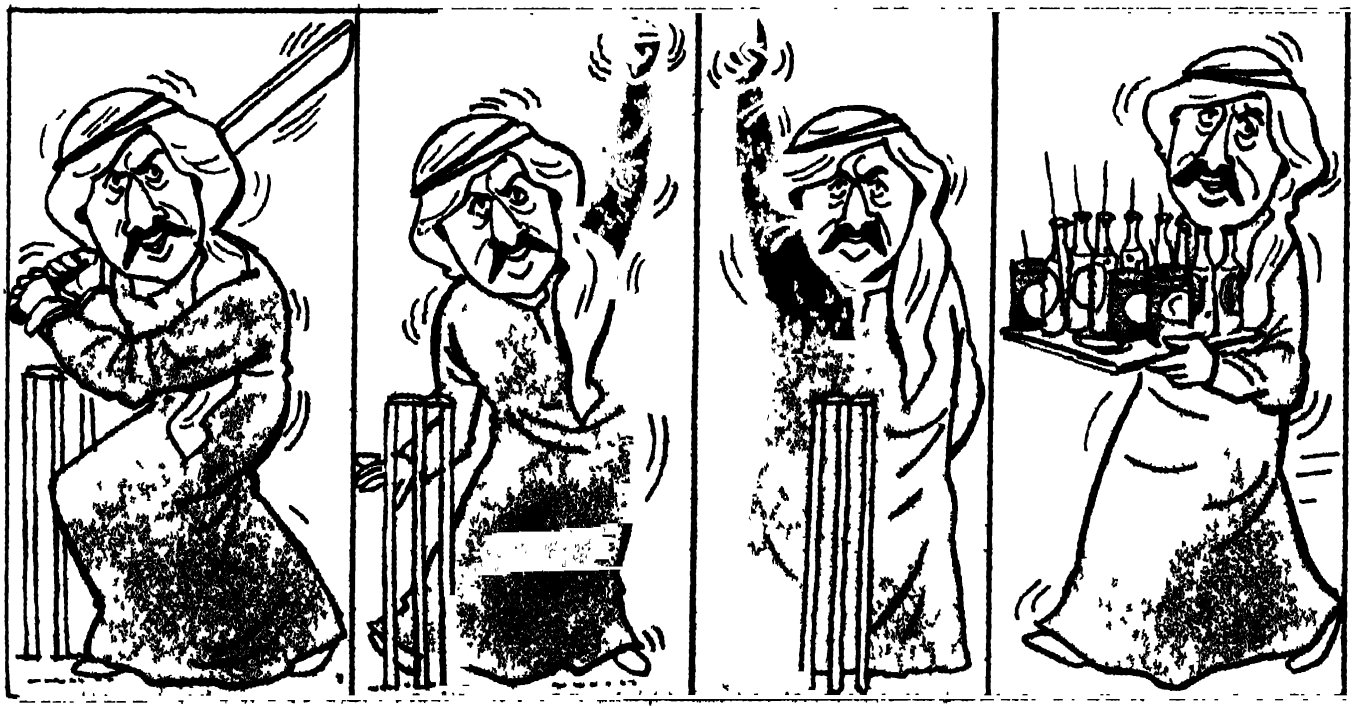
—"I have not seen anybody with such tremendous control over swings (as Imran)."



"...If you are playing against him (Mohinder Amar- — nath) you get sick of his patience."



"Zaheer argued according to the conditions set for the game. There were officials running all over to recheck the conditions."



"The first-ever Asia Cup match was staged at Sharjah. It was a one-man show of Abdul Rehman Bukhatir, a great cricket lover and promoter from the Middle East."

Champions Trophy Hockey Tournament

We should have sent a junior team

Instead of not sending a side at all, says **Andy O'Brien**

INDIAN hockey has been in the make or break stage ever since the advent of astroturf and other artificial surfaces. Now we have lost another opportunity of moving ahead. India has withdrawn from the Champions Trophy Tournament to be held at Karachi from 7 to 14 December. Agreed, the circumstances were such that participating would have been tough but it was not impossible. The camp for which around forty probables were to take part, and from among whom the team was to be chosen, was scheduled to begin at NIS Patiala on 7 November. The final selection was originally to be held on 1 December but was later brought forward to 28 November.

The assassination of Mrs. Indira Gandhi and the sequence of events thereafter made it impossible for the players to reach Patiala by 5 November. The Indian Hockey Federation, in a letter to those concerned with the camp and selection trial said 'Since the full contingent of 32 probables (there was actually more than 32) have not reported to the coaching camp at NIS Patiala, the preparation of the Indian hockey team has been adversely affected. It has therefore been decided not to participate in the Champions Trophy..... with the unprepared team.....'

Fair enough. An unprepared team would not have done too well and this would have affected the morale of the players, which needs so badly to be boosted. This, then was definitely one of the reasons for the withdrawal, but was it the only reason? The authorities probably feared the thought of an Indian team going out of the country, especially to Pakistan. The Khalistan demonstrations during hockey matches at the Olympics earlier this year must have been at the back of the mind of the decision makers. They perhaps did not want to be faced with a similar embarrassing situation.



Ashok Vahie

The Indian junior team at a practice session

If the tournament was being held in any other country, then perhaps the chances of withdrawing would have been less. So much for trying to build good relations. But the point is: if a cricket side went to Pakistan for the sake of diplomacy then what is wrong with a hockey side doing the same?

The team could have been sent after a two week camp, in place of the three week camp. The best way of tackling the situation would have been to send a team of youngsters. One wonders if the IHF thought of it. This would have taken care of the diplomatic problem and it would have kept intact the morale of the senior team, whatever is left of it. It would also have given our youngsters some much needed international experience. It would be wrong to think that losses in Karachi would have had an adverse affect on our juniors, for they would not have been under any pressure to win. Neither would there be any loss of national prestige.

Here too the same problems of players not making it to the camp would also have been present. But the juniors should have gone even if it meant sending them after a truncated two week camp. A camp of this duration would have meant that it would start in mid-November by which time the political situation in the country was quite stable. There would have been no problems about players reaching Patiala.

But perhaps the IHF didn't want to take the trouble. Or perhaps they did not want to take the risk. Indian hockey will definitely not gain much by the withdrawal from the Champions Trophy, though the IHF and others feel so. Any other country, in similar circumstances would definitely have sent a junior side. But in India there is a tendency to ignore young talent. It is only when a hockey player makes it big that people sit up and take notice. We have to experiment, for without a risk there can be no gain.

Durie needs to be a devil

THIS time, last year, Jo Durie was one of the world's top six women s tennis players Now, after 12 months which have represented a long nightmare to this popular 24-year old Bristolian she is poised for a return to that position

Jo went some way towards repairing the damage to her career in the Wightman Cup when she beat Barbara Potter and performed well enough against Chris Lloyd for the American star to breathe a sigh of relief at having overcome her

My Wightman Cup performances have given me a much needed boost," she enthuses I m very optimistic about the New South Wales Open because the fast grass courts at the Sydney club always seem to suit my game

An indication of the slump Jo has experienced since the 1983 event is that only in the British Closed Championship (which she won) and the Wimbledon Championships (in which she reached the quarter finals) has she really justified her status

What have been the reasons for her demise?

Part of the answer lies in her coach Alan Jones's observations about her He suggests that she has failed to handle the pressure of being one of the "players to beat" on the circuit

"Basically, Jo is too nice," says the pragmatic, brutally honest Englishman, "She worries too much about what other people think which, although an endearing quality to friends, means that she tends to lack the single mindedness and ruthlessness of a number of her major rivals."

I do find it hard to be tough sometimes," Jo admits with a self-conscious smile "There have been days when I have just wanted to be at home in Bristol, do some shopping



and just act like an ordinary human being "

In addition to her personality Jo has suffered a recurrence of the back trouble which nearly caused her to quit the game in 1980 and the death of her father

That back trouble originally led to her undergoing an intricate spinal operation in November 1980 Doctors gave her only a 50 50 chance of playing tennis again, and it took her six months to fully recover She had to have another operation this summer

Then, in September, came the biggest blow of all that of her father, a retired bank manager, committing suicide "If it hadn't been for his support, I might never have achieved what I have " she points out, recalling that it was her father who first spotted her potential, and coached her.

Jo is exceptionally close to her mother Diana, and three brothers Nigel, Christopher and Stephen She often returns to Bristol to visit relatives and friends and remains a keen supporter of the English League Third Division football team Bristol City. When not involved in tennis, she relaxes through the occasional round of golf, and watching sci fi films "Believe it or not, I've seen 'Star Wars' five times " she laughs

"When I'm on the circuit, I try to relieve the boredom between matches by doing crosswords and reading books on history and politics, the subjects which have been of particular interest to me since I was at school "

It's not difficult to appreciate why Jo Durie is so popular among the general public

On court, she moves with a surprising grace for someone of her height (5ft 11½ins) She speaks softly, with the trace of that endearing West country accent, and her feminity is further emphasised by penetrating brown eyes adorned by soft auburn hair

She is very much the girl next door "

"I am working on her personality," says Alan Jones, referring to the fact that he often bullies her with the aim of bringing out her well hidden mean, aggressive streak

For the time being, though, it seem that the knocks Jo Durie has taken in the last 12 months have done the job.

Fast Facts

Ranked No 1 in Britain for 82-83
Made breakthrough into top 10 in Dec 1983
Defeated Shriver, Rinaldi, and Austin on clay at the 1983 French Open
Was No 1 British junior for 1978
Coached by Alan Jones

Personal

Music, reading and film are among her chief interests .Left school in the summer of 1976 to pursue tennis career full time .Father, John is a bank manager

Career performance

1983-84 Season Highlights
U S Open Semi-final
French Open Semi-final
Australian Open quarter-final
Italian Open quarter-final
German Open (Doubles) Won

Career Highlights
US Open SF 1983, 4th Round 1981
French Open SF 1983
Sydney W 1983
Italian Open QF 1983
Brighton RU 1982
Wimbledon Plate SF 1979
German Indoor Open SF 1980
US Indoors (Doubles) RU 1984
Virginia Slims World Championship (Doubles) RU 1984
Stuttgart QF 1981-83
Eastbourne QF 1983
Los Angeles QF 1982
British Hard Courts W 1981
German Open (Doubles) W 1983
Mahwah (Doubles) W 1983
Boston (Doubles) W 1983
Wightman Cup team 1979, 81-84

W: Win; SF: semi-final; QF: quarter final.

Compiled by Shevlin Sebastian

Where journalists fear to tread

Inside Fortress Lauda

World racing champion Niki Lauda guards his private life so fiercely that he sabotaged a television programme about it. But journalist **Carole Beckley** was invited home to meet his wife and two sons

THE champagne bubbles have popped, the garlands of flowers have faded and Niki Lauda, the newly crowned world champion racing driver, has returned with his wife to their remote villa home

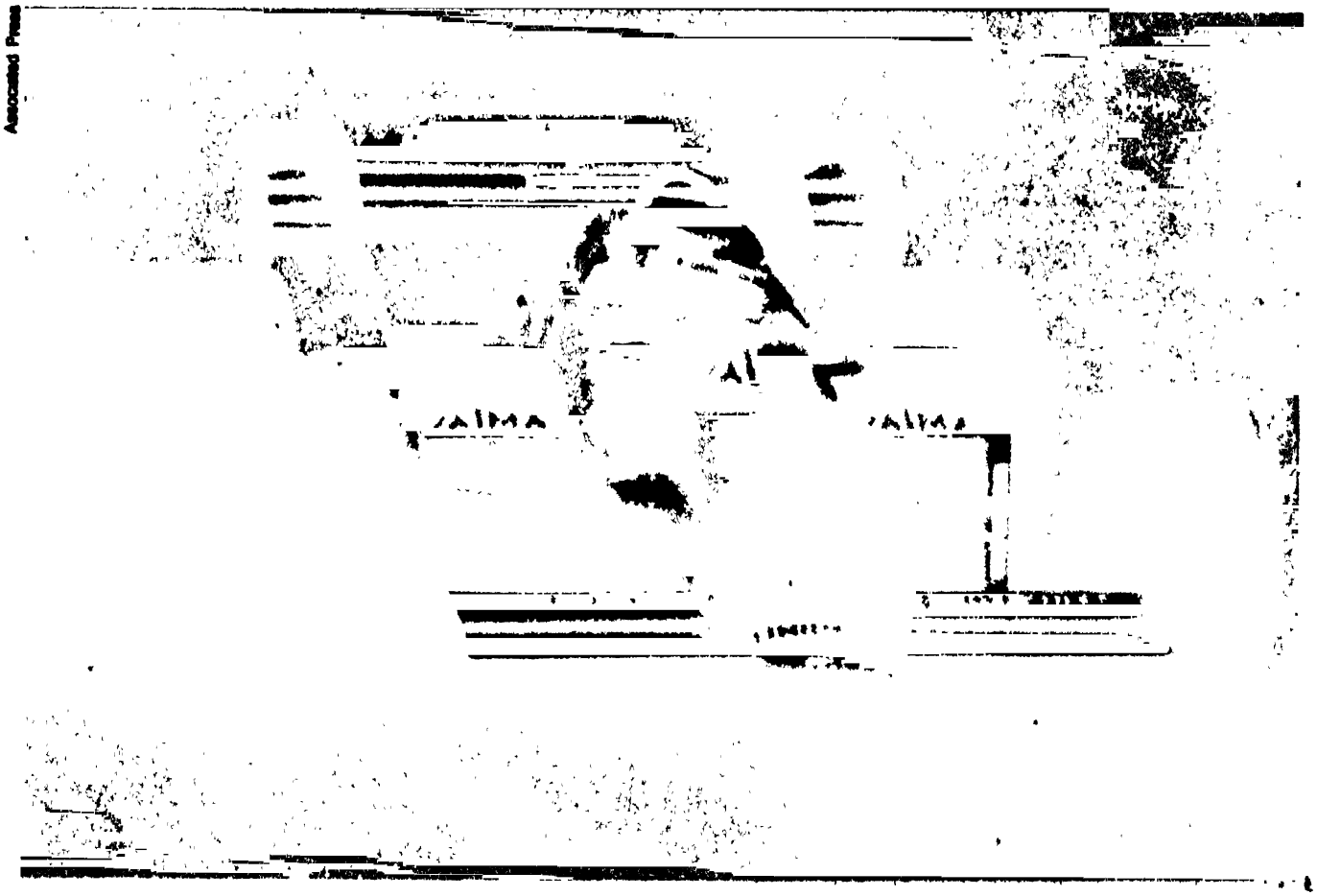
The prized and hard-earned trophy will *not* have been carried back in triumph Niki does not keep any of his winner's cups He gives every one of them away to his mechanics for the good work they have done.

And in their beautiful whitewashed, open-plan house in St. Eulalia, Ibiza, there is no evidence that it is the home of a racing driver There are no photographs or newspaper cuttings and Niki's wife, Marlene told me "I have never seen a trophy. Niki is very modest and never brings them home."

"Of course I am very proud of his achievements and I'm very happy that he has won any race, but it wouldn't have made any difference to me if he had lost I'm just happy to see him come home."

Stunning 35-year-old Marlene, dressed in faded jeans and sweatshirt, her hair piled on top of her head, leaped down the stairs to greet me Then, as we sat on the balcony looking out over the sun-scorched island, her two children Lucas, five, and three year-old Mathias playing quietly on their bikes, Marlene told me about her hopes and fears for her Austrian husband who has already signed on for another season of life-or-death Grand Prix racing

"As every race is finished I lie to myself and say. 'This is the last one'. I would be so happy if Niki stopped



Associated Press

Niki Lauda has been dubbed 'The Fox' for his cool, calculated driving

driving. I hate it. But I have never tried to stop him."

"I could say: 'Stop driving or I leave you' and of course he would. But I want *him* to stop and not because I've asked him to.

"If he gave it all up because of me I would be very proud of myself but then he would be sitting at home dreaming about it. So I could never do that."

"For seven years I have been living with the dangers. While he is racing, I am scared. Then when it is over, I relax. It has become part of my life now."

For the first time in three years, Marlene flew with her husband to Estoril, Portugal, to watch October's final showdown race for the 1984 World Championship. It is very unusual for Marlene to attend a Grand Prix. She finds the tension unbearable at the circuit and prefers to stay at home in Ibiza with her children.

But Niki asked Marlene to come with him because he was sure she would be celebrating his crowning, for the third time, as world champion. Marlene said: "I decided to go because I had to be close to him. I was very nervous but I did watch every lap."

Marlene lit a cigarette and gazed out at the garden: "When I first married Niki I used to watch every Grand Prix but I never enjoyed it. So I decided that it would be best if I stayed at home."

"I think it is much more frightening when you are there. If I stay at home my mind is on other things and the time goes quicker. Also, I think it is easier for Niki to concentrate when I'm not there."

But Marlene did not seem to be a handicap for Niki at Estoril. He roared over the finishing line in second place, after his McLaren team mate Alain Prost, winning the world champion title overall by the narrowest ever margin of half a point.

Niki is admired the world over for his courage. The man "who came back from the dead" after his near fatal crash in Nurburgring in 1976, is still proving that he has nerves of steel and that he is just as good as he ever was.

Marlene went on: "The only time I was really happy to see Niki on the circuit was after the accident."

"Of course it was a shock for me but at the same time I was very happy to see him want to drive again without being scared. This was the only thing that would cure him—to go back and fight his fears."

As Marlene lit another Marlboro cigarette (Niki drives for the Marlboro McLaren team), she relived the day of the tragic accident. "I was flying to Germany to pick up Niki after the race and as I got into the car that was waiting at the airport, I heard on the car radio that there had been an accident at the track."

"I knew it was him. I sensed it. I was so sure I shouted aloud: It's him, it's him!"

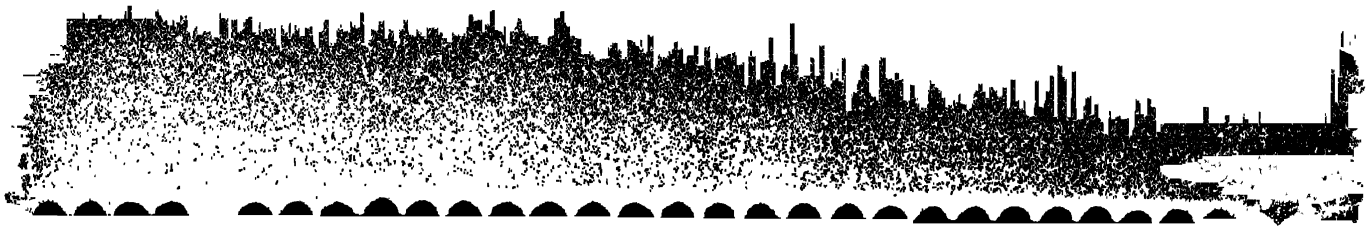
"They told me: No, there are 28 other drivers. But I knew it was him."

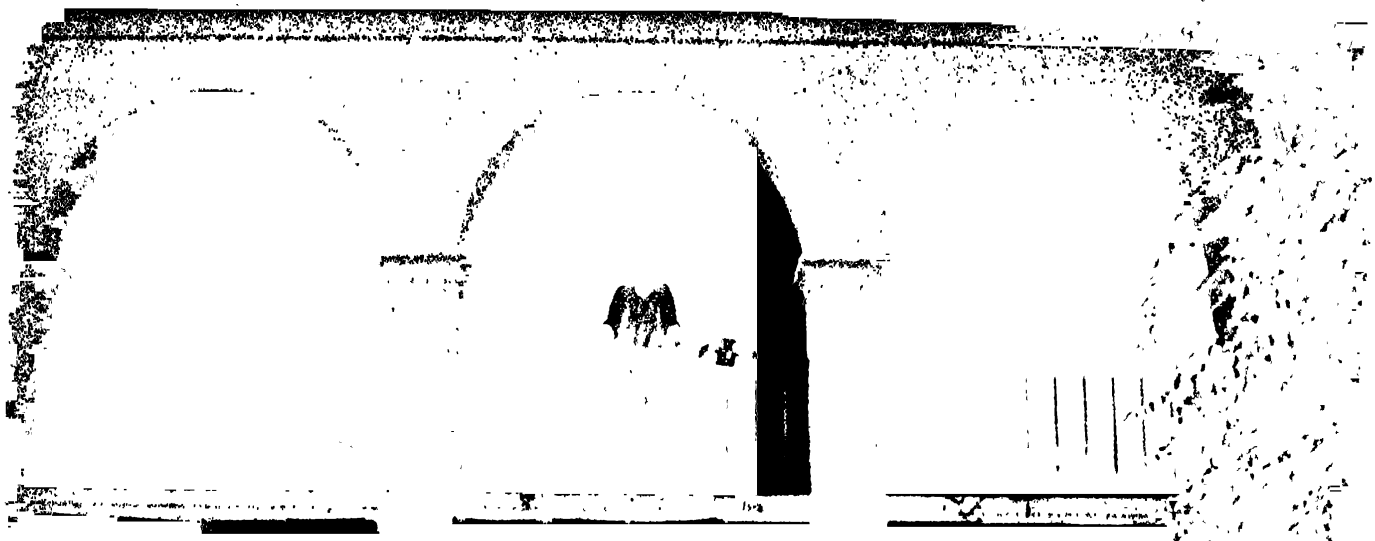
"I went straight to the hospital and after three days I was told that he was going to die. But I didn't really believe it. I knew he was strong."

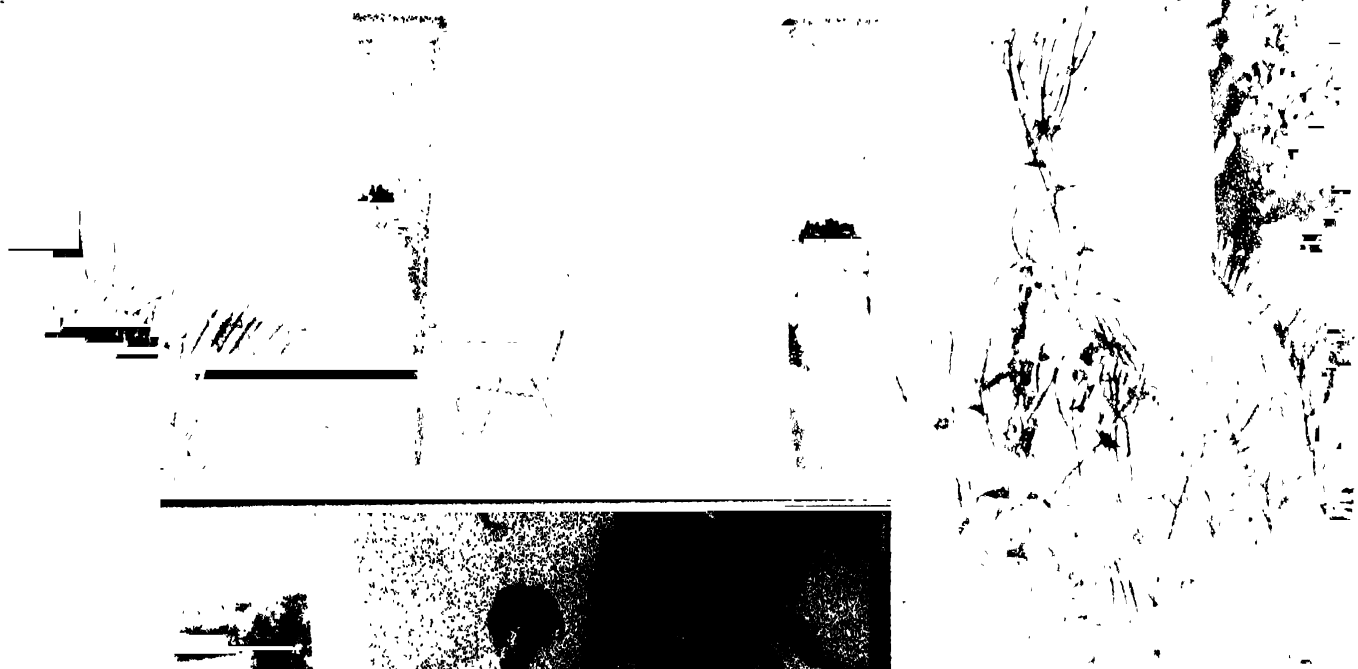
"I didn't think about how horrible he looked. I just wanted him to fight...to



Marlene with her two children, (left) three-year-old Mathias and (right) Lucas, five.









On the balcony and terrac
white washed Lund choc

live." Marlene's words faltered and she broke down in tears. As she walked away, hiding her grief, she whispered: "I don't want to talk about this any more."

Mathias, the spitting image of his father, broke the tension. He had found a large tin of powdered chocolate and buried his face in the sticky mixture. When he emerged, grinning from ear to ear, his face and hair were covered in thick chocolate blobs.

Marlene took no notice. Composed once again, she said: "I never talk to the children about what Niki is really doing. They might watch him race on the television but it is something very natural for them."

"If they see Niki cleaning his helmet before a race, they'll ask: 'Why are you doing this?' But it is not really important to them."

"Lucas asked his friend one day if his father was a racing driver, too. When the boy said that his father was a farmer, Lucas just accepted it and it was forgotten."

Mathias, spruced up with a wet flannel, picked up paper and pencils and began to draw, sprawled on one of the elegant couches scattered around the marble floored room

I asked Marlene what it was like when Niki retired from racing for two years. She said· "It was fantastic. For two years he never talked about racing. But because he set up his airline, Lauda Air, I hardly ever saw him. He was always flying around the country buying planes and he spent a lot of time in the office at Vienna."

"But I didn't have to worry. We started a family and we had a much more relaxed way of life."

"One day he said to me· 'Let's go to Munich for dinner ' I suspected that he wanted to tell me something and I guessed that he was going to say he wanted to race again."

"I said, all right but not with my blessing. I don't really know why he wanted to start again. I guess he was just curious to see how he was after two years."

"I don't think it was the thrill he was missing. But the fact that he has been driving since he was eighteen meant that it was a lot to give up."

"Now he is enjoying driving again and he has signed a contract with McLaren. He never really talks about retiring and if he does, it will come like this." Marlene clicked her fingers.

"He knows how I feel about him driving, so he rarely talks about it, but he did discuss the new contract with me."

"It's funny, but we started a family when Niki wasn't driving and Niki has said a few times that he would like another child. I told him that I refuse to have any more children while he is driving."

"We had Mathias because he said he would give up and then he didn't So now I don't believe him when he says he is going to stop "

Marlene met Niki, who has been dubbed 'The Fox' for his cool, calculated driving, at her own birthday party,

She explained· "He just turned up and I saw him standing in the door-



Lauda (right) poses with former team mate, John Watson. He is a very modest man and does not keep any of his winner cups and gives them all to his mechanics for the good work they have done



Stunning 35-year-old Marlene Lauda at her home in St. Eulalia

way. I knew that he was something to do with sport, but I didn't know if he was a tennis player or what. Then somebody told me he was a racing driver."

"I liked him straight away. He's like a little child. He knows exactly what he wants, what he likes and what he doesn't like. He's funny, yes? Once he has made up his mind you can't convince him to have something else."

Marlene filled up the coffee cups and, as the evening drew in, she told me about her life on the Mediterranean island.

She said: "I'm never bored, but I always seem to be waiting for Niki to come home. So I spend my time looking after the children and I like taking photographs."

"I have a dark room where I can develop my own black and white prints and my brother is an artist, so together we have exhibitions of our work."

"I also like watching films and I'm a bit of a fanatic. I like to buy new video films all the time and sometimes I actually fly to London just to see a film."

"My other hobby is guessing other people's star signs." She tried to guess mine—and got it wrong. I tried to guess hers—and did no better. Actually she's a Leo.

Apart from driving, Niki has developed a passion for flying and he has recently bought himself a Lear Jet. Marlene said: "He loves to fly and although I worry about him driving, I never worry when he is flying."

"When he drives I'm not worried about *him* making a mistake but about other things, like in a two-hour race a driver could nudge his wing and then anything could happen."

"In the air he is alone. He is very good at flying, very exact, like a computer."

"When Niki is driving he never blames the other drivers if he loses. He says it was his fault. He never makes excuses, like: 'Oh it was the wind.' "

"When he wins a race he is still very calm and he is only excited the day afterwards, when he has had time to think about it."

Niki was supposed to be the surprise guest on the hit TV show *This Is Your Life*. The compere, Eamonn Andrews had intended to pounce on Niki after the Estoril race. But the world champion found out what was in the wind—and vetoed it completely.

It was Marlene who spilled the beans. She told me: "Niki is very shy off the track, and he hates surprises and being the centre of attention. So I called him and told him about the programme."

"He was not very happy so we decided between us that it would be best to forget it."

Marlene, who used to be a model, but plays down her marvellous good looks, gave me a lift back to town in her Land Rover.

She said: "I, too, like fast cars, but the roads here are so bad I need to drive a Land Rover. Niki chooses to drive a Mercedes—and to suffer the bumps!"

'Twas a famous win

Haresh Munwani on Om Agrawal

OM AGRAWAL almost never made it to the World Amateur Snooker Championships at Dublin. But destiny had great things in store for Omprakash B. Agrawal.

For not only did he make it to Dublin but in his very first appearance, inscribed his name among the winners of the M.M. Begg Trophy, the first Asian to do so in over two decades.

The bearded 29 year old, Om, had a bit of a problem raising the finance for his trip. The Billiards and Snooker Federation of India (BSFI) was unwilling to help out because Om is not the current national champion. M.G. Jayaram won the Cochin nationals and was sponsored by the BSFI for the Dublin event.

Says Om: "Initially, I was upset by the Federation attitude and angry too. But then, with a little bit of help from my friends at Dadar Club and Garware Club, I raised the amount needed, because I had decided earlier, come what may, I was going to participate in the World Championships."

"In the fortnight long tournament which ended on November 4, the field was made up of 42 players divided into four groups," said Agrawal, "I lost to Chris Archer of England, but after that I won my next six matches to qualify for the quarter finals.

"Here I ran into Delrin John (Wales). After leading by four frames to one, inexplicably, I played badly and soon the score was four all. It was at this crucial stage that I played my best in a tight situation to win the ninth frame, undoubtedly the toughest match of the Championships.

"In the semis," continued Om, "I played John Wright of England. I was always ahead in the match which I won comfortably 8-5. Only Welshman Terry Parsons stood between me and the championships. Here again, I was leading 7-4, when a poor decision upset my rhythm and Parsons drew level.

"But all along I was confident I could still pull it off and told my friends that I would win the next four frames in a row. And now history has recorded my triumph."

Lean and tall, like the cue he holds in his hands, Om is seriously considering the merits and demerits of turning professional. "There is a lot of money for the pro," he continues, "Steve Davis, the world Snooker pro champ earns millions of pounds. So does Jimmy White."



Om Agrawal being greeted by his mother and brother Subhas

Om first took to snooker when he was 17 years old. He was influenced, albeit indirectly, by his elder brother Subhash Agrawal, currently number two in world billiards.

Consistency was never one of Om's virtues. "Though in 1980 I won the Western India Championships beating Arvind Savur and Girish Parikh".

"Till now I never used to prepare myself mentally for a match." said Om, "A bit casual you know. At Dublin, I changed this by meditating an hour before the match. During this period I would think hard about my match, analyse the strength and weakness of my opponents besides working out my own strategy. This helped me to concentrate and I am sure was mainly responsible for my triumph. Mere ability is not important, the application has to be there as well."

While Om's hour of glory is being welcomed by one and all, it means a bit more to his family. "His win is a big boost to the game. Not that it needs to be proved, but Om's win further reinforces the view that there is a lot of potential in this country and all it needs is the right opportunities to bring it out.

"Here I must add that both my brother and I received a great deal of help from Wilson Jones in the mid-seventies. Also it's satisfying to know that all the encouragement that my family provided is finally bearing fruit." said Om.

Voicing somewhat the same reaction is Wilson Jones, who won the World Amateur Billiards Championships in 1958 and 1964. "To have won the Snooker crown in the very first attempt, said Wilson Jones, "is creditable. The M.M. Begg has been donated by India and for 21 years we have been waiting for someone to bring it back."

Om has fulfilled that dream by his splendid performance. Even before he left for Dublin, Om was supremely confident of success and has done what he said he would.

Wills Trophy Amateur Golf

Royal takes the challenge

NINETY-NINE teams were seen in the fray at the recent Eisenhower Cup-style Wills Trophy held at the permanent venue of the par-70 Tollygunge Club course. A special feature of this amateur golf tournament is the combination of suspense, excitement and tension that grips the teams. There is plenty of sun, golf, fun and frolic till the final hour.

This handicap tournament is now the country's largest golfing fiesta The generation gap is bridged for the duration as inexperienced rabbits pit their skills against seasoned seniors The amalgamation of foreign diplomats, visiting businessmen and the majority of Indian participants gives the tournament plenty of variety

This year, there were a number of sub-par nett cards but players like Rajeev Mohta, Alan Singh, Gangesh and Dipak Khaitan, D S. Dahiya and a few others could have done better, though Mohta won the individual scratch prize with a 149. His two rounds were not good enough for par cards, because the course is tricky with at least four of the holes being difficult ones.

The re-aligned course gets a proper dressing prior to the tournament each year and during the Wills Trophy—the successor of the Dunlop Cup—the course played well with maintenance at its best. The course was attended to hurriedly but the job was perfectly carried out particularly on the greens.

The fifth hole has a tricky fairway with a very narrow opening and golfers were never free from trouble, especially those who had feeble drives which often landed in the tank. Another test of skill was the seventh par-four 'dog leg' which calls for precision play. Scores really escalated on these two particular holes.

The 14th and 15th are the Waterloo of almost every golfer. Because of the long tank on the 14th drive, golfers play safe but in most cases this proved costly The 15th is narrow and it was here too that players erred due to a wall on one side and a tank on the other.

Most teams are formed from the city's golf clubs—Tolly, Royal Calcutta Golf Club, Ladies Golf Club and Fort William besides teams from other outstation clubs and abroad. "We're for Golfistan" comprising Royal's Nausher Framjee, Harjivan Singh, Amitava Mitter and Subankar Ghosh played remarkably well, performing even better on the second round. This was when they had to tighten their grip as "Wills Ka Char Yar" loomed dangerously only a shot behind. But the Golfistanis (total handicap 51) stayed ahead thanks to superior golf by Harjivan Singh and Framjee Perhaps the greatest compliment to Singh was that his handicap was reduced after his excellent showing in the first round Framjee would have done himself good if he had putted better in his earlier round while teammates Mitter and Ghosh concentrated hard on their game to keep the team's hopes alive. They deserved to win the Wills Trophy with a cumulative total of 419, which was nine strokes ahead of the dark horses "V3 Bs"



Putting on the 12th hole

The "Char Yar" were positioned comfortably after Golfistan but were on the fringe, ready to cash in on a misadventure. In the final stages, V3s were in a close battle with the Khurana but Dev Khurana after a reasonably good round was the last to exhibit his class. His son Rajat was already sitting pretty for the best junior prize while 7 handicapper Dev went into the final round. He began abysmally, dropping seven shots on the first hole That was a bad omen for the Khuranas and they lost the runners-up place to V3 Bs by two strokes.

While the teams Will Power, And Dunlop Willed It, Steel 'C' and Wills Ka Char Yar won the top honours in their respective divisions, Steel 'D' finished at the 'Fag End' of the race with a nett total of 539.

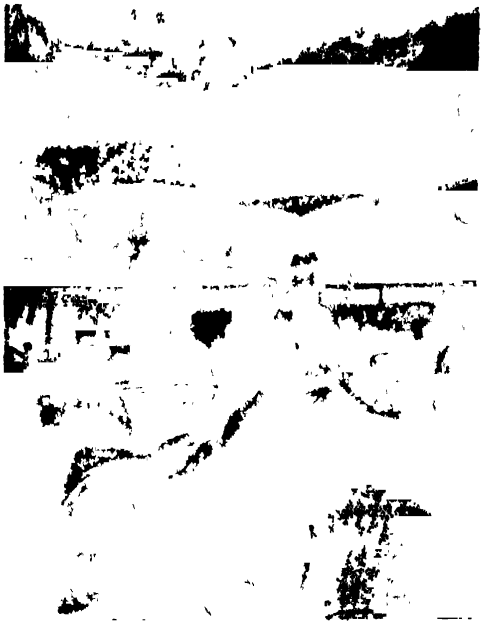
Subhash Sarcar



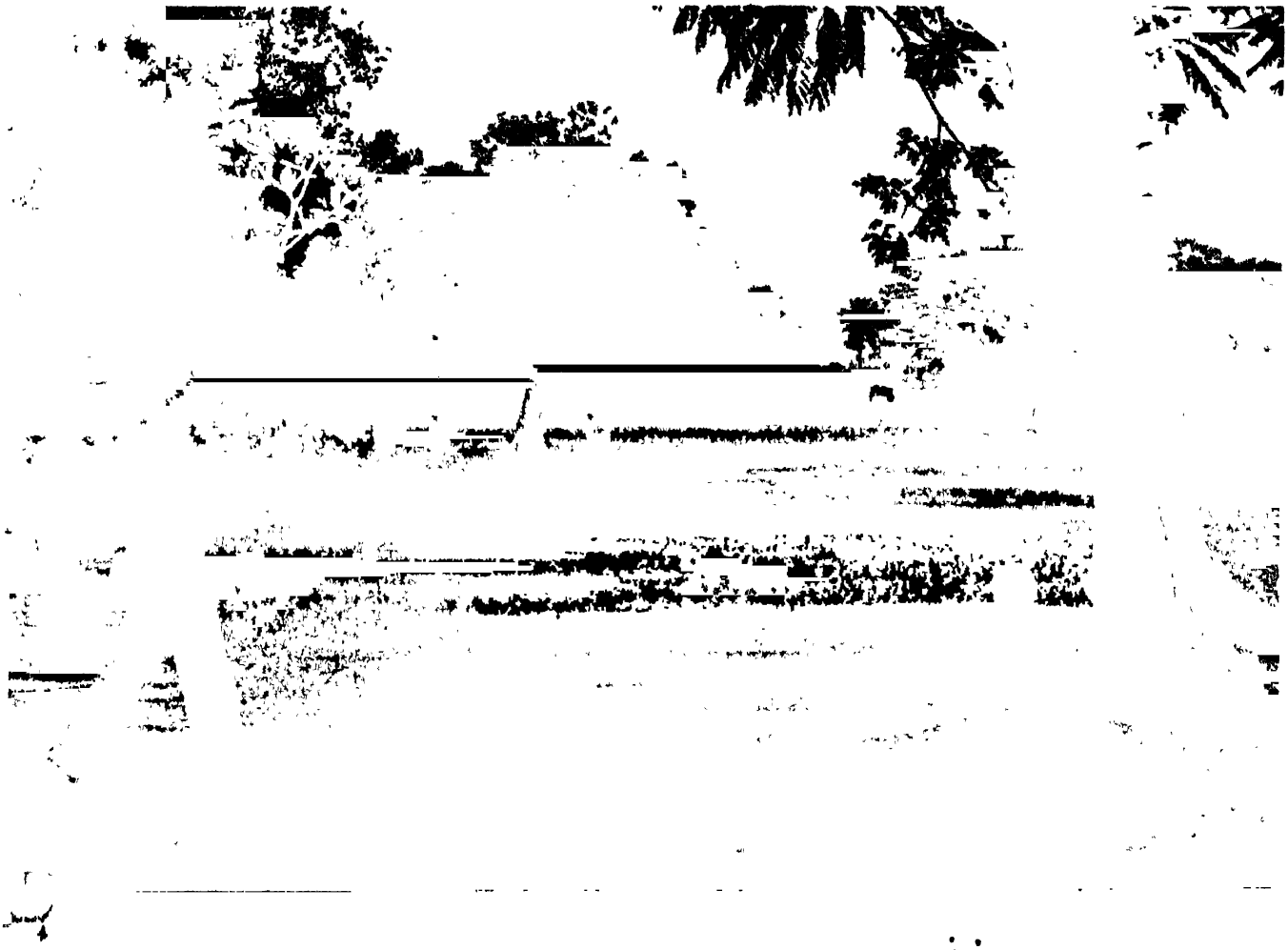
Wills Trophy winners (from left) Nausher Framjee, Amitava Mitter, Subankar Ghosh and Harjivan Singh



The ladies who keep track of the records

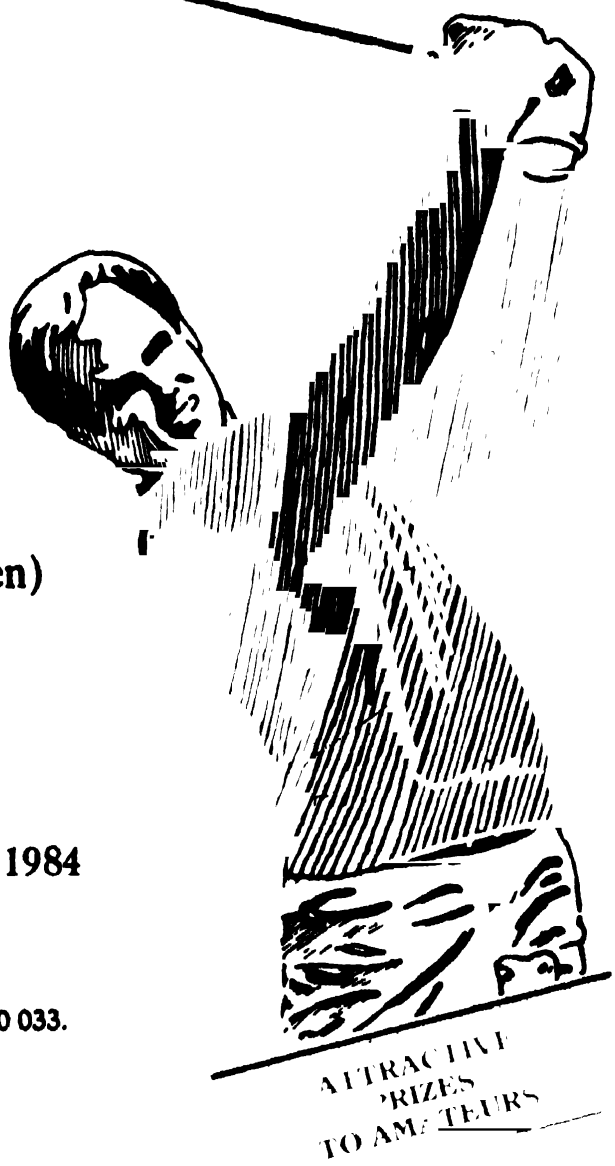


It's relaxing time



A golfer's tee shot at the edge of the 14th tank —Waterloo for many

2ND WARREN OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP



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Invitation PRO AM
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Open to Amateurs
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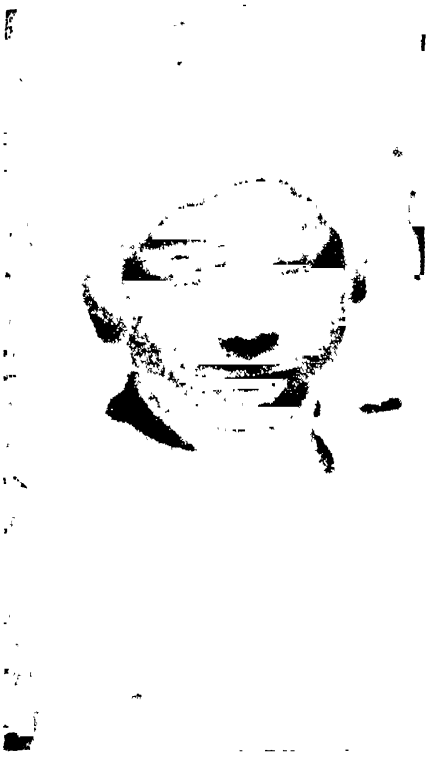
Total Prize
Purse Rs.60,000/-
Entries close on 27th December, 1984

Send Entries to :
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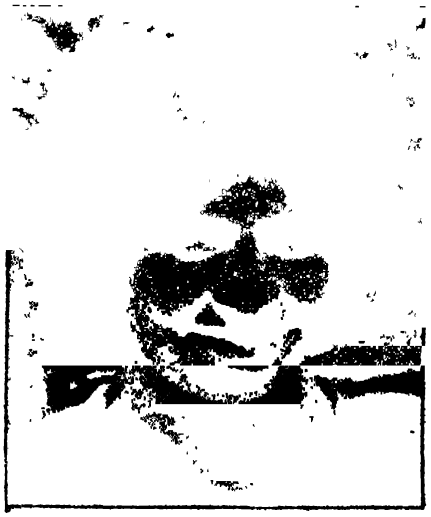
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PRESSMAN

Young talent on view



Rajat Khurana



Mayura Malkani



Indrajit Bhalotia

THIS handicap tournament saw four teenagers steal the limelight, all of whom are the pride of Tollygunge Club. This club has earned a reputation for producing talented juniors, most of whom are indebted to Caddy Nabi Rasool. The unique part is that these juniors display the necessary temperament to combat senior players as the situation demands.

Among the Tollygunge Club's proteges are young Vandana Agarwal and Mayura Malkani. The former won the Ladies Trophy for the best scratch score over 36 holes, while the latter took home the cup for the best nett total.

Ladies gross winner 17-year-old Vandana Agarwal of Loreto House was formerly a rider at Tolly but took to the game two and a half years ago. A nine handicapper, she brought in a first round nett card of 68 which forced the committee to reduce her handicap. She also beat Maureen Wallis for the gross prize with 157. Vandana, whose forte is her drive, credits her play to a great extent to Nabi Rasool, adding that she is now playing under Brandon De Souza.

Fourteen-year-old Mayura Malkani was also trained by Rasool. "It all began when there was a ladies' coaching clinic last year. It was then that I started to take the game seriously. At that stage, I was a 36 handicapper." She now plays with a 16 handicap.

Mayura was keen on riding and basketball but she sacrificed everything when she saw that she was doing far better at golf. Her stance is her trump card though she is trying to improve her drives, putts and approach shots.



Vandana Agarwal

Indrajit Bhalotia and Rajat Khurana also displayed the necessary aptitude. Indrajit took the Wills Trophy for the best individual nett score over 36 holes. Rajat, also had an identical score of 135, but Indrajit got the award for his better performance on the back nine card. Rajat, however, did not go empty handed. The sponsors awarded him a special prize, the junior Wills Trophy.

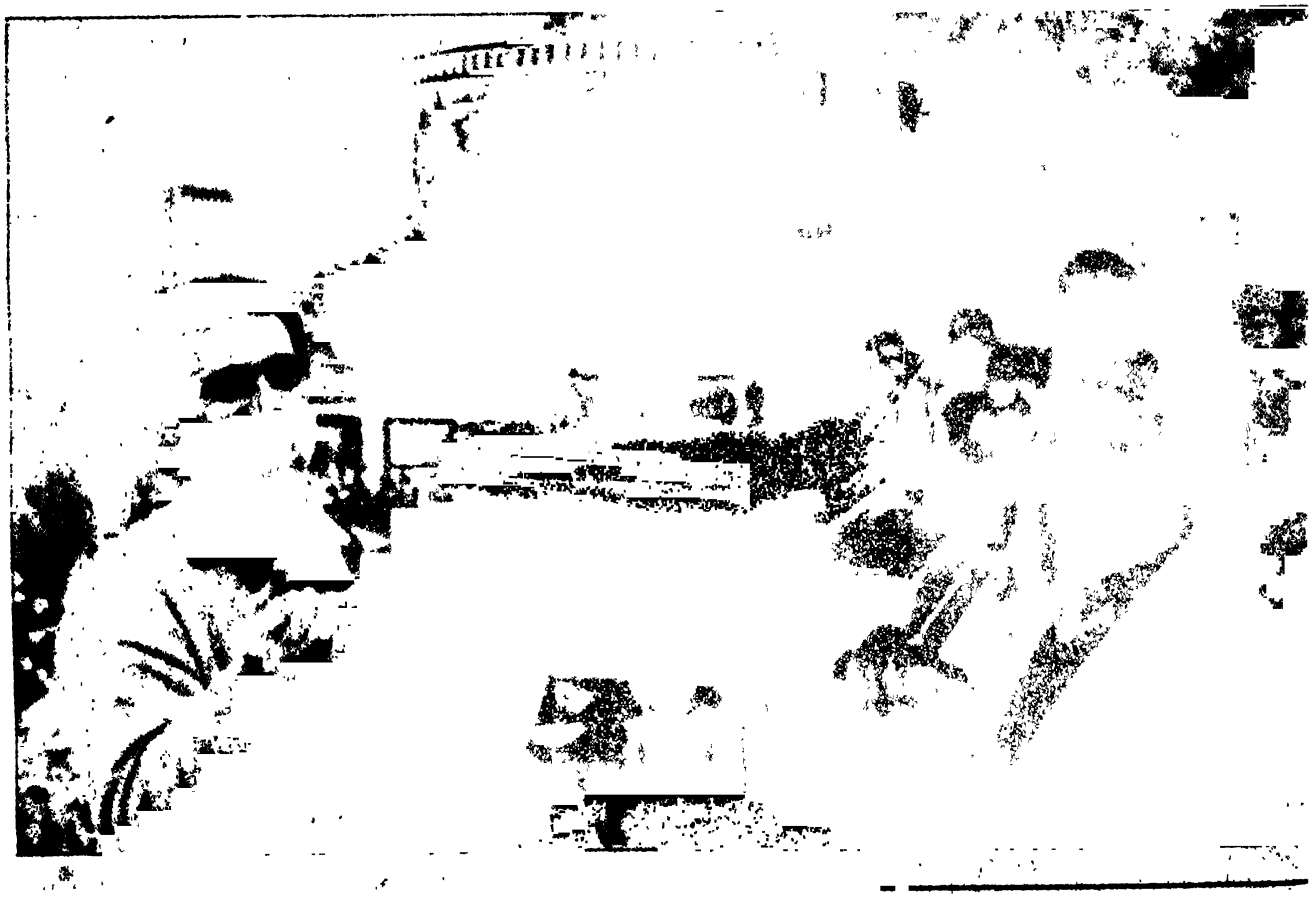
Indrajit and Rajat, both twelve-year-olds are 21 handicappers. A student of the Assembly of God Church School, Indrajit's putting and chipping came naturally. "I played in two Dunlop Cups and now the Wills Trophy. I won the Tolly Junior Golf title in 1983," stated Indrajit.

Rajat Khurana, a student of St. Xavier's, took to golf two years ago and has received plenty of encouragement from his father. Young Rajat tries to find the time to play golf three times a week and hopes to perfect his approach shots.

Subhash Sarcar



Diego Maradona, the Argentinian soccer star currently playing for Napoli, stumbles as he is tackled by an Avellino player during a first division match in Italy which ended goalless



The Spanish team of Jose Maria Canizares (left) and Jose Rivero hold the cup they won at the 31st World Cup Golf tournament at Rome. This was Spain's fourth win in eight appearances. Canizares also won the individual trophy



Ivan Lendi holds aloft the Antwerp Diamonds Cup after he won the European Champions' championship at Antwerp. The trophy is a life-size racquet made of six kilos of gold studded with 1350 diamonds and costs a million dollars

Japan's Kaori Yamaguchi beat Edith Horvat (on floor) to win the gold medal in the 52 kg class of the World Womens' Judo Championships at Vienna

All photographs by Associated Press



Barrackpore Moto-cross

Cross purposes on the track

Pradeep Paul previews the first National Moto-cross Grand Prix '84 at the Army Stadium, Barrackpore



COMING at a time when the city is starved of any form of sport, motor racing lovers are in for quite a treat this Sunday (9 December) The Calcutta Motor Sports Club is trying its hand at an enturely new form of motor sport The first National Moto-cross Grand Prix '84 is being held at the Army Stadium, Barrackpore and will introduce a very different type of vehicular competition and entertainment to the city

The machines and the track are quite different from what we are used to at previous Grand Prix meets and those expecting the same type of motor racing are going to be disappointed But moto cross is a very capable substitute for excitement and, in fact is gaining on track racing for popularity the world over Moto-cross or scrambling, is the sport of motorcycle racing over a defined course of rough terrain involving jumps climbs descents, adverse cambers and similar riding obstacles

Going back into the origin of moto-cross there is an erroneous belief among the majority of its followers that the sport originated in Belgium and France in 1946 But that is not so The sport actually originated in Britain at Camberly, Surrey as far back as in 1924 It was then called scrambling

The Britishers kept scrambling at amateur and club levels and, only in 1946 did they introduce the sport to Europe This was the turning point for the sport and with the continental promoters turning it into a flourishing sport the receipts were soaring The encouraging response and the money involved tempted most of the riders to turn professional

The enormous success of the sport saw the introduction of the Moto Cross des Nations in 1947 This was an international team event which gained in popularity with each passing year By 1952, an individual rider's championship had emerged and the contestants tore their way around the dirt track on specially modified machines

The riders of that era used heavy machines like 500 cc Matchless or BSAs There were Belgian machines like the FN and Sarolea which were popular with riders But later on these were replaced by lighter two stroke bikes displacing upto 400 cc These are built on the lines of much lighter bikes like the 250 cc and are much easier to handle Leaders in this line of production were Husqvarna of Sweden With the riders getting much more agile machines, the moto cross standard improved tremendously The ever watchful Japanese moved in by 1968 and since then, the world of moto cross has never been the same

The four Japanese motor syndicates produced bikes which were half the weight of their continental counterparts had much more effective suspension to take the rough track conditions and drastically cut maintenance time Presently the world of moto cross is flooded with machines which vie with each other for even higher achievements Honda Yamaha Suzuki and Kawasaki all have superb representatives which are hurled around by most top class moto crossers the world over However some of the riders do prefer the options that are competing with the neat Japanese monopoly Husky as Husqvarna is popularly called—is a name to reckon with as are Can Am KTM and Maico



Moto-cross is the sport of motorcycle racing over a defined course of rough terrain

Most of the competitors at the National Moto cross will however be using Indian motorcycles It will be quite interesting to see our Yezdis Rajdoots and Enfields cope with conditions that make even the Japanese bikes toil

There will be riders coming in from different parts of India These riders will be coming as teams from their respective motor sport clubs The local competitors are still very apprehensive about what they will be encountering and are yet to get into full swing with the modifications that are vital for moto cross

As this is their first taste of this type of racing, the Calcutta Motor Sports Club are having a trying time to get all the arrangements completed The track, almost all dirt and a little tarmac as many will remember is being renovated to suit the riders

An added attraction is a Motor Car Gymkhana or Auto Cross which will feature four wheelers trying out slightly toned down versions of the actual thing

With about a dozen races on the cards, excitement will be maintained at fever pitch So, with just a few days to race day, the action is slowly moving from the offices of CMSC to the track at Barrackpore



WESLEY WINFIELD HALL

CONSIDERED BY MANY THE IDEAL RIGHT-ARM-FAST BOWLER, HE WAS A FEARSOME PROSPECT, ESPECIALLY IN PARTNERSHIP WITH CHARLIE GRIFFITH A MUSCULAR SIX-FOOT TWO INCH MAN WITH A CLASSIC ACTION AND A GOOD TEMPER, HALL WAS AN AESTHETIC JOY TO THE SPECTATOR BUT AN INTIMIDATING SIGHT TO A WAITING BATSMAN HE BOWLED AS THOUGH HE MEANT TO TAKE A WICKET WITH EVERY DELIVERY, HIS SPEED WAS MEASURED AT 91 MPH HE TOOK 192 WICKETS IN TEST CRICKET AT AN AVERAGE OF 26 38

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, HE WAS IN HIS EARLY DAYS A WICKETKEEPER CUM BATSMAN IN FACT WHEN HE FIRST TOURED ENGLAND IN 1957, HE HAD NEVER TAKEN A SINGLE WICKET IN FIRST CLASS CRICKET

SEVERE PHYSICAL INJURY TO HIS LEGS IN A CAR CRASH PUT AN END TO HIS CRICKET IN 1966 HE IS AT PRESENT IN THE BARBADOS PARLIAMENT AND IS THE MANAGER OF THE PRESENT WEST INDIAN TEST SIDE CONSIDERED THE BEST SIDE EVER TO PLAY TEST CRICKET GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY, HALL IN STILL NOT BEYOND LIMPING UP TO THE STUMPS WITH A NEW BALL IN HIS HANDS, GERMAN GOITRE UP IN FRONT AND THE LIGHT OF BATTLE IN HIS EYES



Illustrations Subrata Gangopadhyay

19 November The Indian under-25s crush England to a humiliating innings defeat in a three-day match at Ahmedabad

The draw of stumps on the fourth day of the first Test between Pakistan and New Zealand finds Pakistan at 153 for four in their second innings.

The West Indies suffer a blow to their over-inflated ego as New South Wales pull off a 71-run win over them in a four-day match at Sydney.

Mohun Bagan gets one over their arch-rivals East Bengal as they win the Durand Cup with Bidesh Bose scoring the match-winner.

20 November Pakistan beat New Zealand by six wickets to win the first Test at Lahore. Left arm spinner, Iqbal Qasim is named 'man of the match' for match figures of eight for 106.

Anatoly Karpov and Gary Kasparov play to yet another draw as the 25th game ends in a draw after the 21st move. Karpov is leading 4-0 in the contest for world championship in chess.

21 November Graeme Fowler gets a hundred and Tim Robinson is unbeaten on 92 as England amass 231 for the loss of one wicket at the end of the first day's play in a four-day match against West Zone.

Khaosai Galaxy of Thailand outpunches Eusebio Espinal of Dominican Republic to capture the World Boxing Association junior bantamweight title in a bout at Bangkok.

22 November The second day of the match between England and West Zone finds West Zone at 66 for one after England had declared their first innings closed at 458 for three.

Jeremy Coney and Jeff Crowe of New Zealand win a double-wicket tournament at Lahore beating the Pakistani duo of Wasim Raja and Qasim Omer by six runs in the final.

23 November Australia are bundled out for a paltry 175 as the West Indian speedsters run amok at the Brisbane Cricket Ground on the first day of the second Test. Joel Garner (4/67) and Courtney Walsh (3/55) do the main damage. At draw of stumps, West Indies are 65 for the loss of Haynes' wicket.

Pakistan scrape past New Zealand by five runs in the one-day international at Faisalabad. This gives the Pakistanis a 2-0 lead in the four-game series.

The third day's play of the game between England and West Zone crawls to the inevitable draw with Dilip Vengsarkar providing some sparkle with an unbeaten 158.

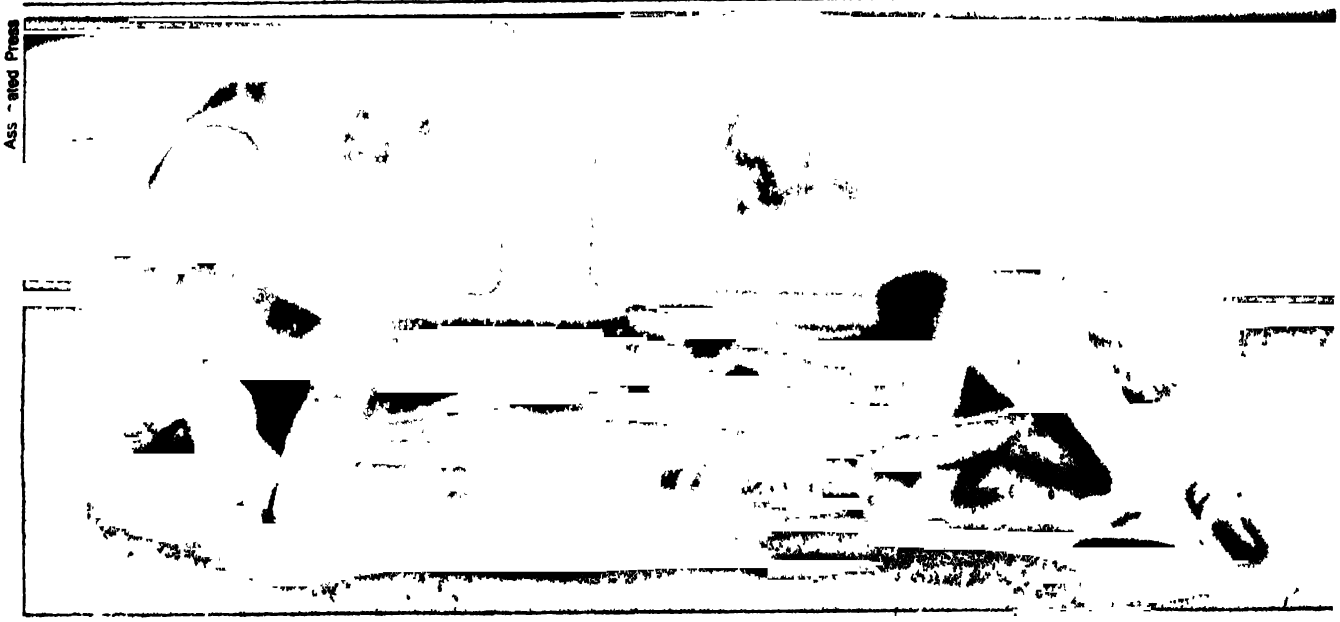
24 November The West Indian batsmen compliment their bowlers as they take full advantage of the low Australian score to score a quick 396 for the loss of six wickets. Clive Lloyd and Richie Richardson score a century apiece.

West Zone and England draw their match as England lose seven wickets for 138 Vengsarkar scores 200 n.o to declare his team's innings closed at 393 for seven.

Ivan Lendl makes a comeback to beat Paul McNamee 3-6, 6-1, 6-4 and enter the final of $10,000 Rio International Challenge tennis tournament. In the other semi final, Mats Wilander edges his way past Pat Cash 7-5, 4-6, 6-4.

25 November West Indies score 424 in their first innings and again maul the Australians in their second innings. Michael Holding takes three for 50 to reduce Australia to 134 for five.

The first day of the second Test Between Pakistan and New Zealand at Hyderabad finds John Reid (101 n.o.) playing a stellar role in rescuing the Kiwis from 88 for four to 238 for seven at stumps.



Try this for size.... French table tennis players Jacques Secretin (left) and Vincent Purkart are all concentration at a mini table tennis performance at Lucerne, Switzerland

The first four-minute mile

Plan that was hatched in a teashop

ROGER BANNISTER's name goes down in history as the first man to run a mile in four minutes. Other runners have run faster times and cracked the four-minute barrier more often.

His beating of the four-minute time came as no accident. It could almost be said that one of his major objectives in running was to achieve this very aim.

The first four-minute mile was planned by four men sitting over a cup of tea at a teashop in Sloane Square, London, in April 1954.

The four: Bannister, then a 22-year-old student, Chris Chataway, later to make another name as a politician, Chris Brasher, the gold-medal winning Olympic steeple-chaser, and Franz Stampfl, the Austrian-born coach.

Stampfl asked Brasher to be the pacemaker in the first two laps. Chataway was designated to lead in the third lap. After that, it was Bannister against the clock.

Another Englishman, Sydney Wooderson, held the world mile record for eight years. His time, set up in 1937, was 4 minutes 6.4 seconds.

In 1945 two Swedish runners, Arne Anderson and Gunder Hagg, cut the record to 4 minutes 1.3 seconds. Amazingly, no one had been able to knock off those remaining 1.3 seconds.

The competitor

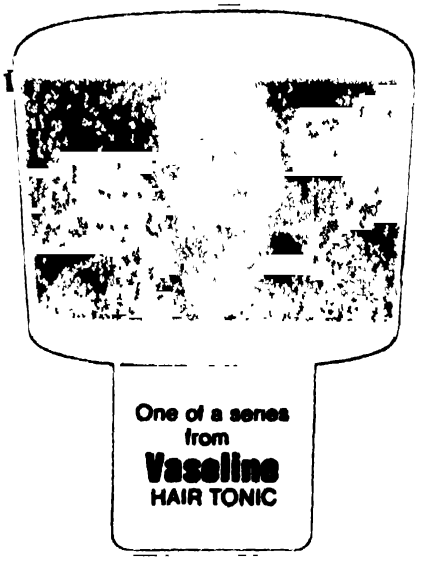
In 1952 the Australian runner John Landy produced a time of 4 minutes 2.1 seconds and an American, Wes Santee, ran a mile in 4 minutes 1.8 seconds.

Realizing that there was insufficient talent in Australia to push him, Landy toured Europe in an effort to beat the magical four-minute barrier. He came close several times.

Bannister knew he had little time to spare. The Sloane Square conference decided that May 6, at Iffley Road, Oxford, should be the time and place for the attempt.

When May 6 dawned, the plotters

ROGER BANNISTER



were disturbed to find that it was a windy day. A strong wind could clip seconds off the time.

Bannister travelled from London with his coach, Stampfl, who did his best to convince him that he was capable of fulfilling his ambition.

The newspapers and TV had heard about the attempt and were in attendance at Iffley Road in strength. This meant more pressure on the tall, strained-looking Bannister.

If he didn't break the record there would be an avalanche of 'Bannister fails' stories.

The wind seemed to increase in strength, but when the starting gun went at 6 pm precisely, the flags around the ground went limp. The wind had dropped.

As planned, Brasher took the lead and finished the first lap in a shade under 60 seconds. Bannister, close up behind him, kept shouting 'faster, faster.'

The schedule

Brasher still led at the end of the second lap. The time: just under two minutes—right on schedule.

The plan had been revised slightly. Brasher had to stay out in front for another 220 yards. He was whacked... but kept going.

When he fell back, near to exhaustion, Chataway took over. At his heels came Bannister, showing no signs of stress.

The last lap was punishing. Bannister rushed past Chataway. Now it was his will-power fighting the clock and the conditions. His white face was contorted, but he seemed to accelerate as he approached the finishing line.

The announcer intoned: 'First, number 47, R.G. Bannister, Exeter and Merton Colleges, representing the AAA, with a time which is a new meeting record and which, subject to ratification, will be a new English Native, British national, British All-Comers, European, British Empire, and World record.'

Bannister's time was 3 minutes, 59.4 seconds. His fame was now assured for as long as men value athletic feats.

Forty-six days later, Landy broke Bannister's record. It hadn't lasted long but no one worried. Bannister was first!

Bannister began running when he was 12. He won a cross country race to prove to the other boys that he wasn't a pale-faced nonentity. He was thought of as a swot.

His running career was interrupted until he went to Oxford, where he won a Blue for athletics. A student of medicine, he found that he had the ability to come suddenly to life near the end of races in which he had appeared to be exhausted and flash past the opposition as though they weren't there.

But he hadn't finished with Sport. His work as chairman of the British sports Council eventually earned him a well-deserved knighthood.

Steve Douglas

Vaseline

Soccer Scandal

Caught red-handed

TREMORS in Belgium. Some of the country's leading soccer clubs have been rocked by a massive scandal. Anderlecht, the Belgian League leaders have been ordered to pay 42 million francs (£590,000) in back taxes and fines for tax fraud. It has been alleged that Anderlecht altered transfer returns by exaggerating the purchase fees for players and minimizing the amounts received for players sold. The cash balance which resulted from altering accounts went into a Swiss bank account and was allegedly used to pay bonuses to Anderlecht players.

Anderlecht indulged in this dirty practice in February this year and they were not alone. Several other top clubs followed suit and there was a deep-rooted conspiracy to hoodwink the tax authorities.

Initially, it seemed that the government was reluctant to take action. But the reluctance was misleading. The authorities were only lying in ambush marking time for the right moment to strike.

They did a good job. Most of the big shots involved were caught red-handed and duly prosecuted. Jef Jurion, a former Belgian International was arrested; so was Edwards Wonters, a renowned banker, and chairman of the board of FC Antwerp. One can well visualise that for some time the game itself will take a back seat and scandals will hold centrestage.

Who wins?

A prestige issue

CHRIS TAVARE is in no-man's land. Chances are remote that he will get any support from the country's cricketing fraternity in his effort to release himself from the contract he has with Kent. The Cricketer's Association, who Tavare thought, would take up his case, has spelt out their stand in no uncertain terms.

The secretary of the Association, Jack Bannister has said: "We have yet to support anyone who wishes to break a contract. A player cannot communicate with another club when under contract, so it is difficult to see which way Tavare will turn."

It all started when, in September, the Kent County authorities abruptly removed Tavare as captain after only two years. It is understandable that Tavare should want to quit and one could hardly foresee anybody standing in his way, especially when one remembered the quiet departure of Denness in similar circumstances some years back. The only difference probably is that Denness was then nearly 36 and approaching the end of his career, while Tavare is 30, the age at which, says Colin Cowdrey, an England batsman is at his peak.

The Kent authorities are optimistic that Tavare would stay, despite the treatment that has been meted out to him. They are banking on the fact that Tavare owes his cricketing education to Kent and there are people who can persuade him not to quit.

For instance, Colin Page, Kent's director of coaching. Tavare grew up as a cricketer under his close scrutiny and the County authorities are relying on his influence changing Tavare's mind. They have also made an offer of a fresh four-year contract on their top salary scale.

But Tavare does not seem to be impressed, although there has been talk in certain quarters close to the hero of our story, that Tavare has started thinking anew.

Let's see who wins. Tavare or Kent, the proudest of the cricketing counties in England.



Chris Tavare: no-man's land

Good times

Money pours in

BONANZA for the England soccer clubs. The Football Association has decided to pay them £400 a match for each player who turns out for England. In the past the clubs collected £750 per player. That was in 1982. But the scheme proved so costly that the FA could not afford to make any further payment in the past two years.

But now they are seeing better days again. The FA Secretary Ted Croker said, "Profits from international matches are now regrettably low, but the success of the England team means that we can expect higher gates in future. We have had such good cooperation from the clubs in recent years that we are making this gesture in return."

The new payment scheme will be launched during England's World Cup qualifying match against N Ire land

Pressure Tactics

At whose expense?

WHAT is more important—money or the health of the participants? Over the last few weeks, this question has been tormenting the International Olympic Committee. Tremendous pressure has been put on them by the three main American television networks, who are to telecast the 1988 Seoul Games, to hold some of the major events according to their convenience. They even threatened to reduce their bids for television rights by 40 per cent unless the organisers agreed to hold athletics, swimming and gymnastics finals early in the day.

The winner of the right to broadcast the Olympics in the USA was expected to offer at least $500 million, but the top bid could now be as low as $300 million, unless the finals are timed to suit American viewers.

But the IOC is not likely to give in easily, one clear indication of which was the brief comment that came from their director Monique Berlioux: "There is no question of ruining the health of the competitors". It seems the moneyed TV barons of the US will not have their way this time.

All For One

LONDON· Trainee solicitor Nicole Carr made her first appearance in an all male rugby match and said it would be her last Her moment of glory came at the end of the match with a sprint down the wing side The 5ft 2in blonde was prevented from scoring because the entire male opposition raced to tackle her!

Off-side!

NEW YORK Overheard after a Varsity Baseball match 'Our coach can really bring out the best in the team Too bad it's always the other team "

A Jog A Day...

BOMBAY While the rest of us sit, stand and moan over the high price and poor quality of milk, a distinguished film maker prefers to take things in his stride as he jogs from his home to the milk booth and back each morning to collect his quota, dressed in vest and shorts, and carrying the overpriced milk bottles

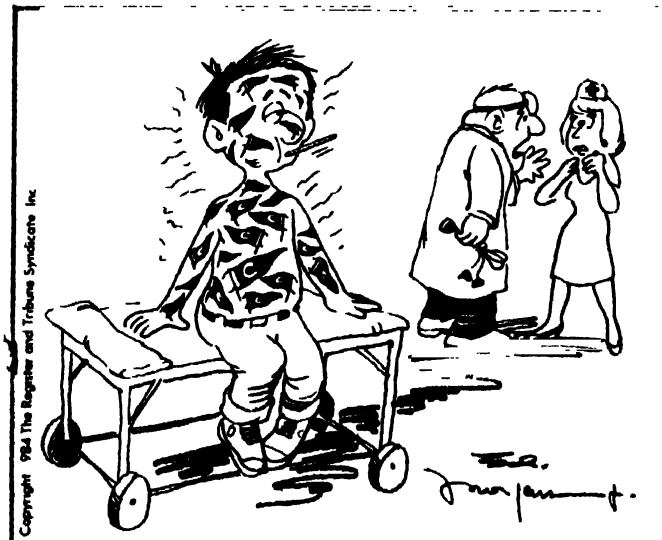
Speed Sans Accuracy

COLOGNE Hans Bruckner was a fast forward but could never manage to score Nevertheless he fancied himself After a certain semi final encounter when he'd failed to score for the fifth time, the team manager cum coach decided it was time for a reprimand cum put down "You shoot like lightning", said he to the conceited forward

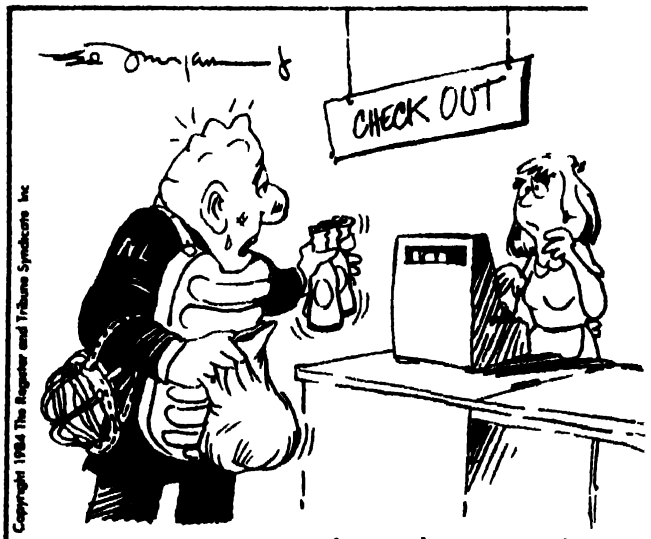
"You mean I'm fast?" said Hans looking pleased at the compliment

'No," retorted the coach, drily 'I mean you never strike twice in the same place

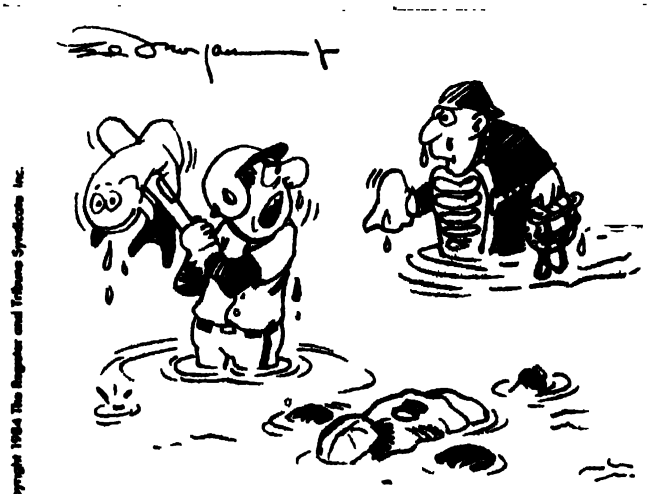
Bernie Tellis



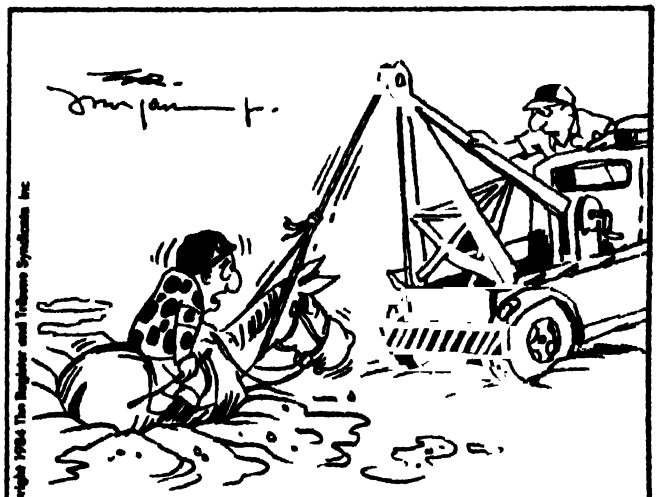
"In all my years as a doctor I've never seen a worse case of pennant fever."



"Excuse me, ma'am, but where can I turn in some bottles and slightly used vegies?"



"You better do something about these fans and their wave!"

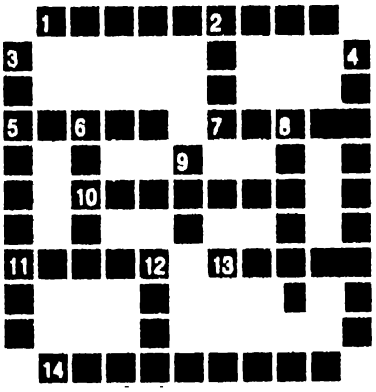


"Track was a bit sloppy today."

CROSSWORD

Mudar

265



ACROSS

1 Bob Lutz and? An oft-quoted tennis pair (4,5)
5 Shavers in boxing and McCormick in cricket (5)
7 Swimming Champion at Montreal stutters towards the end (5)
10 Winner of the Wimbledon thrice successively in the Thirties (1,1,5)
11 England bowler against the West Indies last summer suggests that he is not old (5)
13 Indoor game is 'masculine' in the middle (5)
14 English soccer coach begins with a 'rug' (4, 5)

DOWN

2 One of the biggest attractions at any athletics meet (4)
3 Irretrievable position in chess (9)
4 Danish import into County cricket gets a 'perfect score in the middle (9)
6 If Test matches are to be what they are at Faisalabad, then they would be? (2, 3)
8 A cricketing Hadlee, but not Richard (5)
9 A cricketing break, which could be dangerous (3)
12 Directions for English soccer side Hull United (4)

Excellent: 14 Good: 13-12, Fair: 11-10.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghosh

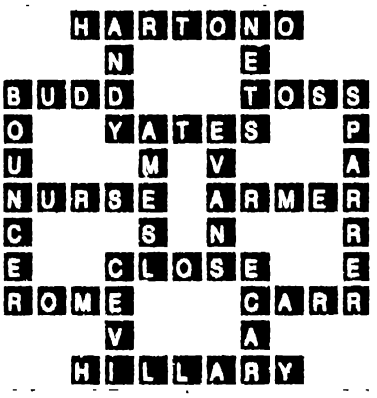
QUESTIONS

1 The same eleven cricketers represented a country in each of the matches of a five-Test series Which was the country and what was the series ?
2 When, for the first time in Test cricket, did a batsman score a hundred in each innings of a match ?
3 Which bowler took four wickets in five balls (including the hat-trick) in his debut Test ?
4 Who is the only regular wicket-keeper to have scored 50 or more runs in each innings of his debut Test ?
5 Who is the only cricketer to have scored two not out innings over 50 in his debut Test ?
6 Identify the cricketer who scored a hundred in his first Test match, two separate hundreds in his third and a double hundred in his fourth

ANSWERS

1 South Africa Series against England, 1905-06
2 In the fifth and final Test against England in 1909 W Bardsley of Australia hit 136 and 130
3 M J C Allom of England (5/38) in the 1st Test against New Zealand in 1929-30
4 Dilawar Hussain of India who on his first appearance scored 59 and 57 in the 2nd Test against England in Calcutta, 1933
5 G C Grant, West Indies captain, in the 1st Test against Australia, 1930-31 He scored 53 n o and 71 n o
6 George Headley of West Indies, the scores being 176, 114 and 112, and 223 in the 1st, 3rd and 4th Tests against England, 1929-30

SOLUTIONS 264



BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Some suit combinations do not give rise to deceptive play in the normal sense, but can still be played for psychological advantage In an article by the French expert Claude Delmouly I was at first baffled to see

AQ542
K63

Apart from the elementary point that in some circumstances it might be right to duck the second round what else can be said?

There is a valid answer one that had not occurred to me If either in a suit contract or at no trumps you play briskly low to the queen, back to the king, then to the ace East will know that the suit is solid and will organise his discards on that basis But if you 'finesse' the queen cash the ace and play a third round from dummy East with a doubleton will think that his partner has length and this may affect his play At no trumps he may make an informative discard This position is fairly well known

KJ10x
AQx

If in a suit contract you are hoping to obtain a discard on the fourth round it may be a good move to begin with ace low to the king then the jack from dummy If East has the doubleton he may misread the position and fail to ruff

Much has been written about this combination

A943
KQ5

If you play off the king and queen, and East plays the jack or 10 on the second round, the odds favour a finesse of the 9 (This is in accordance with the principle of restricted choice) However, you can do a little better by making the first play from dummy Now a defender with J 10x may blithely play the jack or 10, he would not do this with a doubleton

There are many varieties of this combination

K42
A1098

The 10 from hand is best if West doesn t give this a look, go up with the king and plan to finesse twice against East

This week's quiz: If East rather than West is likely to be short in the suit, how do you play this combination

KJ52
Q43

Answer: the normal play is low to the jack and low to the king so that if West has Ax his ace will beat the air, but if East is likely to be short, queen from hand is best, because West will have to win with A10xx and you will have more time and control

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Photo feature on India-England Test

12-18 DECEMBER 1984

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CHAPPELL'S CRICKET

Pataudi reviews the opening of the five-Test battle

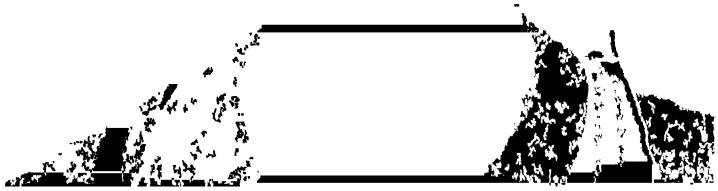
End of Round One



Bestselling author Michael Mewshaw explains that pro tennis has its own off-court "Mafia" and strongarm tactics



Siva, the tormentor of the tourists, exposed their dislike for leg spin



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Sportsworld

12-18 Dec. '84

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Zaheer Zigzags

I HAVE a lot to say regarding the interview with Zaheer Abbas in your issue of 21 November 1984

When Zaheer says that the West Indies are stronger side he means it Because any team on earth is stronger with two umpires officiating without any sense of neutrality

As regards other issues Zaheer Abbas preferred to remain silent I would like Zaheer not to be a hypocrite Everybody knows how he has managed to gather runs in the home series and always fails miserably on foreign soil

Doesn't everybody agree
ARTA MISHRA
Cuttack

Neglected East

KUDOS to the India selectors for choosing some of the promising talents like Azharuddin Prabhakar and Sivaramakrishna who should hold the lamp of success for India

But, once again there were many face from the East Zone Playing cricket in East Zone is like playing cricket in Bangladesh which has not yet acquired Test status till now

I think that Aveek Mitra should be given a chance
AROOP SINHA
Salt Lake

Rarity Required

I STRONGLY feel that the encounters between India and Pakistan should be as rare as possible as the spectators interests are on the wane and more so because of umpiring controversies

So, I suggest that sporting ties with Pakistan should be snapped at least for the near future

It is sincerely requested that our Sports Ministry should seriously consider the matter
H N. ANANTHAKRISHNAN
Bangalore

Objection

DEAR Sir Dear Sir Yes Sir I am repeating myself And so is *Sportsworld*

I am referring to the profile of Lester Piggott written by your correspondent Mr Adi Davar I remember reading a similar profile even the photograph of Piggott was the same in the one years ago by Ashis Ray

The only thing different in the two articles was that the latter one said a little more about the great jockeys [illegible] career

Does your *Sportsworld* have a short memory Or is it that *Sportsworld* prefers to ride about on Ashis Ray [illegible] reference for Ashis Ray

[illegible]

ARUP MUKHERJI

Editor's replies

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Siva should only play the Tests

DEAR POLLY,

Much as I admired your batting and still acknowledge your deep understanding of the game, why don't you please produce a quicker wicket? Did you not say that it would be sufficiently watered and whatever grass that appeared would not be cut?

I saw no grass, no pace, only a track which kept a little low and on which you would have scored a hundred against practically any side. That the Englishmen did not do so was entirely their own fault and while Sivaramakrishnan bowled well to produce some remarkable figures, he did so with a great deal of help from the batsmen. They are obviously unused to wrist spin and treated him as if they were pitted against a king cobra. Every ball was a potential menace and a number of wickets were lost to deliveries that an Indian or a Pakistani would have despatched to the fence.

A theory which frankly I have not bothered to corroborate is that players of the sub continent tend to read the ball in the air, rather than play it off the wicket, or try and pick it from the action. This is an almost foolproof method, and while it cannot guarantee that a leg spinner will not get you out, it does allow you to punish a loose delivery with complete confidence. It stops the bowler from taking complete charge as indeed Siva was permitted to do so.

To prevent another debacle, the Englishmen may well take to desperate measures as Neil Harvey did against Gupte at the Brabourne Stadium. The person to do it is Gower. And Siva, for obvious reasons, must not play in any match against them except the Tests.



Sivaramakrishnan bowled well to produce some remarkable figures but he did so with a great deal of help from the batsmen

Apart from Siva's enviable debut in India and the mature resilience of the later Indian batting order, this is one of the very rare times that India has gone into a Test with five bowlers, and is it only a coincidence that the desire and the ability to attack has resulted in a win after three years?

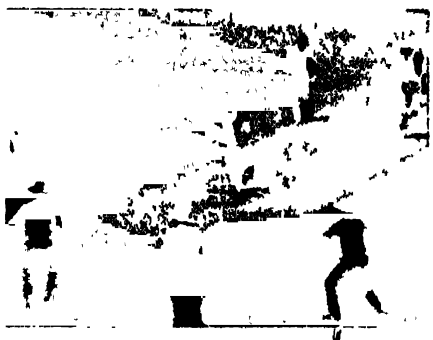
And can the loss of attendance be attributed to a spate of draws and losses? To some extent, yes, the spectator "spoilt" by one-day games, wants a result, but the real threat to the revenue comes from an increasingly competent coverage on co our T. V., and Doordarshan does not believe in buying the rights to counte the loss in revenue.

A Test ticket averages out at Rs 100. Some 15,000 spectators short is a net loss of Rs 15 lacs, and the only way that the spectator can be lured back is if the match is not televised in the city in which it is played.

I wonder if the cricket associations will ever have the guts to do this, knowing fully well that not only will they come under severe political pressure, but also earn the wrath of the thousands who stay home to watch.



Patil c Gower b Edmonds



Cowans hits Patil on the helmet



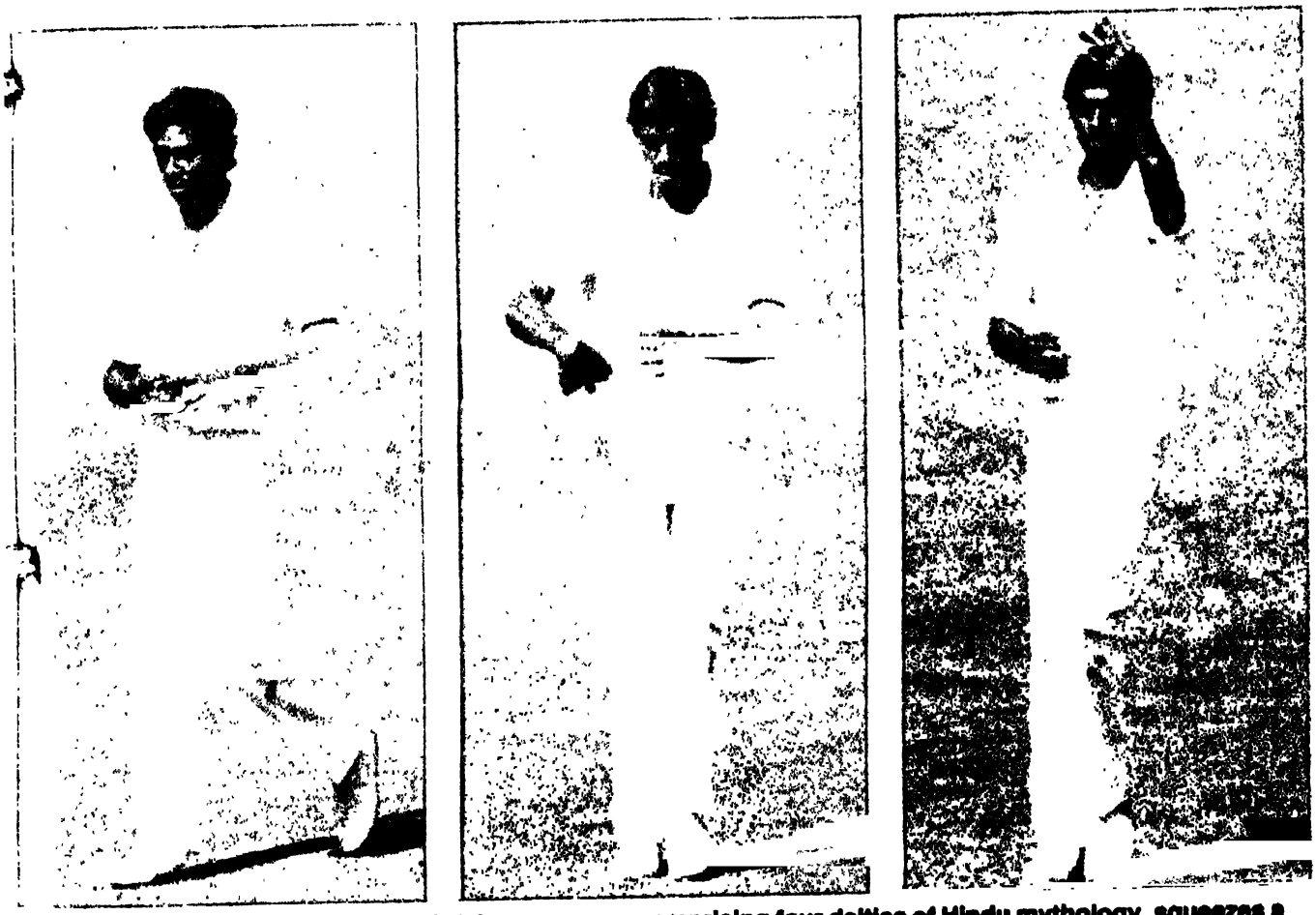
Amarnath is out on 49



Amarnath survives Ellison

ending 'Sivas' up England's spine

Camera coverage of the Bombay Test by **Nikhil Bhattacharya**



Boy wonder. Laxmanan Sivaramakrishnan, a name comprising four deities of Hindu mythology, squeezes a leg break out of his fingers. With as little fuss, he returned with figures of 12 for 181.



'Foul' weather for the batsman. Graeme Fowler is out, c and b Sivaramakrishnan in the first innings.



The English team.

28 November, 1984. The match is about to begin. But there is a two-minute silence as a mark of respect to the memories of Mrs Gandhi, Y.B. Chavan and Percy Norris, deputy High Commissioner of the British High Commission at Bombay. And predictably, no one turned up to watch. For proof, look at the stands in the background.



Ravi Shastri and the one-man reception committee. 'Sir, just a little garland. Won't you accept it? It cost me five rupees.'



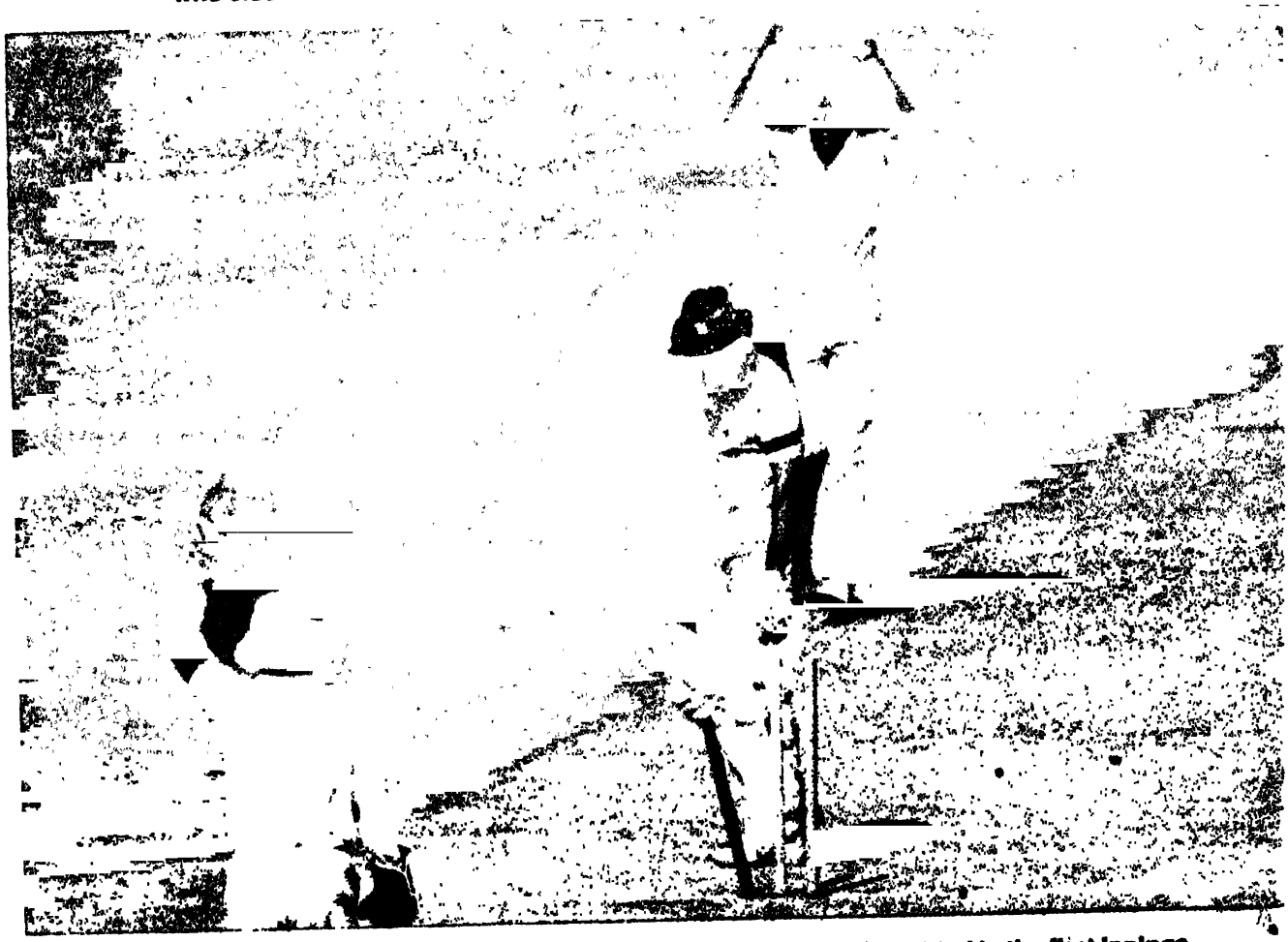
The Indian team.



'Congratulations, sir, and well batted. Er... you did so well... er, we so proud. I want to kiss you.' A bespectacled intruder makes for Kirmani's face. Kirmani does not appear to appreciate the whole idea. One of the well wishers (near the stumps) is barefooted.



Robinson waits for umpire Swarup Kishan's verdict. He was given out caught behind off — who else?— Sivaramakrishnan in the first innings. Why have the Indians not appealed?



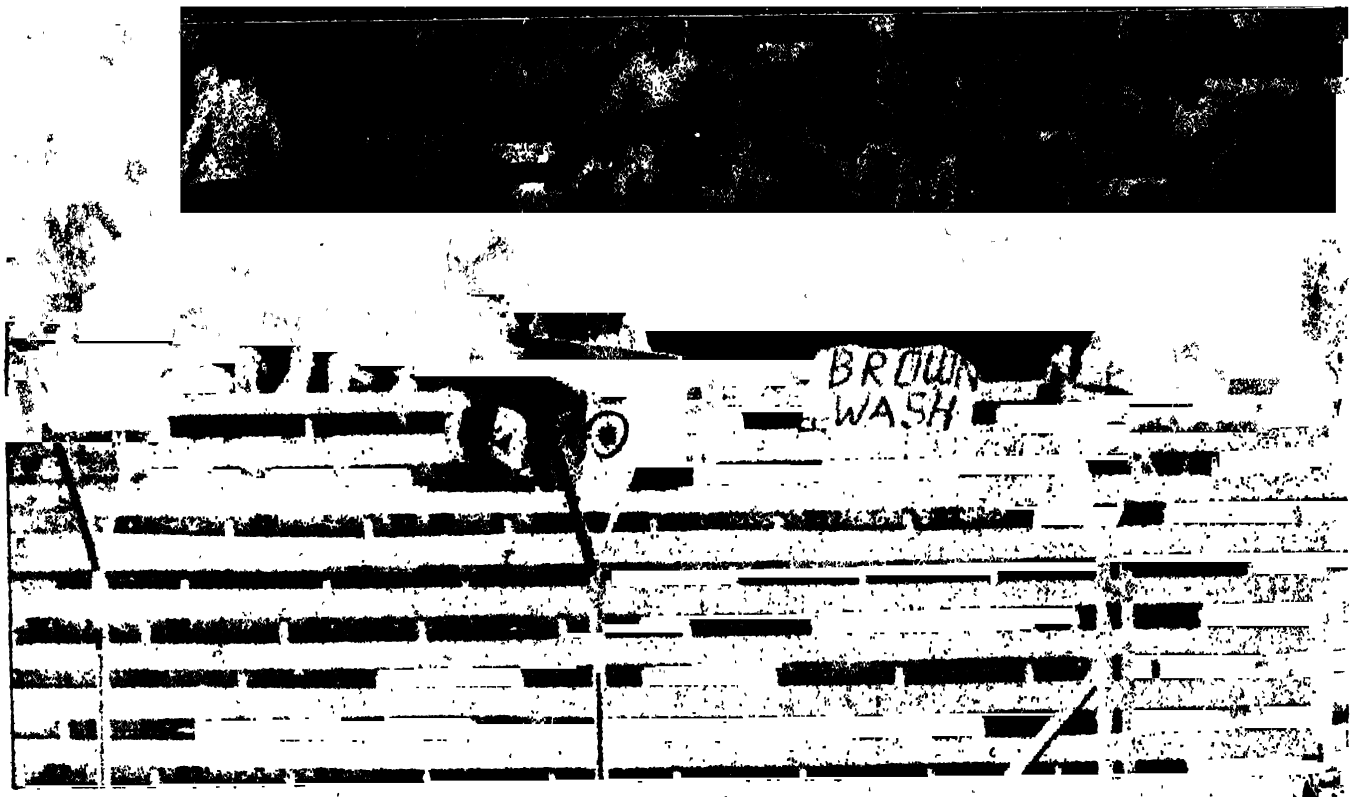
The smile ret·· ns at last. Kapil has had his say. David Gower is bowled in the first innings.



Collision! Kapil Dev holds on to a catch to dismiss Phil Edmonds. Geekwad takes a peek.



The winning run. The Amarnath shot fetched India's first victory in 31 Tests. Only three persons are visible apart from those on the field. And two are policemen!



The lads from the laundry have the last word.



"Wah, Kiri bhai, aapne to kamal kar diya," Shastri appears to tell Kirmani while congratulating him for his second hundred in Test cricket.

It is going to be an exciting series

Tony Lewis crystal gazes

BATTING is an in form business and it was not difficult to see that Ravi Shastri had got a century in Faisalabad before he set about England in Bombay

I congratulated Ravi at a drinks party I thought his 139 was the best innings I had ever seen him play I also expressed it to Sunil Gavaskar who with his usual impish straight face said Is that what you think of a fella who can't get to 140? Well I suppose it keeps a pair of 23 year old feet on the ground'

Ravi has always been a patient batsman who plays straight He was never likely to dominate an innings because he always hit the ball to orthodox predictable places on the ground However I saw something different this time He looked to attack he was up the pitch to the spinners launching his rather thin body into some brutal drives He did not get the ball away through the gaps for a long time Indeed in commentary to BBC ball by ball I remarked that he had scored the most aggressive hour and twenty minute 19 that I had ever seen

However soon the ball found the spaces and his whole personality emerged as it from a chrysalis His on side play which is his strength became more punishing He flipped boundaries off his toes to square leg He hit the off spinner Pocock over mid on and to deep mid wicket All the time the adventure was based on the solid technique he built up in the early years

We knew all about his fighting qualities and the pride in his performance we have seen him open an Indian innings as well as prop up the tail But now the extra mercurial contributions of the 11 players ahead of him gave him space to play the innings India really needed On the second day of the Test India should have buried England Amazingly they left in arm and a leg above the ground When Ravi Shastri had finished with them on the third day there was only a fingertip showing

It must be pointed out that whereas Shastri gave chances, Kirmani did not He got his second Test century with a great show of composure

He was anything but confused about his batting tactics because they are always the same –little back lift, mainly on the front foot with runs coming by dabs or deflections

I thought England should have bowled a little more slowly at him and perhaps Phil Edmonds could have tried a 'bit of width now and again Basically Kirmani requires the ball to come onto the bat at a decent speed that is how his deflecting game goes best Without the speed of the ball on the bat and without the certainty of knowing that he would be in line with spin bowling directed entirely at the stumps he might have made a mistake

Hindsight is not much use Shastri and Kirmani both adorned the first Test match even though, for me it was like taking an envious look over the garden wall at someone else's roses

I am rarely prompted to write about umpires It is such a fruitless pursuit The men in the white coat are human and therefore likely to make mistakes Mr Ganguly made a mistake or two about young Tim Robinson and maybe about Graeme Fowler I would not dispute any of these His was the judgment and he was out there in the middle I respect that.

I congratulated Shastri at a drinks party. I thought his 139 was the best innings I had ever seen him play. I also expressed it to Gavaskar who, with his usual, impish, straight face said, "Is that what you think of a fella who can't get to 140?"

I respect less Mr Swaroop Kishen's failure to see that Gower and Cowdrey had played the ball with pad not bat when they were both given out caught by Vengsarkar Neither actually played at the ball Gower especially made the familiar gesture of extending the pad well ahead of the bat to blunt the ball which was turning in to him out of the rough

Mr Kishen was hoaxed by Indian acting These are the conclusions of the England dressing room Vengsarkar's catch off Gower's pad was a brilliant one The crowd roared then appeal Vengsarkar went on stage

I maintain that an umpire who had once been a first class cricketer, who knows the bat and pad jumble, would not have given Gower out He would need to be a man of authority and coolness but it was simply a matter of eye and ear and understanding

The England view is that Mr Kishen had a bad match

We always come back to the old dispute about Indian umpires, but never is anything changed If one day I saw a former first class player, well paid, in the white coat then I would say things are moving to the ideal—an uncontroversial tour of India

Because England lost, it sounds like sour grapes Don't worry, no one says that Indian umpires cheat It could happen to the Indian players in the next Test

It is going to be an exciting series The emphasis on spin will make sure that the games will be played close to the bat England are confident that they will be playing Sivaramakrishnan well enough next time Incredibly, the wrist spinner is an extinct species in England It was good to see the speed of Sivaram's wrist action, the venom in his attitude, his overall accuracy

Rather than the rose, Siva may be more the deadly bramble which climbs over the garden wall and blights growth on the England side B[illegible] hope not

Dark and ebony sorcerer from the South

Ashis Ray finds Lakshmanan Sivaramakrishnan excellent material for the future

There was no Man of the Match award at the conclusion of the Bombay Test between England and India because a sponsor was, reportedly, unavailable. But Lakshmanan Sivaramakrishnan, the odds-on favourite for the honour, after his sensational haul of 12 for 181 in the match, was not denied a gift—a thoughtful Sunil Gavaskar, the Indian captain, gave him a box of chocolates.

This present was highly appropriate Siva, as he is affectionately called by his teammates, is almost too young to indulge in something like the 'sauce" More pertinently, the brand name of the product concerned was virtually synonymous with the image probably sketched out in English minds -- "black magic"

It is nearly seven years since an Indian bowler captured a dozen wickets in a Test—only four, Vinoo Mankad, Jasu Patel, Venkataraghavan and Chandrasekhar, had previously attained this distinction. And significantly enough, it is again a slow bowler, the type that has generally dominated the Indian scene, to accomplish the feat, and that too after a conspicuous famine in this category of exponents Not surprisingly, therefore, there is enormous excitement in cricketing quarters in this country, and great expectations of a spinning star, a la one of the "quartet" in the making

It is, moreover, relevant that this is the first time since the great Gupte that an orthodox leg spinner has taken ten or more wickets in a Test match. So the inevitable question is: how good is Siva?

When I first saw Siva in the West Indies, his googly and top spinner were still developing and not quite a potent weapon. He, also, did not appear to be a prodigious turner of the ball and, needless to mention, did not possess the "loop" which distinguishes a great spinner from just a good one.

Eighteen months on, his wrong 'un is markedly more deceptive, while his straighter delivery is definitely much faster off the wicket than what it used to be. But he still has not mastered a tantalising trajectory; and is on the overall, faster and flatter than a classical wrist spinner.

I understand that V.V. Kumar, the former Tamil Nadu leg spinner, who was so very unlucky not to have donned India's colours more often, is working on Siva, which is fortuitous for the lad, for there can be few better sources of guidance. Gupte, withered with ill-health, was sadly not a great help in Trinidad.

Twelve wickets in a Test match is an outstanding performance by any standards and what is even more impressive is that the Madras undergraduate should have attained this height at such a tender age. But it ought to be borne in mind that this showing was against England where a leg spinner has become an extinct species and whose batsmen are ventably psyched out the moment they are confronted by one. Indeed, a traditional weakness has now become a complete trauma.



"His wrong 'un is markedly deceptive, while his straighter delivery is definitely much faster off the wicket than what it used to be."

However, it is encouraging to observe as far as the fourth son of a Madras businessman is concerned—his father and elder brother never touched a cricket bat—that Abdul Qadir, reckoned to be the best of his breed in contemporary cricket, has never been as successful in a Test as his rising imitator was in Bombay. And it cannot be said that the England team currently in India is in any way inferior to the one that toured Pakistan earlier in the year.

It also would be a folly to forget that Siva did manage to pose a few questions to the immensely talented West Indians in Antigua, where he made his Test debut and was a trifle unfortunate in finishing wicketless—thanks to the Indian catching!

This tie, in fact, revealed a remarkable quality about the teenager. A sledgehammer drive from Clive Lloyd had caused a suspected hairline fracture in one of Siva's fingers. I, thus, asked him during this game why he was not taking a rest. His reply was stoic and heroic: "It will create a bad impression if I shied away in my very first Test." This indicated an excellant attitude and a resilience which proves so vital in sustaining a man at the highest level.

Siva, who turns 19 on New Year's eve, is still too young and inexperienced to trouble the whole of the cricketing world with consistency. But he has potential as he is endowed with natural ability and a fine cricketing brain, not to mention the correct stature for a classical "leggie" And I would daresay, we shall hear a lot more of this dark and ebony sorcerer from the South

FIRST TEST, BOMBAY, 28 NOVEMBER TO 3 DECEMBER

ENGLAND

	(First Innings)	Rns	Mts	Bls	4s	6s		(Second Innings)	Rns	Mts	Bls	4s	6s
G. Fowler	c and b Sivaramakrishnan	28	96	62	4	—	—	lbw Sivaramakrishnan	55	216	193	5	—
Tim Robinson	c Kirmani b S'krishnan	22	103	82	3	—	—	lbw Kapil Dev	1	18	12	—	—
Mike Gatting	c and b S'krishnan	15	45	38	3	—	—	c Patil b S'krishnan	136	309	253	21	—
D.I. Gower	b Kapil Dev	13	41	43	1	—	—	c Vengsarkar b Shastri	2	20	13	—	—
Allan Lamb	c Shastri b Kapil	9	20	13	2	—	—	st Kirmani b S'krishnan	1	5	3	—	—
C. Cowdrey	c Kirmani b Yadav	13	62	42	1	—	—	c Vengsarkar b Yadav	14	63	57	2	—
R. Ellison	b S'krishnan	1	4	3	—	—	—	c Vengsarkar b Yadav	0	51	56	—	—
Paul Downton	not out	37	190	164	2	—	—	lbw S'krishnan	62	175	145	5	—
P. Edmonds	c Gaekwad b Shastri	48	88	87	4	3	—	c Kapil b S'krishnan	8	51	56	—	—
P. Pocock	c Kirmani b S'krishnan	8	42	48	2	—	—	not out	22	78	61	2	—
N Cowans	c Shastri b S'krishnan	0	6	3	—	—	—	c Vengsarkar b S'krishnan	0	1	1	—	—
Extras:	(1-b)	1						(4-b, 8-lb, 4-nb)	16				
Total:		195	359	578					317	486	810		

Fall of wkts: 1/46, 2/51, 3/78, 4/78, 5/93, 6/94, 7/114, 8/175, 9/193. 1/3, 2/138, 3/145, 4/152, 5/199, 6/222, 7/228, 8/255, 9/317.

Bowling: (First innings): Kapil Dev 22-8-44-2, C. Sharma 11-4-28-0, R. Shastri 17-8-23-1, M. Amarnath 3-2-1-0, L. Sivaramakrishnan 31.2-10-64-6, S. Yadav 12-2-34-1.

(Second innings). Kapil Dev 21-8-34-1, C. Sharma 9-2-39-0, R. Shastri 29-8-50-1, L. Sivaramakrishnan 46-10-117-6, S. Yadav 29-9-64-2.

INDIA

	(First Innings)	Rns	Mts	Bls	4s	6s		(Second Innings)	Rns	Mts	Bls	4s	6s
S.M. Gavaskar	c Downton b Cowans	27	48	32	6	—	—	c Gower b Cowans	5	28	24	1	—
A.D. Gaekwad	run out	24	63	36	4	—	—	st Downton b Edmonds	1	18	14	—	—
D. Vengsarkar	c Lamb b Cowans	34	56	27	7	—	—	not out	21	42	26	1	—
M. Amarnath	c Cowdrey b Pocock	49	83	68	9	—	—	not out	22	32	27	5	—
S. Patil	c Gower b Edmonds	20	53	31	4	—							
R. Shastri	c Lamb b Pocock	142	390	322	17	1							
Kapil Dev	b C. Cowdrey	42	57	55	7	—							
S. Kirmani	c Lamb b Pocock	102	319	230	10	—							
C. Sharma	not out	5	22	12	—	—							
S. Yadav	not out	7	20	13	—	—							
L. Sivaramakrishnan did not bat.													
Extras	(4-b, 2-lb, 7-nb)	13						(2-b)	2				
Total:	(For eight declared)	465	500	952				(For two wickets)	51	61	91		

Fall of wkts: 1/47, 2/59, 3/116, 4/156, 5/156, 6/218, 7/453, 8/453. 1/5, 2/7.

Bowling: (First innings): R. Ellison 18-3-85-0, N. Cowans 28-6-109-2, P. Edmonds 33-6-82-1, P. Pocock 46-10-133-3, C. Cowdrey 5-0-30-1, M. Gatting 7-0-20-0.

(Second innings): N. Cowans 5-2-18-1, P. Edmonds 8-3-21-1, P. Pocock 2.1-0-10-0.

Highlights

*The Bombay Test was the 1001st in chronological order.

*Sunil Gavaskar is the only player to have appeared in all the 10 Tests at Wankhede Stadium. He also became the only Indian player to appear in a maximum of 11 Tests at Bombay (including one at Brabourne Stadium in 1972-73). Other Indian players who appeared in at least 9 Tests at any other Indian Test centre are Vijay Manjrekar (Eden Gardens, Calcutta), Chandu Borde (Brabourne Stadium, Bombay), Syed Kirmani (Wankhede Stadium, Bombay), Gavaskar and Gundappa Vishwanath (both at Chepauk, Madras). Vishwanath also played 9 times collectively at the two Bombay grounds.

*Patrick Pocock figures in the select list of players who have been privileged to play alongside a father as well as his son in Tests. He appeared with Chris Cowdrey at Bombay, having earlier appeared with father Colin against West Indies and Australia in 1968. The other players were Jack Blackham of Australia (with Ned and Syd Gregory), Wilfred Rhodes of England (with Fred and Maurice Tate), 'Buster' Nupen of South Africa (with Dave and Dudley Nourse), Chandu Borde of India (with Vinoo and Ashok Mankad) and Zaheer Abbas and Sarfraz Nawaz (with Hanif and Shoaib Mohammad).

*Kapil Dev captured his 250th wicket in Test cricket when Ravi Shastri caught Allan Lamb off his bowling in the first innings.

*Laxmanan Sivaramkrishnan's first innings haul of 6 for 64 bettered Madan Lal's 5 for 23 against England here and represents the best figures by an Indian bowler in 10 Tests at Wankhede Stadium.

*Kapil Dev became the first Indian to complete a 'home double' (1500 runs and 150 wickets) when he reached 27 in his knock of 42 in India's first innings. He had aggregated 150 wickets on Indian soil at Madras last year while playing against West Indies.

—Bharteridu

One-day cricket not solely to blame

The trouble is that a lot of three day games resemble the limited-overs matches, feels **Bob Willis**

AS the thoughts of county committees and TCCB administrators move ahead to the programme for 1986, it is time for me to mount the old soapbox again to try to persuade the powers that be to change the domestic county programme for the benefit of our Test players. The 1984 and 1985 seasons will of course be bonanza years for the county coffers, thanks to well attended Test matches against our two most fashionable rivals, West Indies and Australia, but what of the seasons of famine afterwards?

There are many critics of the present England team and the personalities in and around the side, but not enough criticism of the system that throws up such mediocre resources. Let us get two facts firmly in our minds. One-day cricket is here to stay whether we like it or hate it. The second fact is that the cricket-watching purists will not watch a poor England side *ad nauseam*. So we must play one-day matches at the weekends when the masses are available to watch and play a 16-match Championship in the middle of the week for the development of Test-class players.

Of course, there are enormous problems in fitting a midweek Championship around a Test match schedule of five or six matches, but it is time we gave it a try.

The reason for the decline in standards at the top level is not wholly to be found at the door of one-day cricket. The trouble is that our three-day Championship matches are far nearer the one-day game in style than the five-day contest. It is no surprise that current Britannic Assurance and John Player Special champions, Essex, do well in these types of cricket, but why have Messrs Lever, Pringle and Foster struggled to establish themselves as bowling regulars for England? The answer is simple, because the cricket they are playing at county level bears no resemblance to Test match play.

So how could a new structure work? Obviously 16 of the 17 counties would need to be occupied every Saturday and Sunday. So one home and one away match are required each weekend to give members and other local supporters at least a weekly look at their side in one-day matches. I would like to see a longer match on Sundays, maybe 45 overs a side with no run-up restrictions and a 50-overs (lunch between innings) match on Saturdays. There could be two groups, North and South, nine teams per group, playing an eight-match league with the two league winners playing a final a fortnight later in the first half of the season, and a similar League Cup with the counties splitting East and West in the second half of the summer. There would then be the chance of attracting another valuable sponsor to the game—without stealing NatWest's thunder — whose competition could be played midweek in among the Test matches and ideally 16 four day-match Championship.



"We in cricket must change with the times as well. We cannot afford to stick our heads in the sand and say that it is just a passing phase," writes Bob Willis

I believe it would be a retrograde step to reduce one-day cricket in order to play more three-day cricket; let's entertain the pop cricket-watchers at weekends and learn the powers of concentration and perseverance in a balanced Championship midweek.

Sure, there will be problems with pitches, but they might be reduced if counties were prepared to pay their groundsman for what he is — the most important employee on their staff!

Sure, there will be problems with the non availability of Test players, but there always has been. And what about the Championship being only for players qualified for England? I realise that would be an unpopular and embarrassing move for some counties, but not so embarrassing and costly as a decline in the gates at Test matches involving England, which our counterparts in soccer are currently suffering.

Society has changed. People's sport-watching habits have changed. We in cricket must change with the times as well. We cannot afford to stick our heads in the sand and say that it is just a passing phase. We must grasp the nettle and do something positive quickly. Our aim should be to be able to give as good as we get from West Indies home and away by the end of this decade.

Pie in the sky? It need not be if we act now to improve our standards while still keeping faith with our public. I am fed up with the carping criticisms aimed at the modern player. He can only be as good as the game he is given in which to learn his skills. Let's set about producing good pitches on which players have the opportunity to learn to bat well, and even more importantly, on which bowlers can learn again the art of taking wickets, *not* just restricting runs.

Face to face with a Tiger

If you've got a minute, try this experiment. Take a ball, close one eye, toss it up and try catching it. Chances are you'll miss. Because with one eye, you'll have what is known as a 'parallax' problem. Now imagine facing Jeff Thomson, John Snow, Fred Trueman or even Lance Gibbs with one eye. Or imagine taking a hot, low catch. And imagine doing all that with style, power and international class. Hard to imagine an ordinary human being doing that. But what about a Tiger? Or Mansur Ali Khan — the Nawab of Pataudi? Ah! now that's possible, isn't it!

Within the first two minutes of meeting him, you'll know Tiger's no pussycat. He stalks into his lair, a brown, dark den loaded with books and a few photographs, and fixes you with a steady, unblinking gaze. His agile mind ripples with tough opinions and he expresses them with tigerish conviction. Mansur Ali Khan is every inch his epithet — Tiger.



Unlike most other cricketers, Pataudi was born into the game. "Actually I'm a third generation cricketer. My grandfather was the President of the Board of Cricket Control, my father captained India and played for England. So I guess cricket was in my blood. Of course, like most kids I enjoyed every game (I was even the All-England Schoolboys Racquets Doubles Champion), but I did realise that cricket was something special." And just how special the world would know in a few years.

By the time Pat was 14 he had represented his public school, Winchester College, Hampshire, England. And by the time he was 17, he had won a cricket blue in Oxford and was representing Sussex in first class county cricket. In fact, Tiger remembers one of his first big games vividly. "I went in to bat at number 5 and there was this incredibly fast bowler, Freddie Trueman. Now Freddie had this thing against players who flaunted the old school tie, blazer, cap or any other snobbish symbol. In fact, if you made the mistake of wearing a public school cap while batting, Freddie made sure he knocked it off — or have a good try. Fortunately I didn't and though I was baptised with fire, I did managed to scrape together 25 — all off the edge of my bat!"

After a very successful stint in England, Pat returned to India and started playing for Delhi. Indian cricket pundits had heard a lot about this Indian youngster from England, and were keen to see him play. And Pat didn't disappoint them.

Who could forget his brilliant hundred at Leeds when wickets were tumbling all around him? Or his gutsy 86 at Melbourne where, on one leg (he had torn a thigh muscle on the other leg) he held Bill

Lawry's Aussies at bay? Or his terrifying fielding at cover point?

Of course while many people admire Tiger, he too admires many cricketers. "Take our very own Chandra. The man was initially a left arm bowler. During his developmental years he was tragically afflicted with polio. Now while that would have ended the career of any bowler, it didn't deter Chandra. The man fought back and within one year... yes one year, became the greatest right arm leg spinner of his time. One of the skippers I admired a lot was Ray Illingworth. He had the uncanny ability to predict the outcome of a game — much before all the experts. Richie Benaud was a terrific captain too — aggressive and didn't give up till the last ball was bowled. Of course Richie's language would put some of my Parsi friends to shame! Sir Frank Worrell — I guess he was the man who really strung a bunch of talented islanders together to form the most powerful cricket side in the world. And he did it by leading them from the front."

But as interesting as his tigerish exploits on the field are Pat's expert comments on the game. The man cuts right to the heart of the matter, is forthright, and very, very articulate. His conversation sparkles with little gems. "We produce cricketers, or for that matter sportsmen in spite of a system — not because of it. A lot of people think cricket is glamorous business. But for a true pro, it's serious business. A regular 9-5 job. In fact, it's often a headache. Today, when I hear all this talk of professionalism bandied about, it just makes me wonder whether our present day cricketers have understood the word 'professionalism'. A few of them just think about money and the game itself becomes secondary."

"I think all our sportsmen should realise that they're not more important than the game itself. One should not take oneself too seriously. Why, look at Vinoo Mankad or Hazare — they were the real hard-headed professionals. They would make some of our present-day players look like amateurs. True, the Indian public tends to make gods out of men (that's been a historical problem with us), but a true pro shouldn't let it get to him because the consequences are hard. In a few months after retirement the same people who worshipped you are quite likely to forget you."

Pat believes that one of the ways to improve the standards of Indian cricket is to play first class cricket abroad. "That's where the competition is. It makes you tougher and improves the quality of your game. Our players don't play county cricket because they aren't committed and dedicated enough."

Tiger of course believes he wasn't as good a skipper as he was made out to be. "India has never had a good captain. In the land of the blind, a man with one eye is king! In fact, I was selected because culturally and regionally I was from nowhere in particular I was the simplest way out for our faction-ridden Board. The Indian team is probably the hardest to captain anyway First of all, you're invariably the weaker side and then you could have the problem of dealing with twelve culturally, ethnically and linguistically different people.

Perceptive and outspoken — that's Tiger for you. The man who minces no words. And the same comment holds true when it comes to describing the airline he loves best. "I think I've flown well nigh a million miles on Air-India. Right from the time they had Super Constellations And Air-India has always been a perfect host. Right from the time you step aboard, those lovely hostesses treat you with the charm and hospitality that would rival the Begums of old And the food. truly sumptuous. Over all these years, it's been a terrific way to fly and a great way to come home "

Thanks Tiger for the compliments. It's been a pleasure and an education chatting with you All the very best for the future and I look forward to meeting you again. Aboard your favourite airline: Air-India of course



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Winning the country's colours

M.J. Gopalan remembers the time when he played his first Test for the country



BEING called to the trials for the selection of the 1932 Indian team to England proved one thing I was near to donning a Test cap for India. The English team under Douglas Jardine returned the Indian team's visit in 1933-34 to play three Tests. In those days, cricket tours were not that short as they are these days. In the first place, the teams had to go through long and boring ship journeys. Secondly, they played more matches and with internal travel being only by train, the duration was further increased. As far as I can recall, the English team under Jardine landed in India sometime in October and by the time they left it was March. A cricketer would in those days be away from home for six months if he went on a tour. The team played over 30 matches, half of them being first-class games. They played four matches each at Bombay and Calcutta, and three at Madras!

Coming back to my selection, the first Test was played at Bombay and was won by England by nine wickets. The next Test was to be played at Calcutta in January 1934 and I was finally chosen to make my Test debut. In fact, I was one among five young men chosen to replace veterans. Those replaced were Nayle Colah, Jal Jamshedji and Ratan, interestingly enough, none of them played for India again. The replacements, apart from me were Mushtaq Ali, Dilawar Hussain, C.S. Nayudu and Naoomal.

The match was made remarkable by India's gallant back to the wall fight in the second innings which enabled them to draw it. England had got with 403 after being 257 for one at the end of the first day.

India, despite half-centuries from Merchant and Dilawar Hussain, just failed to avoid the follow on and were all out for 247. In the second innings, India adopted a policy of digging in. Naoomal showed the way. Essentially a venturesome batsman, he stayed for almost two hours for his 43. The other batsmen took the cue. C.K. Nayudu eschewed his normally attacking role and stayed 150 minutes for 38. Merchant's 17 took him 80 minutes to compile. C.S. Nayudu, scored only 15 and made them via four scoring strokes —a six, two fours and a single. But for that, he stayed at the crease for 2 1/2 hours.

The policy made handsome dividends for, by the time we were all out for 237, there was only about 30 minute's batting time left for England. The target: 82 runs. They closed at seven runs for two wickets.

My personal contributions to this effort were rather modest. I took a catch off Amar Singh to dismiss opening batsman Walters for 29. This was the first wicket to fall and shortly after lunch, I took another catch to get rid of the other opening batsman Mitchell for 47. The bowler was C.K. Nayudu. In the evening I had the consolation of my first Test wicket. I had come on as first-change after the Nissar-Amar Singh pair and had James Langridge caught by Nissar for 70—incidentally the top score of the innings.



The author today

When it was our turn to bat, Clark and Nichols, the England opening bowlers, worked up tremendous pace. Dilawar Hussain, who was batting well, was struck on the back of his head by Nichols and had to retire. We made a shocking start, losing three wickets for 27. Among those dismissed was Amarnath, who in the previous Test had emerged as the hero with 38 and 118, incidentally the first hundred for India in Test matches.

This time however, he was brought rudely down to earth, Clark having him caught by Jardine for a duck. Wazir Ali batted patiently for 39 while Merchant was correctness personified during his 54. Dilwar Hussain came back on the third morning to get a courageous 59 while C.S. Nayudu bolstered the later order batting with 36. I went in at no 11 and remained unbeaten with 11.

In the second innings, Mushtaq Ali opened the innings with Naoomal as Dilawar wanted some rest. They put on 57 runs and then followed the policy of staying in which paid off at the end. Dilawar Hussain came in at number seven and scored his second 50 of the match. In fact, I would class his 59 and 57 as the epitome of courage and discipline. I was again sent in at number 11 and scored seven. Nissar, who went in at 214 for eight, remained unbeaten, still on zero when the innings closed at 237.

My overall performance on my Test debut was one of those rare instances when one is on the brink of being selected and dropped. My performance had not been shabby or sub standard to warrant exclusion, nor was it good enough to guarantee a place for the third and final Test at Madras to be played a month later. I hoped since the Test was to be played on my home pitch, I might be retained.

Continued next week



A team for Henry, dear Henry

Jonathan Rice visualises a none too simple future for the latest addition to Britain's Royal Family

'I HOPE he plays cricket for Gloucestershire,' said the proud grandfather, the Earl Spencer, of his new grandson Prince Henry. As it would offend that endangered species, the Gloucestershire supporter, if I were to imply otherwise, I will assume that Lord Spencer considers that playing for that county is a worthwhile ambition for a young man, and in wishing a Bristol-base cricket career on his daughter's second son, he is not thereby passing on the Curse of the Spencers to another generation. It is, of course, a thoroughly laudable and widely-shared ambition of all us dedicated but selectorially overlooked cricketers that our descendants will one day play first-class cricket, but is Gloucestershire a right Royal choice? If Prince Henry proves to be as good a cricketer as his ancestor Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales (the one who died of cricket ball poisoning in 1751), will not other counties besides Gloucestershire wish to stake their claims for his services?

Gloucestershire will, some time in the first decade of the 21st Century, be able to claim Prince Harry as a residentially-qualified player, assuming that he spends his formative years based at Highgrove, so one cannot deny that a career with Gloucester is a logical thought. Mind you, the way that Gloucestershire played in 1984, they can probably find a place for the infant prince next season without weakening the side unduly. He may well prove, if selected, to be the first Gloucester cricketer with four initials since G.J.W.S. Holloway played the last of his 20 innings for the county in 1911. He will certainly be the first man to play for Gloucestershire without a surname. Maybe, in honour of his grandfather, he should take the surname Spencer for cricketing purposes, as Gloucestershire is one of only six counties not yet to have fielded a Spencer in county cricket.

Another so-far Spencerless county with a cast-iron claim to Prince Henry's services is Middlesex, the county of his birth. If the young prince is persuaded to cast in his lot with Mike Gatting's men, he will be joining the only county for which someone with the surname of Henry has ever played. I refer to the enigmatic F. Henry, whose career began and ended in 1882 with innings of 5 not out and 0, coupled with two wickets at 26 apiece. Little else is known about Mr Henry, except that he was not a prince. The only commoner called Prince to have played county cricket is one W. Prince, whose only appearance was for Derbyshire in 1898.

If Prince Henry proves to be as good a cricketer as his ancestor Frederick Louis (the one who died of cricket ball poisioning in 1751), will not other counties besides Gloucestershire wish to stake their claims for his services?

One county that is used to having princes in the XI is Sussex, who for many years at the turn of the century were heavily dependant upon the batting skills of H H the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar and the could-have-been King of Albania. Sussex also have in their annals the only Wales to have played county cricket. This was P. J. Wales, who at the age of 22 opened the batting for Sussex against Hampshire at Worthing in June 1951. He made 29 and 9 not out in Sussex's ten-wicket win, and took five wickets for 13 runs in the match. *Wisden* said he 'did well' with his medium-pace bowling and stubborn batting, but for some reason he never played for Sussex again. He never even played for Sussex 2nd XI, which was disbanded at the end of 1951 in an economy drive that also eliminated a famous Henry from their staff, their coach Elias Henry Hendren.

However, as the young prince is to be known as Harry, should we not ask ourselves how deeply the Harry name has etched itself into the tablets of cricket history? Answer—not very. Frank Harry, who was born in Torquay on December 22, 1876, played for Lancashire from 1903 to 1908, scoring just over 1600 runs and taking over 200 wickets with his right-arm medium-pacers, before being lost to the game for 10 years. In 1919, at the age of 42, he began a brief second career with Worcestershire, but scored only 77 runs for them and took just eight more wickets before retiring finally at the end of 1920.*

What about the other counties that would appreciate a player of Royal blood in their midst, if only because he would not insist on having a sponsored car, match fees and a benefit? Top of the list must surely be Glamorgan. If your father is the Prince of Wales, that must qualify a chap to play for the only Welsh county in the Championship. On the other hand, even if your great-grandfather was the Duke of York—a title which King George VI once went under—it is no good hoping to play for Yorkshire if you have been born in Middlesex. The borders of Yorkshire have been stretched by the same reorganisational legislation that has eliminated Middlesex altogether, but not so greatly that Paddington is now within the confines of the White Rose county.

I suppose that Lord Spencer could use his influence to get his grandson a trial for his own county, Leicestershire, but if I were Prince Harry, I'd set my sights on Surrey. After all, his father does own The Oval and his grandmother is patron of the club, so it is just a matter of joining the family firm. Let us hope, therefore, that the Earl Spencer puts aside his thoughts of heirs and Graces and buys young Harry a Stuart Surridge bat as a christening present to set him on the road to Kennington.

** Jack Harry, the Australian allrounder of the 1890s, ought not to be overlooked. Among his attributes was the ability to bowl equally well with right arm and left.*

Wisden Cricket Monthly

Bloody hell, who's that?

That is how **Bobby Charlton** reacted when he first saw Duncan Edwards. At seventeen, he was a man, a giant. In this first extract from his book 'My Most Memorable Matches,' published by Hutchinson and priced at £6.95, Charlton remembers his late Manchester United colleague, who, according to many, would have become one of the all time greats, but for the horror of the 1958 Munich air disaster in which some of England's finest footballers perished

HE stopped and introduced himself one day in Wisbech, and though the face wasn't familiar I certainly remembered the incident he began to describe. It happened during my army days. When in goal for an RAF team playing against Western Command he was so startled by a ferocious shot from Duncan Edwards that he ducked and let the ball go into the net.

'That was the proudest moment of my life,' he chuckled.

The tale stayed with me and later while driving across the flat Lincolnshire landscape I began to dwell not for the first time on what Duncan might have achieved but for the horror of Munich.



What a footballer! What a man! Duncan looked indestructible, but no one is and fifteen days after being dragged from the wreckage at the end of the runway he was dead. Just twenty one years old, he was already a legend.

Before I left home to join Manchester United my uncles who had been professionals, said 'Be confident. Don't be frightened of anyone. Believe that you are the best.'

And I must admit that I fancied my chances. I'd scored twice for England Schoolboys at Wembley. All the big clubs had wanted to sign me. It had been said that I would play for England before I was twenty. I felt I was a good player. Then I saw Duncan Edwards.

I looked at him and thought, Bloody hell who's this? At seventeen years old he was a man. A giant. And not only that, he could do everything I could do and more. He was fast and strong, two-footed, good in the air and he read the game superbly. When Duncan swept forward with the ball at his feet you got the impression that it would take an antitank gun to stop him. Duncan didn't set out to make anyone feel inferior, but that's the effect he had upon me. I couldn't imagine ever being as good as he was.

Duncan didn't smoke or drink, and girls barely interested him. He lived for football, and by the time I turned up at Old Trafford he was already a first-team player. He was just sixteen when he made his debut, and on 2 April 1955, aged eighteen, he became the youngest player ever to appear in the full England side.

Sometimes when summer rain interrupts the coaching at my soccer schools, we sit around with the boys, talking about the game and I'm always thrilled if one of them, maybe just a ten-year-old, puts up a hand and says, 'Please, tell us about Duncan Edwards.'

Oh, I can tell them about Duncan. I can tell of his phenomenal ability, his enormous zest for football. His strength and courage. The power that brought him remarkable goals.

After we'd lost to Aston Villa in the 1957 FA Cup Final, so failing to win the Double, Matt Busby said, 'I have the finest young side in the world. All they need is experience to become the greatest, better even than Real



Tragedy at Munich

Madrid. And in Duncan Edwards I believe I have the greatest footballer in the world. John Charles is bigger and has all the skills; Alfredo di Stefano is a mature artist. But Duncan Edwards is a footballer who can play anywhere without question and do a great job either scoring goals, preventing goals or knitting things together in midfield. The great thing about Duncan is that he always wants to be involved.'

Involved? You couldn't keep that big so-and-so out of anything and many's the time he simply brushed me aside in a practice match, as though I wasn't there.

He was arrogant but not in an objectionable way. It was just that he knew that he was a great player. There was no conceit in Duncan. But there were no question marks in his mind either. He didn't have to be told that he was the top man



What would he have achieved in the game? Well, when England won the World Cup in 1966, Duncan would have been thirty years old and, barring the injuries that began to be a problem quite early on in his tragically foreshortened career, at the peak of his powers. If Duncan's fitness had held up, I'm sure that he would have won a record number of England caps and, but for the accident, Manchester United would have dominated club football throughout the Sixties.

I've heard it said that Bobby Moore benefited from Duncan's death, the popular assumption being that they played in the same position. Nonsense. Bobby was a master defender, marking space alongside the centre half; Duncan was much more of an all-purpose wing half, doing the job that Dave Mackay did so wonderfully well for Spurs. If he had lived Duncan would have controlled England's midfield using his tremendous strength and enormous energy to initiate and carry out attacks.

When the England manager Bobby Robson was still in charge at Ipswich, I remember him saying that, but for debilitating injuries, Kevin Beattie could have been the new Duncan Edwards. Don't believe it. Kevin was a fine player. Duncan was awesome.

Duncan was still eligible for the FA Youth Cup after he'd gained a regular place in the Manchester United first team and when he turned out for our youth team it didn't seem fair on the opposition.

I recall a two-legged semifinal against Chelsea, who were then beginning to get the best youngsters in the south as United had done in the north. More people showed up for those youth games than now go to watch First Division football at most grounds and there were over 20,000 to see us win 2-1 at Stamford Bridge. Chelsea were unlucky. They were the better team. The difference was that we had Duncan. He scored both our goals without any help. For one of them he ran forty yards, knocking a few people down on the way, before smashing the ball into the net. Then he was back defending the goal.

In the second leg at Old Trafford Duncan did it again. He had scored to make it 1-1, giving us a 3-2 aggregate lead, when I drove a corner kick to a point just outside the penalty area, opposite the far post. I'd seen him lurking there and knew that if the ball went within range he'd get to it. There were loads of players between Duncan and the goal but he climbed above the lot and crashed the ball in with his head.

By then I was convinced that he was superhuman. It didn't matter if it was a kickabout in training or a match for England or United in the European Cup, Duncan always gave it everything. I think he was a little worried about getting too heavy because he trained like hell. One knee bothered him and he was prone to pulled muscles.

When I progressed to the England Under-23 team, Duncan was established in the senior side and one day when both squads trained together, I was amazed by his confidence. Walter Winterbottom was the England manager and I imagine that when he selected the team Duncan's name was first on the sheet.

Professional players aren't overgenerous when it comes to praise. They aren't inclined to pat each other on the back. But that day Duncan was making well-established internationals catch their breath. He was moving onto balls, controlling them in a flash before sending them forty yards across field. He was arrogant but not in an objectionable way. It was just that he knew that he was a great player. There was no conceit in Duncan. But there were no question marks in his mind either. He didn't have to be told that he was the top man.



Before I left home to join Manchester United, my uncles, who had been professionals, said, 'Be confident, Don't be frightened of anyone. Believe that you are the best'. And I must admit that I fancied my chances

He was a smashing lad and I remember how glad I was to see him waiting by the barrack gates at Nesc[illegible], a Royal Army Ordnance Corps depot to which I was posted after complet-

ing my square bashing at Hilsea, near Portsmouth.

Those were the days of National Service and one result was that the British army for a number of years could put out a team that would now be worth millions of pounds. In my time we could have beaten anyone!

Our goalkeeper was Alan Hodgkinson of Sheffield United and England. The full backs were Alex Parker, then with Hearts and later with Everton and a Scottish international, and Graham Shaw of Sheffield United who was to play for England. Eddie Colman played; so did the great Dave Mackay. Cliff Jones, the Spurs and Wales flier, was on the left wing. Bill Curry of Newcastle, an outstanding goalscorer, was centre forward We played, and beat, teams like Hearts, Tottenham and Rangers. We wiped out the army teams of Belgium and France.

The men in charge were Colonel Mitchell and Colonel Wilson. Colonel Wilson went on to become a general, but his great passion then was the army football team. Gerry Mitchell was a great guy too, for many years a prominent figure on the Football Association Council. Later on he loved to tell stories of how he helped us to develop as important footballers.



He had a particular affection for Jim Baxter, the great Rangers and Scotland halfback, who has been known to get into a few scrapes. It seems that Jim borrowed a fiver from Gerry one night when the army team, after my time, was touring in the Far East Jim had long since been demobbed when he encountered Gerry again at some game or other.

"Colonel Mitchell, I owe you this" said Jim, producing a five-pound note from his pocket.

Gerry was delighted. 'I always knew there was a lot of good in that lad,' he said.

Dear absent-minded Gerry, who once fell for one of Terry Venables's pranks.

"I'd like you to meet my brother," said Terry. "He's a terrific player and you're going to hear a lot of him." Terry's 'brother' was Jimmy Tarbuck.

Anyway, the army got most of the young players during the National Service years and there's a story attached to how I got into the RAOC

Nescliffe is between Oswestry and Shrewsbury, which was handy for Manchester, and when I was about to be called up the club told me to volunteer for the RAOC. Tradition is a big thing in the army so I had to tell a lie and say that my father was in the RAOC. Dad was down the pit all his life but that didn't matter.

"Just tell them that he was in the RAOC and that you want to follow in his footsteps. With a bit of luck they'll fall for it and we'll get you posted nearby."

It worked and off I went to Portsmouth for basic training. I didn't know what to expect and, filled with stories of how awful the food was, I treated myself to the best meal I could afford at Waterloo Station in London. As it happens, the food wasn't too bad, but that's more than I can say for the drill sergeant: I suppose that most of them are hard but this one was special. He terrified me and for weeks I saluted everyone in sight.

I was in the army when I played in the 1957 FA Cup final and the drill sergeant wrote me a letter:

"Dear Private Charlton. Hope that you've settled down in the army. I haven't seen you for a while but two friends would like to be at Wembley and I would be grateful for two tickets."

He had to be joking.

I didn't like the army simply because it seemed to be interfering with my progress as a footballer, but like all old soldiers, I still think about the good times and particularly the friends I made. There was Del Hay, who was always saying, 'Give me fifty pounds and I'll be a millionaire in three years.' He wanted to have a market stall somewhere in the East End of London. 'Just £50. Just a start and I'll make it.' Perhaps he did, but I haven't seen him since the day I was demobbed.

And Roy Harms, who for years came to Manchester United matches in London. Having been born and brought up in the north, I suppose I thought that all Londoners were flash, but Roy had a terrific personality and we got on very well. Until we both got a forty-eight-hour pass I'd only seen Roy in uniform or denims and the transformation when he got dressed to go home was astonishing. A pin-striped suit, and high white collar. He was immaculate. I still get a card from him at Christmas.



A lot of the lads promised to come and see me play after I was demobbed. Some did. Some didn't. Time goes by, and I suppose some of them thought that I wouldn't remember them. But Phil Stockel from Hartlepool used to come whenever we played in the northeast and I kept in touch with a few of the others for many years.

Strange days those army days. I'd look at my watch in the mornings and visualise what was going on at Old Trafford.

Ten o'clock. Tom Curry, the United trainer, would be coming out.

"Come on, hurry up. Stop messing about," he'd be saying. Eleven o'clock. Now they'd be doing some work crosses. A bit of shooting practice perhaps.

Eleven thirty. Five-a-side.

Come midday, I'd feel better because training would almost be over and I wasn't missing anything.

If a plane passed overhead I'd imagine it was United off to some European game. It wasn't of course, but that sort of thing goes through your mind. At least it went through mine.

Duncan Edwards had been demobbed by then, but for my first six months it was great to have him around.

He made a great fuss the day I arrived at Nescliffe. There he stood, huge as ever.

"Where have you been?" he inquired in that gruff voice of his. "I thought you'd gone absent. Come on, we've got to get you settled in."

The billet was the inevitable Nissen hut with a big black boiler in the middle. Duncan pointed to a bed that would be mine. Well, not quite because it wasn't sprung very well, so Duncan humped it out and came back with one that had belonged to somebody else. I don't know where he got it from, but it was a big improvement.

I didn't see much of Duncan because he always seemed to be going away for matches, either for United or England, while I was still making my way in the game.

I last saw him alive on the day I left hospital in Munich to return home by train. He was still battling for life, calling upon his immense reserves of strength to defeat the inevitable. Tears stained my face as I left that room, praying he would make it.

Back home in Ashington my mother would greet me each morning with the latest newspaper reports from the hospital. Sometimes the bulletins were optimistic and my hopes grew. Then one morning my mother said nothing. I knew there would be no more bulletins. Duncan was dead.

Cricket and star appeal

David Rayvern Allen lists down the feature films in which cricket has played a part

FOR most people cricket and the commercial cinema have about as much in common as celluloid and sightscreens. They just do not associate the two. Which, I suppose, could indicate that, as yet, film directors have not managed to portray the game realistically on screen. Give them time. After all, the Lumiere brothers started operating as recently as 1895.

Without wishing to dogmatise or define exactly, it would appear that cricket in feature films turns up in three or four distinct categories—dialogue reference only, incidental backdrop, essential to the plot even if the game shown is encapsulated into very few minutes, and the one or two cases where cricket is the plot.

An obvious contender for the last domain is *The Final Test*, made by Gaumont-British in 1953. A clutch of England players, Hutton, Washbrook, Compton, Evans, Bedser and Laker, were conscripted as temporary members of Equity in order to bring authenticity to Terence Rattigan's screenplay. The very realism sought was the important factor missing from scenes on the field, for as in so many cases where cricket and the camera meet, the photographic perspective was all wrong. Tripods planted at silly dead-centre (of the pitch, that is) for the full-fronted approach shot do not convince audiences nurtured on the long-focus lens over generations of five-day Tests. A further sense of disbelief was induced when Jack Warner, as Sam Palmer playing his last Test against Australia at The Oval, lasted a mere four balls before being dismissed for a duck, thence to return to a rapturous ovation. It had at the time been just five years since Bradman had experienced virtually the same set of circumstances in real life.

Mention of Bradman brings to mind the five comedy Test match cartoons that accompanied the Aussie tourists of 1926. An Australian called Hiscocks did the master drawings and animator Laurie Price worked in liaison with lettering-artist Leslie Wood to produce the cartoons with captions in rhyme caricaturing the idiosyncrasies of the players. They were shown at the New Gallery in Regent Street. (*A snippet showing Patsy Hendren was included in the video Benson & Hedges Golden Greats: Batsmen*).

The Australians were again in evidence in the 1930s when Aubrey Smith, ex-Sussex and England cricket captain and imperial archetype in the olde village of Hollywood, persuaded



Courtesy National Film Archive London

Sir Len Hutton (left) and Jack Warner in *The Final Test*.

Paramount to produce a feature called *Cricket Flickers*. The sight of Jack Oakie vainly trying to adapt his ingrained baseball methods under the tutelage of Alan Kippax recalled the perhaps apocryphal story of Smith and 'Hopalong' Cassidy, who at one of the matches of the Hollywood CC hit a ball into the deep and proceeded to run anticlockwise via cover point, mid-off, mid-on, square leg, back to 'base'. 'Well, I declare!' expostulated Aubrey.

Before leaving the unofficial ambassador to that American 'outpost of civilization', who can forget those priceless lines in *The Four Feathers* which re-enacted the skirmishes in the Sudan at the time of Gordon?

Smith as General Burroughs: Do you remember Wilmington?

General Faversham: Wilmington?

Burroughs: Fine old service family. Father killed at Inkermann, grandfather blown up under Nelson, an uncle scalped by Indians—oh, splendid record, splendid.

Faversham: What happened?

Burroughs: Well, the General ordered him to gallop through the front lines with a message. Paralysed with funk. Couldn't move. General sent his adjutant, killed before he'd gone 50 yards. Sent his ADC—head blown off. Then he went through with the message himself—lost his arm, ruined his cricket.

Extraordinarily, cricket seems to figure high in war films. *The Lady Vanishes* (1938) introduced Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne as a couple of courageous cricket-loving fops fleeing on a train across Europe just after the Munich crisis. One thing is absolutely certain. The only reason why they were running so hard was to make the Old Trafford Test match. They made great sacrifices. They took their tea unsweetened in order to recreate with sugar cubes an incident in which Grimmett bowled to Hammond and...?

Eventually the pair arrived at Victoria Station only to be confronted by a placard announcing the abandonment of the game because of floods.

The same duo, Radford and Wayne, appeared in *It's Not Cricket* ten years later as two British intelligence men in occupied Germany trying to make sure that a famous diamond concealed inside a cricket ball doesn't fall into the hands of the dastardly Maurice Denham, who nevertheless... yes, it was one of those films. During the course of the picture, the ball becomes involved in a country-house game and... but I won't spoil the story.

Once more to the front. *Reach for the Sky* (1956) gave the youngest service its chance to match the principles laid down on Plymouth Hoe centuries before. Kenneth More as Douglas Bader cracks the winning four before taking to the air.

Then, *How I Won the War* (1967). Dick Lester's tragi-comedic anti-war satire, is another example of cricket being used as a prop in films about international conflict. Set in the

desert wastes of North Africa in 1945, we see a platoon sent 300 miles behind enemy lines to prepare a cricket pitch for the top brass when the war is over.

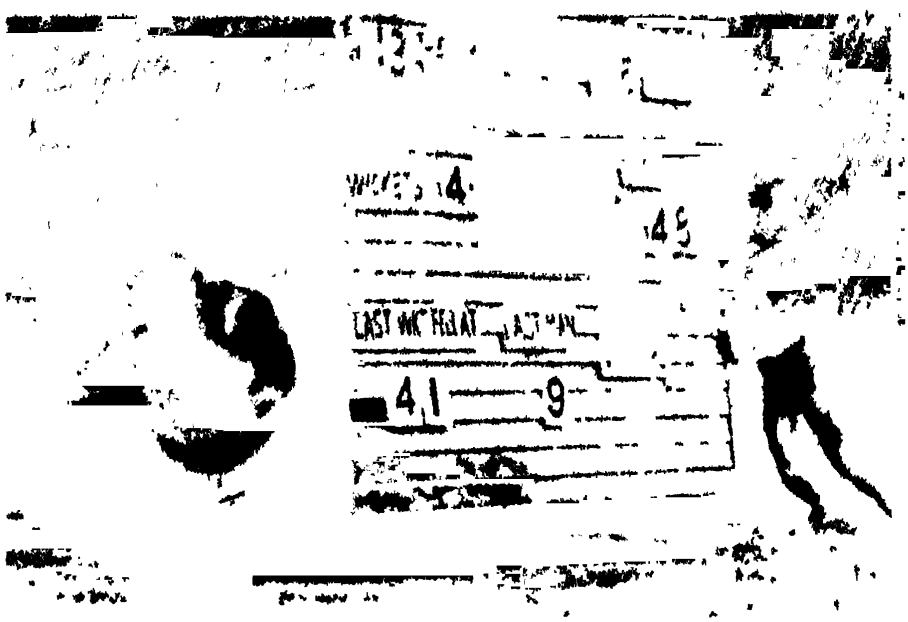
Also in 1967, *Follow that Camel*, a Foreign Legion farce by the 'Carry On' team, had Jim Dale as Bertram Oliphant, falsely accused of cheating at cricket. Poor boy! Fancy having to enlist to exculpate his disgrace. And then, in the following season, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, directed by Tony Richardson, showed a shot of soldiers playing in the Crimea.

Another division in which cricket maintains a consistent if fairly low profile is in films about schools. This, of course, is not so unexpected. There were two versions of *Goodbye Mr Chips*, which celebrated the men who dedicated their lives to teaching and passing on the psyche of the public schools from generation to generation. The first film (1939) starred Robert Donat as Chips and used the exteriors of Repton, the second (1970), with Peter O'Toole, was shot on location at Sherborne The young master who arrives at the fictitiously named Brookfield in 1870 to teach Latin is ragged unmercifully and exacts his revenge by keeping in his class on the day when some are needed to play in a vital cricket match In consequence, the school loses and for a time so does Chips

The life of another public school master is revealed in *The Browning Version*, adapted from the Terence Rattigan play and shown at the Cannes Festival in 1951 A scene of a cricket match is brought into the film, which was directed by Anthony Asquith, who was also responsible for *The Final Test*.

French Mistress (1960), again is set in a public school. The film is an inoffensive, fairly chauvinistic, ho-ho-ho comedy about an attractive mademoiselle who innocently disrupts life in a male stronghold and succeeds in taking the bark out of James Robertson Justice's bite. Cricket manifests itself in the form of JRJ bowling to the boys in the nets. Agnes Laurent played the French mistress and for some reason she always reminds the present writer of a publicity still of the young Brigitte Bardot wearing full cricketing regalia.

Two years earlier, the Rank comedy *Bachelor of Hearts* gave the ladies their cheesecake. Unfortunately, Hardy Kruger as a German blond bombshell studying at Cambridge proves that good looks are no advantage when attempting a stroke down to fine leg.



The cricket sequence ends in much confusion in *The Shout*

Having referred to Cambridge, it would be churlish not to include the other place Oxford was the centre of learning that provided two lecturers and two students who played out games of sexual rivalry to the accompaniment of leather on bats Actually, in *Accident* (1967), Harold Pinter cleverly uses cricket as a microcosm of life The progress of the match relates directly to the success Dirk Bogarde, one of the tutors, and Michael York, his student, have had with the girl, Jacqueline Sassard, the other student.

Pinter adopts the same method in *The Go-Between* (1971), starring Alan Bates, Edward Fox and Julie Christie. In this case, there is a clear-cut class between a member of the landed gentry and a well endowed 'gent' of the land The delicious Miss Christie is the parcel in the tug-of-war, though Bates as Ted Burgess from the village has taken a peep inside already, dammit, and for being so unsporting deservedly gets his come-uppance when the local postman catches him on the boundary and also (mirror image) in the act.

Alan Bates again played a central figure in *The Shout* (1978), which was adapted from a story by Robert Graves and was all about an inmate of a mental asylum in the West Country believing he possessed primeval killing power through an aboriginal cry. The film ends in somewhat bizarre fashion on a cricket field when a lightning thunderbolt strikes the scorer's box End of game

And so it continues The catalogue of films that have cricket interest—however brief—seems endless, though it probably isn't No room here for *Raffles* (1930 and 1939), *Three Men in a Boat* (1956), *Pacific Destiny* (1956), *The Deep* (1977), *Chariots of Fire* (1981) and many more

Not unnaturally, a good proportion of films including cricket have come from British stables, and it is a disquieting thought that, according to the estimation of a well-known cinema historian who confided recently, possibly no more than 20 per cent of old silents and UK-manufactured films of the 1930s have survived the rigours of war, wear and neglect.

No doubt, those with a sound knowledge of Continental, Commonwealth and international films could augment the list of cinematic cricket It would be logical to think that shots of the game have conveniently fitted a stereotype of Anglo Saxon life for many a foreign director

For the future? *Cricketer*, starring Marc Zuber from India, is apparently almost complete. And there have been whispers about a full screen version of Jack Rosenthal's *P'tang, Yang, Kipperbang* Will one of these at last be the definitive cricket film that has yet to arrive? It is long overdue

Adenwalla's magic touch

Adi Davar

ASCION of a prosperous merchant family, Dady Adenwalla, one of Western India's leading trainers, is Mr Success personified. Being as he is from the classic mould and blessed with the patronage of blue-blooded Maharajas in the early Fifties, Adenwalla has risen to the top of his profession by the sheer dint of hard work and merit. Says he ruefully: "Even a 24-hour day is not enough for horse training."

A well-kept 50, age has not slowed him nor dulled his enthusiasm. In a sport rid with imponderables and unimaginable frustrations, Adenwalla has steeled himself to take all adversities in his stride. Where the weak-kneed would stumble, he stands unperturbed, ready to grapple with any problem. Patience and sound judgement have been his virtues.

Some of the greats in Indian racing bore the Adenwalla touch. And in an era where the patronage of Maharajas was most fickle and flimsy Adenwalla struck a rapport and lasting friendship with Parlakimedi and Kashmir. "I was like a family member," recalls Adenwalla. Much of the mutual understanding grew with the success he achieved on the course with legendary giants like Rock of Gibraltar, Balchand and Fair Wood.

As the years passed there were more, the glittering reminder of which is avidly reflected in his 14 classic triumphs, none more pleasing than those of fillies like Request, Reward, Heliantha and Ghazab. And one knows how much more tenderness goes into making fillies fly. "Individual horses need individual treatment" says the veteran trainer who was groomed in the finer art of the profession under the well-known English Trainer Sam Armstrong.

With Dady showing no inclination for academic studies in Shivaji School, Papa Adenwalla was left with no choice, he had one of his Maharaja friends speak to Armstrong to take Dady under his wings.

The more famous English training houses don't admit youngsters on mere recommendation, as Adenwalla learnt. It meant spending some few months with a lesser luminary like Pringle, but as the young Adenwalla showed a fine grasp of the subject, Armstrong had no hesitation welcoming him.

Reminiscing on his happy association with the doyen of English trainers Adenwalla said: "I had to sweep the floors even though I was a licensed trainer." To test that he was keen, Armstrong made him do all the chores of a stable lad. "It made me hardy," said Adenwalla flexing his jaws in the manner of the famous Hollywood star Fredrick Marh whom he resembles greatly.

In four and a half months he had graduated to be Armstrong's worthy assistant. With over 300 horses under Armstrong's care, Adenwalla gained valuable experience in stable management and in two and a half years he was on the way to being a master of his art. But as training conditions are apt to vary in India, Adenwalla had to readjust his thinking and methods in Bombay.

In a highly competitive profession Adenwalla started with the support of Col. Ghandy in 1954 who unfortunately died on the course of over-excitement following the victory of one of his horses. With six horses the next year he had only a solitary win to show. But his father stood behind him like he had when he first got his license to train in Delhi in 1950.

1957 proved to be a turning point in his career. It was the year Balchand won the 2000 guineas and the Derby in Bombay and the great Rock of Gibraltar showed his paces.

Adenwalla won the Indian 2000 guineas and Derby for the Maharaja of Kashmir with Fair Wood in 1959 but lost the St Leger as the colt developed a joint. He struck a fine rapport with the Maharaja and led in 19 winners for the royal patron whom he considered a "good loser."

Adenwalla has a way with the fillies and it is his patience with them which proved most rewarding. He nursed Golden Harp through arthritis and a stifle problem before she went on to win nine races in a row: winning the 1000 guineas and the Oaks with the light-framed filly Ghazab gave him the greatest pleasure, as also training that "little rat" Mango Blossom.

President of the Western India's Trainers' Association, Adenwalla unselfishly worked for the cause of his fellow-professionals until the strain began to show on him late this year. He resigned to spend more time with his attractive wife and daughter. His devotion to sport and the profession was "causing conflict in my family." His wife always niggles "Your horses come first".

The lad who shugged off family pressures to become a trainer claims he could not have done better in any other profession.



After the presentation of the Aga Khan Trophy won by Happy Landing (l. to r.) Jockey Lowe, Trainer Adenwalla and Mr. S.C. Jain, Chairman, R.W.I.T.C.

And excitement for all

PENALTY TAKING seems to have become a more crucial element than ever in the modern game

Liverpool's spot kick expertise enabled them to lift the European Cup at Roma's expense, during the summer and this season Gordon Strachan's penalties have done much to boost Manchester United's Championship and UEFA Cup challenge

If it is vital, then that teams contain specialist penalty takers it is equally important that goalkeepers are as well equipped as possible to foil them

One of the best penalty savers in the business ***Paul Cooper,*** *of Ipswich Town recounts his experiences*

Saving penalties is 80 per cent luck, but the other 20 per cent—skill, research and kidology —can be decisive

An intriguing private battle takes place after a penalty has been awarded

As a goalkeeper I may believe I know which side of the goal the kicker intends to place his shot But my aim is to make the kicker put it where I want him to

If you succeed and dive the right way I'd say that you have a 50-50 chance of saving the shot

There are pieces of stored memory which come in very handy For instance Gordon Strachan of Manchester United who has been successful with all six of his penalties so far this season, normally places the ball to the goalkeeper's right

Interestingly when Manchester United had a pre season penalty competition between Strachan, Jesper Olsen and Alan Brazil, Strachan admitted he was terrible, explaining that he could only take them in the big match atmosphere

That demonstrates the importance of bottle' or confidence in the kidding game of penalty taking and saving

Goalkeepers and defenders try almost anything to put the taker off and he must be strong enough to ignore distractions John Wark, my former colleague at Ipswich and now Liverpool's penalty taker, is the best in the game in my view because he is so confident that he will score and he does not allow anything to put him off

West Ham's Stewart is in the same mould, as reflected by his record of 50 successes in 55 attempts for the Hammers

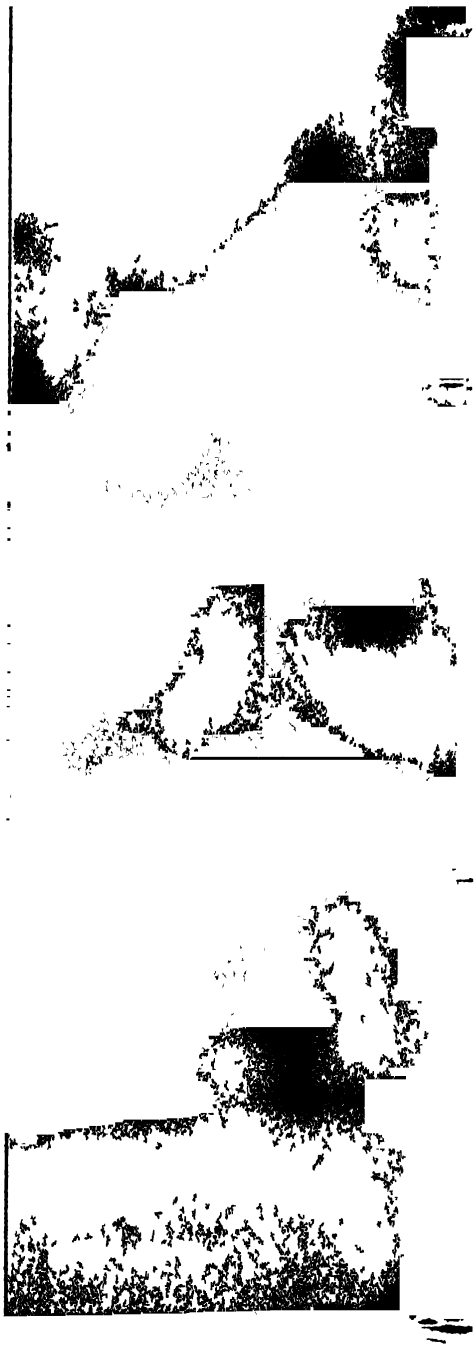
When we were at Ipswich, John Wark was instrumental in some of my penalty saves as he would always run up to me just before the kick was to be taken and pretend to give me words of advice as to where it was going to be hit Normally we would talk about the weather or what he was having for dinner that evening, but occasionally the discussion was enough to plant the seed of doubt in the kicker's mind

I remember a controversial incident when Ipswich played Liverpool at Anfield in 1980 It was a vital match, as both sides were in contention for the Championship, with 50,000 crammed into the ground, the atmosphere was incredible

The score was 1-1, with three minutes remaining, when Liverpool were awarded a penalty at the Kop end for a foul by Terry Butcher on Kenny Dalglish As Terry McDermott strode up to take the kick, Ipswich's



Jesper Olsen: A skilful kicker





Frans Thijssen (now Nottingham Forest) threw some mud at the ball in the heat of the moment.

I managed to save Terry's shot, which he hit quite well, but afterwards there were storms of protest from Liverpool players, who insisted that the kick should have been retaken.

Kickers must concentrate so powerfully that they cannot be distracted, and my own view of that incident is that Terry carried on with the kick as if nothing had happened.

When facing a penalty I try to wait until the last moment to react to it. The law requires that both feet are rooted to the ground until the ball is kicked, but that does allow you some movement in leaning to one side in readiness to spring.

Once you have started to dive, the aim is to create as big an obstacle as possible so that if you get it wrong there is still a chance that your feet can make a vital deflection.

If those are the basic skills, the rest is up to psychology. Take the example of Mickey Thomas, taking a penalty for Manchester United against me at Old Trafford.

As we squared up for the kick, a whistle blew from the terraces behind me. Mickey ran up and belted the ball into the back of the net.

Mickey's celebrations were cut short by the referee, who explained that he had not blown the whistle for the kick to be taken.

Just before he started his run to take the second kick I could see he couldn't decide whether to put the ball in the same place. In the end he 'did' himself, getting into such a muddle that his shot was one of the easiest I have had to save.

Mickey just stood there. He couldn't believe it.

Penalties are as absorbing for those involved in them as they are for the crowd. The game of nerves and kidology mean that, although I am sick when referees award spot-kicks, I relish the challenge to try and outwit an opponent in the sudden death confrontation.

I know I have nothing to lose and a bit of glory to gain if I can pull something off. In the end, the skill, research, kidology (and luck) add up to one thing. A bit of excitement for all.

Gordon Strachan: needs big match atmosphere



In the aftermath of "Short Circuit"

Professional tennis blew a fuse

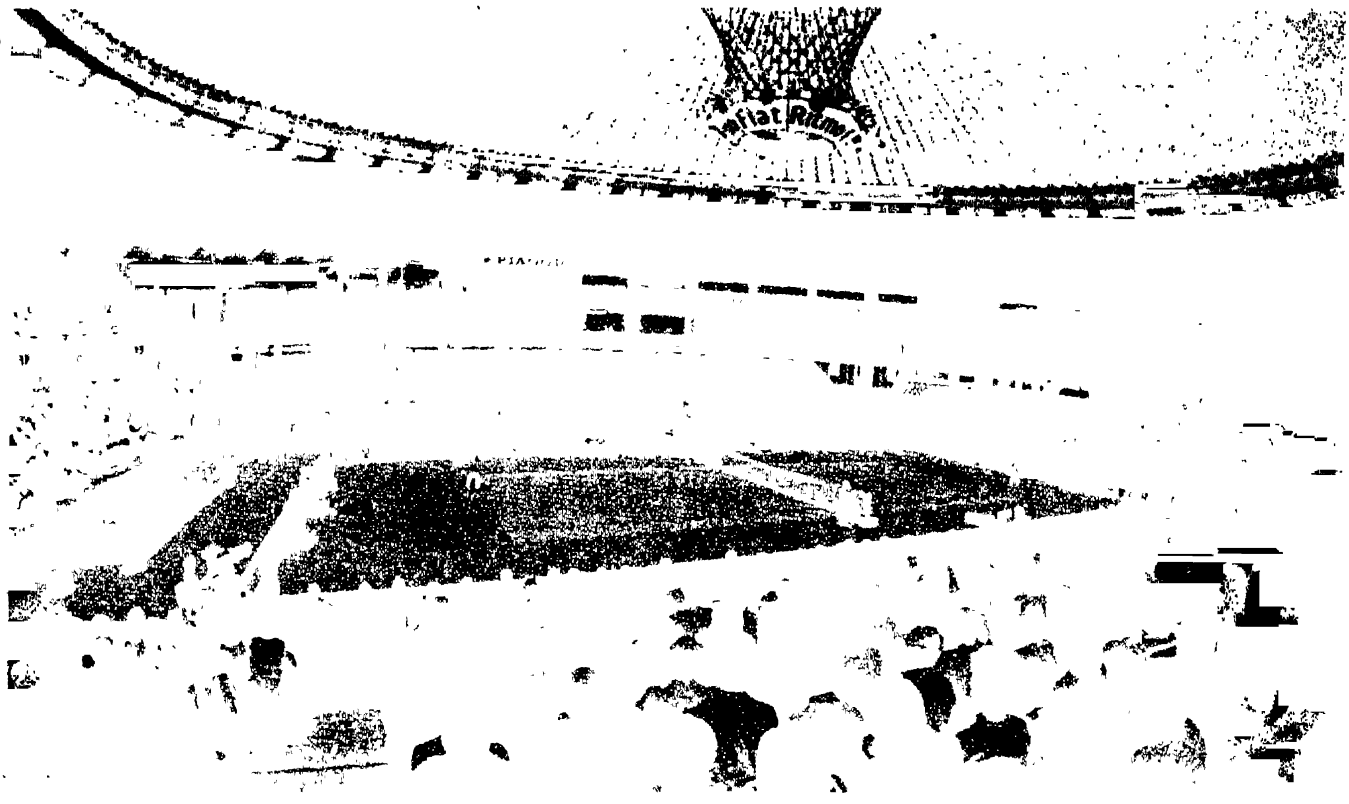
Life for **Michael Mewshaw** has not been easy after the publication of his book "Short Circuit". The startling revelations he brought to light ensured that he was suddenly on the receiving end of mental and physical pressure. In this article, he outlines what has happened in the year and a half since his book first hit the stands

IN mid-May, *Harper's* magazine published a 10,000-word extract from 'Short Circuit'. Within a week, word of the book spread from the United States to Europe, where I was in Rome covering the Italian Open for the *Washington Post.*

On Sunday, May 22, shortly before the championship match, I was entering the Campo-Centrale when I was summoned by Cino Marchese, otherwise known as 'Silver Fox', the big, friendly tennis entrepreneur with whom I had always had amiable dealings. When I went to see what Marchese wanted, he grabbed me by the front of my shirt and flung me against the wall of the tunnel leading to the Press Box. Tightening his grip, he pressed his other fist against my chin, and jammed my head back against the bricks. 'You fucker,' he shouted. 'You fucked me. You put me in the shit. Now I'm going to put you in the shit.'

For the next five minutes, in full view of tournament officials, ballboys, linesmen, and impassive journalists, Marchese leaned his ponderous bulk against me and shouted obscenities into my face, punctuating his flavourful command of the vernacular with repeated shoves.

His primary objection was that I had quoted his remarks about guarantees and appearance money. When I pointed out that his comments were



A scene from the Italian Open where Mr. Mewshaw was man handled

not much different from those made at a public press conference by Paolo Galganni, the President of the Italian Tennis Federation who claimed the Italian Open had been ruined because it didn't give guarantees, Marchese insisted I still should have known not to quote him.

Finally, anxious to escape his clammy grasp, I said I'd welcome the chance to speak to Bob Kain, head of the tennis division at International Management Group and Marchese's boss. I was led up to the IMG hospitality terrace. But there was no hospitality for me. He introduced me to Kain, 'the shit who wrote the article'. Although icily calm compared to Marchese, Kain's behaviour was,in its way, almost as unnerving. When I told him his agent had assaulted and threatened me, Kain blithely responded that was between Marchese and me—at which point, the Silver Fox seized my arm and said I was lucky he hadn't broken me in half.

While Marchese was growling into my ear, Kain, the perfect picture of coolness, scratched the crocodile on his chest and said my book was no big deal. Tennis was more popular than ever.

At one point last year it looked as though the authorities might actually be serious about their stated intention to take action against the practices detailed in 'Short Circuit'. On June 7, 1983, Guillermo Vilas was found guilty of accepting an illegal guarantee of $60,000 during the Rotterdam tournament. The Argentinian was fined $20,000 and suspended from the circuit for a year. Since Vilas was nearly 31, some felt the suspension would effectively end his career.

In the imbroglio following Vilas's case, International Tennis Federation President Philippe Chatrier warned the press to expect other explosive revelations. Investigations of several star players were said to be under way and more suspensions looked imminent at Wimbledon. Ivan Lendl was being pressed to explain how he had happened to show up in Milan as a substitute, just at the moment when Jimmy Connors dropped out of the tournament.

Since both Lendl and Connors are clients of the wealthy tennis agency ProServ, and since Milan tournament director Sergio Palmieri is the ProServ representative in Italy, the situation attracted the attention of the usually somnolent tennis press. AP and UPI both ran articles that claimed Lendl had agreed to enter the tournament after intense financial haggling. UPI charged that he had been 'hired' to play and quoted a tournament organiser who said this had been the only way to save the event after Connors's defection. Asked whether he believed Lendl had received an illegal guarantee, Paolo Galganni replied, 'I don't think he was in Milan to see the Duomo.'

But after a dramatic build-up suggesting that the Pro Council finally intended to enforce its rules, the opposition regrouped and counter-attacked. Twenty players signed a petition defending Vilas. McEnroe, Connors, Lendl, and Gerulaitis were on record in support of the principle of guarantees, and there were persistent rumours that the stars would start their own tour unless Vilas's suspension was reversed.

To close observers, there had from the beginning been reason to doubt that the Vilas case signalled a significant change in pro tennis. Although Marshall Happer, Administrator of the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, happily assumed the mantle of 'hardhitting, aggressive administrator', he had had little or nothing to do with uncovering the evidence that convicted Vilas.

The tournament in Rotterdam is a municipal event and its records are public information. Since tournament officials had not had time to disguise Vilas's guarantee as an endorsement contract, they realised their violation of the rules would be revealed once they filed a financial statement with the city government. So they turned themselves and Vilas in.

Happer had had an open and shut case dumped into his lap and had never used the considerable investigatory powers which the Code of Conduct puts at his disposal.

A FEW months later, Wimbledon had come and gone but there had been none of the explosive revelations promised by Philippe Chatrier. The Lendl investigation ended in stalemate. Marshall Happer subpoenaed the financial records of the Milan tournament and when the organisers



'Some felt the suspension (of Vilas) would end his career'

wouldn't or couldn't provide details of a Lichtenstein bank account and a contract between Lendl and Achilli Motors, a major sponsor of the event, Happer suspended the tournament from the 1984 calendar. There was no explanation why Lendl couldn't have supplied a copy of the contract, nor why he wasn't suspended along with the tournament. For the second year in a row, the Czech was at the centre of serious charges about illegal guarantees, but it was the tournament, not the player, who was penalised.

In early July, Guillermo Vilas announced he was appealing his fine and suspension. Pending a final verdict, he was free to continue playing the Volvo Grand Prix circuit. As the summer wore on and he alternated tournament play with an exhibition tour with John McEnroe, it became clear that no decision would be reached for months. What had seemed such a draconian punishment in early June started to strike some observers as a cosmetic gesture. Once public interest died, the Vilas case would be dismissed. Or maybe, said the more cynical, Vilas would be used as a scapegoat, the lone victim penalised for the crime of getting caught.

DURING August, the sleazy act that tennis has become got even sleazier. Ilie Nastase, in yet another of his angry outbursts, kicked a linesman, and the man was injured severely enough to require medical attention. Predictably, Nastase was fined and suspended. Just as predictably, the Rumanian was free to play the US Open where, even more predictably, his match against Peter Fleming was showcased for television. If there was any lesson in all this, it was a reiteration of the obvious—the stars were beyond the rules and their misbehaviour could be marketed.

In the first round at Flushing Meadow, John McEnroe met Trey Waltke, a sprightly, pint-sized fellow who had upset him twice in the past. Known to the other players as 'Westwood Willie', Waltke, a mellow Southern Californian, remained unperturbed while McEnroe ranted and raved, abusing officials and fans. When a courtside spectator clapped too enthusiastically for Waltke, McEnroe cursed him, challenged him to a fistfight after the match, and flung a handful of sawdust in his face.

Although he managed to squeeze past Waltke in five sets, McEnroe ran into Bill Scanlon in the fourth round and couldn't put in his own serve or return his opponent's. His defeat was not lamented by Jimmy Connors, who waltzed into the final where Ivan Lendl was waiting to avenge last year's loss. But once again the scowling Czech, so merciless against weaker opponents, proved he lacks the nerves to win a Grand Slam event. Although Connors was far from top form—he had a sore foot and a case of diarrhoea that once sent him scrambling off court to a toilet—Lendl couldn't cope with the pressure. Serving at 5-4 in the third set to take a two set to one lead, Lendl double-faulted away his advantage and stumbled like a zombie through the rest of the match losing ten games straight and 6-0 in the deciding fourth set.

For Connors, it was his fifth US Open title and hundredth tournament victory. During the match he achieved another milestone. Displaying impressive ambidexterity, he shot a linesman a double phallic salute, raising the middle fingers on his right and left hands. At the age of 31, he shows no signs of losing his small motor coordination. Half a dozen years from now, Jimbo, like his old friend Nastase, should still be quite capable of kicking an official .



Associated Press

'Jimbo...should still be capable of kicking an official'

WHEN the Milan tournament, which had been dropped from the calendar, was quietly re-inserted into the '84 schedule, I called the Volvo Grand Prix office for an explanation. Dewey Blanton, the Media Director, said Happer was now satisfied that he had all the information about Ivan Lendl's alleged guarantee. The administrator had decided no rule had been broken. But Blanton could not say what specific information Happer had obtained, nor could he say how it refuted the copyrighted article in UPI which stated that Lendl had been 'hired' to play in Milan.

There was a similar shortage of detailed information when World Championship Tennis dropped its lawsuit against the Pro Council, the Association of Tennis Professionals, and the International Tennis Federation. Having accused these groups of unfair trade practices and attempting to monopolise pro tennis, Lamar Hunt, WCT's founder had seemed poised to use the case to force the legal authorities to examine the conflicts of interest and dubious deals

rampant in the sport. Instead, without explanation, the Grand Prix had agreed to let WCT rejoin its circuit. The past simply disappeared. Irreconcilable differences, substantive disputes, charges by the Grand Prix that the WCT tour was rife with ethical improprieties, allegations by WCT that the Grand Prix had rewritten its rules to kill off competition—everything was swept down the memory hole.

After these strange events I contacted one of the most important sources in 'Short Circuit', an umpire in France, all of whose allegations were later corroborated by people willing to speak for the record. The umpire passed on an intriguing titbit of information that had begun to percolate during Wimbledon and had been quietly brewing ever since. After the publication of 'Short Circuit', a number of Grand Prix umpires took the initiative of writing to Marshall Happer, suggesting reforms of the way officials are hired and compensated. These men felt they could best maintain their integrity if they were assigned to tournaments on a rotating basis by an autonomous authority, and were paid a fair wage that would leave them less tempted by the favours that unprincipled tournament directors dangle in front of them.

Happer's response...well, there had been no response. He had never answered. Instead, he continued to assure the press that umpires were adequately protected. Without fear of reprisals, they could tell him when they felt they were being intimidated or compromised by tournament directors. Yet when umpires did approach him through the proper channels, the administrator didn't reply.

Ironically, umpires were forbidden from expressing their opinions to the media. The Code of Conduct contained a rule that stipulated umpires could not hold news conferences or comment about players and matches. And this was one rule Happer enforced.

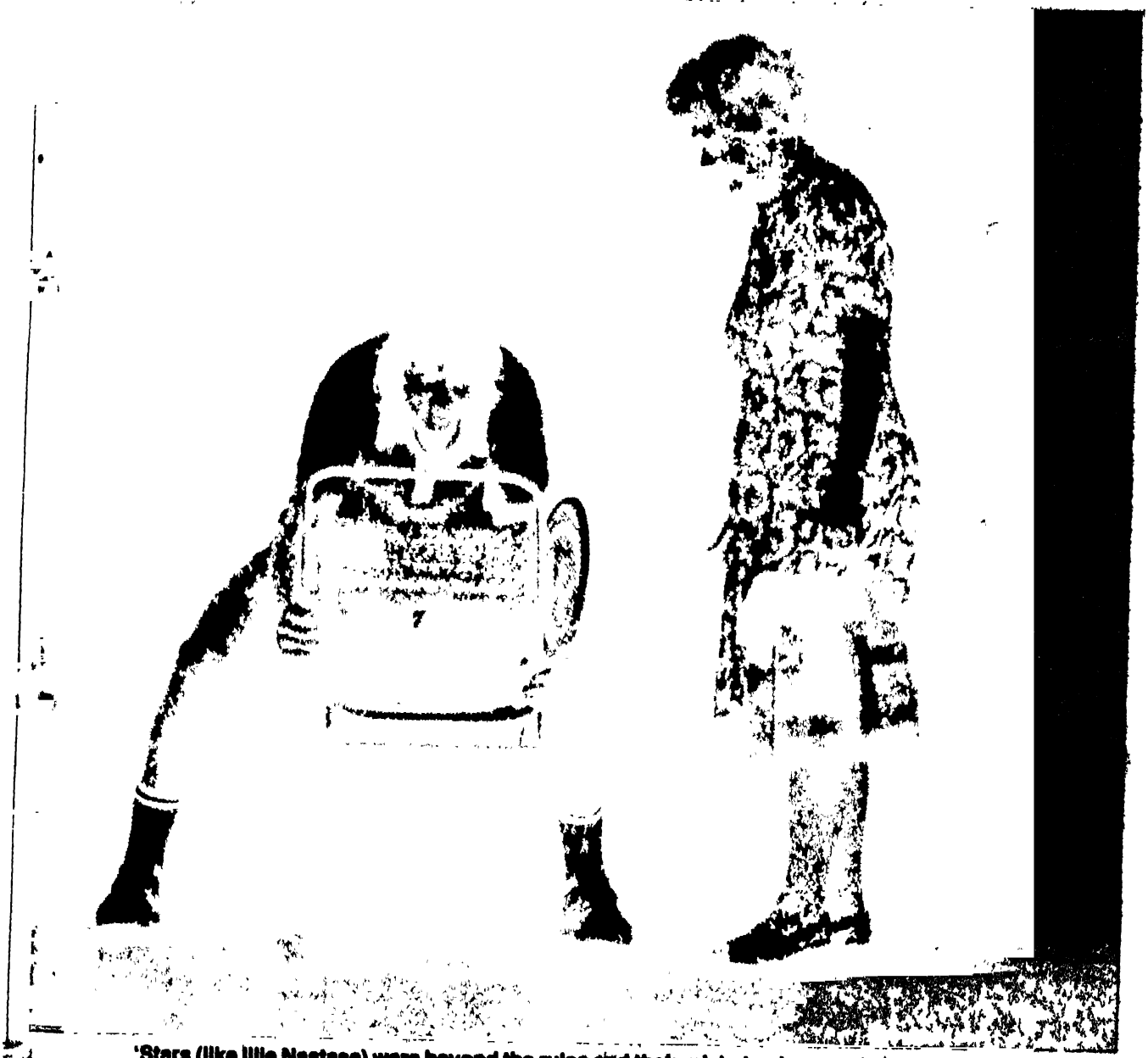
FINALLY, in mid-December, a three-man committee of Bill Talbert, Forrest Hainline, and Vic Seixas began hearing testimony on Guillermo Vilas's appeal of his conviction for accepting a guarantee. What they heard could hardly have been less flattering to the already-tarnished image of pro tennis. Former President of the Association of Tennis Professionals Harold Solomon has called guarantees 'dirty and illegal money...no different from the graft a politician might take', and the testimony of tournament officials in Rotterdam certainly made this case sound like the scenario for a political scandal or banking swindle.

Cock Hoekwater, managing director of the Sportpaleis Ahoy in Rotterdam, and Peter Bonthuis, the tournament director, swore that Bonthuis had delivered $60,000 in cash to Ion Tiriac, Vilas's coach and business manager. The pay-off came in US $100 bills, as stipulated by Tiriac. The $60,000 had been withdrawn from the tournament account and signed for as 'extra prize money for ABN tennis 1983'. ABN Bank is a major sponsor of the Rotterdam tournament.

Hoekwater testified that he had wanted to pay Vilas no more than $50,000 under the table, but Bonthuis had said he would raise an additional



'Vitas Gerulaitis felt that before long all the top players might be high-school dropouts'



'Stars (like Ilie Nastase) were beyond the rules and their misbehaviour could be marketed'

$10,000 'from other sponsors' to meet Tiriac's demands It is worth pondering whether the corporations which acted as financial backers in Rotterdam—just as corporations, banks, and local merchants do at Volvo Grand Prix tournaments throughout the world—were aware of what they were paying for

Surely, ABN Bank should have been appalled by the tournament's accounting procedures. The only record of the illegal transaction was a receipt signed by tournament official Jan Buitendijk. However, Mr Buitendijk did not sign his own name. He put down an illegible scrawl which Vilas claimed was a crude attempt to forge his signature

Now that the pro tennis season has no beginning and no end, and its schedule resembles a snake devouring its own tail, the only way to get an accurate picture of the sport/business would be to pry the serpent's teeth from its scaly posterior and lay it out on a dissecting table. The Vilas hearing seemed the perfect occasion for such an autopsy and Ray Reardon, attorney for the Pro Council, tried to widen the inquiry and show that Rotterdam wasn't an isolated incident. He asked that Vilas's contracts with WCT be produced as evidence that, contrary to testimony 'that they never sought or received money to play tournaments', Tiriac had solicited and obtained guarantees for Vilas to participate in WCT events in 1982 and 1983 But Vilas's counsel Martin London, a member of the same law firm as John McEnroe Sr, maintained that the 'Rotterdam tournament and the Grand Prix rules are the only things that are relevant here'

Even within those limits there were important questions that should have been put to Vilas and Tiriac, as well as to the Rotterdam officials Vilas had played Rotterdam the previous year Had he received a guarantee? In 1982

he was sought as a last-minute replacement for another star. Had the $60,000 originally been earmarked for someone else? And what about other topranked players? Had Rotterdam paid them guarantees in the past?

If Vilas had received $60,000 in Rotterdam, what, if anything, did he get the following week in Milan?

If these questions weren't asked, it may have been because everybody's attention was abruptly wrenched away from issues of guarantees to the far more explosive matters of bribery and extortion. Both Bonthuis and Tiriac admitted they had continued to stay in touch after Vilas had been found guilty of accepting a guarantee. Throughout the summer and on into September they had talked by telephone and had once met in the Meridien Hotel in Paris. Tiriac had tape recorded some of their conversations.

Bonthuis said he and Tiriac had discussed three possible ways of handling Vilas's problem. One, the $60,000, could be returned to the tournament account and Bonthuis could claim there had been an administrative error. Two, they could flatly deny the charges and fight the Pro Council. Or three, Bonthuis could confess that he had pocketed the guarantee—in effect, embezzled the money—supposedly paid to Vilas. But this third course was dangerous for Bonthuis, who said he might be out of work for four or five years, and might even be jailed.

Confronted by charges of illegal cash pay-offs, forgery, embezzlement, bribery, and extortion, the committee restricted itself to a single, narrow issue—had Vilas violated the rule against guarantees? After a month of deliberation, Bill Talbert, Vic Seixas, and Forrest Hainline reached the decision that Vilas was guilty and they affirmed his fine of $20,000. But they cancelled his one-year suspension, explaining that: 'It is believed that Vilas's tennis has been adversely affected for at least nine months by the pendency of the charge.' There was no mention that the charge had been pending simply because Vilas had chosen to appeal, nor did anyone observe that during that period when he was supposed to have been adversely affected, he had won over $300,000 on the Volvo Grand Prix, finishing the year in fourth place on the Prize Money Board with $645,035.

As loser in the appeal, Vilas was liable for all the legal charges. But the Pro Council magnanimously agreed to split the costs. Still, Vilas professed to be furious about the decision. Contacted for comment in Columbus, Ohio, where he had just lost an exhibition match to John McEnroe, he said: 'It is an outrage that a player can be subject to this kind of shabby treatment.'

To place the penalty in perspective, one has only to compare it to other recent cases. Yannick Noah was fined $20,000 and suspended for 42 days for skipping a match. Van Winitsky was suspended for 35 days for striking a spectator at an exhibition. To look at it another way, since Vilas took $60,000 under the table, he paid his fine and still came out of the deal with $40,000.

As for the tournament in Rotterdam, it was fined $10,000. For an event that offers $385,000 in prize money and can afford to pay extra cash under the table, that is scarcely a hardship. The tournament could have been dropped from the Grand Prix circuit, but it has retained its status as a Super Series event. Wim Buitendijk, the man who scrawled a bogus signature on the receipt for Vilas's guarantee, has been made tournament director for 1984. ABN continues as the 'Presenting Sponsor'.

And so the snake sinks its fangs into its tail again and slithers on. Despite all the noise last summer, forthright players and officials have no reason to believe their protests will prompt reform. Crooked players and officials have little cause to worry. As Bud Collins, NBC TV commentator, summed up the situation: 'Tennis was born in dishonesty and has never grown out of it.'



Nikhil Bhattacharya

Noah: success as devastating as failure

IN early December I witnessed an event that threw into stark relief the kind of pressures that young tennis champions are subjected to. Yannick Noah, the French Open Champion, announced that he was moving to New York. On the surface, it sounded like a straightforward career decision, but at the press conference a darker motive spilled out. The muscular black player admitted he was 'fleeing'. Since winning the French Open, he said, life in France had been 'unbearable'. Confronted by a room full of reporters, he suddenly raised a hand to his face, his voice faltered, and he broke down and wept.

'I don't sleep at night,' he said. 'I just wander through the streets crying. Last night I got to the Alma Bridge and looked down at the Seine. I thought, should I jump or not?'

While most of the press seemed surprised by Noah's breakdown, I could not help seeing it in the context of what I had witnessed on the circuit—the relentless competition, the deracinating travel, the loneliness, the indifference of the officials who are supposed to oversee the sport, the predatory entrepreneurs and agents, and above all, the emotional immaturity of the players. I thought of Bjorn Borg retiring from active competition at the age of 26, claiming he was fed up and anxious to enjoy whatever remained of his youth. I recalled a conversation with Vitas Gerulaitis who had expressed the opinion that before long, all the top players might be high-school drop-outs. Tennis, Vitas said, wasn't such a complicated game. You had to be just smart enough to do it but dumb enough to believe it mattered.

Alone, unsupervised, ignorant of the ways in which they were manipulated, these adolescent millionaires suffered a murderous tunnelvision which left them ill-equipped to make ethical judgements about tanking, prize-money splitting, gambling, orchestrating exhibitions, and taking guarantees. It also left them ill-equipped to cope with the demands of success which, as Yannick Noah had learned, can be as devastating as failure.

That's entertainment!

This season has seen a flood of goals in the First Division. If the current average of more than three goals per game is maintained until the end of the season, the total will be the highest since the free scoring days prior to 1966. Here Newcastle defender **Glenn Roeder** in looking at English soccer's brave new face, spotlights the teams who have excited him the most.



Colorsport

Kerry Dixon: One of the 'poachers'

IF Newcastle can't win the Championship, I would love to see the title go to Manchester United, Arsenal, Tottenham or Watford.

To me these are the most entertaining teams in the First Division. As recent results have shown, while they are all capable of dishing out a hiding, they are just as liable to be on the receiving end!

One thing's for sure—you'll rarely see a dull match when one of these sides is involved.

I think it's a different matter with the present Championship leaders, Everton—in my opinion one of the most cautious teams in the First Division! Not that they haven't contributed their fair share of goals, but from what I have seen of them, their approach is less carefree and more clinical than that of the other teams at the top.

Looking at the First Division as a whole, it's clear that football at this level is fun again, and the public is responding by slowly returning to support it.

All the genuine fan wants is entertainment, coupled with a healthy sprinkling of goals, and so far this season the First Division has provided both.

In the past, the 'win-at-all-costs' attitude produced too much stereotyped, negative soccer, with managers and coaches obsessed with 'keeping games tight'. This was the philosophy of fear, which produced too many boring games and saw the drastic decline in attendances. The fear of losing and the fear of being sacked.

I am glad to say that much of that is beginning to disappear. All of us in the game have become conscious of the need to entertain.

I think that even the game's bosses—the directors—have got fed up with poor entertainment and, to some extent, have taken the pressure off managers. It certainly seems to be working. I can't ever remember a time when so many players have been enjoying themselves as much as they are now.

A great example of this change in attitude came recently when Newcastle beat Chelsea 2-1 at St. James' Park. I missed the match because of a groin strain and watched from the dug-out. We were 2-0 up, and looking good to extend the lead, but Chelsea's coach John Hollins shouted to Pat Nevin and Paul Canoville: 'Get yourself forward ..... we've got nothing to lose.'



Chris Waddle: exceptional talent

A few years back, a number of teams would have shut up shop, content to lose 2-0 rather than get thrashed. As it turned out, Chelsea's positive approach almost won them a point.

It does appear that most coaches are allowing their players greater freedom of expression. I have encountered more players going forward than in previous seasons. Midfielders, especially, seem less conscious of their defensive duties.

Much of the credit for this change in the game must go to Watford's manager Graham Taylor.

Whatever one might say about his team's style, Watford's attitude is second to none. When they arrived in the First Division two seasons ago, they were prepared to take chances. Prepared to go forward at every opportunity and even prepared to lose.

Their approach has been vindicate by their success in that time—ru ners-up in both League and FA Cup successive years—and this seasc they have continued to adopt a cav lier approach despite being at th wrong end of the table.

The positive attitude in the Fir Division has resulted in the emer ence of some excellent young str ers. Newcastle have one of the best Chris Waddle. He is an exceptior talent—not only does he find the ne but he also creates goals for other He is a certain England player of th future. Manchester United's Mar Hughes and West Ham's Paul Go dard are in a similar mould, gc providers as well as finishers.

Then there are the 'poachers Chelsea's Kerry Dixon and Clive Alle of Spurs. Both are similar to th phenomenal Ian Rush, in that the contribute little to their teams' bui up play but are absolutely lethal in ti penalty box.





The men for all seasons

Lawrie McMenemy on club managers whose responsibilities are all-encompassing

WHEN assessing the leading Second Division promotion contenders this season, I must admit to being a little prejudiced in the cases of Oxford United, Portsmouth and Blackburn Rovers.

That's because of my close links with their managers, Jim Smith, Alan Ball and Bobby Saxton.

When Oxford were considering possible replacements for Ian Greaves, I recommended Smith to their chairman Robert Maxwell. Having known Jim for a number of years—since the days when he was at Boston United and I was at Doncaster—I'm not in the least surprised that he has steered Oxford from the Third Division to the top of the Second.

The same applies to the success so far this season of Ball, my ex-Southampton captain, and Saxton, both of whom sought my advice when taking on their present jobs.

I am sure that Alan, who succeeded Bobby Campbell as Portsmouth manager during the close-season, has learned a lot from his short, and generally traumatic spell as Blackpool manager.

It seemed to me that, to some extent, Alan underestimated the job and didn't really put as much into it as he should have done.

The responsibilities of being a Football League manager can come as quite a shock to professional footballers stepping onto this side of the game.

During the week, professional footballers tend to switch-off from the game outside their two-hours-a-day training, but that's not the case with the managers, many of whom involve themselves in every conceivable aspect of their clubs. When Bill Nicholson was Tottenham's manager, for example, it was a standing joke among us that Bill was the first person to arrive at White Hart Lane each morning and the last to leave at night. "He's the bloke who turns the lights on and off," Don Revie once quipped!

It's fair to say that managers cosset their footballers—they take care of virtually everything for them—and therefore a lot of footballers find it difficult to take on that role when they are in the position themselves.

Generally, the lower the Football League Club, the greater the amount of time a manager must devote to his job. This is particularly true of managers at the start of their careers. When Alan was at Blackpool, though, I felt that his approach was more "laid-back" than that of a lot of other Third or Fourth Division managers.

It was certainly more so than mine, when I was at Doncaster and Grimsby.

In addition to my duties during the day, I spent most of my evenings watching matches in various parts of the country. I saw so many that, by the time I joined Southampton, I reckon I could have qualified to answer "Mastermind" questions on *ever* first-team footballer in the First, Second, Third and Fourth Divisions, and had met almost every Football League manager and coach!

The amount of knowledge I acquired during that period has proved invaluable.

At that time, another manager whose whole life revolved around the job was Gordon Lee. One season, when Lee and I were at Port Vale and Grimsby respectively, there was a period when our teams faced the same opposition in successive weeks. I remember it because Gordon would think nothing of ringing me for an up-to-date assessment of them, just as I was about to leave the ground at 4.30 pm on a Friday afternoon, and keep me on the phone for up to an hour.

Despite my reaction at the time—"You're a bloody pain in the backside," I once told him!—I often relate that story to young managers as an example of the devotion to duty needed to reach the top.

I am convinced that Alan Ball has what it takes to be an outstanding manager.

He has a tremendous knowledge of the game, is extremely keen and, although too much of a perfectionist at times, he has a marvellous sense of humour. Considering the frustrations of the manager's job, I think that's essential.

I was given many glimpses into this side of Alan when we worked together at Southampton. One of the stories Alan tells particularly well concerns the time that he realised his ambition of seeing a racehorse he owed being ridden by the great Lester Piggott. Immediately after the race—in which his horse had come no-where—Alan rushed to the unsaddling enclosure to talk to this notoriously taciturn, introverted character.

"Well, Lester, what do you think?" he asked.

In a round-about sort of way, Piggott told him that he might be better off getting the horse put down and selling the bones to an adhesives factory.

According to Alan (in a perfect Piggott accent), he just said: "Glue," and off he went.

One of the most intriguing aspects of Alan's success at Portsmouth is the work he had done in improving their defensive record (he bought Noel Blake and Billy Gilbert from Birmingham and Crystal Palace and is using a 4-4-2 system instead of 4-3-3). The irony is that, as a player, he was attack-minded to the extent of being a little scornful about the other side of the game. He could be quite dismissive of out-and-out ball-winners.

Take Chris Nicholl. I remember Alan used to say to Chris: "Oh, you're so negative."

That's another lesson he has learned as a manager...the fact that one needs a number of different qualities and attributes to build a successful football team.

It's great to see Bally, Saxton and Smith doing so well because I look upon them almost as proteges.

Farewell to some Gentlemen Players

John Arlott's appreciation of the cricketers who retired in the English summer of 1984

TO a greater extent than the players of any other spectator sport, county cricketers tend with the years, to become less performers than characters in the minds of those who watch them After all they have been watched, whether excelling or comfortably scratching themselves, for some 60 to 90 days through every summer of their careers So it is that when one of them retires the ordinary spectator loses a familiar figure, not necessarily a friend, some are irritants who persist in getting the better of 'our' side, but nevertheless part of the ordinary watcher's life goes with them

This autumn is one of significant losses, losses of men who sometimes amazed, sometimes disappointed both their followers and themselves, but who have it in common that they have demonstrated the utter impossibility of prophesying the course of a cricketer's career

Bob Willis is perhaps the most striking modern example of the capacity to surprise Who would have thought that the rangy young man who drove himself, like some strong but ungainly carthorse, not only up to the stumps to bowl fast through a stressful action, but round hundreds of grinding miles of training runs to keep himself fit, would prove resistant enough to play county cricket for 15 years, and Test matches for 14? Somehow, despite the constant injuries and gloomy prognostications that he was finished, he took more Test wickets for England than anyone else

He did not seek the England captaincy, but accepted it as an honour in the absence of anyone more fitted, and discharged its duties to the best of his dogged ability He was not always a sound captain, but he never lacked courage or determination, and, essentially in a time of short commons in English cricket, when others flaunted their selfishness, Bob Willis was prepared to sacrifice his muscular health in the cause of keeping it defiant. His immense driving force was balanced by no small degree of thought, and a companionable sense of humour.

Bob Woolmer probably disappointed both himself and his friends as much as any cricketer of our time Initially, he seemed both an idealist and a loyalist, a useful bowler, a good catcher, and a batsman of style, concentration and ability In 1977 he became a late recruit to the Packer operation In 1981 he was 33, had played in 19 Tests with a slow, dogged, but matchsaving top score, against Australia, of 149, and had taken a hat trick for MCC against the Australians at Lord's Then he became a South African Breweries tourist, for which he was banned from Test cricket for three years That seemed to affect him more than the other members of that party, and take much of the zest from his cricket, but it was a savage injury which finished his first class career.

...when one of them retires the ordinary spectator loses a familiar figure; not necessarily a friend; but nevertheless, part of the ordinary watcher's life goes with them

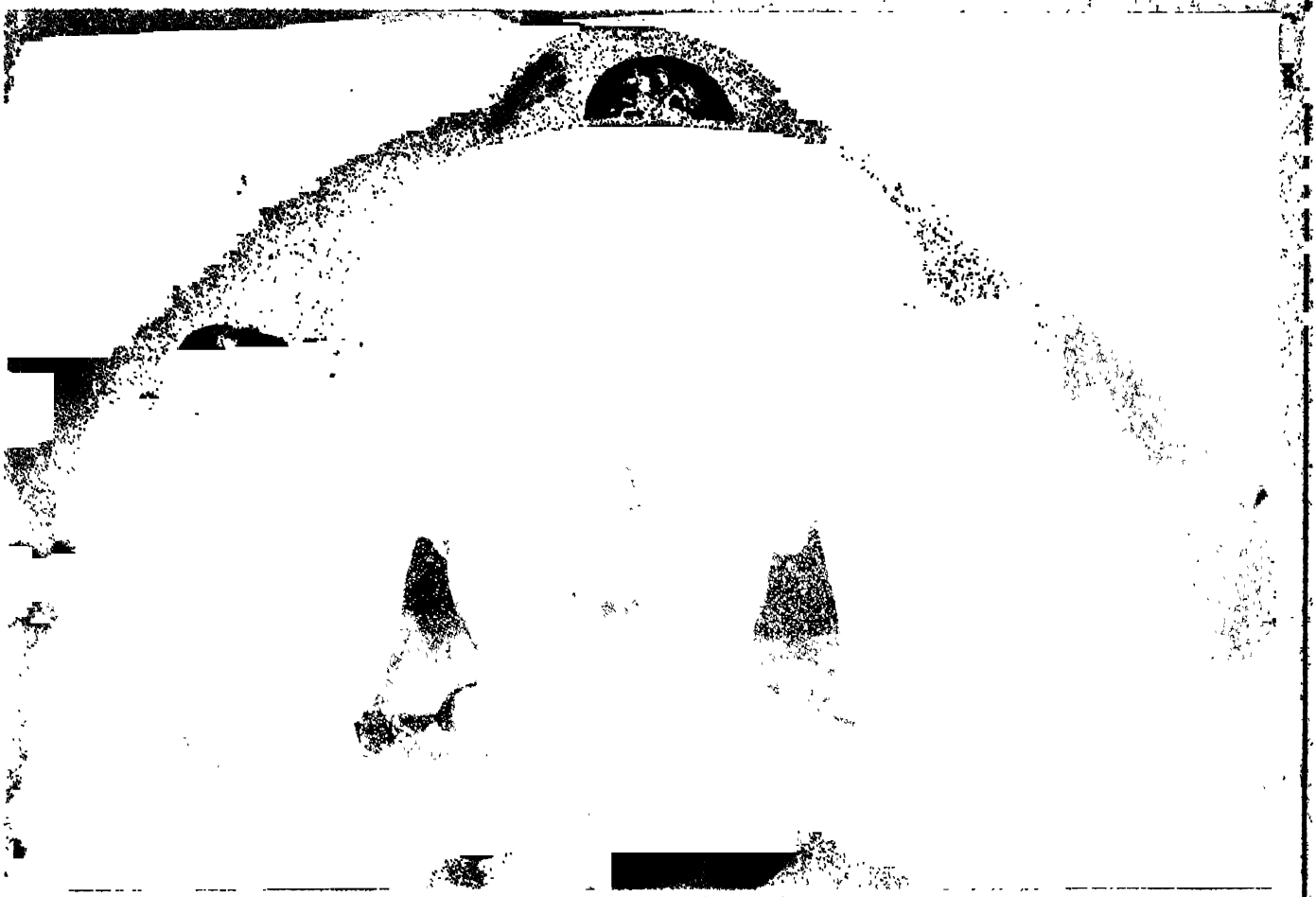
Injury has also ended the career of Mike Selvey, of Cambridge University, Surrey, Middlesex, Orange Free State and, latterly, captain of Glamorgan An intelligent and penetrative fast-medium bowler of skilful variations, he might well, if he had maintained fitness, have achieved more than a little success in captaincy. He will be much missed, especially in Glamorgan.

Another departing from that county is the sturdy, philosophic, consistent wicketkeeper—and often invaluable batsman—and truly Welsh man, Eifion Jones He gave Glamorgan 23 years of loyal, reliable, contented service.

If that was an even-keel career, two others of this year's returning cricketers experienced high early peaks John Hampshire, the jauntily cheerful athletic Yorkshireman who struck the ball so handsomely, was 28, and a surprising selection, when he became the first English cricketer to score a century at Lord's in his first Test innings. It was against West Indies, an assured, heartening piece of batting but nothing in his subsequent cricket quite matched it He played in only seven more Tests, spread over six years An essentially frank, open man he was gradually overwhelmed by the unhappy atmosphere in the Yorkshire dressing-room. Even as captain—1979 and 1980—he could not change its temper, and he left for Derbyshire where he played some useful innings He was, though, at heart, a Yorkshireman and never recaptured his former spirit

Frank Hayes, too, made a fine beginning, he scored 94 and 99 in his first two matches for Lancashire and he, too, like John Hampshire, scored a century in his first Test, also against West Indies, a splendid game 106 not out in a total of 255 (189 while he was at the wicket) Alas he never lived up to that early promise Perhaps, a modest man, he lacked the killer streak; but a pleasant, personable cricketer, he was always well liked and, on his day, he hit the ball generously and entertainingly.

If those two struck their peaks early, Bob Taylor might be called a late developer; though it is more probable that the selectors were slow He was 29 when he played his first Test; that was as deputy to Alan Knott, at a time when Taylor was probably the best wicketkeeper—and wicketkeeper—in England, as he was when the current, somewhat



"He did not enjoy captaincy and resigned that office essentially out of modesty. In future he may well be seen as, historically, the last of a great breed."

boss-eyed selection committee dropped him. An alert, good-mannered player completely wholehearted about cricket, he was respected and liked throughout his 24 years in the game. Even in a county which favoured seam bowling, he passed the acid wicket-keeping test of standing up to the stumps in unquestionable fashion. His handling was as impeccable as—despite his unflagging keenness—his behaviour. He did not enjoy captaincy and resigned that office essentially out of modesty. In future he may well be seen as, historically, the last of a great breed.

Roger Knight, of Dulwich College, Cambridge University, Surrey, Gloucestershire, Sussex and, eventually, Surrey again, was another courteous cricketer. Perhaps indeed his lack of the killer instinct lessened the effect and limited the success of a tidy medium-pace bowler, a batsman in the amateur mould, a keen fielder and thoughtful captain. A likeable, sincerely honest man, he leaves many friends in the game as he goes full-time to the schoolteaching for which he is so admirably fitted. No doubt he will make the opportunity for some part-time cricket.

Richard Lumb was only 20 when he first appeared for Yorkshire as an opening batsman of correct method and diligent approach. For too long he was regarded as promising; but a career average of 30 argues that he was not quite so good as his early advocates suggested or, more probably, that like John Hampshire, his talent was inhibited by the Yorkshire county atmosphere.

Peter Denning, popularly 'the Dasher', certainly was never inhibited. Coming from the prolific nursery of Millfield School, he served Somerset spectacularly as a cover point; often lifting their outcricket to splendid heights. As a left-hand opening bat, he was good enough to score two centuries in a match—and that in the county's 'blood' fixture with Gloucestershire—and constantly to entertain. Another who enjoyed his cricket, he always had a teaching career to fall back on, and when he could no longer command a first-team place, he did so with characteristic good grace.

Nick Pocock has resigned from the captaincy of Hampshire after five seasons of pleasurable activity. Another out of the oldfashioned amateur mould; unselfish—he might well have used his medium pace leftarm bowling more ambitiously—he batted attractively, putting his team's interests first. He relished his cricket and now leaves it for a career which he may find more materially rewarding.

It has been rumoured that Zaheer Abbas is leaving Gloucestershire, though at the time of writing, that is not confirmed. Surely at the age of 37 he is not quitting the wider field of world cricket which he has graced for 19 years as, at once, one of the most graceful, and most prolific, of batsmen. When he decides to leave altogether that will be a matter not to be observed in a general survey, but for a major salute.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

What would you like to be?

Fit or Fat?

Beginning this week onwards, we carry a fitness column devised specially for the office-going reader and the part-time athlete

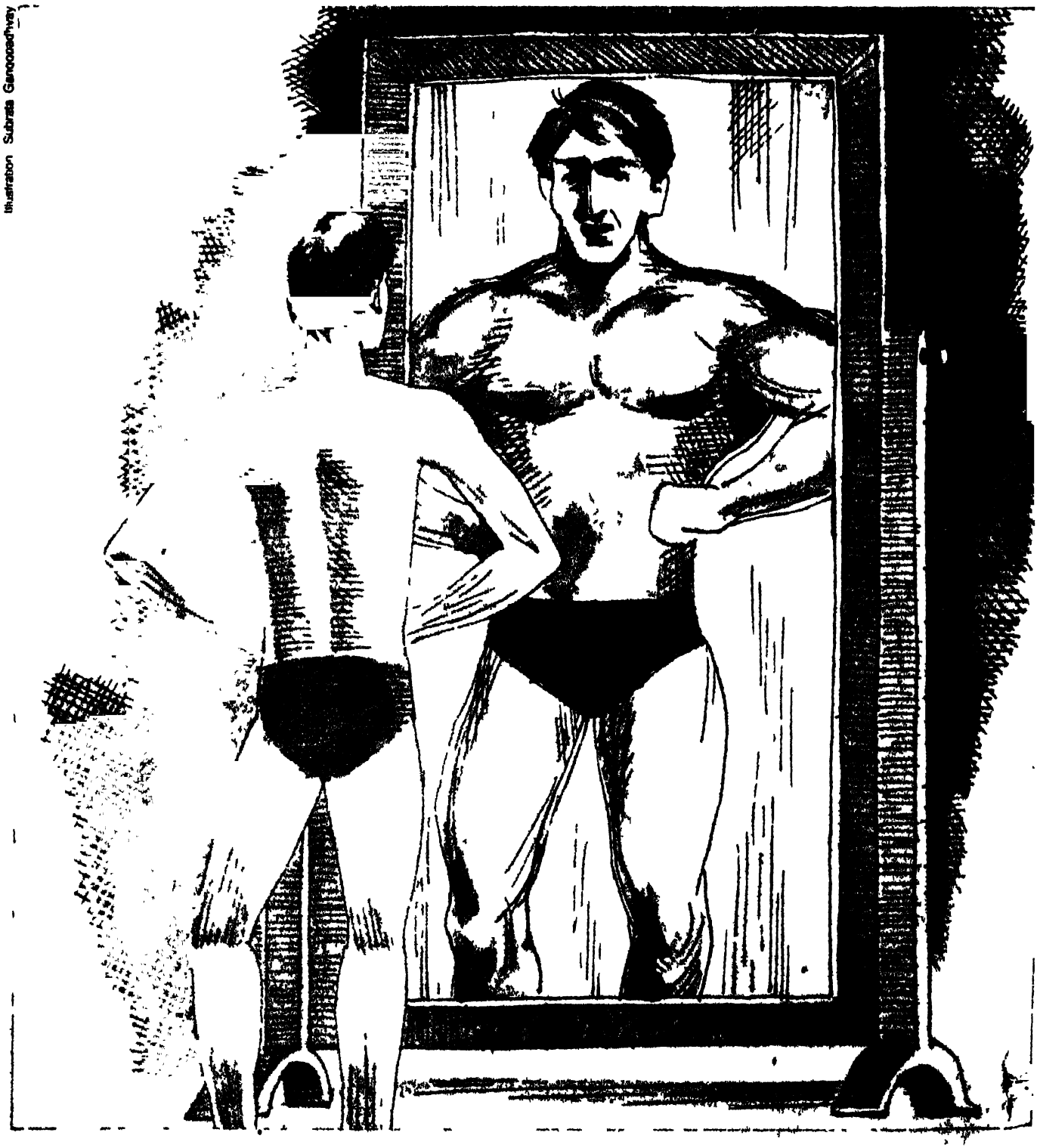


Illustration Subrata Gangopadhyay

HAVE you ever wished you had a face like Clint Eastwood's? Or forearms like Rod Marsh's?

Have you ever gone up to a young lady for a dance feeling that wee-bit self-conscious? Or looked into a photograph of Carl Lewis and wished you were him?

If you have, then, perhaps, you have also felt a bit embarrassed looking at your mirror-image each morning—shirtless.

It's time you did something about it. It's time you got fit.

No time? Too busy? Feeling lazy? Well then, you'd better renovate your concave frame; another few years like this and you might look like something the Pure Foods Committee had rejected. Society might as well write you off, say, as a bad debt. And *you* might as well stop reading this piece.

Let us get our points in order at first. Why do we need to get fit?

One: Because physical fitness has a great bearing on our mental health and well-being. A regular physical regimen makes us mentally more enduring, relieves us of stress, and improves, in some cases, our powers of concentration.

Two: Exercise cuts down on the excess fat in the body.

Three: Exercise is a direct antidote for certain ailments. Acne, sciatica, nervous disorder, tonsils, digestive problems, arthritis and diabetes are some of them.

Four: Exercise helps in 'broadening out' and presenting a more macho image. Besides, it develops the muscles in the body, making one stronger.

A modified training schedule has therefore been devised keeping the reader—the daily 9-5 schedule reader—in mind. This week's recipe is one step closer to your physical *nirvana*. It goes like this:

1. Begin with 20 to 30 seconds of skipping, using a rope. Progress slowly. Skip for 30 seconds, alternating your speed. Progress further, alternating your feet as well as moving from 100 skips to two minutes. After some weeks should you find that you have reached a stage of endurance and do not tire easily, proceed towards a goal of 10 minutes, varying your speed.

2. Side-side object jumping: Jump high and sideward, tucking the knees as high up as possible. Try to jump with only one take-off preparation each time.

3. Contralateral skips in place. Skip as high as you can at a moderate tempo (co-ordinating opposite arms and legs may be slightly difficult). The right arm should go forward and the left knee should be high while you are in the air, and vice versa.

4. Lie on your back. Ask someone to keep your feet fastened to the ground. Now raise yourself from the hips upward till you are in a sitting posture. Repeat 20 times. Progress to raising feet to a low chair or stool. Now raise yourself again. Repeat 20 times. Experiment with hands clasped behind the head.

5. Lie on your stomach, with someone holding down your feet. Clasp your hands behind your back with the arms held straight. Now try to lift your head as high as possible. Repeat 20 times.

6. Lie on your back, legs straight. Now bend your knees so that they close in against your chest. Now repeat this procedure—knees-chest, knees-chest 10 times. Avoid using your hands for leverage.

7. Try squat-jumping for a change. Extend your arms horizontally so that they are parallel to the ground. Now try jumping, try to get your knees to the level of your arms. Attempt 50 in sections of ten each, progressing later to 100.

8. Use a pole for this, hung across the shoulders, the arms encircling. Station your feet apart, keep the legs straight and then bend forward from the hips until you form a right angle. Repeat 20 times before loosening up gently.

9. Sit on the floor, legs straight and together. Place your hands under your thighs, palms facing downwards. Now extend your hands towards the knees in such a manner that it widens the legs. Repeat this procedure for two minutes and progress by bending downwards so that your chest touches the left thigh, then the right thigh.

10. Spread your feet apart. Now try to bend as much sideways—left, then right. Try also with hands clasped behind the head. Attempt at least 30 times.

The order of listing of the exercises is not necessarily the order in which they ought to be done.

Continued next week

MY attention was drawn the other day to a fitness column.

And that reminded me—about Amitabh Bachchan. There is no Amitabh Bachchan. Simply. His real name is Amit Bajan. I can't remember when I saw him for the first time, but it certainly must have been many years ago. Memory faded, until I saw him again. Just last week.

He was in a departmental store shopping for biscuits and some baby food. He took one look at me and slithered off. I pursued. But Amit took a quick turn, dropped whatever he had and made for the door. I called out to him. I am sure that he heard but pretended otherwise. Finally, I caught up with him at the door.

"So, Amitabh Bachchan, sorry Amit Bajan," I started, "this what you look like."

He was embarrassed. In two seconds he was looking at my feet, gaze lowered.

"You're a dud," I said, as soon as I could say anything.

The muscles had all gone. Here was a lean and rather shortish man.

"What happened?" I asked. "I am sorry," he said and broke down uncontrollably. It was as if Samson had been shorn of his locks.

Amit Bajan led me away by the hand to his house, half a kilometre away to a dilapidated mansion. And there he showed me his tools of trade. Casts of every imaginable kind to fit the man from the waist belt upwards. And glue, tinloads of it. Even stilts.

And yet, these were the fellows who got phone calls from the Padmini Kolhapures.

"What's the use of all that exercise?" Amit started. "What is the use of trying to look like Robert Redford and having a physique like Dara Singh's? What is the use of those hours of sweat, lifting weights and running down roads when all you need is the right cast and a bit of a stick-on job?" he argued.

"Phony," I cried with disgust. Amit looked sheepish.

That night I took a good look at myself in the mirror. I counted my ribs. The telephone rang. I picked it. It was Padmini Kolhapure.

Mudar Patherya

JAMSHEDPUR

A Fruitful Experiment

HOSTS Bihar won the East Zone C.K. Nayudu (under 22) Cricket Championship rather convincingly by beating Orissa in the Finals by a margin of 10 wickets. But the main highlight of Bihar's win was in the semi finals when they defeated Bengal, by a surprisingly cake-walk margin of an innings and over 100 runs. In the first match of the championship, the host's had steam-rolled over Tripura by an innings and 300 runs.

The success of the Bihar Juniors cannot be simply termed a fluke but is a fairy tale wherein all that they tried came good. Aspiring cricketers were selected from all over Bihar (20 from the districts and 10 from Jamshedpur) by 2 separate selection committees, which did not include any of the selectors from the main committee. These youngsters were put through rigorous physical training, fielding practice as well as 'Yoga Nidra' for motivational purposes. The final 15 was selected by a committee comprising Daljit Singh, Chairman, D.N. Mukherjee, Ranjan Banerjee and Debal Sahai.

In the final outcome, the selected 15 included 7 from Patna, 4 from Ranchi, 1 from Hazaribagh and 3 from Jamshedpur. Thereafter, Col. Hemu Adhikari, who was here earlier to coach the Under-15 Team, extended his stay to coach the C.K. Nayudu team at the request of the Bihar Cricket Association. The final two weeks of preparation were really hectic, wherein Col. Adhikari provided technical inputs along with on-going physical and motivational trainings. In addition, many practice matches were played to weld the team together.

No one had expected the results to come so fast as the home team had lost 8 of its players from the last year's side due to the age bar. Once the championship started, Bihar looked a very confident and fit side on the field. They had great depth in their batting as well as team work.

Bihar Juniors' excellent achievement was mainly a triumph of team work, the credit for which should go to skipper Sanja Ranjan, who was able to mould them into an effective and fighting combination by making the best use of their 5 weeks stay together at Jamshedpur. The Association's experiment of training-cum-coaching camp by incurring a substantial expenditure, paid rich dividends as the youngsters grabbed the opportunity offered to them and proved that with care and planning, results could be achieved.

Anjan Chaterjee



Umesh Gaikwad

The Kholhapur District women's table tennis team who won the Maharashtra State Championships at Bombay

PUNE

Unnatural Selection

GLARING omissions plague the selection of the Maharashtra State Ranji Trophy team. In a bold move the Maharashtra selectors, under the chairmanship of former Ranji stumper, Dyaneshwar Agashe, have made the twenty-five year-old middle order batsman Milind Gunjal the skipper for the entire season. The team has quite a blend of youth but a few "rotten apples" persist, denying a chance to some more talented youngsters from donning the Ranji cap.

The ones who have got away, are the 34-year-old off-spinner and occasional bat Ramesh Borde, who is simply enjoying godfatherly treatment from his elder brother, Chandu (the Chairman of the Selecting Committee of the Board). This has denied attacking middle order batsman, Bhalchandra Joglekar from finding a berth in the squad. This collegian was in tremendous form this season.

How does Anil Walhekar a left arm spinner find himself in the team in spite of there being a better left-arm spinner and solid batsman Kaiser Fakih who is doing better with both bat and ball. One wonders what theory the Maharashtra selectors follow?

Medium pacer Shyam Oak has not been amongst the wickets at all but is still in the squad, whereas young pace bowlers like Jeevan Hegde, Jerry Fernandes and Subhash Ranjane find themselves in the wilderness. Last year's skipper and Maharashtra's most experienced keeper batsman Vijay Shetty, who has played for nearly a decade and is still trim and fit, finds himself axed. A Maharashtra side without Shetty will be hard to imagine

and there is definitely cause for concern because his experience would have helped.

Another immensely gifted and attacking batsman Vinayak Khokar does not get a look in. The quota system has eaten up another seat with the inclusion of Kolhapur's off-spinner Ramesh Hazare who can be best assigned the drink's trolley job. Left-arm spinner Azim Khan of Solapur at least has some talent in him to merit selection.

But then politics is the name of the game.

Sinhagad Hill Climb

THE valiant Tanaji Malsurae, trusted lieutenant of the Maratha warrior king Shivaji must never have in his wildest dreams thought of scaling Sinhagad Fort on a mobike when he vanquished the Mughal invaders in the 17th century.

But the Poona Automotive Racing Association, organisers of the popular Pune International Moto-cross meet organised on Sunday, the second of December, a daredevil event of speed, guts and determination for some eighty participants "the Sinhagad Hill Climb Meet 1984." Sinhagad Fort, named after the valiant Tanaji, houses the Pune television transmitter and is situated 30 kilometres to the city's south. A narrow zig zag motorable road has been made to reach the summit. This nine-kilometre treacherous route full of sharp turns and bends was the track in question for the meet.

Riders were taking part in seven different classes. The first race began at nine and the last finished before noon with a single rider being let off at regular intervals with the clock to beat.

Veteran daredevil Raju Bhale from Pune threw caution to the winds and drove like a man possessed and even a bad fall on the first turning did not deter him from walking away with the fastest overall time winning the foreign bikes class in eight minutes, 23 seconds for the nine-kilometre route. He was astride a silver-coloured Honda CB400N. He was followed by another PARA rider.

The 350 cc class served very good fare too with seasoned campaigner from Nasik, Vijay Deshpande, astride a Yamaha Rajdoot, blazing past the bends and curves in a bare eight minutes and 25 seconds. His timing being second only to Raju Bhale.

Last but not the least was the ladies class fielding five sweet looking girls. All doubts regarding their performance were laid to rest when Prachi Shah, exploiting her scooter to the maximum, zoomed past the finish in a fast 10 minutes 32 seconds, followed by Rajashri Patkar in 10 minutes 55 and Kamla Sawant in 11 minutes 49 secs. These gutsy girls deserve full praise for their excellent performance.

Rahul Chandawarkar

CALCUTTA

Sad State

BASKETBALL in Bengal is in a very sorry state and not much is being done to improve this situation. One step in the right direction has been taken by the introduction of the Inter-state Championships five years ago. Till then, Bengal was the only state which did not have a tournament of this nature.

This year's tournament, organised as always by the West Bengal Basketball Association at their Red Road courts, assumed special significance for the men, for the team that is to represent Bengal in the Nationals in Cuttack this month was to be selected from here. However, the women cagers—who have their own association—did not use the tournament for the same purpose.

The fact that only ten teams took part in the men's section and merely five in the women's shows the amount of interest that the game generates in the state. Here one must add that the tournament was held at an odd time for it clashed with the East Zone Inter-Varsity tournament and so many district teams failed to make it to Calcutta. The BBA are to blaim for this, but nevertheless their intentions were honourable.

Last year's runners-up Bara Bazar Yubak Sabha (BBYS) came out on top this year accounting for Police AC in the final. In the ten-team round-robin, holders Boys Training Association (BTA) were upset by BBYS and the former went down a second time to Police in the semi-final.

The stars of the BBYS victory were the ever improving Sanjay Goel and the seasoned campaigners Vijay Patwari and Ashok Khejriwal. Veteran Shishir Dam did well to keep the policemen together throughout the tournament. The Lawmen, who were the dark horses of the tornament, lacked in technique. But what they lacked in this sphere they more than made up with their speed and superior fitness.

Eastern Railways, having in their ranks many state players, came across few obstacles in annexing the women's title beating Loreto in the final.

Andy O'Brien



Southern Railway reigned supreme both in the men's and the women's sections of the 31st Inter-Railway volleyball championships



Britain's sports editors have voted Daley Thompson the Hertz No 1 Sports personality of the year. At a ceremony in London, he received the award from last year's winner, Steve Cram (right), watched by this year's runner-up, Seb Coe (centre). Daley thus receives free use of a Hertz Ford Granada for one year



Muhammad Ali has a close encounter with the Rocky Marciano award. The award was presented to Ali during the Downtown Athletic Club's annual salute to boxing greats

'Smokin' Joe Frazier (left), former world heavyweight boxing champion, poses with his son Marvis. Marvis will be taking on Funso Banjo at London's Alexandra Palace

All photographs by Associated Press



Statistically speaking

Bhartendu provides some interesting figures

IQBAL QASIM justified his recall to Test cricket with a bowling performance of eight for 106 against New Zealand at Lahore A complete list of players who came back to Tests remarkably (with the qualification of having captured six or more wickets after having missed at least 12 matches played by their respective countries) is given below. Only two bowlers in that list have captured more wickets than Qasim on their return to Test cricket—Greville Stevens and Jeff Thomson, with ten and nine wickets respectively

Most consecutive Test without a win

INDIA's run of Tests without a victory till the Bombay Test versus England prompted one to go through the books again Interestingly, it turned out to be the second longest run in the history of Test cricket of a team going without a victory.

Increase in the number of Tests

"THERE are too many Tests being played these days " This is one of the many reasons being offered for the fall in standards of late The table in the adjoining columns gives an idea of the escalation in the number of Tests with every passing block of years

MOST CONSECUTIVE TESTS WITHOUT VICTORY

44	N Zealand	Christchurch Wellington	1929-30 (1st Test v England) to 1955-56 (3rd Test v W Indies)
31	India	Bangalore, Faisalabad,	1981-82 (2nd Test v England) to 1984-85 (2nd Test v Pakistan)
28	S Africa	Leeds, P Elizabeth,	1935 (3rd Test v England) to 1949-50 (5th Test v Australia)
24	India	Lord s Kanpur,	1932 (only Test v England) to 1951-52 (4th Test v England)
23	N Zealand	Auckland, Dunedin,	1962-63 (1st Test v England) to 1967-68 (1st Test v India)
22	Pakistan	Lahore, Christchurch	1958-59 (3rd Test v W Indies) to 1964-65 (3rd Test v N Zealand)

PROLIFERATION OF TEST CRICKET

PERIOD	YEARS	TESTS	AVG. PER YEAR
1877-1899	23	64	2 78
1900-1914	15	70	4 66
1920-1939	20	140	7 00
1945-1960	16	225	14 06
1961-1970	10	176	17 60
1971-1980	10	217	21 70
1981-1984	4	106	26 50
	100	998	

** Updated to 22 November 1984*

	GAP	FIRST INNINGS	SECOND INNINGS	OPPONENTS	VENUE
W H Lockwood	17	7-71	0-33	Aus	The Oval, 1899
V W C Jupp	21	4-37	3-66	WI	Lord's, 1928
G T S Stevens	13	5-105	5-90	WI	Bridgetown, 1929-30
T W J Goddard	46	0-48	6-29	NZ	Manchester, 1937
D Shackleton	103*	3-93	4-72	WI	Lord's, 1963
J D F Larter	14	4-66	2-54	NZ	Leeds, 1965
J B Statham	20	5-40	2-105	SA	The Oval, 1965
B R Knight	17	4-84	2-61	Aus	Melbourne, 1965-66
A G Barrett	17	3-86	3-87	Eng	Kingston, 1973-74.
J R Thomson	12	3-59	6-46	Eng	Brisbane, 1974-75
D A J Holford	26	5-23	1-52	Ind	Bridgetown, 1975-76
K J O Keeffe	16	3-42	3-166	Pak	Adelaide, 1976-77
P J W Allott	20	6-61	0-24	WI	Leeds, 1984
T M Alderman	15	6-128	—	WI	Perth, 1984-85
Iqbal Qasim	12	4-41	4-65	NZ	Lahore, 1984-85

** World record for most Tests missed between two appearances*



GEORGE OSWALD ALLEN

'GUBBY' ALLEN HAS HAD A WIDER EXPERIENCE THAN ANY PREDECESSOR IN THE PRACTICALITIES OF CRICKET IN ENGLAND, AS PLAYER, CAPTAIN, SELECTOR AND ADMINISTRATOR, ALTHOUGH HE WAS BORN IN AUSTRALIA HIS RIGHT-ARM FAST BOWLING WITH A CLASSICAL SIDE ON ACTION OFTEN TOUCHED GREATNESS HE POSSESSED RHYTHM AND THE ABILITY TO MAKE THE BALL HURRY FROM THE PITCH HIS BATTING WAS STRONG AND COURAGEOUS AND HIS OUTSTANDING CLOSE-IN FIELDING COMPLETED HIS STATUS AS AN ALL ROUNDER.



HIS CAREER REACHED ITS ZENITH WHEN HE TOURED AUSTRALIA IN 1932/3, TAKING 21 WICKETS IN THAT SERIES WITHOUT RESTORING TO BODYLINE, OF WHICH HE DISAPPROVED

HE HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL OF MCC FIGURES AS PRESIDENT THEN TREASURER FOR SEVEN YEARS HE WAS A SUCCESSFUL CHIEF OF THE TEST SELECTION COMMITTEE. HE IS THE MOST TIRELESS OF WORKERS FOR THE GAME AND SYMBOLISES THE WISDOM AND EXPERIENCE OF MCC IN 1962 HE WAS AWARDED THE CBE FOR HIS SERVICES TO THE GAME.

'GUBBY' IN HIS 25 TEST MATCHES SCORED 750 RUNS, INCLUDING A CENTURY TAKING 81 WICKETS AND 20 CATCHES

Illustrations Subrata Gangopadhyay

Sponsored by the V.S.T Industries Limited, to honour and encourage the spirit of competition and adventure in sport

26 November Clive Lloyd's West Indians notch up yet another win as they thrash Australia by eight wickets in the second Test at Brisbane. The match has different responses to the rival captains as Lloyd is named the man of the match and Kim Hughes resigns his captaincy.

The draw of stumps on the second day of the second Test between Pakistan and New Zealand being played at Hyderabad finds Pakistan at 159 for five in reply to the Kiwi score of 267 in the first innings.

27 November The English tour of India is jeopardised again as the British deputy high commissioner Percy Norris is assassinated at Bombay. However, Tony Brown, the manager of the English team confirms that the tour will go on.

Pakistan concede a 37-run first innings lead to New Zealand and restrict the Kiwis to 158 for eight at the end of the third day's play at Hyderabad.

28 November The Indian cricket team get their first taste of success in quite some time as they reduce England to 190 for eight in their first innings at the end of the first day's play in the first Test at Bombay. Sivaramakrishnan is the destroyer with four for 62.

29 November India restrict England to 195 in their first innings and score a quick 268 for the loss of six wickets in the second day's play at Bombay. Sivaramakrishnan finishes with six for 64.

Ramesh Krishnan gets past Steven Shaw of Britain 6-4, 7-5, 7-5 to move into the third round of the $1.28 million Australian Open tennis championship at Melbourne.

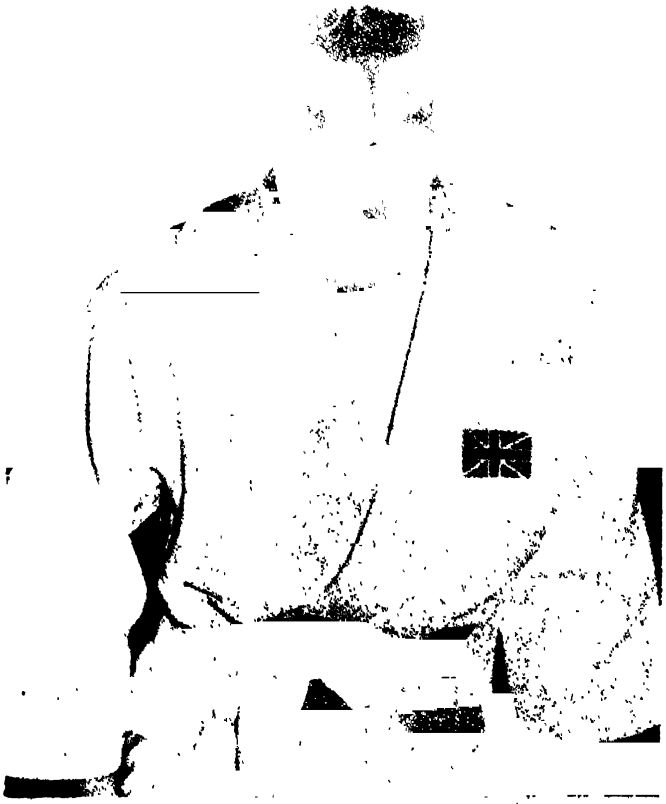
Mudassar Nazar and Javed Miandad score a century each in the Pakistani second innings to help their side to a seven wicket win over New Zealand in the second Test at Hyderabad.

30 November The New Zealand captain Jeremy Coney goes the same way as Sunil Gavaskar as he too complains about the Pakistani umpires after the second Test at Hyderabad.

Vijay Amritraj, the 15th seed, is upset by unseeded Guy Forget of France in the second round of the Australian Open at Melbourne. Amritraj loses 3-6, 1-6, 6-7.

A one-day international elite gymnastic contest at Tokyo finds Elena Shushurova of the Soviet Union and Shinji Monisue of Japan winning two events each

1 December Ravi Shastri (142) and Syed Kirmani (102) steer India to a very safe 465 for eight declared. In the remaining 50 minutes, England score 37 for the loss of one wicket.



A very confident lady, 21-year-old Karen Briggs of Britain is the National, European and World champion in the under-48 kilo class in women's judo. She trains at the Kingston Judo Club, Hull and recently represented Britain in the Third World Judo Championships for Women in Vienna.

Michel Platini is awarded the Player of the Year award by *World Soccer*. Ian Rush is the runner-up and Zico third.

Pat Cash is fined $270 for flinging his racquet into the stands during his third round match against Jakob Hlasek in the Australian Open. Cash wins 5-7, 6-3, 6-3, 5-7, 7-5.

Brunei is admitted into the Olympic family as the International Olympic Committee unanimously decides to make Brunei the 160th nation in the Olympic group.

2 December Mike Gatting gives England a glimmer of hope of saving the Test as he scores a fluent 136 but is let down by the rest of his team as England finish the fourth day of the first Test at 228 for seven.

New Zealand record their first victory of the Pakistan tour as they carve out a 34-run win in a one-day international at Sialkot.

Ramesh Krishnan bows out of the Australian Open tennis tournament as he forfeits his third round match against Lloyd Bourne of USA.

India lose 0-2 to Singapore in a group B match of the eight Asian Cup football championship at Singapore.

Greg Page of USA knocks out the WBA champ Gerry Coetzee of South Africa in the eight round of a World Boxing Association heavyweight title defence bout at Sun City, South Africa.

3 December India finally break their streak of non-wins and win their first Test in 31 Tests as they beat England by eight wickets in the first Test at Bombay.

The greatest golfer ever?

The perfect swing—but it proved a back-breaker

IN 1930, when golf was still a minor sport, a 28-year-old American by the name of Bobby Jones elevated it to the front pages.

He became the first golfer to do the Grand Slam in one season—the US Open and amateur championships, and the British Open and amateur championships.

In these days golfers become millionaries by winning just the two professional titles. Jones made only his expenses...but admirers bought him a luxury house.

Not long after his triumph, Bobby Jones retired from competitive golf. Since his infancy, he had not been physically strong, and a weakening disease of the back finally counted him out—to be confined to a wheelchair.

Players of today still talk about him. They acknowledge Jones as one of the greats, one of the first golfers to make the game internationally known. There are some people who consider him to be the greatest golfer the game has ever had.

In the days of hickory-shafted clubs—two or three shots a round inferior to today's steel and aluminium clubs—Jones was regularly going round the world's toughest courses in under 70.

Champion at 13

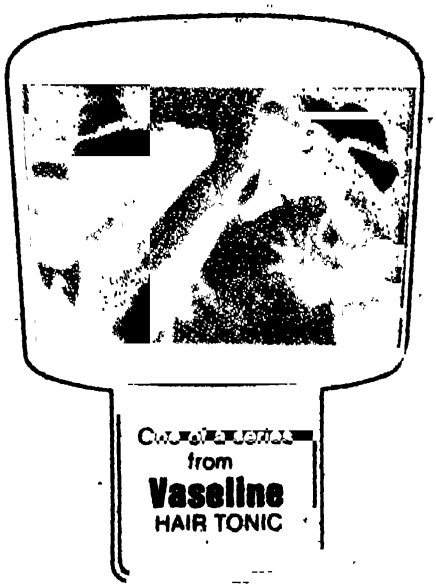
Robert Tyree Jones was born in Atlanta, Georgia in 1902. At the age of six, he met a former Carnoustie professional, Stewart Maiden, who had emigrated to America.

Maiden was the professional to the Atlanta club, and young Bobby used to help him around the club house, often caddying and cleaning clubs.

Everybody called him Bobby. It wasn't a name he liked. He preferred Robert.

Maiden showed the boy how to hold the clubs and how to swing, and by the age of 10 he was a tournament class golfer.

At 13, he became State champion. At 14 he entered the US national amateur championship and led the field in the first of the qualifying rounds.



'The news flashed round that the new kid from Dixie was breaking up the tournament,' he recalled in his autobiography. 'Everyone assembled to see me play the second round. Gosh! It scared me to death. I fancy I led the field the other way in the afternoon.'

But he managed to qualify and in the first round, was drawn against Eben Byers, a former champion. The experts believed the boy had no chance, but a friend clapped him on the shoulder and said: 'Remember what Bob Fitzsimmons used to say, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall".'

Said Jones, 'Byers and I expressed our feelings in the same way—when we missed a shot, we threw the club away. I think I beat him because he ran out of clubs first. Somebody playing behind said we looked like a juggling act, there were so many clubs flying in the air.'

Disgusted caddy

Championship successes followed until in 1921 the new prodigy of golf visited Britain, to play in his first Open. He was 19. His total after two rounds was 150, good going in the adverse weather conditions.

But he took 46 to do the first nine holes in his third round. 'I got mad,' he said. 'On the 11th I hooked my tee-shot and went into a hill bunker. I took four or five to get out and was so annoyed I tore up my card. It was childish really.'

'My caddy was disgusted and left me to carry my clubs back alone. It taught me a lesson.'

In 1923 he became US champion and won the title again in 1926, 1929 and 1930.

In nine years he won the British Open three times, and the amateur title once, the US Open four times and the amateur title five times.

He finished first or second in 11 out of the 12 national Opens he competed in.

When he played his final round in the 1930 British Open, a critic observed: 'They wound up the mechanical man of golf today and set him clicking round the course.'

Henry Longhurst, the British commentator, said of him: 'He became indisputably the world's greatest golfer and won for himself a degree of esteem and even affection which I imagine to be almost unequalled in sport.'

Perfect swing

Jones had the perfect swing, but it put such pressure on his back that a doctor who watched him win the second leg of his 1930 Grand Slam at Hoylake, Cheshire, said: 'I am sorry, but I don't see how the human spine can stand up to that sort of thing for ever.'

It didn't. Two years later Jones was forced into retirement from top-flight golf.

British golf enthusiasts mourned that they would never see him again. His feats at St. Andrews in 1930 were remembered when a tablet was unveiled for him in 1958 and he was made a freeman of the city.

Steve Douglas



n care. For great looking hair.



Ticklish Problem

LONDON: T. V. commentary is tough, tougher than radio, discovered BBC's famous cricket commentator, Brian Johnson. With Bradman going great guns in 1948, the England team was wilting. Said Johnson: "Well now, the England captain must be really scratching his head to find a solution." Taking the cue the TV camera panned to show the England skipper—scratching his bottom. Left speechless for a minute, Johnson saved the day by quipping: "Well, I told you it was a ticklish problem!"

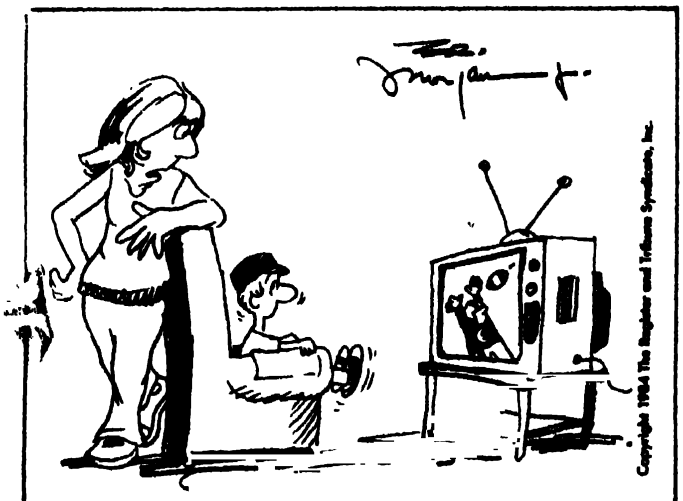
Out For A Win

LEEDS: Cricket coach Ian Steen lost his job—for not winning matches. Steen's Yorkshire team hadn't been beaten since 1973, after a record breaking 129 matches. But Ian (47) who has coached among others David Bairstow, Graham Stevenson and Bill Athey, was sacked because according to Association Secretary Harry Lindley "he played so he would not lose, to keep his record. It isn't good cricket." So despite his impressive record, Ian got the boot cause his negative tactics did not make for enjoyable fare.

Real Fast One

SUSSEX: Harold Larwood, the famous England fast bowler of the 30s, was once playing incognito in a local match. Both umpires were biased in favour of the home team which was batting, and it was proving difficult to get them out. Larwood bowled the batsman lbw, but he was given "not out". The next ball was snicked to the wicket-keeper, but again the verdict was the same as before. In despair Larwood sent down a real snorter, knocking out all three stumps. Then turning to the umpire he said confidentially: "Nearly got him this time, didn't we?"

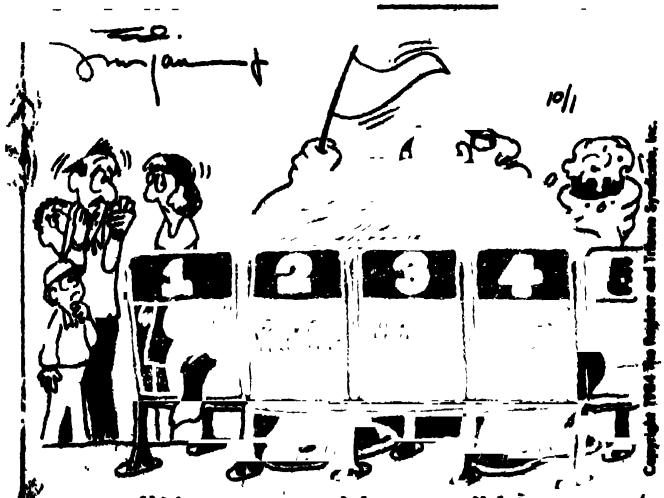
Bernie Tellis



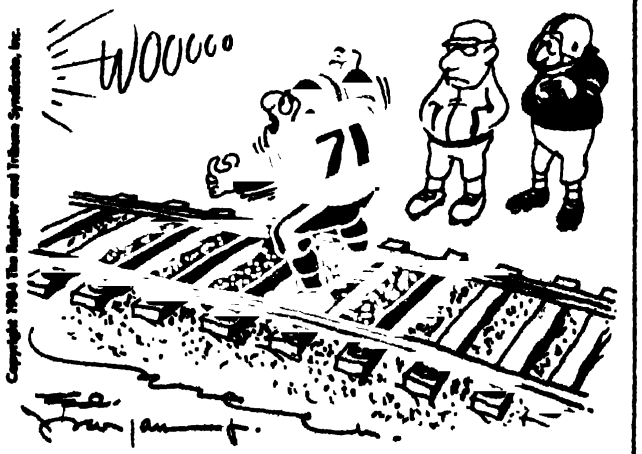
"It's amazing how none of your teachers gives you homework on Monday night!"



"Coach, I'd like to show you something I've been working on in the lab."



"Honey, would you tell him he's in our seats?"

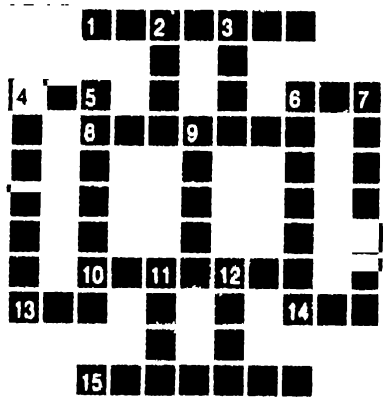


"Whatever happened to tackling dummies?"

CROSSWORD

Mudar

266



ACROSS

1 Woman marathon winner ends in a preposition (1 6)
4 and 13 Rolling Stone and an avid cricket fan (6)
6 Form of wrestling (3)
8 James Bond s creator in the literary world, McEnroe's partner in tennis (7)
10 The cricket spectator is on most occasions cheated of his money when batsmen play cautiously, and the match———draw (4, 2, 1)
14 National Institute of Sports, Patiala (1, 1, 1)
15 One more than Arthur Mailey s Test haul of wickets (7)

DOWN

2 Oriental directions at the start of fencing equipment (4)
3 Scorer of the goal for Italy in the last World Cup soccer final, without the first alphabet though (4)
4 Early morning 'food for the fitness-conscious (7)
5 He scored a century against the West Indies this summer (1, 6)
6 One of the world's leading horse-owners ends in a badminton champion (3,4)
7 Flame-lighting implements for sporting contests (7)
9 Sinaitic hurdler (5)
11 School for whose benefit a cricket match was played this year at Delhi (4)
12 Indian s cricketing sex symbol, returns (4)

Excellent 16-15, Good: 14-13, Fair: 12.

QUIZ

Ranjit Ghosh

QUESTIONS

1 June 25, 1932 is a memorable date in the history of Indian cricket Why?
2 And why is December 15, 1933 equally memorable?
3 Which Governor of Bombay (then Bombay Presidency) later became President of the M C C and thereafter Chairman of the I C C ?
4 Which two, originally selected to be the captain and vice-captain of the team for the first official Test played by India withdrew?
5 Who were in the first-ever Indian Test team as the captain and vice-captain but withdrew on the eve of the Test?
6 Who were the players included in the touring Indian squad mentioned above, but did not play in the only Test?

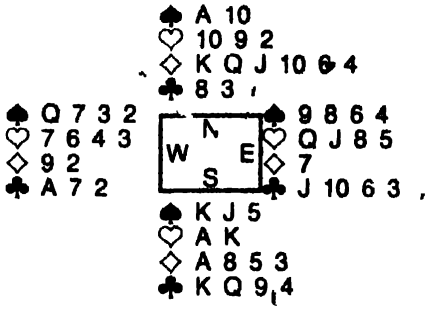
ANSWERS

1 India s first-ever official cricket Test commenced on that day (v England at Lord s June 25-28)
2 The first official cricket Test was played on the Indian soil (v England at Bombay Gymkhana December 15-18)
3 Lord Harris
4 The Maharaja of Patiala (captain) and the Maharajkumar of Vizianagram (vice-captain)
5 The Maharaja of Porbunder (captain) and Prince K S Ghansinhji of Limbdi (vice-captain)
6 Maharaja of Porbunder, K S Ghansinhji of Limbdi S R Godambe R E Kapadia, Ghulam Mahomed and N D Marshall

BRIDGE

Boris Schapiro

Everyone likes to hear of occasions when a top-ranking expert has been outwitted by someone less famous. On this deal from the Cavendish Individual, a big-money event in New York, West was Fred Hamilton, who has represented America in the world championship, and South was Marge Gwozdzinski, not so far a household name



South was the dealer at game all and the bidding went

South	West	North	East
2NT	pass	4C(1)	pass
4S(2)	pass	6NT(3)	pass
pass	pass		

(1) Gerber covention, asking for the number of aces
(2) Showing two aces
(3) Six diamonds is safer as the cards lie, but 6NT was the natural contract at match-point scoring

West led a neutral heart Declarer won, played a diamond to dummy, and led a club to the king, which West allowed to hold Well, you never know when you play against these experts, and Gwozdzinski worked it out like this "I am not going to risk another club As West led a low heart rather than a spade, perhaps he has the queen of spades. Isn't there something called the principle of restricted choice? If his spades were the same as his hearts, he might have led a spade "

Following this notion, South at once finessed ♠ 10, securing her 12th trick She was lucky, too, that her partner was Kit Woolsey, a well known writer

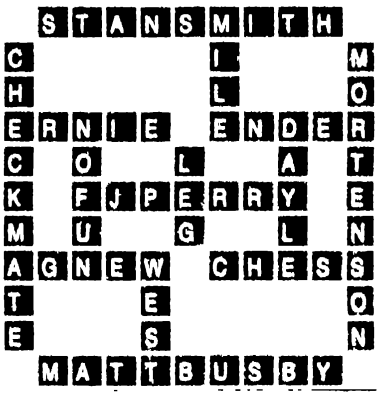
This Week's quiz: at game all you open one diamond, holding

Q 5 2
J
A K J 7 5 4 3
K 7

Partner respond one heart What do you bid now?

Answer: Some players count up their points, or their playing tricks, or the number of days in the month, and make some forward-going move such as three diamonds or one spade or even 2NT. It is absurd to bid more than a simple two diamonds. You won't be missing anything, because if partner passes, opponent will reopen, and with something in hand you will be well place

SOLUTIONS 265



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